

UNIVERSITY OF ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE



3 1761 07097653 5

St. Joseph's Convent.

No. _____ Toronto

No. _____ Toronto

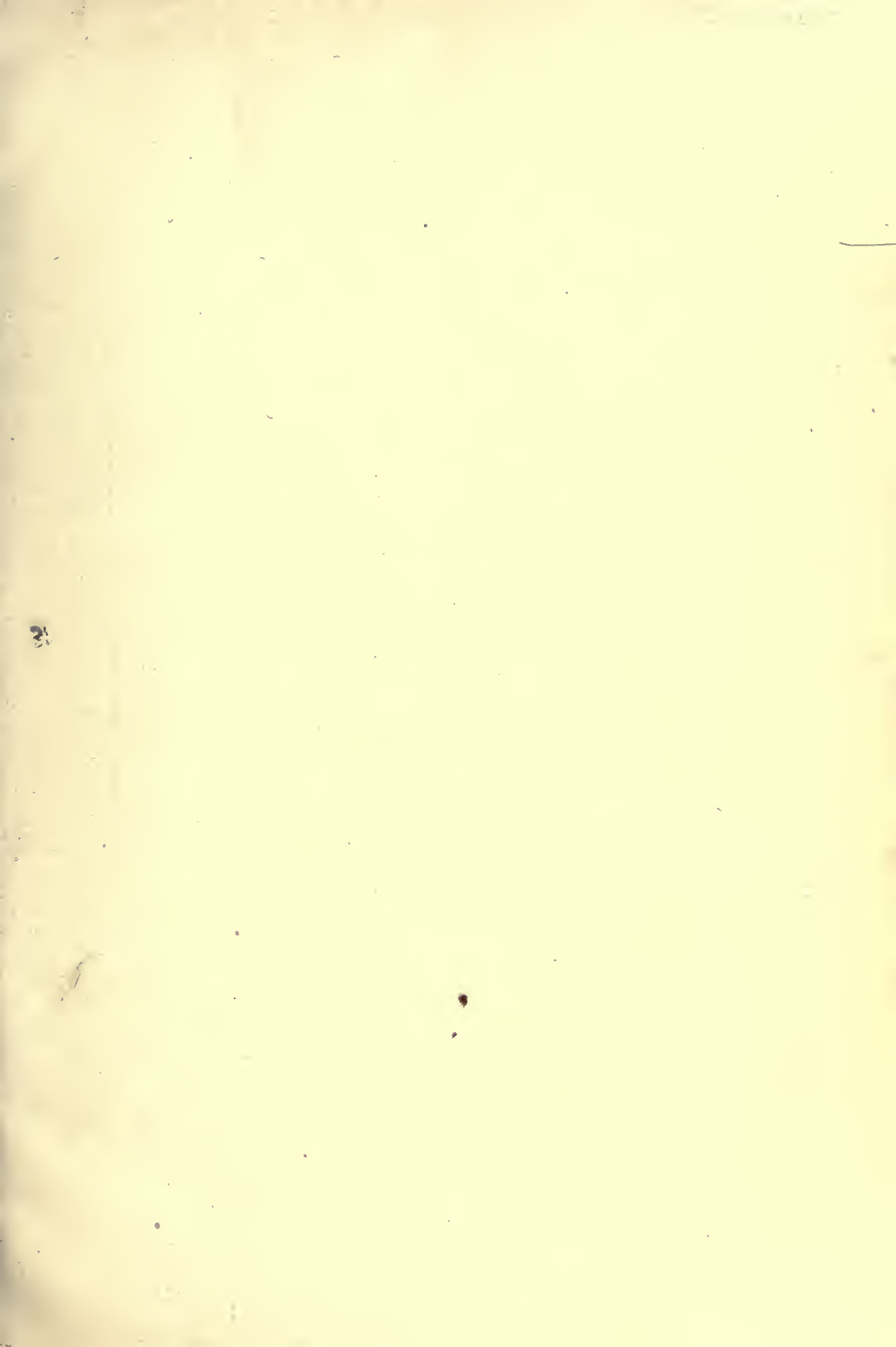
St. Joseph's Convent





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

<http://www.archive.org/details/avemaria71notruoft>





THE VISITATION.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 2, 1910.

NO. 1

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Summer Storm.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

AFTER joy comes grief. Long the heavens
bright

Have known the world-wide glory of the sun.
But now the storm clouds gather black as night:
At noon the day is done.

The brooklet flows in sober undertone;

The thrush sits on the bough in silence drear;
The roses in the garden, perfect blown,
Grow pale like cheeks of fear.

Now from the heavens are the lightnings hurled;

The thunders come and torrents of the rain.
The giant storm is master of the world—
The wild winds sob in pain.

Yet, O sad Nature! swift shall sorrow cloy;

Thy passion and thy anguish both are brief.
How soon upon thy face shall smile the joy
That follows after grief!

Our Lady's Greater Feasts.

THE VISITATION.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

SOME unwonted event has stirred to their depths the representatives of the whole nation of Israel. King and people alike, after being raised to the highest pitch of religious exaltation, have been plunged into grief and consternation the most extreme. The day has been one of unexampled spiritual joy, the like of which the nation has not experienced since David received the royal crown. But joy has been turned into

mourning with a suddenness that has filled all hearts with gloom and fear.

The Ark of God—token of His abiding presence with His people,—though long before restored to its lawful custodians by the enemies of the people of God, after dire calamities had moved them thereto, had remained in seclusion. On the heights of Kirjath Jearim ("Town of the Woods") that Ark had been securely guarded in the house of the faithful Israelite Abinadab by himself and his sons. Wars and tumults had swept over the land below; but on that lofty platform and in shelter of its woods, peace had reigned supreme. Now wars had ceased; victory was with David and his army. Jerusalem had become the "City of David," the centre of his rule; and the man after God's own heart had resolved to bring the sacred Ark in triumph to the tabernacle he had prepared for it upon the mountain, near to his own palace.

Assembling, therefore, "those that were in the flower of their age out of all his countrymen, and out of the whole land," to quote Josephus, the King, in royal state, accompanied by 30,000 of his chosen warriors, had led the great procession up the wooded heights to the platform of rock, high above the sea, where the Ark had been reverently guarded for some seventy years (as a modern writer computes) in Abinadab's house. The sacred records give no indication of the presence of priests or levites with the vast concourse; indeed, from the words of David addressed to the priests later (I. Paral., xv, 13), it would seem that their

absence was thought to have led to the calamity which befell the assemblage.

The sacred symbol was placed upon a new cart drawn by oxen, under the care of two sons of Abinadab, in a fashion similar to that in which it had been originally conveyed to Kirjath Jearim long before. It may be that this was a civil and not religious procession, and that the priests and levites were to receive charge of the Ark at the gates of the city. The great concourse set forth in due order. Multitudes thronged the steep mountain pathway with every demonstration of rejoicing. Hymns arose from countless voices; while trumpet and cymbal awoke the mountain echoes. The victorious King himself deemed it a privilege to sweep the harp strings in honor of so unwonted a celebration. Thus the monster procession passed slowly down through the green valley to the lower level, and along the rough road leading to the city, with its alternate risings and descents. All rejoiced that God's presence was to be once more vouchsafed to His people in the midst of their new capital, whence sacrifices, prayer and praise might ascend to Heaven with due order and solemnity.

But suddenly a shout of horror is heard. The music dies away; the voice of praise is hushed; joy gives place to fear and dismay. The news of a terrible disaster flies from mouth to mouth. God is angry. His hand has fallen heavily in correction. The oxen stumbled,—so they say who were nearest to the Ark; the cart lurched dangerously aside. Osa, one of Abinadab's sons, regardless of his lack of priestly rank, in a rash moment stretched out his hand to touch the Ark and steady it; and lo! God had struck him dead.

Consternation seizes upon the whole assembly. It may be that God is wroth not only on account of Osa's sacrilege, but because of the unworthy mode in which the Ark has been conveyed; for on the shoulders of priests alone, supported on its golden staves, He had commanded

it always to be carried. So the terrified and grief-stricken King fears to bring the Ark farther, lest some new disaster should afflict him and his people. The dwelling of Obed-Edom, a righteous levite, is hard by; into his keeping shall the sacred treasure be given. Priests, no doubt, are summoned to the spot, and with due reverence the Ark is borne thither. The multitudes disperse in awe-struck silence. David and his warriors climb the heights of the City of David, and once again the Ark's golden splendors are hidden in the seclusion of a lowly dwelling-house.

Three months later, and a rumor which had long begun to be noised abroad grew louder: Obed-Edom, honored guardian of the Ark, had been bountifully blessed. For "the Lord," says the Sacred Text, "blessed Obed-Edom and all that he had, because of the Ark of God." And so once more, with still greater pomp, "David went and brought away the Ark . . . into the City of David with joy."

Thousands of years later, the neighborhood of the scene just depicted witnessed an event of still more solemn import. A few miles only to the southwest of the ancient Kirjath Jearim, and nearer still to the house of Obed-Edom in which the Ark abode for the space of three months, rises the stony height in the midst of a valley known to-day by the name of "St. John's Mount." On its summit is the little village of Ain Karim, to which tradition points as the abode of Zachary and Elizabeth, the parents of the Baptist.

Mary, the lowly Virgin of Nazareth, at the bidding of tender charity, had no sooner received her message from on high, and the tidings of her kinswoman's good fortune, than she travelled in haste to Zachary's house, to congratulate Elizabeth on the approaching birth of a child. We may well believe that Mary, under the guardianship of her spouse Joseph, after accomplishing the three days' journey from Nazareth to Jerusalem, would pause at the holy city, whose very gates they must almost pass, to pay their devotions

in the Temple; another day would see them at their destination.

To the eye of man, no pomp or outward glory characterized the progress of that lowly pair on their errand of joyous charity. Yet here was renewed, but with infinitely greater splendor, the solemn procession already described. In place of Israel's anointed King, are Joseph and Mary, true descendants of David's royal house. The Ark of God is here, too, the centre of homage. For the typical Ark of the Old Covenant is replaced by the true Ark of the New—the Immaculate Mother, who bears within her the living testimony of God's merciful alliance with His people. That ancient Ark, fashioned of incorruptible wood, covered within and without with plates of pure gold, but feebly foreshadowed the incomparable purity, the dazzling perfections of her who was found worthy to bring forth the Redeemer. The mystic presence of Jehovah, enshrined in a cloud over the gold propitiatory, had given place to the corporeal presence of the Son of God, hidden in Mary's chaste womb.

For escort, this more than regal progress has a far more noble band of mighty warriors than ever graced David's earthly court. Here are myriads of the princes of heaven, courtiers of the King Eternal. In serried ranks the angels press round the shrine of their Lord and Master, invisible though they be to men, and with ravishing strains of angelic music celebrate His praises. On shining wing they sweep exultant round,—adoring, thanking, magnifying God, now that He deigns to dwell amongst men.

The house of the pious levite of old afforded shelter to the Ark of the Covenant; so in the later age of which we are speaking, another member of the same priestly tribe receives within his humble dwelling this more honorable Ark—God's Mother. 'Intense as must have been the joy and gratitude of Obed-Edom and his household because of the privilege bestowed upon them, it could not com-

pare with the rapture with which Zachary and Elizabeth were filled at the advent of so unexampled a guest as Mary.

The results of that later event were so overpowering that it is difficult to realize their marvellous greatness. Blessings streamed down in plenitude upon those who gave hospitality to the Ark of old, but mightier far the blessings poured out upon the household of Zachary. No sooner is the voice of the Spouse of the Holy Ghost heard in gentle salutation than the Divine Spirit Himself fills the soul of Elizabeth, and in prophetic accents she welcomes her guest as the Blessed among women, because she was to bring forth the Most Blessed One. At the same time the recognition of the immense grace bestowed gives rise to deep humility. "Whence is this to me," she cries, "that the Mother of my Lord should come to me?"

But greater far the grace conferred upon the unborn Baptist. The presence of the Redeemer works a stupendous change in the soul of the infant, until that moment stained with the sin of Adam. At the salutation of Mary, the power of the Divine Guest hidden within her is exercised in cleansing His future forerunner from every stain.

Nor does the manifestation of the Holy Ghost stop here; for it is He who breathes through the lips of Mary that sublime song of thankful joy, the *Magnificat*, whose strains mingle the praises of the Most High with prophetic promises of the future glory of the singer. May we not believe that the dumb Zachary also participated in this outpouring of the Spirit? His lips were closed then; but they were to open, after the birth of his richly gifted son, with the inspired words of a canticle second only to Mary's in majestic beauty.

If blessings so abundant accompanied Mary at the first passing of her feet over Zachary's threshold, how richly endowed must that household have become during the three months of the happy sojourn there of the living Ark of God!

No feast seems to have been celebrated in honor of the mystery of the Visitation in the Latin Church earlier than the thirteenth century; for the first mention of such a festival occurs in the statutes of Le Mans in 1247. The Friars Minor, always distinguished for their tender devotion to Our Lady, had begun to observe this feast in 1263. But it was not long before it became more generally popular; and in the following century that which had been a matter of more or less private devotion on the part of certain churches and religious Orders was made binding upon all.

It was during that disastrous period when the Church was rent by the Great Schism of the West that the thoughts of the Sovereign Pontiff turned toward Mary the Help of Christians. The comfort and benediction which she had brought to the house of Zachary were greatly needed by the whole Church. From her hands the afflicted Pope firmly hoped to obtain succor and sanctification for the people of God. Urban VI. accordingly approved of a decree in April, 1389, establishing the festival of the Visitation throughout the Western Church. The death of the Pontiff, before its promulgation, delayed the matter for a time; but his successor, Boniface IX., issued the decree in the following November. When the schism—thanks, as we may well believe, to Mary's intercession—was happily brought to an end, the feast was confirmed by the lawful Pope, and has ever since been observed.

In remembrance of his return from Gaeta and the deliverance of Rome from the enemies of the Papacy on this feast in 1849, Pius IX. raised the Visitation to a festival of higher rank in the calendar. It has always been celebrated on July 2, although the event it commemorates must have taken place three months before the birth of St. John on June 24. The reluctance toward establishing feasts during Lent was doubtless the reason for the choice of a later date. July 2 would coincide with the ter-

mination of Our Lady's sojourn in Zachary's house, and this fact had probably much to do with fixing the time of the celebration.

The antiphons used in the Divine Office appointed for the festival are taken from the narrative of events given by St. Luke in his Gospel. Those for Vespers may be given here in an English translation:

1. Mary, rising up, went into the hill country with haste, into a city of Juda.

2. Mary entered into the house of Zachary and saluted Elizabeth.

3. When Elizabeth heard the salutation of Mary, the Infant leaped in her womb, and she was filled with the Holy Ghost. Alleluia.

4. Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the Fruit of thy womb.

5. For, behold, as soon as the voice of thy salutation sounded in my ears, the infant in my womb leaped for joy. Alleluia.

The five psalms to which these antiphons are attached are those always sung on feasts of the Blessed Virgin; the chapter and the hymn are also those common to her festivals. The *Magnificat*, the beautiful canticle first heard at the Visitation, has been sung in the evening Office of the Church for many centuries. It is accompanied on this day by a special antiphon: "Blessed art thou, O Mary, who hast believed! Those things shall be accomplished in thee which were told thee by the Lord. Alleluia." The words are practically identical with those spoken by Elizabeth under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, when with prophetic ardor—for she could not have learned it by human means—she recalled to Mary's mind the embassy of the Angel and his message to her.

The prayer of the day, which is used in all the Offices peculiar to the feast, runs as follows: "We beseech Thee, O Lord, to bestow on Thy servants the gift of heavenly grace; that, as in the childbirth of the Blessed Virgin our salvation began, so from the votive solemnity of her Visitation we may obtain an increase of peace."

The Introit of the Mass is that common to many feasts of Our Lady. It is borrowed from a hymn of Sedulius, the Christian poet of the fifth century: "Hail, Holy Mother, who didst bring forth the King, who forever ruleth heaven and earth!"

The psalm is one usually appointed for feasts of the Blessed Virgin: "My heart hath uttered a good word: I speak my works to the King." The mind instinctively turns to the *Magnificat*, the "good word" of praise and thanksgiving uttered by the Virgin Mother to the Heavenly King on this day.

The lesson from the Canticle of Canticles beautifully predicts the joyous progress of Mary over the hills of Juda as a har-binger of grace: "Arise, make haste, my love, my dove, my beautiful one, and come. For the winter is now past; . . . the flowers have appeared in our land. . . . Show me thy face; let thy voice sound in my ears."

The Gospel gives St. Luke's narrative of the events of the day. The remaining portions of the liturgy of the Mass occur in many other of Our Lady's festivals.

Mary's Visitation has its special message to us, who live surrounded by so many who have no reverence for her, or, it may be, regard her with something of contempt. We need the presence of her whom we love to invoke as "Ark of the Covenant," in order to benefit by God's choicest graces. It is through her hands that He still delights to bless His people. Let us invoke her to come to our aid. Let us never cease to cry to that most loving of mothers to succor us and all who need her so sorely; to comfort and protect us. In her presence heresy can not flourish; under her smile our barren hearts will blossom into myriad flowers of grace.

Be very gentle, and full of courteous graciousness, in the midst of all the trials that surround you; for this is the good example that the world expects of the children of God.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

The Logical Conclusion.

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

YOU would have been very much puzzled, at first sight of them, to guess what the two men were. Sun-bronzed, in cowboy kit, the worn buggy piled with provisions, guns, saddles,—all the marks of a gipsy life were theirs. Under the seat, wrapped in blankets, they stored the most precious part of their equipment: paint boxes and canvases. Thus, you would have understood. Both had been talking eagerly. It was their habit as they jogged along; for, at work, both were buried in silence. They had said how, to all painters of landscape, a day will come when academies must drop behind them, and the man alone go out and face Nature alone, grapple with her, learn of her, and work out his own salvation. Upon that they fell silent; for they felt deeply on this subject and perfectly agreed.

Dodd, who held the reins, was a realist. Küntz, the younger of the two, still groped his way. He thought so much more than Dodd, that it had been harder for him to make up his mind. Dodd could always decide quickly, not so the seer of innumerable pros and cons.

And as Dodd, to the rhythmic beat of horse hoofs on the mountain road, and limitless views of azure distance unfolding at every step pursued his inward congratulations that he was free of schools forever, the companion beside him had dropped away into an altogether different train of thought.

The Sierra had faded,—boulders, redwood, sunshine and great lines. He was standing on a stairway in a convent, a black-veiled figure beside him; and, for the first time in his life, he was brought face to face with a large cross. The visual impression did not stay at his eyes: it smote deep into his soul. He could not get away from it. Six weeks had passed,

and it was continually there in all moments of silence, in all hours of sleeplessness, waiting for him. The sight had shaken him almost like a physical current. He knew nothing about the Man there; but the loveliness of the figure, the air of holiness and patience, the pathos of the bowed head, held him transfixed. "How young He is!" he had said, amazed at his own emotion.—"And how beautiful!" the woman replied.—"It must have been an effect of the light," Küntz argued with himself afterward: "falling on one side of the figure and showing it up white in high relief, while the other side was in warm shadow. That is what made it so lifelike."

He was thinking about it again now out there on the wagon trail. Dodd had not told him so, but it was principally to get Küntz away from the influences of that other academy—the academy kept by the ladies in black—that he had persuaded him to go out to Nature. Dodd had no objection to going to church on Sunday; they generally did go wherever they knew they would hear good music. And Küntz might sing "Lead, Kindly Light!" whenever the mood came over him, as it occasionally did at night by the camp-fire or in some stillness of moonlit solitudes. But this constantly thinking and caring about religion would ruin him as an artist, in Dodd's opinion, and was not to be endured.

Küntz had taught drawing at the ladies' academy one season, and they had shown him much kindness. At first Dodd thought it a capital joke, as Küntz had never seen a convent before, and was evidently badly frightened. By degrees he grew to speak of "those ladies" incessantly. Dodd was interested, then annoyed. Küntz would return from his class or visit with amazing things the ladies had said:

"What do you think, Jack, that elderly one" (she was his detailed escort and special friend) "said to-day? That we are in this world to save our souls. Did you ever hear that before?"

"How does she know?"

"I'd be jolly glad to know what we really are here for."

"What d'you care? You and I are here to paint, and that's enough."

"But what's the blamed use, of it? We eat, we drink, we sleep; we work very hard at our painting. It isn't all fun. Some day we may marry and have children; and then we die. What's the meaning of it all?"

"Billy my boy, if you are going to get introspective (and your liver out of order), I'd advise you to stop going to that convent place."

"I've thought of these things all my life, and more and more as I grew older; and there's nothing I can see to it except an everlasting maze. But those ladies seem to know; and they are certainly good. I should like to be good myself, if I knew how."

"You're plenty good enough."

But Dodd made up his mind that the boy must be removed. He took him to the open—to the sublime immensities where the character of habitual thought seems to change. And along the mountain road, in the open, Küntz paused on the stairway, and before him was the cross.

"If I only *knew* about Him!" the mind kept throbbing. "If I only *knew*!"

Even Dodd, who held so little with creeds, thought there must be a God, because only a God could have made the light. An artist knows, better than anybody else, what the light is. Küntz divined Him rather in the vastnesses of starry nights, in the fathomless spaces and wonder of silence in which worlds revolve. But for Küntz there was the further sense of personal sin, a living dread and torture, to be explained. Dodd held resolutely that most people who commit sin are in jail, and troubled himself no more about it. Küntz looked up at the hanging Figure with the rose clefts open in the hands, the feet, the side; noted the drooped head, the dim eyes, the exhaustion of dying; and wondered if this might indeed be Redemption. What was Redemption?

Could one bring to Him the sins of childhood, the sins of youth? Was He Pardon with outstretched arms and blood coursing down the wood?

"Wake up, Billy! What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing. Why?"

"You haven't opened your mouth this half hour. And I want to stop and make camp. Do you like the place?"

"Sure I like it! And we can move if we don't. Oh, what a hilltop to paint!"

"Yes; and look at the air, and the sunshine like yellow gold that you could pick up with your hands; and over there the poppies!"

They slept on the ground, rolled in blankets and with saddles for pillows. The purple night, hung with great stars, curtained them. Küntz awakened once to gaze awe-struck upon the miracle of beauty, the solemn mystery surrounding them. He lay down again like a child. Why should one fret? God was there, nearer even in these austere, magnificent heights. God watched. This was His breath stirring abroad. He would reveal Himself.

They had been in camp a week, and were hard at work. Dodd, in all the hours of blazing sunshine he could command, sat blinking in the torrid light over his "Poppy Field." It was crusted with color, and dazzling to look upon. Küntz, who had favorite moments of softer vision and of mood, started two canvases. "Sunrise on the Crest" was one; the other—painted at evening, much higher up, from a spot to be reached only on foot and at some peril to life and limb—had no name as yet, but he thought ultimately he would call it "The Purple Valley."

At the end of the week came the mail. It passed only once—each seventh day—at full gallop. The event was stirring as tidings of a victory. In a moment their hands were full of magazines, newspapers, advertisements, and picture postal cards. All were welcome. Letters were more scarce. Dodd got his customary love-

letter, and the mountains might fall on him for the next twenty-four hours. Küntz found a small money order from a dealer in the city. He decided to ride down the fifteen miles to the little village post-office on the morrow.

The dawn broke in a still ecstasy of splendor; blossoms and foliage unfolding luminously in the limpid air, as they must have done in Eden. A perfume as of magnolias stole from the budding bushes. Küntz's horse did not travel as fast as the mail-carrier's, but it was early yet when he reached the foothills. He overtook a boy and a girl walking to town. The girl had a white veil over her head; and they were coming down apparently, as he was, from the fastnesses of the mountain. The big boy in him could not resist the pleasure of teasing.

"Are you two on the way to get married?"

The lad broke into a gale of laughter, quickly subdued, and glanced bashfully at his companion.

"Bet you, you are—"

The boy turned a sturdy bronzed face to his tormentor:

"No, sir, we are not,—not yet, anyway."

"Why has she got a veil on, then?"

Silence a moment; then the girl raised her face, and he caught a glimpse of white candor on the brow, clear eyes of innocence, and the air of a flower lifting its virgin beauty to the sun.

"It's Corpus Christi," she said in her soft voice; "and we are going down to receive Our Lord."

The man shrank back within himself as if he had received a blow. He knew enough Latin to understand the words, but his face grew dark and troubled.

"Corpus Christi? What is that?" he asked.

They thought he knew even less than he did, and hastened eagerly to explain, using their childish words. There could be no doubt about their grasp of the subject or about their faith. The young man pondered, and the weight upon his

soul was like an unfathomable pain. But he was connecting idea with idea in his own mind.

"The same body that hung upon the cross?" he asked. He was too profoundly agitated to care whether the children detected his confusion or not.

"Yes," the boy answered firmly; "but living now and glorious. And He stays in the Blessed Sacrament to be with us."

This must be the belief that set that light he had wondered about on the quiet faces of his "ladies"; for the same light shone now on the radiant, fresh faces before him. The sorrow crushing his heart seemed to be ebbing; for, if in the darkness and prison of the everlasting maze this could be true, what a rending of murky sky above one's head, and what a widening of arms and spirit in the new light!

"Don't you want to ride a while?" he asked them. "You can both get up, and I'll walk for a change."

They hesitated, consulting each other's face; then simultaneously acquiesced, and mounted joyously. The artist's long pace kept him beside them.

"Are you going to church, too?" they asked him.

"No," he answered.

"Aren't you a Catholic?" said the girl.

"Of course not," answered the boy; "or he'd know what day this is and all about it."

"You ought to come," urged the girl, her eyes eager and bright under the veil. "There's a lovely procession; little girls in white throwing flowers, and little boys in white with red sashes, and three big boys swinging incense. Did you ever see a procession?"

Again the painful negative. Küntz had grown to feel very ignorant, and to realize that his world had not been the whole world.

"Why don't you come, sir?" the boy insisted.

"I'm going to be very busy. I've got to buy provisions, and then ride

back to camp before it gets too warm."

They parted from him, expressing thanks, and with transparent glances of regret at his refusal.

He was busy enough for about an hour; then, returning, he passed the modest little church again. Should he, or should he not? The question had harassed him through the whole time of outward activity. He was about to ride past when the strains of the organ reached him. Two or three horses tethered outside the building gave him courage. He flung himself from the saddle and joined (not without shame at his flannel shirt and grimy breeches) a group of men standing just within the door. A poor place, this church, ill-decorated and wanting beauty. But, in the midst of the darkness, down the main aisle came Something that filled the place with solemnity and a vast and deep sense of the supernatural. Mingling in one harmonious symphony were the measured chant, the beautiful faces of innocent children, the perfume of roses, the flame of pure white tapers, and the click, click of silver chains rising and falling, with a quicker beat than the slow, reverent motion of the bodies, as the three big boys "swung incense."

Küntz looked on all, wide-eyed. But most clearly of all he saw, above the bowed heads and attitudes of adoration, a Something held aloft, white or gold, or both, he did not know, — a Something radiating light. The man beside him gave him a jerk to make him kneel, and he came down on both knees, unresisting, with a thud. In a seizure of awe that made his flesh creep, it seemed to him verily that the true body that hung upon the cross had just passed by.

He got himself outside, and mounted in a state of complete bewilderment. The silence that had fallen upon him lasted for days. Dodd rallied and bantered him, but all in vain. He would go away by himself and paint for hours, as though his life depended upon it; or lie with his shoulders to the sod, hands under his

head, and eyes fixed in far space. Speech seemed almost to have left him.

He had finished the "Sunrise"; "The Purple Valley" was well under way; and he had begun another canvas, in which the beautiful gloaming of the mountain—when the distant horizon shines still, with pure rose burnished to gold in its reflection, and the cold yet colorful shadow overspreads the hills—was wondrously rendered. This he styled "Nightfall,"—a curious picture that made you feel the chill descending from those unmelting upper snows. In the end it was "The Purple Valley" that won him fame. He sent it from camp, packing it amid the scrub and cacti; and it was accepted for the International Exhibition. The same mail brought an offer of purchase, unofficially, from one of the commissioners who had seen it as member of the jury, and was apparently in fear of being forestalled. The circumstance was peculiarly flattering; and to have two thousand dollars to your name, when yesterday you had nothing, makes a certain difference in your status.

Dodd, whose "Poppy Field" was also accepted, but not bought, asked a little wofully:

"You'll go to Paris now?"

"I don't know. I must have time to think. It's a glorious possibility, but suppose I forget how to paint air and the open?"

"Yes, but suppose you learn other things you don't know?"

"If I do go, we'll go together. We've been comrades too long to part company now. But, you know, I really think I should prefer to paint in Spain."

"What a—"

"Wait a minute, Jack! I must speak to that man."

It was a man on horseback slowly going down the trail, bridles loose, and apparently reading. The artist, in his eagerness, tore through the chaparral and Spanish bayonet, bounding over the obstacles in his way.

"I beg your pardon, sir! You are the Catholic priest, are you not?"

"At your service, my friend."

"There are some questions I should like very much to ask you."

The older man smiled leisurely.

"You may perhaps have heard the adage that there is no time like the present."

A faint color mantled the young face.

"It would detain you?"

"I am not in a hurry."

Küntz looked away, first to the peaks, and then down the winding curve beyond them.

"They are so many they overcrowd me. I hardly know where to begin. I want to find out about the Catholic Church—about religion in itself. I am nothing, you know: never was. But some time ago a friend, a Catholic nun, when I was leaving town, gave me a little book called the New Testament. I had never read it before. It's a very wonderful book, isn't it?"

"The most wonderful of all."

"There is so much in it I have had to think about, I haven't fully got to the bottom of it yet. But one thing in it has struck me as remarkable. You remember where Christ took bread and said it was His body? I have found out that Catholics really believe that. Other people don't. Twice in church I have heard ministers say it wasn't true,—ministers of the Gospel. But He *said* it: it's there in black and white. Up to now I haven't cared. But I have an idea that I'm going to care more in future; and, if I do, I've got to take sides with Christ. It's the only thing I can see."

As he ceased, his head sank as if in sorrow.

The man in the saddle gazed at him a long moment, then pulled his feet out of the stirrups.

"Young man, I have something to say to you, and it might as well be now. Come along over here under the trees, where we can sit down."

Dodd waited half an hour, three-quarters. The two figures sat in conver-

sation so earnest they had apparently completely forgotten his existence. When at length the stranger mounted and rode away, there was but half a welcome for the returning Küntz.

"Sorry to have broken away like that," he said apologetically; "but I simply had to do it."

"That's all right" (ungraciously). "But I'll just tell you one thing, Billy. If this blamed religious streak keeps on much longer, it will be the everlasting undoing of you,—and that's the truth. I wish you had never been near that academy place. It has unmanned you; you've had green peas in your thinking gear ever since."

"He's just been taking out a few for me, so I shall probably get on better now."

"You make me tired. I know where you're going. It won't be Paris and, it won't be Spain: it'll be the Church of Rome, and maybe a monkery."

Küntz laughed gaily.

"'Monkery' is good. I'm going down to see the priest to-morrow and get some books. You may as well know about it. I don't think I shall ever favor a monkery. But meanwhile reflect that I have two thousand dollars in cash—two thousand, Jackie boy!—and that, whether I become a Catholic or not (which won't make any difference to our friendship), we shall probably sail for Europe this fall."

"You did paint 'The Purple Valley,' didn't you?"

"Yes. And I will tell you one thing that the Padre just opened my eyes to. He said that 'every perfect gift comes from the Father of Lights.'"

"The 'Father of Lights'! What a curious expression! Did he mean art?"

"I think so, but more too: Beauty in itself; and the loveliness of this world here under our feet, which is our despair; and it may be the soul inside us, and the things it can see. You should talk to him yourself. He knows a trifle or two more than we do. But, of all the wonderful facts he told me, there was one that, so far as I am concerned, beat all the rest."

"What was that?"

"Just imagine that he knew my people, somewhere down West here, in the old days! He can remember my grandfather. As soon as I told him my name, he asked if I was a relative of Anton Küntz, the wood-carver. That was my grandfather, you know. And think of my accosting him spontaneously, out here in this solitude of the mountain-tops!"

"It is rather strange. But one does meet unexpected people in unexpected places. You never knew him before, did you?"

"No. I never knew my grandfather either; but my father used to speak of him so much, it is as if I had known him. The Padre says he was a very great artist, but I knew that. He was a Tyrolese peasant, an ardent Catholic (I never heard that before), and he used to carve what they call crucifixes,—most beautiful and lifelike, he says, and perfectly correct in their anatomy. But he could find no market for them, and the family was often in want. My father was not a Catholic. I don't know why. He had educated himself, and was very proud of it. I think he was a little ashamed of his lowly origin. But he did tell us that, in his way, his father had been an artist to his finger tips. He never mentioned the religious subjects. The priest said to-day that the old man had been carving a Christ when death surprised him at his working bench. He laid down his head upon the figure. The Padre saw him: he wandered in from his play, a neighbor's child, curious to see death—he says the old man had a magnificent silver-white head and a white beard,—bowed as if he slept over his toil. . . . The gouge was still in his hand. . . ."

Dodd wondered at the emotion of the voice as it faltered to the end of its story. Why should this passing of the peasant-artist long ago move his grandson so much? But there were many things in this companion, who had been painting at his side for years, that Dodd could

not understand. He was a first-rate painter himself, not a thinker. Now he simply stared at the strangeness of his friend's recital.

Küntz rose and moved silently away.

Some ten days later, Dodd was awakened between night and dawn by his fellow-sleeper's stirring.

"'Nother rattler?" he asked, starting up from his duff-bag.

"No, no, Jack! Go to sleep again! 'Tisn't day yet."

"Goin' t' paint?"

"No. I'm going to town."

Jack put his nose under the blanket with a snort of disgust.

The sun was risen when Küntz returned. Dodd saw him dismount and lead the horse into the path. He noted the swiftness, the lightness, and the sort of joy in his movements. When Küntz turned round and faced him, he stood still; for the boy's countenance was absolutely resplendent, and his whole person seemed to radiate happiness.

"Jack! Jack!" he exclaimed, running impetuously forward. "I've just made my First Communion!"

The Acts.

BY S. M. R.

⊙ GOD, I believe that Thou art God;

I believe that Thou art One in Three!

My faith is founded on Thy word,—

O strengthen, God, my faith in Thee!

O God, I hope in Thee as God!

Relying on Thy word divine,

I hope to gain eternal life,—

O strengthen, God, this hope of mine!

O God, I love Thee as my God,

For infinitely good Thou art!

O strengthen this poor love of mine

Until it doth consume my heart!

O God, I believe and hope and love,

And yet I have offended Thee!

I promise, God, to sin no more:

Do Thou in mercy pardon me!

From the Kirk to the Catholic Church.

HOW A PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER BECAME A
PRIEST.

BY ALFONSUS.

IX

AGAIN, on the historical side the Presbyterian Church hopelessly broke down. It was quite clear to me, from the evidence of Scripture itself, as well as the whole nature of God's Revelation in His Son, that He had founded a Church to which He had committed His truth to be preserved and perpetuated till the end of time; that this truth was a definite, recognizable body of doctrines; and that His Church must have been endowed with the power of guarding and teaching and handing down this truth. Wherever this Church was to be found, it assuredly could not be the Church of Scotland, which came into existence only in 1560, which contained a mere handful of members, and which taught conflicting and fluctuating opinions instead of "the Faith once delivered to the saints."

I could not persuade myself that the Kirk was the Church founded by our Divine Lord on the Day of Pentecost; and if it was not that, it was nothing. It was a small sectarian institution adopted by one nation in an out-of-the-way corner of the earth, but it was condemned alike by the Greek and Anglican schismatics and by Rome. Its psalm-singing and Kirk session and Lord's Supper and barren worship and hideous churches, and its whole system of doctrine and ceremonies, were, as I said before, a new thing upon the earth: an invention of certain men to propagate certain newly discovered opinions in the sixteenth century,—opinions which were now being discarded and growing old-fashioned. It could by no possibility be identified with the Church of the Apostles, the Church of the Fathers, the Church of the early and later Middle

Ages, or the Church existing in Scotland and Europe before the Reformation. Its theologians and its text-books claimed for it that it was thoroughly Scriptural; that it was based upon, and could be supported by the Gospels, the Acts, and the Epistles of St. Paul. This I could not admit; but, even supposing so much were granted, it would not be enough.

A church, to be the true Church of Christ, must continue and persevere, and preserve its identity; must develop and subsist all through the centuries. The Church was intended to be perpetuated from age to age, living and growing and extending, yet ever the same; teaching the same truths; keeping up an unbroken continuity and succession, according to the promise of its Founder that the gates of hell should not prevail against it, and that He should be with it always. This continuous succession and history of preservation, of course, the Presbyterian Church could not show, and made no attempt to show. Indeed, the great boast was that the Church had become incurably corrupt, both in doctrine and morals, for many centuries; and that, through the labors and genius of Heaven-inspired prophets like Calvin and Knox, the true Gospel had again been discovered, and the true Church of God set up in Scotland.

Such a claim as this, to my thinking, condemned Presbyterianism out and out. A Church which was compelled to skip over many centuries, and jump back, over the heads of saints and Doctors and Fathers, right into the Acts of the Apostles, to find its origin, repudiating and rejecting all that intervened, could not conceivably be the institution that Our Lord meant to continue throughout all ages, and to stand out as a witness in every century for His revealed doctrine.

"Take care, young man!" said an aged Doctor of Divinity to me, when discussing this point. "Once you get into the Fathers, like Newman, you are on an inclined plane that leads right into Rome." It is perfectly true, but it can not be

helped. The Fathers must be reckoned with; for they represent the development of the Christian Church, and present to us Christian doctrine as it came down from the Apostles. And if a church in the nineteenth or twentieth century could not square its doctrines with those of the Fathers, then it should at once give up its claim to be Apostolic.

The Presbyterian Church, needless to say, threw the Fathers overboard, because it was sadly conscious that their doctrines and hers were irreconcilably at variance. Historically, she was a thing of yesterday. All our forefathers before the Reformation in Scotland were Catholics. If I had been living then, I should have been a Catholic too. The saints that looked out at me from the pictures, whether in my own house or in Catholic churches, were all Catholics, and would not recognize me as a member of the same body as themselves. I should be reckoned an alien, an outcast, and a heretic. I could claim no spiritual kinship with them, no communion with them, no share in their prayers and labors and sanctity. What a horrible thing, to be cut off from all lot and part in the sanctity of all the ages!

The glorious cathedrals and monasteries and abbeys and churches, whose ruins abounded in every part of this unfortunate land, were all witnesses to a different faith from mine. They were built by the pious labor of priest, monk, and layman, who believed in abbeys and monasteries, and in the conventual and monastic system,—who were, in short, Catholics. And what they believed in then, all the Christian world believed in also. Scotland was not Protestant at that period: she was Catholic, and had never been aught but Catholic. Her ecclesiastical pedigree ran back right to the time of Ninian and Columba and Mungo, who had preached a Faith that was Roman and Catholic; for at that age there was no other. In the sixteenth century, therefore, there had been a religious somersault; the only thing to be done

was to take a somersault back again.

But I am going a little too fast. It was one thing to be convinced your own church was wrong; it was another thing to be sure which one was right. That it was necessary to belong to the true Church to save one's soul, I was perfectly certain; that I could not save my soul in the Presbyterian Church I was equally certain. Thousands of others might, because they were not disturbed in their conscience, seeing no reason to change their belief, and were in good faith. But I was not in that position. I had entered upon an inquiry, and was bound before God to pursue it to the uttermost, come what might. In the meantime I should simply stay where I was, holding what truth there was in the Church of Scotland, and officiating for the people until I was convinced that it was sinful and dangerous to remain longer. So long as I had not made up my mind that some other particular church was the true Church of Christ, I considered I was doing the only wise thing in stopping where I was.

Doubtless I erred in trying to introduce Catholic doctrines and practices into the Kirk. I know that I offended some by preaching un-Presbyterian sermons, and uttering Catholic sentiments which were abhorrent to them; for some expressed resentment at it, and probably many more felt resentment who gave no expression to it. I found that simple Scotch folks such as I had to deal with would bear with much before voicing their objection. Doubtless, too, many persons were offended when I indulged in certain ritualistic practices connected with the administration of the sacraments, the celebration of marriage, and the furnishing of the church. I have since learned that immediately after my departure they removed some objectionable objects, such as a Popish-looking communion table, a missal stand, and other "relics of superstition."

And I must candidly confess that I think they were quite right and I was quite wrong. Neither I nor any other

minister had a right to foist upon a simple Presbyterian flock ritual and doctrines against which it was the very object of their existence to protest, and to get rid of which was the chief purpose of their revolt from Rome. In fact, in the very parish of which I had charge, there was a battlefield, with a monument erected to "our Covenanting forefathers," to commemorate the victory which they won over the Jacobite Episcopalian troops, who were carrying on a war to force episcopacy and a liturgy from England upon the Scotch Presbyterians. The Scotch hated and resisted to the death bishops and liturgies and popery and prelacy in every shape and form, whether in doctrine or worship or church-government. Much blood had been spilled, and many fierce battles had been fought, and "covenants" entered into, to banish it from the land. The bones of many of those who fought and fell in the Presbyterian cause lay in the adjacent churchyards, and many of the families still working on the farms of the parish were their descendants.

Little wonder, then, that people should object to the introduction again of the thin end of the wedge of this hateful thing, and ask themselves if their minister was attempting to undo, in as subtle a way as possible, the glorious work of reformation and of cleansing, to effect which their fathers had bled and died. I repeat, they were entitled so to complain. They had every right to be protected from one who should aim at forcing upon them rites and ceremonies and beliefs which they detested, and which did nothing but cause distraction, disharmony, and disedification. To this extent they had reason to complain of me. Yet they complained as little as possible, and were friendly to the very last. I quite believe they "thought furiously"; but, excepting one or two, they said nothing.

(To be continued.)

EVERY duty we omit obscures some truth we should have known.—*Ruskin*,

The Flaw in the Title.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

XXVI.

IF Harry Brent had hoped, during those days which he spent as the guest of Miss Petronilla Birmingham, to have the same monopoly of Phyllis' society that he had enjoyed in Rome, he was speedily disabused of the idea. He saw her, of course, very frequently, either at Aunt Petronilla's or at the Manor; he was her partner at tennis, or he was one of the driving parties which Grenville got up for the entertainment of the guest and in order that he might see the country. He was certainly thrown a great deal into her society, but not at all in the same intimate manner as across the ocean, where there had been between them the easy good-comradeship and informality of fellow-countrymen who meet in strange places, and of travellers who put up at the same hostelry, or at least are brought frequently into communication.

The young man was, indeed, most kindly and courteously received by the family. He was taken in hand by Grenville, and admitted to the intimacy of confidential chats with Sylvester. He was given the freedom of Mark Birmingham's house. In fact, everything was done for him but that which he would most have appreciated, and that was an unrestricted enjoyment of Phyllis' company. Not that any one in particular strove to prevent such a condition of affairs,—far from it. But, simply, such things had never been a part of life at the Manor, and they would have appeared unusual and even unconventional there; and, as the young man bitterly thought, Phyllis herself avoided anything like a return to their old relations.

The only one who took up his cause and warmly championed it was Amy. Being partially in the girl's confidence, she observed Phyllis' mode of action with

lively disapprobation, and took more than one opportunity to let her young kinswoman have the benefit of her opinion.

"I declare, Phyllis Penniston, I'd like to give you a shaking. The way you're treating Harry Brent who came clear across the ocean to see you is simply disgraceful."

"But you must remember," said Phyllis, gravely, "that I did not ask him to come."

"Perhaps not, but you can't put me wise on any of those little tricks that quiet girls like you play on men. I fancy you just led him on till he thought he had nothing to do but pop the question."

"I hope not," said Phyllis, her face distressed and anxious. "The trouble is I never thought of anything of the kind until it was too late. I liked him, and he certainly made our stay in Ron more pleasant than it would otherwise have been. But as for anything else—"

"Now, Phyllis, don't talk nonsense! It's not too late yet. He hasn't got married, and neither have you, so far as I know."

Phyllis turned away from the subject with evident distaste.

"Oh, let us talk of something else!" she said. "All I want to do is to make it clear to him that he is altogether mistaken, and yet that I have acted in good faith."

"There's one thing you may be sure of," persisted Amy. "You'll travel a long way before you'll find such a sweet young fellow. Why, if Grenville hadn't come along, I'd have fallen in love with him myself!"

She gave a ripple of laughter, which made Sylvester Birmingham, who was walking up and down outside, frown with the old disapprobation.

"You've been living too much with old folks here," went on the monitress, "and grown to think that falling in love is one of the Seven Deadly Sins. Have a little common-sense, and give this Mr. Brent some slight encouragement. You won't have to step down very far from your pedestal. I think he's only too ready to prostrate himself."

Phyllis saw that she did not understand, and turned wearily away from the subject, not without a last word from Amy.

"If you ask me," she repeated, "he's the second best young man I have ever met, Grenville being the first; and somehow he reminds me a bit of Grenville."

"Do you think so?" queried Phyllis in astonishment. "I don't see the very least resemblance. Mr. Brent is so much darker."

"Well, look at him closely the next time he comes along (he won't have any objection, by the way), and you'll see what I mean."

And, strangely enough, when Phyllis did look, she was startled to find that Amy was not altogether wrong. There was certainly a curious, undefined resemblance between the two.

Intuitively, too, Harry Brent perceived the friendliness of Mrs. Grenville, and cordially reciprocated her good-will. He liked her pleasant frankness and her good nature. She was the only one who did not make him feel, despite the courteous, well-bred hospitality of all, that it would be presumptuous for him, a young man without fortune or connections, to aspire to a girl who was the centre of such a home and such an environment. In Rome, as he realized, it had all been so different.

He rarely had an opportunity now for private conversation with Phyllis; and when he did, his manner was constrained. Each time he found it more difficult to put into words all those fiery sentiments which had brought him across the ocean. On one of those occasions, as he walked home from Aunt Petronilla's with the young girl, he had made various attempts of the kind, from which Phyllis always shrank with a new and apparently painful embarrassment. He determined, however, that, come what might, he would not leave the Manor without having an understanding of some kind with the girl, even if it resulted, as he began to fear it would, in her rejection of his suit.

On that particular evening he had come, as was his wont, to spend some hours at the Manor. Sylvester, from the porch where he was taking the air, had observed the two as they advanced across the lawn. Something in their demeanor must have struck him; for he took an opportunity, later in the evening, to speak upon the subject to Petronilla, who had also arrived, having been driven to the door by Mark and his wife. He asked her to accompany him into the library, where, as it seemed quite empty, he thought they might have a private conversation.

"I hope, Petronilla," he said, when he had placed a chair for her, "that there is no question of intimacy between this young Brent and Phyllis?"

Petronilla stared at him in helpless dismay, scarcely knowing what to answer to this direct attack. She saw that her brother, who was supposed to observe nothing, had divined the situation. Moreover, she felt that he had a right to know, and she made her declaration accordingly.

"I think," she said gravely, "that the young man is a very warm admirer of our niece."

"Admirer"! That is a vague term, indeed," replied Sylvester, half contemptuously. "Any man with eyes in his head must be an admirer of Phyllis."

"I'm afraid there is something more than that," admitted Petronilla, timidly.

"Then you should never have asked him here," declared Sylvester. "For, of course, you knew that such a thing would be altogether out of the question."

"There is Phyllis' side of the matter to be considered," Miss Petronilla began.

"Why, you don't mean to say," cried the old man, aghast, "that there is anything actually on foot?"

"My dear brother," said Petronilla, much distressed, and beginning to feel that her own conduct had been imprudent, "I don't know. I should be inclined to think that, on Phyllis' part, there is nothing; but I think she wanted to be

perfectly sure—to test her own feelings.”

Sylvester’s brow was now as black as thunder, and his face wore one of what Amy called “his volcanic expressions.”

“And pray,” he said, “how long has this state of affairs been in existence, and why have I been kept in ignorance? And, if Phyllis has been giving this young man any encouragement, how can she honorably experiment upon *his* feelings to test her own?”

“I must confess,” said Petronilla, rising to the occasion with dignified courage, “that I have been to blame. The young people were thrown together a great deal more than was wise in Rome, and shortly before we left I began to feel anxious. I thought, however, it had all ended for the best, until I heard recently that Mr. Brent was coming to America.”

“And why did you not put a stop to it even then?” asked Sylvester, with his direct masculine judgment upon an intricate feminine affair.

“Because Phyllis claimed the right,” answered Petronilla, “to judge her case herself. She has the Birmingham determination and spirit. She did not feel she had given the young man sufficient encouragement to warrant his taking anything for granted. But, since he seemed desirous of bringing matters to an issue, she thought it fair to give him a hearing, and to discover whether or not the friendship which she felt for him in Rome had in it anything of a warmer nature.”

Sylvester sat with his hand half shading his brow. This had been more of a blow to him than any of those concerned could have believed possible. Next to Grenville, Phyllis had the largest share of those strong affections which the proud and reticent old man hid under his coldness of exterior.

“Our niece,” Petronilla said gently, venturing to interrupt Sylvester’s angry reverie, “had no thought of keeping you long in the dark. She was really anxious for an opportunity of making you

acquainted with all the details of the affair. Only, somehow, since the young gentleman has been here—”

The good lady hesitated; and Sylvester, waving aside the explanation, said sharply:

“I am surprised, sister, that you, of all people, should not see the manifest impropriety of concealing all this from me, and of allowing Mr. Brent to entertain false hopes. And may I be permitted to inquire if any conclusion has been reached?”

“I am quite sure there has been none. Phyllis, as I perceive, has been very discreet and reserved—”

“I think,” broke in Sylvester, irritably, “that a little masculine common-sense would have been invaluable in this affair. It would probably have prevented the young gentleman from taking a useless journey,—a precaution which, to my mind, would have been more honorable and straightforward. Phyllis could surely have made up her mind without all this intricacy of detail.”

“I am not so sure, brother,” replied Petronilla. “Women themselves can best manage these things. Mr. Brent, when he wrote, was quite decided upon taking the journey. And had he not done so, there would always have remained the uncertainty. Phyllis might have continued to regard him with what she called ‘the glamor of Rome’; and he might have always believed that, had he come, all would have been well. As it is, the affair must be settled definitely, one way or the other. And, though I have no ground for the opinion except my own observation, I fancy that Phyllis is disposed to judge the matter in quite the way that appears to us the wisest.”

“I hope you may be right,” declared Sylvester, sternly. “For it may as well be understood from the first that I can never give my consent to any entanglement with a young man whose family and connections, not to speak of other things, are unknown.”

There was consternation in Petronilla’s eyes, and even Sylvester himself was

visibly disconcerted, when forth from the window-seat stepped Harry Brent. His face was deadly pale, but his manner was composed, and even determined, though respectful.

"Mr. Birmingham," he said, "I can not pretend to misunderstand what I have by chance overheard. I was reluctant at first to disclose my presence; and if I lingered, dumfounded and abashed, surely it may be pleaded that I had a right to know what was under discussion."

"We will waive that point," rejoined Sylvester, who clearly did not agree with the young man's code of action.

"What I have heard," continued Brent, with a certain doggedness, "has given me the opportunity of saying that it was my dearest wish, before landing in America, to make known my sentiments to Miss Penniston. She is already aware that I love her, and shall always do so with all the strength of my nature; and that is, perhaps, my misfortune. Since coming here, my own opinion has forestalled yours. I have become convinced that, under present circumstances, I could not offer myself as a suitor for Miss Penniston, and I have sought an opportunity to acquaint her with the fact."

So manly was his tone, so much there was of genuine feeling in voice and manner, that Sylvester was touched, and also inspired with a certain admiration.

"I am extremely sorry, sir," he said gravely, "that you should have chanced to overhear any remark of mine which might give you pain. But, as you have yourself perceived, a young man without definite prospects can scarcely hope to be acceptable as a husband for my niece."

"If there were anything I could do," cried the young man, becoming simple and boyish in his distress,—*"any way in which I could render myself worthy of Miss Penniston!"*

"My dear Mr. Brent," said Sylvester, kindly, "as that seems the reverse of probable, would it not be better to dismiss

the matter from your mind at once? You are young, and to the young forgetfulness is always possible."

Of course the very thought of that filled the lover with indignation. He thought the remark cold-blooded and uncalled for; and the protestation into which he broke caused Sylvester to smile even as he sighed. "How many things seem everlasting to the young," he thought, "that pass like a summer day or the blossom time of spring!"

"I have reason to fear, however," said the poor youth, turning to Petronilla, "that you are only too correct in the opinion you have formed. And it is also right that I should say that I have never at any time received encouragement from Miss Penniston. Her manner has always been that of simple friendliness, which only my hopes and my ardor caused me to misconstrue."

This declaration was particularly pleasing to Sylvester, who had begun to fear that, with the thoughtlessness of inexperience, Phyllis had, in fact, given the aspirant for her favor reason to hope. It, moreover, raised Harry Brent in his estimation. Still, he did not relent an iota. The decision he had given remained fixed and inalterable. He could not, of course, have altogether prevented the match, had Phyllis set her heart upon it. He could have withheld his consent, which he knew would weigh considerably with the girl; but he could have done nothing more. Her portion of the estate was already settled, and she would have sufficient to live upon even if he deprived her of what he had power to leave,—a proceeding which was most unlikely. He breathed more freely, however, when he had Brent's assurance that, for the present at least, and until his prospects were improved, he would retire from the contest, except on the slight chance that Miss Penniston would risk all for his sake. His explanation with her could not now be delayed.

Homage to the Illustrious Dead.

AFTER two centuries and a half of comparative neglect, Montreal has made a movement toward paying its debt to a noble band of the illustrious dead,—to honor the memory of Dollard and his companions, whose sublime story familiarity has perhaps robbed of its simple grandeur.

Two hundred and fifty years ago, Montreal, a small and struggling colony, was striving, under its heroic governor, Maisonneuve, to maintain a precarious foothold in the warpath of the Iroquois, most formidable of all aboriginal tribes. Not in Ville Marie alone, but in the whole of Canada, the French settlers were only a handful compared to the immense numerical strength of the Five Nations. In the spring of 1660, the savages, who had kept up a constant guerrilla warfare upon the white men, resolved by a concentrated effort to wipe them out. Their plan was to fall upon Ville Marie first, and, having destroyed it, to mete out the same fate to Three Rivers and Quebec, annihilating all Europeans in a general massacre.

Even the stoutest hearts in the shadow of Mount Royal quailed at the impending ruin, and the alarm spread to the sister colonies. The young commander of the Montreal garrison, Adam Dollard—or, as he is often called, Daulac,—had but recently arrived from France; still, he was already sufficiently versed in Indian warfare to feel assured that a bold blow struck in a determined sortie might avert, or at least delay, the doom of the colonies. He expressed himself as willing to offer up his life in that desperate endeavor. So contagious was his enthusiasm that sixteen others volunteered to accompany him, though all had before them the certainty of death, and possible torture at the stake. They prepared for that emergency in the spirit befitting Christians; and it must have been a solemn

and deeply touching ceremony, in the little chapel of the Hôtel-Dieu, when those martyrs in faith and in desire advanced to receive Holy Communion in a body, and before the altar recorded a vow to accept no quarter, but to fight to the death for the honor of God and the salvation of the town.

They set forth that lovely May morning up the broad river in their bark canoes. At Ile St. Paul, no great distance from the city, they had a skirmish with the foe, wherein they were victorious, though losing three men who had attached themselves to the original seventeen. They were also accompanied—to their undoing, as it proved, and somewhat against the judgment of Dollard—by about forty Hurons and four Algonquins. At a point near the Long Sault, they entrenched themselves as best they might in a rude fort that had been erected by savages. The fort was soon invested by a veritable horde of the Iroquois, who burned the canoes of the French and prepared torches to ignite the redoubt. Their most furious assaults were parried, however, for a period of eight days, during which the handful of heroes spread death and destruction among them.

But the want of water began, at that time, to menace the defenders with death in even a more terrible form; and the Iroquois, quick to perceive that circumstance, called upon the Hurons within the enclosure to surrender, since resistance was useless. This the Hurons did, with the single exception of the old Chief Annonhata. The four Algonquins likewise remained faithful. But the treachery of the deserters rendered further defence unavailing. They informed the Iroquois of the actual number of the garrison at the very moment when, despite a reinforcement of five hundred which the latter had received, they meditated a retreat. On hearing that there were but seventeen white men and four Indians opposed to them, they realized that it would be to their everlasting disgrace

if they withdrew; so they resolved to conquer or die before that fort.

They redoubled their efforts, which were met with the same fiery ardor; and even felled huge trees, striving to incommode more and more the brave men within the fort. The accidental explosion of a gun completed the work of destruction. Dollard died first, in the thick of the *mêlée*, where he and his companions with sword and axe had made their supreme effort, while their voices were raised in prayer. When the Iroquois finally forced the opening of the redoubt, they put to death all but four of the survivors, reserving those few for the still more horrible fate of torture.

The moral effect of those ten days of unremitting combat was just what the intrepid Dollard had hoped. The Iroquois argued that if seventeen men could do so much, what would it be when the entire French force was opposed to them? They abandoned their scheme of depredation, and withdrew into their fastnesses.

Such were the events, such the deeds celebrated on the last Sunday of May, in Montreal. As if awaking from the sleep of two hundred and fifty years, posterity had suddenly realized the claims of these men of old upon its regard.

A sermon was preached in historic Notre Dame by the Rev. Abbé Gauthier, who gave a graphic account of the terror of the colonists, when Dollard arose as their deliverer. "The hour of God had sounded," he said, "and there arose a hero, in whose eyes were the chained lightnings, and on whose brow was the garland of command. He galvanized into life the flagging energies of his men, lifted their hearts, and impelled them to self-devotion. Such was Dollard, who incited the sixteen other heroes who were his comrades to save Ville Marie by sacrificing themselves as holocausts on the altar of their country." The Abbé concluded his eloquent peroration with an apostrophe to the glorious dead: "Sleep in peace,

Dollard, great soul, pure hero, until that day—which is soon, we hope, to dawn—when thou shalt appear in immortal bronze!"

The church, hung with the national colors, was adorned also with sweet-smelling flowers, and filled to repletion by a representative gathering. The panegyric was followed by solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, during the course of which the 65th Regiment presented arms, and the trumpets sounded their call to the field. The great Bourdon, one of the largest bells in America, together with the carillon of Notre Dame, was tolled for a quarter of an hour in honor of the brave dead whose anniversary was thus celebrated.

About four in the afternoon, immediately after the church ceremonies, took place the celebration in the great Place d'Armes, fronting the church of Notre Dame (or, as it is distinctively called, the "Paroisse") and the Maisonneuve monument. Facing the latter was placed a scroll on which were inscribed in gold the names of Dollard and his companions; while the monument was fairly laden down with wreaths offered by the various societies, the colleges, and convents.

There were many speeches made from the platform temporarily erected, the most important being that of his Grace Archbishop Bruchési. He remarked that he had been absent on his pastoral visit, and had arrived that morning to ordain a son of the parish; but that he would willingly have come from the farthest extremity of his diocese to "take part in this beautiful festival organized in honor of our brave Dollard and his companions, who shed so pure a lustre on our history. It is neither a king nor the founder of a city nor an illustrious man of learning whom we have honored in the temple, and for whom the trumpet notes have but lately sounded. It is an humble young man of twenty-five years of age, who fell behind an improvised palisade, under the blows of the ferocious Iroquois.

Two hundred and fifty years have passed since his death. In the archives of the ancient Fabrique de Notre Dame, a book, with a worn cover and parchments yellow with age, has been preserved as a precious relic. This is that volume." (Here his Grace displayed the ancient book.) "It contains the authentic recital of the tragic end of those heroes; and that story I desire to let you hear, in its sublime simplicity, here on this celebrated Place d'Armes, near the statue of Maisonneuve, the founder of Montreal. This page of our national martyrology is dated June 3, 1660:

"We have received news—through a Huron who escaped from the hands of the Iroquois, by whom he had been made prisoner in the battle which was fought eight days ago between the said Iroquois (to the number of eight hundred) and seventeen Frenchmen of this habitation, with four Algonquins and about forty Hurons, at the foot of the Long Sault—that thirteen of the said Frenchmen were killed in that place, and four led away prisoners; and these latter, as we have since learned through four other Hurons who escaped, were cruelly burned by the said Iroquois in their country.

"The names of the Frenchmen killed were: Adam Daulac, commander, aged 25; Jacques Brassier, aged 25; Jean Tavernier, aged 28; Nicolas Tiblemont, aged 25; Robert Jurie, aged 24 (we have learned that this latter was rescued by the Dutch, and returned to France); Laurent Hebert, aged 27; Alovis de l'Estre, aged 31; Nicolas Josselin, aged 25; Jacques Boisseau, aged 25; Louis Martin, aged 21; Christophe Augier, aged 26; Etienne Robin, aged 27; Jean Valets, aged 27; Rene Doucin, aged 30; Jean le Gompote, aged 26; Simon Frenet, aged 25; Francis Crusson, aged 24."

The Archbishop, after the reading of this brief chronicle, fairly charged with heroism, reminded his hearers that the event thus recorded took place scarcely eighteen years after the Jesuit superior, Vimont, had said his first Mass on those shores; and he referred to the incessant combats, labors, sufferings, and alarms of the first colonists, until that time when those heroes of the Cross set out, with the Eucharist in their hearts, taking their difficult way over land and sea. "They fought," said he, "like lions; and while they fought they prayed."

Before concluding his eloquent discourse, the prelate made the eminently practical suggestions that a statue of the hero be erected on one of the public squares, and that the first school for boys built in Montreal should be called Dollard, to impress upon the new generation the lesson of those lives—"their pure love of country, and their love of God."

The Archbishop was followed by the Hon. Jeremie Decarie. He, likewise, sang the praises of the Canadian Leonidas and his sixteen companions, who, without other consideration than the purest devotedness, with no other hope than that of certain death, gave their lives for the cause. "Like to the three hundred immortals of Thermopylæ, who joyously partook of a banquet before setting out, these, also, but after the fashion of Christian heroes, took part in a last banquet before passing upward to the company of their fathers. You know the rest. Not one came back, but the colony was saved."

After this discourse, a poem composed for the occasion was read by its author, the Abbé Melançon, who is gaining much celebrity as a poet. The following is a rough translation of the opening stanza: Honor to thee! Thy figure I invoke to-day,—

Youthful, chivalrous, holy, as we know.
That but our words might reach thy glory's height, we pray,

Saviour of our town, O Dollard des Ormeaux!

This was followed by a poem in English, also read by its author, Mr. John Boyd, of the *Gazette*, and of which the following is the final verse:

Proud is the land whose records tell
The deeds of those who fought and fell,

Facing the fierce and cruel foe,

Where downward sweeps the surging Sault,
For them no need of sculptured stone,
Of stately pile, or trumpets blown.
On glory's scroll their names are known,

The bravest of the brave.

And history's page and poet's song
Shall for all time their fame prolong;

Whilst needing not a battlement,

Where stood the town they died to save,

A city is their monument,

Although no stone doth mark their grave,

The reading of those verses was succeeded by a brilliant discourse by the Member from St. Hyacinth, Mr. Henri Bourassa, one of the most picturesque figures in contemporary politics. After pointing the moral of those patriots, their unselfish love of country, their noble enthusiasm and religious devotion, he made a strong plea for idealism as opposed to materialism. In reviewing the history of the country since the days of Dollard, he pointed to the splendid results obtained by the fusion of the two flags, the conquering British and the French, whose defeat was almost as glorious as a victory; and indicated what might be still accomplished by amicable relations between the two, though the French must still hold to their religious and national ideals.

Mention must not be omitted of what, to many present, was the most impressive feature of a demonstration remarkable in all its parts. Previous to the speeches and immediately after the service in the church, the regimental band played a martial air, after which the trumpets sounded the call to arms; there was a pause, and Captain Parro, of the 65th, in a voice vibrant with emotion, but yet loud and clear enough to be heard throughout the square, called the name of "Adam Dollard des Ormeaux." A lieutenant, standing forth, answered: "Dead on the field of honor." Then, in rapid succession, were called those other names, and the answers came as promptly: "Dead on the field of honor." The multitude heard in a silence of profound emotion; and it was observed that many an eye was wet, so deeply solemn and touching was that roll-call of the dead, after the lapse of centuries, on the chief square of the metropolis saved by their valor.

THE only genuine heroes are moral heroes,—men who, having overcome themselves, have proved to the world that a mortal may lead a godlike life.—*Spalding.*

The Latest Encyclical.

THE latest Encyclical Letter of Pope Pius X.—"given in Rome, at St. Peter's, May 26, 1910, in the seventh year of our Pontificate,"—is notable not merely for what it contains, but for the criticism which it has (quite undeservedly) evoked among non-Catholics in Germany. Expressed in the briefest terms, the letter is another denunciation of Modernism, deriving its timeliness from the celebration of the centenary of St. Charles Borromeo's canonization. The period of this saint's career (1538-1584), and the prominence of his work against the early Reformers, could not but suggest to the Holy Father fruitful lessons for the Catholics of to-day. Premising that already, in former letters, he has shown how the lofty designs of Divine Providence were realized in the highest degree in Gregory the Great, John Chrysostom, and Anselm of Aosta, he declares:

"And since we are persuaded that the illustrious examples set by the soldiers of Christ are far better calculated to stir and draw souls than words or deep treatises, we now gladly avail ourselves of another happy opportunity which is presented to us to commend the most useful lessons to be drawn from another holy pastor raised up by God in times nearer to our own, and amid tempests almost identical with those through which we are passing—that Cardinal of Holy Roman Church and Archbishop of Milan, Charles Borromeo, by Paul V., of holy memory, numbered among the saints."

The document contrasts true with false reformers, incidentally giving this word-picture of the sixteenth century:

"In those days passions ran riot, and the knowledge of the truth was almost completely perverted and obscured. There was a continual struggle with errors; and human society, going from bad to worse, seemed to be rushing toward the abyss. In the midst of these errors rose up proud

and rebellious men, 'enemies of the Cross of Christ,'—men of earthly sentiments, 'whose god is their belly.' These, bent not on correcting morals but on denying dogmas, multiplied the disorders, loosening for themselves and for others the bridle of licentiousness; and, contemning the authoritative guidance of the Church, to pander to the passions of the most corrupt princes and peoples, with a virtual tyranny overturned its doctrine, constitution, discipline.

"Then, imitating those sinners to whom was addressed the menace, 'Woe to you who call evil good, and good evil!' that tumult of rebellion and that perversion of faith and morals they called reformation, and themselves reformers. But, in truth, they were corrupters; for, undermining with dissensions and wars the forces of Europe, they paved the way for the rebellions and the apostasy of modern times, in which were united and renewed in one onslaught those three kinds of conflict, hitherto separated, from which the Church had always issued victorious: the bloody conflicts of the first ages; then the internal pest of heresies; and finally, under the name of evangelical liberty, a vicious corruption and a perversion of discipline unknown perhaps in medieval times."

An extended reference to the work of St. Charles in opposition to the sixteenth-century reformers, and his adoption, in that work, of the rules laid down by the Council of Trent, leads to the specific purpose of the Encyclical. The reformers of three hundred years ago presumed to reform faith and discipline at their own caprice, and so do the moderns of to-day. "They, too, would overturn the Church's teaching, laws, and institutions. On their lips they have constantly the cry of culture and civilization,—not for any true love that they bear them, but because these high-sounding phrases form a convenient veil for the wickedness of their enterprise. What are their real aims, what are their plans and the path

they intend to follow, you all know well. Their designs have already been denounced and condemned. They aim at a universal apostasy from the faith and the discipline of the Church,—an apostasy worse by far than the old one which endangered the century of St. Charles, on account of the deeper craft with which it hides itself and creeps into the very veins of the Church; and on account of the greater subtlety with which from false principles it draws consequences more dangerous still. . . .

"The present conflict is fiercer than the old one; for the rebellious innovators of bygone days still clung to some portion of the treasure of revelation, but Modernists seem to have no peace until they can see that treasure utterly flung away. And when 'the foundation of religion is thus destroyed, the bonds of civil society must also be broken. Sad is the sight to-day, and threatening for the morrow; not that we need to fear for the safety of the Church, for God's own promise leaves no room for doubt; but we may still fear those dangers which threaten families and nations, especially those which the plague-bearing breath of iniquity stirs up with greatest fury, and which the Modernists look upon with calmest eye."

In the remainder of the Encyclical, our Holy Father discusses the remedies to be used against the Modernistic spirit, specifying the thorough instruction of the clergy and laity,—an instruction rendered doubly necessary by the prevalence of lay or neutral schools; the training of the preacher; the imitation of St. Charles in his adhesion to the Popes, his unselfishness and humility; frequent Communion; and generous emulation in Catholic action.

In the concluding paragraphs of the letter will be found such a characterization of some present-day nations as may well impress several European peoples; although we should surmise that the general reader will say that France rather than Germany was in the Sovereign Pontiff's mind when he wrote:

"This same praise and gratitude [that was given to St. Charles] will be due to the Catholics of our own days, and to the bishops, their valiant leaders, if they fail not in true civic duties. Let them show loyalty and respect even to froward masters when they command what is just. Let them manfully resist unjust orders, and stand apart from the rebellious rashness of those who are ready to fly to tumult and sedition; and also from the slavish cowardice of those who accept as laws most holy the clearly sinful decrees of wicked men, who, under vain pretence of liberty, overturn all things only to impose a harder tyranny. Before the eyes of the world and in the full daylight of modern civilization, we see this now happening in the nations, especially where the power of darkness seems to have set up his favorite throne. With tyrant power the rights of all the children of the Church are unscrupulously trodden underfoot; for those who govern have lost all that sense of generosity and courtesy and faith which for centuries marked their fathers, who in the name of Christian saw a title they were proud to bear."

The war against Christianity to-day is far more dangerous than those conflicts of other times, in which Borromeo won so much glory. Yet the Head of the Church is not daunted.

"Following his [St. Charles'] example and instruction, we must all nerve ourselves to fight like heroes for those great interests upon which depends the salvation of individuals and of society,—for faith and for religion, for the inviolability of public law. A harsh necessity may force us on; but we are sweetly strengthened with the hope that they who fight in so glorious a cause will receive the victor's crown from God's almighty hand. Our hope draws fuller strength from the mighty power which even to our days still marks St. Charles' work, in weakening the pride of men's minds, or in strengthening our hearts in their holy plan to restore all things in Christ."

Notes and Remarks.

When the Spanish Government, after the well-merited execution of Ferrer closed several of the "modern schools" which he had founded, the English and the American press very generally condemned the closing and attributed it to the dislike of "the Clericals" for free education. The ineptitude of such criticism has just been made crystally clear. The new Liberal Government of Spain allowed the suppressed schools to be reopened, apparently discrediting the former Government's statement that the Ferrerist schools were hotbeds of Anarchy. Reuter's Agency, assuredly not a Catholic company, sent from Madrid the other day this sequel to the action of the Liberals:

During the last few weeks there has been a recrudescence of the Anarchist agitation; and an incident that occurred last week in a small town near Saragossa throws a strange light on the character of the Ferrerist schools. One of them had been opened in the town, and last Saturday local feeling against it led to an outbreak of disorder. The people declared the teachers were propagandists of Anarchism, and expressed an intention of wrecking the buildings and lynching the staff. The mob was held at bay by revolver-fire from the school, pistols being apparently a part of its equipment. Presently the Civil Guard, the armed police of Spain, came to the rescue, and drove off the assailants. But for the revolver-armed school staff it was a case of "out of the frying pan into the fire"; for the Civil Guard, proceeding to an inspection of the buildings with a view to drawing up their report, discovered, not only a store of Anarchist literature, but also a quantity of explosives and what are described as "models of infernal machines."

Comment is surely superfluous here.

Half-educated Christians of weak faith, those also of thorough education and strong religious convictions who apprehend no danger from reading the works of unbelievers and scoffers, might learn a valuable lesson from John Stuart Mill, that hard-headed Scotchman whom Gladstone called "the saint of Rationalism"—in spite

of a very dishonorable marriage,—and for whose genius Carlyle once expressed so great an admiration. The recently-published "Letters of John Stuart Mill" include one to Bain, in which the writer remarks: "I have found by actual experience of Hegel that controversy with him tends to deprave one's intellect."

The two volumes contain nothing more pathetic than a letter of Mill to his friend Sterling. On hearing that he was at the point of death, Mill wrote:

I have never so much wished for another life as I do for the sake of meeting you in it. The chief reason for desiring it has always seemed to me to be that the curtain may not drop altogether on those one loves and honors. Every analogy which favors the idea of a future life leads one to expect that, if such a life there be, death will no further change our character than as it is liable to be changed by any other important event in our existence; and I feel most acutely what it would be to have a firm faith that the world to which one is in progress was enriching itself with those by the loss of whom this world is impoverished. If we lose you, the remembrance of your friendship will be a precious possession to me as long as I remain here; and the thought of you will often be an incitement to me when in time of need, and sometimes a restraint. I shall never think of you but as one of the noblest and quite the most lovable of all men I have known or ever look to know.

Like many another unbeliever, John Stuart Mill sometimes felt very differently from what he said and wrote. Pascal's saying, that the heart has reasons the reason knows not of, expresses a great truth.

Several correspondents of the *Bombay Examiner* having asked for information concerning the lawfulness of offering Mass for Edward VII., the editor gives this explanation of Catholic dogma and practice in similar cases:

All our liturgical services for the dead assume as a first principle that the departed person is a member of the Church, and are restricted in use according to this supposition. In case of a living monarch, this difficulty does not make itself felt. The Church provides, for instance, a "Prayer for the King," which, in England at least, is recited or sung at the close of every

High Mass. So, too, it would be quite easy to hold a liturgical service of supplication in case of a king's illness, or of any public crisis; and the same applies to a thanksgiving service on recovery from sickness or other national calamity. But when once a monarch is dead, his person is no longer bound up with the well-being of the nation; and, having passed into another world, he stands as a man on a level with other men in the sight of God and of the Church. Our late lamented King not being a member of the body of the Church, it is therefore only natural that the Church can not perform for him those rites which from their very constitution imply Catholic membership. On the other hand, a natural feeling dictates that Catholics as a body should make some expression of their loyalty, gratitude and good feeling on such an occasion; and this is usually done by some form of evening service of an extra-liturgical kind, such as took place last week at the cathedral, Bombay.

If the Rev. J. W. Butler, president of the Mexican National Sunday School Association, has not, as we very much fear, lost the power of blushing, he must have "turned scarlet" on two recent occasions: when, at the World's Sunday School Convention in Washington, he asserted, *inter alia*, that the Bible is a prohibited book in Mexico; and when, shortly afterward, he was confronted with the following statement of Monsignor Cerretti, of the Papal Delegation, who, having resided in our sister republic for three years, is quite familiar with its religious conditions:

Dr. Butler's statement that it is difficult to obtain copies of the Holy Scriptures in Mexico is ridiculous in the extreme. . . . The Catholic Bible is on sale in four bookstores in the city of Mexico, to my knowledge; and it is my belief that it can be purchased in every bookstore of any size throughout the republic. His remarks about the prices are equally misleading. A friend of mine here in this city has a large family Bible sold by a Mexican firm for \$3, which could scarcely be duplicated in the United States in English for twice the amount. Fifty-cent Bibles and twenty-five cent Testaments are to be had everywhere in Mexico.

There is this excuse for Brother Butler, and charity obliges us to offer it, lame as it may be: he has told that lie so often he probably believes it to be a truth.

We are moved to pay him a compliment, such as it is. His paper on "Light Breaking in Mexico," read at the Washington convention, proves him to be one of the most facile and industrious of living prevaricators.

Commenting on a very successful mission to non-Catholics given by two Paulist Fathers in St. Aloysius' Church, Detroit, the *Missionary* says:

The Knights of Columbus, as usual, did yeoman work. The Detroit Council consists of about 1000 representative Catholics, who simply needed a word from a priest to enlist them in the good cause. They at once appointed a committee of five to consult with the pastor and missionaries to aid in making the mission a success. On the committee were two newspaper men, two large advertisers, and one lawyer. Two of them with one priest called on the editors of the four dailies, who gave good daily press notices of questions and lectures.

There is a twofold lesson to be drawn from the foregoing: one is that, even in affairs spiritual, method and thorough organization are of genuine importance in the attainment of satisfactory results; the other, that the Knights of Columbus, despite the captious criticism of sundry journals that come to our desk, are, as a body, continuing to merit the countenance and favor of many of the most prominent Catholic prelates in the country.

Our Irish exchanges all record with genuine grief the sudden death of a distinguished soldier and author, General Sir William Butler. His military activity dated from 1858; he served with distinction during the Red River revolt in Canada (1870), and in the Ashantee and Zulu wars in Africa a few years later. His subsequent services in more than one military office won for him successive promotions, until he rose to within a step of the highest rank in the army; though owing to his frank, honest, and, as events proved, sensible advice given to the Government of the day before the outbreak of hostilities in South Africa, he was for a time most

unpopular in England, and scarcely received the full measure of reward which his services merited. As an author, Sir William is well known for his lives of Gordon, Napier, and Colley, and for stories of the Canadian Northwest and the land of the Boer. A staunch Irish Catholic and a Home Ruler from conviction, the deceased General deserved well of both the British Empire at large and his own beloved Erin. May he rest in peace!

The world has become accustomed to hearing that many of the monks of old were great scientists and capable inventors, and a good many people nowadays realize that business ability is not infrequently found in both monasteries and convents. But it is, nevertheless, something of a surprise to learn that the problem of Boston's garbage is likely to be solved by a Catholic Sister. A nun who teaches chemistry recently sent to Mayor Fitzgerald a formula that promises to save the city a very large annual expenditure. At any rate, the Mayor sent the formula to one of his official engineers, who, not knowing that it came from a woman, gave it a consistent trial and thereupon made a favorable report.

Asked his opinion of the following extract from Motley's "Dutch Republic" (p. 364, Routledge), a correspondent of the *London Tablet* wrote that he was unable to satisfy the inquirer on account of not having books of reference at hand, and requested some learned reader of our esteemed contemporary to supply the desired information. The very next issue of the *Tablet* contained a communication from one of our own contributors, Mr. Wilfrid C. Robinson, F. R. Hist. S., which we subjoin to the extract from Motley as follows:

Upon the 16th of February, 1568, a sentence of the Holy Office condemned all the inhabitants of the Netherlands to death as heretics. From this universal doom a few persons especially named were excepted. A proclama-

tion of the King dated ten days later confirmed this decree of the Inquisition, and ordered it to be carried into instant execution, without regard to age, sex or condition. This is probably the most concise death-warrant that was ever framed. Under Philip II., three millions of people, men, women and children, were sentenced to the scaffold in three lines.

* * *

The tale is given by the historian Prescott in his "History of the Reign of Philip II." (vol. ii, pp. 113-14, Routledge, 1857), and is entirely discredited by him. The whole story seems to have first come to light in the partisan pages of Van Meteren. The latter gives the text of the decree, but very likely his good faith was surprised by some forged decree current in his time. Had any authentic decree really existed, it would, as Prescott remarks, be strange "that a proceeding so extraordinary should have escaped the vigilance of Llorente, the secretary of the Holy Office, who had all its papers at his command. I have met with no allusion whatever to it in his pages." Even had the Spanish Inquisition really issued so sweeping a condemnation, involving heretics and Catholics in one common fate, "is it," as Prescott remarks, "easy to believe that a sagacious prince like Philip II. . . . could have lent himself to an act as impolitic as it was absurd?" It is not, however, surprising that such an absurdity should be given as history by Motley. His pages teem with such absurdities.

To which it may be well to add that the works of a great many other historians are open to the same charge: they "teem with absurdities." Students of history should bear in mind the following extract from the preface to the first volume of the Cambridge Modern History. Of this pregnant paragraph Dr. James Walsh, in the introduction to his learned work, "The Popes and Science," says: "It deserves to be in the note-book of everyone who is trying to get at the truth of history":

Great additions have of late been made to our knowledge of the past; the long conspiracy against the revelation of truth has gradually given way, and competing historians all over the civilized world have been zealous to take advantage of the change. The printing of archives has kept pace with the admission of inquirers; and the total mass of new matter which the last half century has accumulated amounts to many thousands of volumes. In

view of changes and of gains such as these, it has become impossible for the historical writer of the present age to trust without reserve even to the most respected secondary authorities. The honest student finds himself continually deserted, retarded, misled by the classics of historical literature; and has to hew his own way through multitudinous transactions, periodicals, and official publications, in order to reach the truth. Ultimate history can not be obtained in this generation; but, so far as documentary evidence is at command, conventional history can be discarded, and the point can be shown that has been reached on the road from one to the other.

The writer of this remarkable passage evidently had in mind the great saying of Comte de Maistre and fully realized its faithfulness: "History for the last three centuries [1500-1800] has been a conspiracy against the truth."

Discussing Socialism and its Milwaukee leader, Victor L. Berger, in the Metropolitan Temple, Brooklyn, the Rev. Dr. J. Wesley Hill, a prominent Methodist clergyman, recently declared:

Having merely tasted of the first draught of success, this Socialist has become intoxicated with it. He declares that between Socialism and its ultimate goal stands but one barrier—the Roman Catholic Church. This is a high compliment to that ancient communion, and its people have every right to feel that their Americanism has been attested and accentuated in a most impressive manner. Has it come to this that of all the churches in the land only one of a great number shall finally stand as the sole defence and bulwark of our American institutions?

It certainly *has* come to just that, Brother Hill. Mr. Berger no doubt sees, as do many other discerning non-Catholics, that there is absolutely no logically tenable standing-ground between Catholicism and Rationalism. The Catholic Church will be the sole barrier against Socialism, because all other so-called churches are destined to extinction. They were born of men and have no promise of immortality. In the meanwhile, Brother Hill's tribute is a rebuke to the illiterate fanatics who still rail against the lack of Americanism in the Catholics of our republic.



The Way to be Happy.

BY THE RT. REV. JOHN S. VAUGHAN.

[On being asked by his little niece Alice to write something in her album on "how to be happy," the Bishop took his pen and wrote as follows.]

HERE once was a hermit
Who lived in a wood,
And the way to be happy
He well understood.
Now, I wanted to know
The true secret of bliss;
So I sought the old hermit,
And then I said this:
"O please, holy Father,
I've something to say.
I wish to be happy:
Pray show me the way."
The hermit he smiled,
And his saintly old face
Seemed beaming all over
With God's holy grace.
And he said: "To be happy's
A gift from above,
To those alone given
Whose hearts are all love.
"You must love the good God,
And do all that you can
To show you wish well
To each dear fellowman.
"You must think less of self,
And of others think more.
Then will joy and delight
Soon enter your door."

WHEN you make a fire of brush or dry leaves, you call it a "bonfire." Formerly these fires were lighted to celebrate a victory or the arrival of good news; hence "good-news fire," which in time became good, or bon, fire.

Sandy Joe.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

[III.—GRAN.

JOE flung open the door as he spoke, and peered out into the darkness, trying to locate the sound which had startled Jackie. The low moan came again almost at his feet; and there, just near the broken doorstep, lay a huddled figure.

"Gran!" said Joe, as he bent closer to it.—"Don't be afraid, Jackie. It's only Gran. She's been drinking again.—Here, old woman!" He shook the bent shoulder gently. "Gran, you mustn't lie down here; or you'll get your death. Gran, I say, get up!"

Another long, low moan was the only answer. Jackie burst into a childish wail. In all her lifelong experience—and it had not been a pleasant one—she had never seen Gran like this.

"Get up," repeated Joe, with a little rougher shake. "Wake up and get up, Gran!" Still no answer. "I'll have to get her in somehow, or she'll freeze to death," said Joe, desperately.

"I'll run round and get Ned Bryan to help you, Joe," said Jackie, tremulously.

"No, don't you," answered Joe, firmly. "We don't want to give the old lady away to respectable neighbors that are nice to you, Jackie. Just lift her feet a bit, and I'll try to get her in."

And Jackie, still shaking with cold and terror, lifted Gran's feet as best she could; while Joe, who did not have his square shoulders and strong arms for nothing, managed to haul the old woman over the low step and across the threshold into the lamp-lit room, where he got her safe on the ragged couch. The black

cloak she had wrapped around her head and shoulders had fallen off, and the light showed a hard old wrinkled face, without a good or tender line. It showed something more to "Sandy Joe's" quick eye.

"My! her hair is all full of blood!" he said, in a startled voice. "She must have struck the edge of the step, I guess."

"O Joe, maybe she's killed like my poor dear Kitty!" whispered Jackie, whose one pet had met a tragic fate a few months before in an encounter with a tinker's dog."

"Pooh, no!" said Joe, lightly,— "though if it wasn't for you I'd call some of the Bryans. They might not want their girls to be so friendly with you if they saw Gran like this. It don't matter much about boys, but a little girl has to be as respectable as she can; so I'll just let the old lady sleep it off, as she has done many a time before. But first I reckon we ought to tie up that cut on her head," added Joe, who had not done business at a street corner for eighteen months without learning something about "first aid" to the injured in any kind of fray. "Look around, Jackie, and see if you can find me a nice, soft rag."

Jackie looked around hopelessly. Nice, soft things were not much in Gran's household line.

"There's nice rags in that old trunk there, Joe," she whispered; "but Gran said if I ever touched them she would skin me alive."

"I'll risk the skinning," replied Joe, turning to an old haircloth-covered trunk that stood in a corner of the room, its lid lightly fastened down by a rusty nail.

The would-be surgeon opened it with a jerk. It held queer odds and ends of every kind gathered in Gran's long and varied career; but a soft white roll in the corner caught Joe's eye. He seized upon it at once, and, breaking the string that confined it, shook out the contents. Here were soft white rags indeed, but rags frilled and laced and fashioned into dainty shapes that made Sandy Joe stare.

"Why—why, they're—they're baby clothes, Jackie!"

The little girl bent forward, her long soft hair falling over the dainty frock.

"O Joe, yes, dear, lovely little baby clothes! Look at the frills and the lace and the teeny-weeny buttons! Mrs. Bryan's baby hasn't anything so pretty! And there's a little white coat, too. O Joe, you're not going to tear up those?"

"No, I'm not," answered Joe, who was still staring at the dainty little garments he held in his outstretched hand. "And, my, if there ain't gold pins in them too, Jackie!" He turned the little frock he held to the light, and showed three delicate little fasteners connected with a slender chain. "And there's letters on them!" he continued, peering at the tiny monogram on the gold pins,— "letters all twisted together. It looks like a J and a T or an H. Golly! I wonder where Gran got hold of swell fixings like these?"

"And, oh, how soft and nice the little coat is!" said Jackie, rapturously. "Just let me hold it for a minute, Joe!" And she took the little silken-lined thing and laid her cheek on its soft warm folds. "Oh, I wish I could keep it, Joe!"

"You're just hard up for a pet, Jackie. I'll try to find another kitten for you to-morrow; for we'll have to put these things back before Gran opens her eyes and sees us rummaging in her trunk."

"Oh, yes, yes, put them back quick!" whispered Jackie in alarm. "Don't tie up her head at all, Joe. Let her stay asleep."

"Guess we might as well," replied Joe; "for we are short on hospital supplies sure. And while the old woman seems pretty easy, I'll get out my thread and mend that shoe of yours, Jackie. Take it off and snuggle down there by the fire, and I'll show you what a cobbler I am. I've got an old boot, that I picked up on an ash pile yesterday, that is just what we need."

And while Jackie snuggled up to the fire, with her little foot tucked under her ragged skirt, Joe got the old boot he

had stowed away in a corner; and, diving into his pocket, extracted from a varied emergency collection of rusty nails, twine, buttons, and so forth, a coarse needle stuck in a skein of black thread.

"Tell me a story while you mend my shoe, won't you, Joe?" coaxed the little girl, as her companion, with the aid of a jackknife, proceeded to cut his patch.

"Sure! I almost forgot the story," said Joe. "The paper is in my pocket, and I sort of spelled it out while I was waiting at the office this morning. It's a picture paper Tim Monaghan gave me. You can look at it, and I'll try to tell you what it is all about."

Joe made a dive into another pocket and brought out a badly torn and crumpled pictorial page. Jackie smoothed it out with eager hands.

"The fairy story is on the other side," said Joe. "Turn over, Jackie."

"Oh, but—but ain't these fairies, too?" asked Jackie, pointing to a winged group in the picture.

"No," replied Joe: "those are angels."

"They look like fairies," said Jackie, doubtfully.

"Oh, but they ain't the same at all!" said Joe, as he laboriously drew his rusty needle through the shoe leather. "Angels are a great deal better than fairies, Jackie. They don't fool away their time monkeying and dancing and swinging on cobwebs, but are real useful."

"Then tell me a story about angels, Joe," pleaded Jackie, softly.

"I can't say that I know any stories about them," said Joe, reflectively. "You see—angels—angels are true, Jackie."

"Oh, are they? And did you ever see one, Joe?" asked Jackie, with wide-stretched eyes.

"No, but I've heard about them,—lots of things," replied Joe, stitching industriously as he spoke. "Jim Monaghan was sick Christmas, and Tim gave me his ticket and took me in to the Christmas Tree at his church. It was fine! There were all sorts of good things, and nice

gloves and scarfs and warm socks for presents. I didn't want to take anything, but the preacher—or priest they called him—said that it was all right even if I wasn't no church member, and he handed me out a pair of gloves with the rest. And then he told us about angels,—how they lived up in heaven, and God sent them on messages; and how on Christmas night they just filled the skies with singing and music, a-telling folks how God had come a little baby to live on earth. And then," said Joe pausing to rethread his needle,—“then he told us something I never heard before, though I've been round to Methodists' and Baptists' Christmas Trees. He said that every child had an angel to look after it, and stay at its side night and day, and keep it from harm. Guardian angels he called them. And I tell you they've got a job watching some of the boys I know. I should think they'd give up and go back to the sky. But with little girls” (Joe turned his eyes on Jackie) “it's different, as I told Tim when we come out. I don't ask no guardian angels myself, but I'd like to think there was one watching over you when I'm not around. And then I began to think how you had skipped out safe when the stove turned over last winter, and the ash cart rolled over you without giving you a scratch, and you tumbled off a twenty-foot bank and landed in a soft snowdrift instead of breaking your back or your neck. It looks as if *some one* was taking care of you sure. There now!” Joe dexterously bit off his thread with his sharp white teeth. “Your shoe is done, and almost as good as new. Geewhiz! poor little midge! She is sound asleep!”

And, with a gentleness that many a more fortunate big brother might have copied, Joe lifted the light little figure from the floor, where Jackie had nodded off in perilous neighborhood to the rickety stove, and placed her on the little pallet in the corner, covering her up with a ragged, patchwork quilt several times

folded; and then returned to keep watch over the fire and Gran; for more than once the stove had been upset by the old woman after an "evening out."

IV.

Sandy Joe had come into Gran's care about five years ago. His father, another Joe Darnley, a wild, reckless young fellow, had been the old woman's only son and the idol of her fierce, jealous heart. She had been furious at his marriage, and would have nothing to do with the young wife, who, she declared, had stolen her boy. So Joe's early days had been spent in a little seaport town, where his father found and lost jobs with painful regularity, spent the intervals at saloons and corner groceries, leaving the real struggle of life to the quiet little pale-faced mother, who, never very strong, had given way under the double strain and slipped hopeless and broken-hearted into an early grave. Then, the gentle obstacle between them being removed, Mr. Darnley renewed friendly relations with his old mother, dropped nine-year-old Joe in her care, with promises of generous remittances for his support, shipped before the mast, and was heard of no more.

Joe had found two-year-old Jackie, with four or five little ones of the same age, toddling about the poor but decent cottage where Gran was making a modest if somewhat precarious livelihood by nursing "in" instead of "out." But after the disappearance of her son, Gran had fallen into evil ways. One by one the children were removed from her care, until only Joe and little brown-eyed Jackie remained to follow the down grade of the old woman's fortunes, which had landed them at last in the shanty where Joe was keeping his anxious vigil to-night.

The cares of life usually sat very lightly upon Joe. He had been used to poverty and want from his cradle, so that he scarcely felt their sharp pinch. But to-night, as he thrust another rotten board into the old stove, and leaned back

in the broken chair before the fire, the young face framed by the sandy curls was unusually thoughtful. Perhaps it was the heavy breathing of the old woman behind him, perhaps it was the sight of Jackie's "set table" and broken little shoe, but Joe felt his responsibility as head of the house unusually weighty to-night.

"That poor little midget there does have a tough time sure; and she is so cute and pretty and—and—" (Joe paused in his reflections for the right word) "sort of ladyfied, it seems a shame she can't be kept nice and right. Gran is no more fit to raise a little girl than an old crow to raise a canary bird; and she's getting worse and worse every day. If, as that preacher said, Jackie's got an angel watching her, I'd surely like him to give me a tip somehow what to do for her myself."

It was a queer sort of a prayer, but it came straight from Joe's honest heart, and surely the watching angel heard.

A sudden sound made Joe turn with a start. Gran was sitting up on her ragged couch, with flushed face and wild, staring eyes.

"Jackie!" she called sharply. "Jackie, where are you, you little beggar? They've come for you at last—at last! They've come!"

(To be continued.)

A Queer Bird.

The secretary bird is in several respects a queer fellow. He gets his name from the tufts of feathers which grow on either side of his head, and look exactly like a bunch of pens stuck behind a clerk's ear. This bird has long legs, with which it can run very fast; and large wings, with which it can ascend to a great height. Some one has said that it can run like a horse and fly like a balloon. It builds a strong nest in a tree, and lives in it year after year, subsisting on small animals and snakes, but preferring the latter.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Mr. Edward Chapman's new book, "English Literature in Account with Religion" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), may suffer, as one critic expresses it, from too much scattering of shot; but some of its appreciations are as exact as they are well expressed. For example, Renan's "Vie de Jésus" is described as "essentially a romance, marked by great literary charm, and occasional lapses into history."

—Among the many scarce books and documents, precious manuscripts and autograph letters, sold last month in London by Messrs. Sotheby & Co., was a collection of thirty original specimen leaves of the productions of the first Continental printers, among them three leaves of an early block-book of the famous "Biblia Pauperum," and a leaf from the 42-line Bible of Gutenberg, 1450-55.

—English literary critics, apropos of the death of Mr. Clemens, have been discussing the characteristics of American humor. One writer, who seems to have given the subject thorough consideration, expresses admiration of our gift of immense and serious exaggeration,—things said with an air of not overstepping the truth by a jot; as when, for example, Mark Twain remarks of a bridge in the valley that leads up to Zermatt, that "even the larger raindrops made it shake."

—From the press of the *Pittsburg Observer* comes a most interesting pamphlet, "Should Catholics Pay School Taxes?"—an address by the Rev. Thomas F. Coakley, D. D. It will well repay thoughtful perusal by both Catholics and non-Catholics. Critics inclined to question the validity of Dr. Coakley's arguments may be reminded that so responsible and forceful a prelate as Archbishop O'Connell, of Boston, has publicly characterized the double educational tax now imposed on Catholics as "nothing short of outrageous tyranny."

—Some Catholic friends of the late Goldwin Smith will doubt the statement that he died, as he lived, a wavering agnostic, as bitterly opposed to the Church as ever. Lord Acton, in his controversies with this venerable scholar, once expressed the hope that as he grew older his views would become broader and his judgments more deliberate. We like to believe that such was the case. Mr. Smith inherited his prejudices against the Papacy, and his association with Lord Acton was not calculated to remove them. He seems to have been a man of moods, and allowance should be made for

his bereavements and infirmities. We shall always hope that his dispositions at the approach of death were those in which he once wrote to ourselves. It is too intimate a letter for publication at this time, but we may say that it shows a warmer heart and a more open mind than this oldtime antagonist of the Church was generally credited with possessing.

—Color-printing in this country has not as yet been carried to anything like a high degree of perfection; or some one, before now, would have remarked on a full-page illustration in "the national weekly," representing the Kaiser mounted on a white and blue horse, and Col. Roosevelt astride another strange animal, of a partly brown and partly blue color. Possibly it was intended for one of the Colonel's many hobbies, but what significance can there be in blue hind feet?

—A paper of considerable literary interest in the current *American Ecclesiastical Review* is the Rev. C. W. Currier's "A Poet-Bishop of Porto Rico." The subject of the sketch—Bernardo de Valbuena, born in Spain in 1568, and a student in a Mexican college in 1585—was appointed Bishop of San Juan de Puerto Rico in 1620. Among the best known of his works are: "The Greatness of Mexico," "The Golden Age in the Woods of Erifile," and "The Victory of Roncevalles."

—The most popular of the late Sir William Butler's books is "The Great Lone Island," which has gone through many editions, and continues to win new readers on both sides of the Atlantic, especially of course in Canada. "The Light of the West," his last book, should be equally popular in Ireland. To the biographer of Sir William this will doubtless be the most quotable of all his works, on account of its setting forth so much of his philosophy of life. He was emphatically a man of ideals as well as of action.

—Mr. John Murray's list of new books includes "Correspondence on Church and Religion of William Ewart Gladstone," selected and arranged by D. C. Lathbury. The religious aspect of Mr. Gladstone's life was omitted from Lord Morley's biography, as it was impossible to deal with all the phases of so many-sided a man within the limits of one work. Mr. Lathbury has been engaged for some years on the preparation of this complementary biography, which deals in full with Mr. Gladstone's correspondence with Mr. Hope-Scott, Cardinals Newman and Manning,

Dr. Döllinger, John Bright, Lords Acton, Lytton, and Lyttelton, the members of his family, and many others.

—"Mr. Conybeare on Mark iii, 21, and Luke xi, 27, 28," by the Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, B. A. (Oxford: Hubert Giles), has for sub-title "Some positive methods of a negative critic." It is a scholarly pamphlet dealing with one or two gratuitous assertions of a Rationalistic author, whose "immense learning" has been exploited by some reviewers of his recent anti-Christian, not to say anti-Theistic, "Myth, Magic, and Morals." The pamphlet is one for the perusal of critical students of Biblical literature rather than for general readers unfamiliar with Greek and Latin; although even the man on the street can not fail to perceive how effectively Father Vassall-Phillips demolishes Mr. Conybeare's oracular and outrageous assertion about "Jesus' repudiation of the physical mother who had voted him to be insane"; and the further statement that "Mariolatry has been the staple of the Christian cult ever since the fifth century." The author of "Myth, Magic, and Morals" may be a wit among dunces, but this erudite pamphlet makes it clear that he is also a dunce among wits.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "So as by Fire." Jean Connor. \$1.25.
 "Brownie and I." Richard Aumerle. 85 cts.
 "The Formation of Character." Rev. Ernest Hull, S. J. 15 cts.
 "A Bunch of Girls." "Shan." 50 cts.
 "The First Great Canadian." Charles B. Reed. \$2.
 "History of the Society of Jesus in North America." Thomas Hughes, S. J. Documents: Vol. I., Part II. \$4.50.
 "Buds and Blossoms." Rt. Rev. Charles H. Colton, D. D. \$1.25.
 "The Christ Child." M. C. Olivia Keiley. 75 cts.
 "The Sacrament of Duty." The Rev. Joseph McSorley, C. S. P. \$1.08.

- "The Light of His Countenance." Jerome Harte. \$1.25.
 "From Geneva to Rome via Canterbury." Viator. 45 cts.
 "Makers of Modern Medicine." James Walsh, M. D. Ph. D., LL. D. \$2.
 "Practical Hints on Education." Elise Flury. 75 cts.
 "The Romance of the Silver Shoon." Rev. David Bearne, S. J. 85 cts.
 "The Spirit of the Dominican Order." Mother Frances Raphael, O. S. D. \$1.
 "St. Bridget of Sweden." Francesca M. Steele. 75 cts.
 "Heroes of Faith." 80 cts.
 "Bible Stories Told to Toddlers." 90 cts.
 "The Childhood of Christ According to the Canonical Gospels." Rev. A. Durand, S. J. \$1.50.
 "The Fruits of Devotion to the Sacred Heart." Rev. William Graham. 75 cts.
 "The Marrying of Brian." Alice Dease. 50 cts.
 "St. Vincent de Paul and the Vincentians in Ireland, Scotland, and England. A. D. 1638-1909." Rev. Patrick Boyle, C. M. \$1.25.
 "A Year's Sermons." \$1.50.
 "History of Church Music." Rev. Dr. Karl Weinmann. 75 cts., net.
 "Blessed Joan of Arc." E. A. Ford. \$1, net.
 "The Christian Philosophy of Life." Tilmann Pesch, S. J. \$4.50.
 "The Life of the Blessed Julie Billiart." A Sister of Notre Dame. \$3, net.
 "John and Joan." Mrs. Sophie Maude. \$1.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Abbot O'Neill, O. S. B.; and Very Rev. Thomas Fitzgerald, of the diocese of Kansas City.

Sister M. Rosalia, of the Order of the Visitation; Sister M. Nolasco and Sister M. Francis, Sisters of Mercy; Sister M. Columba, O. S. D.; and Sister M. Stanislaus, Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. L. A. Douglas, Mr. C. H. Unland, Mrs. Margaret Keefe, Mr. James Hastings, Mrs. H. J. Stockbridge, Mr. Frank Barber, Rose F. Conlan, Sir William Butler, Mr. David McCloskey, Mr. William Bollinger, Mr. Neil Lafferty, and Mr. John Hanser.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 9, 1910.

NO. 2

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

The Mother.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

I AM the pillars of the house,
The keystone of the arch am I;
Take me away, and roof and wall
Would fall to ruin utterly.

I am the fire upon the hearth,
I am the light of the good sun;
I am the heat that warms the earth,
Which else were colder than a stone.

At me the children warm their hands;
I am their light of love alive;
Without me, cold the hearthstone stands,
Nor could the precious children thrive.

I am the twist that holds together
The children in its sacred ring;
Their knot of love, from whose close tether
No lost child goes awandering.

I am the house from floor to roof;
I deck the walls, the board I spread;
I spin the curtains, warp and woof,
And shake the down to be their bed.

I am their wall against all danger,
Their door against the wind and snow.
Thou, whom a Woman laid in manger,
Take me not till the children grow!

THERE is nothing which practice can not make easy; so by practice in slight sufferings we learn to bear great pain. Even in pain the wise man will not let calm be disturbed; he is at war with his passions, and in war suffering abounds.

—*"Wisdom of the East."*

Cardinal Vaughan.*

BY WILFRID C. ROBINSON, F. R. HIST. S.



CARDINAL VAUGHAN was a man of almost feverish activity, of great singleness of purpose, and of undoubted sanctity of life. He was not, as the world reckons, a great man. He would have been the first to disclaim any claims to greatness. Indeed, he did so in a letter he wrote to the Pope when his name was sent to Rome by the Canons of Westminster and the Bishops of England as one proper to fill the metropolitan See made vacant by the death of Cardinal Manning. With that humility and sincerity so characteristic of the man, Herbert Vaughan, then Bishop of Salford, wrote: "Holy Father, it is no mock modesty or fashion of speech which makes the confession that I have no qualification of learning for such a post. I do not excel as a preacher, an author, a theologian, a philosopher, or even as a classical scholar. Whatever I may be in these matters, in none am I above mediocrity." As to the other characteristic which he alleged was necessary to a future Archbishop of Westminster, he said: "As to sanctity of life, which often makes up for certain intellectual shortcomings, I will say only this, that no one will have been so blind as to have said that I possess this compensating degree of holiness." Leo XIII.

* "The Life of Cardinal Vaughan." By J. G. Snead-Cox. Two Volumes. With Portraits. Burns & Oates.

judged otherwise, and deemed Vaughan worthy to succeed to a See that a Wiseman and a Manning had made illustrious.

It is, of course, impossible here to follow Herbert Vaughan's long career step by step. It will be better to try to see what he, was as a man, as a worker in God's vineyard, and as a shepherd of God's flocks.

Born in Gloucester on April 15, 1832, Herbert Vaughan was the oldest of thirteen children. Their mother's constant prayer was that they might all become priests or nuns. Six sons became priests, two remained in the world, while the five daughters all became nuns. Thus was continued the traditionary devotion of the Vaughan family to the Church, for which its members had oftentimes suffered fine and imprisonment. Herbert Vaughan inherited from his parents their sincere piety and their good looks. Even late in life, when he attended some social gathering in London, his face was the handsomest and his bearing the stateliest of all the throng. He received his early education first at Stonyhurst, then at Downside, and completed it by three years spent with the French Jesuits, then in exile at Brugelette in Belgium. His father hoped that his oldest boy would become a soldier, but his mother's prayers were heard; and, in the fall of the year 1851, Herbert took the road to Rome, there to study for the priesthood. Ill health and his mother's death retarded his studies. Indeed, death seemed likely to cut his career short, and it was in fear of this that Pius IX. allowed him to receive Holy Orders at the early age of twenty-two.

Ordained priest at Lucca on October 28, 1854, he said his first Mass in Florence, and returned to Rome to be present at the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. Part of his studies in Rome were pursued in the Accademia Ecclesiastica, where he met Manning for the first time. The latter was already a priest, and Vaughan often

served his Mass. This meeting at the altar of two future archbishops of the then recently erected See of Westminster began a friendship of which the elder friend, Manning, thirty years later wrote: "We became very intimate, and our affection has lasted and grown to this day." It was to be the acolyte's duty, when he had become a bishop, to aid the great Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster in his last hours on earth.

On becoming a priest, Vaughan's desire was to work as a missionary among the mountains of Wales. That desire found partial and tardy fulfilment when, in his declining years, he resorted to a Welsh seaside town for his health. He hired there a public room, in which he—Archbishop and Cardinal—celebrated Mass and held services which attracted many non-Catholics of the place. All his life, wherever he passed, he strove to do good.

Some twenty-two years ago, I was (in the absence of Mr. Snead-Cox, who had gone to Rome for the Jubilee of Leo XIII.), acting editor of the *London Tablet*, of which Vaughan, then Bishop of Salford, was the proprietor. One day the Bishop was in my office writing. I was about to go out for luncheon, when he asked me where I usually went for that meal. I named a well-known Swiss restaurant. He said he would try the place. Our meal over, the Bishop engaged in conversation with the Italian waiter in the man's own sweet tongue, which Vaughan spoke with ease and correctness. He elicited from the man that he was not a very practical Catholic. The Bishop gave him some good advice, which I hope was accepted as readily as the "tip" that accompanied it. The restaurant was crowded, and many eyes were turned toward the handsome prelate, speaking in a strange tongue. But Vaughan noticed it not. He was thinking only of the good to be done to a soul. Thus it ever was with Herbert Vaughan. He had no human respect; he cared naught for what men might think; only of the good to be done.

Sometimes his seeming harshness and apparent disregard of what others might think or feel wounded them. From the diaries and notes (never intended for publication) from which his biographer and kinsman gives us large extracts, we see that Vaughan himself strove against a certain sternness which he was aware was his. We are told that his father seemed to many a hard man, and "with perhaps little comprehension for weakness of any sort." Perhaps the Spanish blood in their veins had given this temper to the characters of both.

Certainly Herbert Vaughan was a most prayerful man, but he was no mystic; he was in no sense sentimental. I doubt if he derived pleasure from literature or painting or music. He cared little or nothing for those natural beauties that delighted Cardinal Wiseman; he shared none of Cardinal Manning's sympathy for the sufferings of dumb animals. In his youth, he loved riding and shooting; and, as his biographer says, for him sport and shooting were synonymous terms. In his frankness, his manly bearing, his readiness to fight, forgive and forget, he was a fine type of that class of Englishmen which produces men ready at duty's call to lead a forlorn hope, to see unmoved men struck down to right and left of them, and to go onward until they have planted England's flag over a smoking breach, and then think they have done nothing wonderful. Such a soldier was Vaughan, but his warfare was to spread the Kingdom of God on earth.

Scarcely had Vaughan become a priest when he was called from Rome by Cardinal Wiseman and appointed vice-president of St. Edmund's College, Ware, which, for all practical purposes, was then the seminary of the Westminster diocese. His position there was a delicate one at a time when much friction between hereditary Catholics and the converts of England existed, and was giving Wiseman a sea of troubles. This conflict has assumed titanic proportions in

most books written about this period of the history of the Catholic Church in England, and that because of two such able, earnest and strong-willed men as Manning and Errington having been pitted against each other in it. It will seem of less importance when time has allayed passions and the historian can write with calm impartiality. It will then appear that between the contending parties there were many converts and many hereditary Catholics who were in sympathy one with another. But Vaughan was cast into the thick of the conflict, was looked on with suspicion at the college, and notably because he joined Manning's community. Nevertheless, he won the affections of many of the students, and formed a lasting friendship with one of the professors, Dr. W. G. Ward, the future editor of the *Dublin Review*, who, though a layman, taught theology in the college.

Vaughan's life-work was not, however, to be cabined in a college: it was to extend itself to many lands, even to isles in far-off seas. He was not, indeed, to become himself a missionary, but a maker of missionaries. His idea of missionary work in Wales had faded away under the influence of ill health; a greater idea took its place. England, with misguided generosity, spent millions in sending its Bibles and its preachers to the heathen. Why should not English Catholics have their Foreign Missionary College? He disclosed his idea to Cardinal Wiseman, only to find that years before a holy man had suggested it to the Cardinal, who had laid it aside until such time as God saw fit to send him a man to carry it into action. Vaughan was the instrument God had chosen. His biographer tells us how Manning aided him, but adds that "the majority of the Oblate Fathers received the proposal with great coldness." This, however, was not the case. A Father of the Congregation of the Oblates of St. Charles writes to me on this point:

"I was present at the chapter of the Congregation held by Cardinal Wiseman

on November 4, 1862; and his Eminence's proposal was received with great warmth. I remember the Cardinal saying: 'Any member of the Oblate Congregation may, with my leave, go to the Foreign Missions and return after to Bayswater.' It was the first chapter I was at, forty-eight years ago. Herbert Vaughan did not feel 'any want of sympathy'; and his being 'chilled,' at that time at least, is a myth. 'It was not until Dr. Manning was made Archbishop, three years later (in 1865), that F. Vaughan felt hurt because what he had begun as an Oblate work should not be accepted by the community. F. Dillon was quite unlike Cardinals Manning and Vaughan; and it was in his time of being superior that the responsibility of the work was left entirely on F. Vaughan's shoulders.'

Manning was still superior of the Oblates and Provost of Westminster when he presented Vaughan and his plan for a Foreign Missionary College in England to the great gathering of Catholics at the first Congress of Mechlin in 1863. I have a souvenir of that occasion — a stiff Old-World portrait representing Herbert Vaughan, done by a Brussels photographer. The handsome young priest stands beside a table, on which lie a crucifix and a paper inscribed "Missions."

At the end of 1863, Vaughan had started on a begging tour in the New World. All this part of his life reads like a chapter out of some charming book of adventures. San Francisco, though it had its own dire wants appealing to it, gave generously to the priest who had, in a noble cause, overcome his repugnance to beg. From California, he made the round of South America, and had reached Rio de Janeiro when the death of Cardinal Wiseman recalled him to England. His college was opened on March 1, 1866, under the patronage of St. Joseph; five years later it sent out its first missionaries to work among the Negro population of the United States. At the same time the stately pile of buildings on Mill Hill, to the north

of London, forming the college, were completed. Thence missionaries have gone out to the continents of America, Africa, Asia, and the islands of the Pacific. Three colleges—one in Lancashire, another amid the flats of Holland, the third in the mountains of Tyrol,—form, as it were, recruiting stations for Mill Hill.

Such was the greatest work, I take it, of Vaughan's life. It was certainly the dearest wish to his heart; and when that great heart ceased to throb, they laid him to rest at the foot of a Tyrolese crucifix he himself had planted in the garden of his missionary college.

This work for Catholic missions might have sufficed for one man's life: Vaughan in his zeal undertook many other labors. He saw how much England needed a good Catholic newspaper; so when the *Tablet* was to be sold, he bought it and turned journalist. As his biographer takes considerable pains to show, Vaughan had neither the natural aptitude nor the special training to become a good journalist. But, adds Mr. Cox, "he had rare qualities—a high and adventurous courage, an untiring industry, great concentration of purpose, unlimited devotion to the work in hand, and a wonderful power of winning and keeping the affection and allegiance of men. . . . At the outset he had need of all the help his friends could give him. He had to gather round him a staff of writers, and the financial resources of the office were small."

Mr. Cox describes in full detail how Dr. Vaughan directed the fortunes of the paper during the stirring days of the Vatican Council. The position of an editor of a Catholic paper in London at that time was one of great difficulty, and Vaughan did not pass through the period unscathed. But, in spite of many difficulties, he had finally no reason to repent having, as Mr. Cox tells us, "purchased the *Tablet* for a small sum, and so made what turned out to be the luckiest investment of his life. And his appreciation of the press grew rather

than diminished. We shall find him in later years trying to acquire a second newspaper, and, in fact, acquiring the *Dublin Review*. This came to him in 1878 as a gift from Dr. W. G. Ward." But Vaughan's active participation in journalism came to a close in 1872.

Mainly through the influence of Archbishop Manning, in that year Herbert Vaughan was chosen by the Holy See to be Bishop of Salford. He was consecrated on October 26, and for twenty years governed the diocese with singular ability and whole-hearted devotion. He took for his model St. Charles. How he provided a pastoral seminary to prepare his young priests for parochial work; how he took part in the first English pilgrimage across the seas since the days when England was Catholic (to Paray-le-Monial); how he founded St. Bede's College to train youths for commercial pursuits, and how he extended the college,—all these things and many more that the Bishop of Salford did are well told in Mr. Cox's volumes.

In 1892, Vaughan succeeded to Cardinal Manning in the See of Westminster; and early in the following year was made Cardinal by Pope Leo XIII. The second volume of his biography tells us, in a highly interesting series of chapters, how Cardinal Vaughan dealt with the many difficult questions that arose during the eleven years he was archbishop,—such as the frequentation of the great English universities by Catholic students; elementary education; the reunion of churches; Anglican Orders; the rescue of London's waifs and strays,—all pressing, burning questions. If we can not judge that he always dealt with them in the best and wisest of ways, we must invariably admire the purity of his intentions, the trust he placed in prayer, and his humility in all he accomplished.

Outside a certain circle, Cardinal Vaughan was little known to Londoners in general,—even to those who belonged to his flock. It will be a revelation to

many who read these volumes to find what an humble, holy and generous leader they had in the third Archbishop of Westminster,—one who, like another St. Thomas of Canterbury, would readily have laid down his life for the rights of the Church. His devotion to St. Peter and to the Fisherman's See was intense. We wish Mr. Cox had insisted a little more on this point.

The building of Westminster Cathedral on the site Cardinal Manning had secured for it will always be connected with Vaughan's name. He wanted, as he often said, "a live cathedral." When we remember that the foundation stone of the great pile was laid only in 1895, and that fifteen years afterward the cathedral was consecrated; when we recall the great scenes so many of us witnessed within its walls during the Eucharistic Congress; when we consider all the material, financial and artistic difficulties that opposed themselves to the carrying out of such an undertaking,—we can only marvel at the man who started such a work. It could only be one whose faith could move mountains, and such was Cardinal Vaughan. And he has had his desire fulfilled. Westminster is indeed "a live cathedral," as its crowded congregations Sunday after Sunday testify.

In conclusion, I may say that Mr. Snead-Cox has produced a biography which is a speaking portrait of the saintly Cardinal. As it is a work that will live and be consulted frequently by all who interest themselves in the history of the Church in England, I hope that in the next edition a better index will be provided. The present is, for an important work, one of the worst I have met with. Numbers of names mentioned in the body of the work are not cited in it; for instance, that of Father Martin, General of the Jesuits, from whom an important letter is given, but not indexed. Some newspaper extracts might be curtailed. On the other hand, one would have liked to have some impressions of the Cardinal

from the friends he made outside of his own country during his frequent travels. Of these friends, some have surely survived him.

But to find faults amid much that is so good is merely to imply that Mr. Cox's volumes are human, and therefore subject to error. I have read them with deepest interest; and when I came to the last chapter, when I had read the touching description of the death of Cardinal Vaughan on June 19, 1903, its pathos was heightened for me by having to part from a work from which I had derived the greatest possible pleasure and edification.

A Wrong Righted.

BY A. M. CLARKE.

I.

SIR HERBERT WYNTERTON, of Wynterton Hall, had succeeded to his estate through the death of a cousin. When we have said that he was a keen sportsman and a bold horseman, there is scarcely anything more to be told about him. His sunburned countenance and commonplace features beamed with good nature, but their expression was wanting in intellectuality. Everything was his which this world can give—health, wealth, friends, a noble property, and a loyal and beautiful wife, to whom he was sincerely attached. Yet, though his lot in life was regarded as enviable by all who knew him, he was far from being happy,—was indeed the prey of a secret remorse.

Beatrice Wynterton was well fitted to be mistress of her husband's fair domain. Tall and slight, her every movement was full of grace; her delicate features, brown eyes, and hair of the same shade, made her the admired of all beholders. Entirely free from either pride or conceit, she appeared unconscious of her charms, the effect of which was heightened by her captivating manners. She had married in obedience to her parents' wishes rather

than to the promptings of her own heart, which would have led her to accept the love of a suitor who was not, like Sir Herbert, of her own Faith. Her father and mother saw the admiration she excited during her first season in London, and they were resolved that on no account should she marry a Protestant. Therefore when Sir Herbert Wynterton asked for her hand, they gladly granted his request, not from motives of ambition or from a desire to see their beloved and only daughter reigning as queen at Wynterton, but from a conscientious desire to promote her highest interests.

There was a knock at the door of the library at Wynterton Hall, where the master of the house was ensconced in a comfortable armchair, engaged in reading the morning paper. On being told to come in, the grey-haired butler, an old and privileged retainer of the family, entered, bearing on a silver salver a card inscribed: "Mr. Robert Penrose." Sir Herbert Wynterton took it up mechanically; but no sooner had he glanced at the name it bore than a hot flush mounted to his forehead, and for a few seconds he seemed unable to speak.

"Shall I show the gentleman in, sir?" the servant inquired, surprised at his master's evident emotion.

"Certainly, Thompson," was the reply.

As soon as the servant had quitted the room, Sir Herbert exclaimed under his breath: "My God, how can I face that man!" He pulled himself together, however; and, when the door opened once more, he had regained his self-possession.

The newcomer's appearance was of a nature to arrest the attention of the beholder. Tall and of a fine physique, despite the shabbiness of his dress he had an unmistakable air of high-breeding. His countenance bore evident traces of care and anxiety, if not of actual privation; and, although scarcely more than thirty years of age, there were lines beneath his blue eyes, and threads of

silver were discernible amid his curly hair.

Sir Herbert received his visitor with almost exaggerated cordiality; though there was somewhat of embarrassment in his manner as he bade him welcome, and pulled an easy-chair forward for him.

"I am delighted to see you, my dear Penrose! Where have you been all this time?" said Sir Herbert.

"Thanks! To tell the truth, I did not like to intrude on you. I fancied you held aloof, after I failed in my examination through the loss of that paper. And I have not been very prosperous since."

The host turned away and rang a bell.

"I am truly sorry to hear that," he said. Then, when the servant entered, he inquired of his visitor: "Will you have claret or a whisky and soda?"

"Don't trouble about anything for me," Penrose replied.

But, as Sir Herbert insisted, he said he would prefer a glass of claret.

"We will join Lady Wynterton at tea presently. You know that I am married?" Sir Herbert continued.

"No. I did not hear of your marriage. I congratulate you on it."

"You will think I am indeed to be congratulated when you see my wife."

"You are fortunate, Wynterton, to have come in for this fine property."

"True, but the income is not so large as you might imagine. It is more than I deserve, however. Now let me hear what you have been doing since I saw you last."

"Well, as I said, fortune has not smiled on me. My father was very much annoyed over my failure at Sandhurst; he declared I must not expect him to support me (he had had financial losses, my brother's expenses at college were heavy, etc.): I must earn my own living. In fact, he turned me adrift."

"What a shame!" Sir Herbert said.

"He was hardly to be blamed. I tried coaching men for the army; but, as I had been unsuccessful myself, they had no confidence in me. Then I got a post as tutor to two lads, but in a few months'

time they were sent to school. After that I had a little work—writing for a daily paper,—but that did not bring me in enough to live on, and I was fain to accept a stool in a banker's office. My health suffered from that; and, besides, the work was not very remunerative. My object in coming to you to-day is to ask if you would be so kind as to help me to get something better. You know many influential people, and I should be truly grateful if you would assist me to obtain some appointment."

"I will do so with all my heart," Sir Herbert answered almost eagerly, for he was only too glad to have an opportunity of benefiting his former friend. "What sort of appointment do you wish to obtain? A tutorship perhaps, or a secretaryship?"

Penrose replied that he thought a secretaryship would be the best thing for him. He had heard of a man going out to take an official post in India who wanted some one to act in that capacity; but it was useless to apply for the position without a recommendation.

A little more conversation took place on the subject when the butler entered to say that her ladyship requested Sir Herbert to come to tea.

"We must obey the summons. My wife does not like to be kept waiting," Sir Herbert said, smilingly.

On entering the drawing-room, he introduced Penrose:

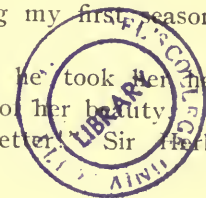
"An old college friend, whom I have not seen for years."

Lady Wynterton started on hearing the name of the visitor, and looked up quickly; the color mounted to her face and for a moment she seemed unable to speak. Then, putting a constraint upon herself, she rose and held out her hand, saying:

"Mr. Penrose and I are not quite strangers. I met him at the house of a mutual friend during my first season in London."

Penrose bowed as he took her hand, in silent admiration of her beauty.

"So much the better," Sir Herbert



exclaimed. "Penrose, you must stay a few days with us."

"A thousand thanks! But my week's holiday is just at an end. I must return to town to-morrow."

"You will at least dine and sleep here."

Seeing his guest look diffidently at his apparel, Sir Herbert hastened to add:

"Never mind about dressing. You will meet no one but the chaplain, who always dines with us. Or, if you like, my wardrobe is at your service. Come! You must not refuse, or I shall be offended."

Penrose accepted the invitation, but he seemed ill at ease; and, after a glance at Lady Wynterton which brought the color to his cheeks, he rose with alacrity when the host proposed to show him the garden and the stables and have a smoke.

Meanwhile Lady Wynterton quitted the drawing-room; and, after reading a while, took down a straw-hat which hung in the hall, and bent her steps to the chapel in order to pay her usual daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament and say her Rosary. She was thus occupied when the evening Angelus rang out. Calmed and strengthened, she rose from her knees and returned to the house.

She might truly have been termed "a vision of delight" when she descended the broad oak staircase and entered the drawing-room a short time before dinner. She was wearing a tea gown of soft fawn-colored silk, which hung in graceful folds about her perfect figure. In her bodice she wore some late roses, and one of the same flowers nestled amid the coils of her abundant hair; other ornament she had none.

When, a few moments later, Sir Herbert invited his guest to conduct her into the dining-room, Penrose was conscious that the hand which he had once ardently desired to call his own trembled as it rested on his arm, and the contact sent a thrill through his whole being.

During dinner Lady Wynterton was more silent than usual, and addressed herself chiefly to the old priest, who, when

the dessert was placed on the table and the servants had withdrawn, entered upon an account of a pilgrimage he had once made to Mariazell, a Hungarian shrine little visited by English Catholics, and spoke of some miracles worked there.

Sir Herbert looked uneasily at his guest, who was listening with deep attention. Presently he remarked:

"My friend here is not of our faith, Father."

"Pardon me, Sir Herbert! But I *am* a Catholic. I was received into the Church two years ago."

"I am rejoiced to hear it. What led, may I ask, to your conversion?"

Penrose looked down, and a slight color tinged his pale face.

"Adversity and disappointment, I think," he replied.

Sir Herbert failed to notice at the time that Lady Wynterton did not join, as did the priest, in congratulating their guest. On the contrary, she said not a word, but turned pale, and her eyes filled with tears. Shortly after she rose to leave the gentlemen. Penrose, who was nearest the door, held it open for her. As she passed out their eyes met, and a look more eloquent than words was exchanged between them. Then she went up to her room, endeavoring to control the emotion which she naturally felt at meeting again the man who had won her early affections, and hearing that the obstacle to their union had been removed when it was too late. She prayed for resignation to the holy will of God, resolving to forget the past; then she went down to the drawing-room, where she played and sang as usual.

When the time came for her to retire, her husband said as he lighted her candle:

"You will not see us to-morrow morning, Beatrice, as we must be up very early in order to catch the first train from Henley; so you had better take leave of Mr. Penrose now."

Accordingly she said good-bye, cordially wishing him God-speed.

II.

Sir Herbert succeeded beyond his hopes in obtaining an appointment for his friend as secretary to a gentleman who was shortly going out to India. Before parting they went to dine at a restaurant. Wynterton chose a retired table; and when the repast was ended, he took his cigarette from his lips and said:

"Penrose, I have to make a confession to you. I can not rest without telling you of a dishonorable act, which I am deeply ashamed of and sincerely sorry for, and which has weighed on my conscience ever since. I was unconsciously the cause of your failure in the examination, and consequently of your subsequent ill fortune. You look astonished, and well you may. I found the paper you lost; and, dastardly knave that I was, I copied some dates and facts of which I was ignorant. However, I was not aware that the paper was yours, until it was too late to return it. I had not the courage to acknowledge my fault at the time. Can you forgive me?"

Penrose looked down. He was silent for what seemed a long time to the other; then, without raising his eyes, he said

"I can and I do. But I must say I should never have suspected you of such an act."

"I know it was beastly. You do not know how bitterly I repent of it, and the remorse I experienced on learning that it had blighted your prospects. I will make any reparation that is within my power. Can I hope that you will be so generous as not only to forgive me, but to still count me as a friend?"

"Of course I forgive you; I must do so, as I hope to be forgiven. You did not know that the paper was mine. Besides, I am deeply indebted to you for securing this appointment for me, and so liberally providing me with an outfit. You are indeed a friend to me. I hope you have not spoken of the affair to Lady Wynterton?"

"No, not a word. I have told no one but the priest in confession."

At this juncture a somewhat noisy group took their seats at a table close by, so that further conversation was impossible. Sir Herbert called for the bill, and the two friends rose to depart.

"We will bury the past," Penrose said, as he shook hands warmly, and again thanked Wynterton for the assistance he had given him.

III.

Sir Herbert has been described as a bold horseman, and his daring was the cause of his sudden death which occurred only a few months after the events just narrated.

Mounted on a spirited animal, he was following the hounds with his accustomed impetuosity, when his horse, failing to clear a high fence, rolled over into the ditch beneath it, carrying the rider with him in his fall. Sir Herbert's spine was broken; he never regained consciousness, but breathed his last a few hours after being taken home.

Lady Beatrice bore her loss with exemplary fortitude and resignation to the will of God; she spent the months of her widowhood in strict retirement, devoting herself to exercises of piety, and endeavoring to promote the well-being of her poorer neighbors and dependents.

Since the heir to the baronetcy chanced, at the time of Sir Herbert's death, to be stationed in a remote district of India, some time elapsed before the news of his succession to the title and estate reached him, and even then it was not possible for him to return to England at once. Thus Lady Wynterton remained in possession of the Hall for more than a year after her husband's decease. At the lapse of that interval, she wrote to ask Penrose, who meanwhile had returned to England, to pay her a visit. He gladly consented; and when at length he came in sight of the mansion where once before he had met with so kind a reception, he noticed

that all the blinds were drawn; this did not surprise him, however, as the afternoon sun was shining full upon the windows.

Quickly he ascended the steps which led to the principal entrance, and rang the bell.

"Is Lady Wynterton at home?" he inquired, when the butler appeared in answer to his summons.

"No, sir," was the hesitating reply; "my mistress can not see you."

Penrose was puzzled and bewildered by this refusal, and by the mournful expression on the servant's face; noticing, moreover, the traces of tears which were plainly discernible.

"But she is expecting me," Penrose rejoined. "I wrote to tell her that I was coming this afternoon."

"Father Clitheroe is in the library, sir, and he will see you, if you will please to step this way."

The priest, who was seated at a table strewn with letters and telegrams, rose when Penrose entered, and, coming toward him, laid his hand upon his arm.

"My friend," he began, and he spoke very gently, "God has seen fit to call Lady Wynterton to Himself. She died less than an hour ago. I am an old man, and I have assisted many in their last hours; but rarely have I witnessed so holy and beautiful a death as hers."

He paused, observing the emotion which overwhelmed his hearer at these tidings; and then continued:

"On hearing that the heir was about to return and take possession of the estate, she prepared to remove to the dower house; and whilst thus employed she took a chill, which resulted in an attack of pneumonia. She had always wished to die on a feast of Our Lady, to whom she had so great a devotion; and it was granted her to breathe her last on this Feast of the Annunciation. Will you come and take a look at her?"

Penrose could not speak; but in silence he followed his guide, who led him to a

room which had already been arranged as a mortuary chapel. In the centre, flanked on either side by three wax candles in silver candlesticks, stood the coffin. Within it lay Beatrice, wrapped in her last long sleep. Death had not robbed her of her beauty, and a smile seemed to hover around her pallid lips. A crucifix lay upon her breast, and her hands held the Rosary which she had brought with her from Einsiedeln when as a young girl she had made, in company with her parents, a pilgrimage to that famous shrine.

Long did Penrose kneel beside the bier on which rested the inanimate form of the only woman he had ever loved; and as he knelt a sudden light shone into his soul. In the words of the great Spanish Saint, St. Francis Borgia, he exclaimed "Never will I serve a master who can die!" This was the turning-point of his life. He relinquished all worldly hopes and ambitions; and, after seven years of probation and study, was admitted to the priesthood. In her will Beatrice had left him the sum which had been settled upon her as a separate provision before her marriage.

Many years have elapsed since Father Penrose's death, which was hastened by his untiring labors in a very poor district of a large city. He was the father of the poor, the friend and consoler of the sick, the sinful, and the sorrowful. All who had the privilege of his acquaintance held him in high esteem, but his story was known only to a few of his most intimate friends.

The Angels of the Sanctuary.

BY THE REV. EDWARD F. GARESCHE, S. J.

YE linger here the livelong day,
For 'tis your heaven to love and pray;
But I must toil afar.

O brothers, give this solace sweet,
That ye, my proxies at His feet,
My friends and pleaders are!

From the Kirk to the Catholic Church.

HOW A PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER BECAME A
PRIEST.

BY ALFONSUS.

X.

BY the grace of God and the intercession of His Blessed Mother, I was, however, enabled to free the good people from the incubus of a Romanizing incumbent—or “incumbrance,” as *Punch* makes a country bumpkin call his vicar,—and to find that peace and satisfaction for which my soul was longing. Day by day I felt myself further and further alienated from the Presbyterian, and indeed from the entire Protestant, ideal and system. It came at last to be a settled conviction that the whole conception of Christianity in the Protestant sense was utterly vitiated and wrong; and I was like a fish out of water in the midst of it. There was no rest for my soul day or night; and the solution of this most painful dilemma and perplexity was the subject that absorbed all my thoughts from the moment I arose in the morning till the hour that I retired. Some definite conclusion, and that a speedy one, was absolutely necessary to put me out of pain. Now, every argument and consideration that I could think of pointed to one Church, and to no other, as the ultimate authority that could solve all my difficulties; and that was the Roman Catholic Church.

I have used the word “authority.” I felt the need of this. Everyone feels the need of authority; though, unhappily, all do not look to the same authority or to the right one. Some, like Rationalists, take Reason for their authority; others, like the Evangelicals, take the Bible; but an authority of some kind everyone must have. I was clearly convinced that the authority for me was one that could teach me with infallible certainty, and leave me in no doubt whatsoever as to the great truths about salvation. I wanted to have

certainly, and I believed that Almighty God meant mankind to have it.

Some good friends, in arguing on the point, would fain have persuaded me that this was an erroneous and unhealthy craving on my part; that God never meant we should have this kind of absolute certainty; and that Rome’s claim to put us in possession of all necessary truth, without possibility of error, was false and delusive and pernicious, leading simple souls astray with its glamour and plausibility. But I could never agree with persons who took up that position. To me it seemed that the Incarnation of the Son of God, and His sojourn among men, and His teaching His Apostles and declaring God’s truth to them, and His founding a Church, would have been superfluous and absurd and useless if He had not intended that men should be taught with unerring certainty what to believe. The very object and purpose of His coming down from heaven was to give men certainty about God and their relation to Him, both in the present and for the future. To leave them, then, still in doubt and uncertainty, pursuing after the truth, struggling to find it out, confessing that they really could not take it upon themselves to say with absolute confidence whether or not this or that doctrine was true,—all this struck me as making void the work and word of Jesus Christ, as stultifying and nullifying the teaching authority of our Divine Master. If this were the true view of Christianity, then it appeared to me that men were in little better case now than they were before Christ came at all.

An authority, therefore, teaching with divinely protected inerrancy, which could assure me that this was false and that was true, with the same certainty as Our Lord assured His companions—for I felt that we had as much right to certainty in matters of religion as the first disciples,—this was what I wanted. And precisely this was what no Protestant authority gave me; what, in fact, they expressly

declared they could not give. This seemed to them almost anticipating the last day when the Messiah would 'come and tell us all things.' There was much, they said, in regard to which we must be content to remain in the dark, much that was obscure and uncertain and would be cleared up only in heaven.

Now, I did not want to be in the dark about anything when I thought I could be in possession of the light. I had been in the dark long enough—about thirty years, to be precise. I knew that the true Light had come into the world, enlightening all who wished to be enlightened. I felt certain that that Light, so far from shining with dazzling brilliancy for thirty-three years and then being extinguished, was shining still as brilliantly, to illuminate my darkness if only I could come to it. As it was not shining in the Protestant church, the probability was that it was to be found in the Catholic Church. At all events, the Catholic Church was the only Christian body on earth that claimed to have the light and the truth, and to give it with infallible certainty. That was so much in her favor, to begin with; so much to attract the inquiring and dissatisfied soul; for a sick man turns away from a physician who proclaims his incapacity to cure him, and appeals to the doctor who claims that he has a remedy that never fails.

Examining, then, the "claims of Rome," I saw, from my reading of history, that she was the only Church that could reasonably and plausibly pretend to speak with authority, because she was the only one that could trace her ascent back to the Apostles. She was emphatically Apostolic. You could tell the day and the place and the circumstances of the rise of every other church in history, and could name the very men who took the foremost part in founding it. But you could not point to any date or place when the Catholic Church took its origin; except that occasion when Our Lord said to St. Peter: "Thou art Peter, and on

this rock I will build My Church." Here was a Church which came to me with a genealogy that could not be questioned; which could trace her family history back to Jesus Christ Himself; which could justly boast of an unbroken, continuous growth from the seed to the great tree, and from childhood to manhood. There was solid, matter-of-fact proof to hand of her genuineness and antiquity.

The illustration that Mr. W. H. Mallock used to support her claims in his book "Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption" seemed to me singularly bright and conclusive. In that remarkable volume, in which, with ruthless logic, he "makes mince-meat" of the Anglican claim to speak in the name of doctrinal Christianity, he pictures the Church of Rome as, "not a mere aggregate of undifferentiated units, but a living organism with a single enduring personality" (p. 239),—an organism like that of a human being growing from childhood to boyhood, from boyhood to manhood, still preserving the same individuality through all development and growth, and possessing a memory that never fails. "Being endowed," he says (p. 197), "with a single brain, the Church is endowed also with a continuous historic memory; is constantly able to explain and restate doctrine, and to attest, as though from personal experience, the facts of its earliest history. Is doubt thrown on the Resurrection and Ascension of Christ? The Church of Rome replies: 'I was at the door of the sepulchre myself. My eyes saw the Lord come forth. My eyes saw the cloud receive Him.' Is doubt thrown on Christ's miraculous birth? The Church of Rome replies: 'I can attest the fact, even if no other witness can; for the Angel said: "Hail!" in my ear as well as Mary's.'"

And once more he recurs to this simile when he says (p. 249): "In this way the witness which the supernatural organism bears to the authority of the Biblical books, and the reality of Christ's miraculous nature and actions, exhibits itself

to us as a witness similar to that of an individual who, being alive at the present day, was alive also when Christ lived, and with eyes supernaturally opened saw all the mysteries of His birth, life, death, resurrection, and return to heaven, and perpetually reattests their truth out of the fulness of an unerring memory."

Such appeared to me the precise position of the Catholic Church in the world to-day, and no other church known to me could advance any title in the faintest degree resembling it. What confirmed me in this view of Rome's claim was the clear and unmistakable fact of her supremacy over the whole Christian Church from the earliest times. I took a long time to see this; but at length I could resist the evidence no longer. Anglican controversialists like Fuller (in his "Primitive Saints and the See of Rome") try hard to disprove the universal headship of the Roman Church in the early centuries; but the arguments and evidence in support of it, as brought together in such books as the reply of Father Luke Rivington and the work of Allies, seemed to me overwhelming. Over every part of the Church Catholic, both East and West, Rome stood forth as not only claiming but as exercising jurisdiction; and her jurisdiction was obeyed. She would not have been obeyed had she not the right and the title of Apostolic authority to be obeyed. It was a right and a power and a privilege inherent in the See of Rome, the See of Blessed Peter, to rule and govern the universal flock of Christ. Every bishop of the Catholic Church was, indeed, a true successor of the Apostles, and had a flock committed to his jurisdiction, for the ruling and feeding of which he was responsible. But his jurisdiction he derived from, and held in submission to, the Bishop of Rome, the Prince of the Apostles. To be in communion with him was the test of orthodoxy; to "speak with the Successor of the Fisherman" was to be in the true Church. "And what had been then, continued to be now,

Our Lord's provision for the government of His Church and the preservation of the faith had undergone no change. It was as necessary to-day as in primitive times to be united with those whom Our Lord had set in authority. Now, it could only have been by the will of God, effected by the Holy Ghost who came at Pentecost, that Rome should have acquired the supremacy over the whole Church; that the external government of the body of Christ should have assumed this particular form and organization, and that the preservation of the Gospel in its entirety and purity should have been indissolubly bound up with the Bishop of Rome. The Church, considering the promises, explicit and unconditional, of our Divine Redeemer, could not have gone so far wrong as to lapse into this mistake. He had pledged His word that He would be with her always, and that the Holy Spirit would lead her into all the truth.

The supremacy of Rome, then, was a matter of divine ordering, and had been believed to be such from Apostolic and sub-Apostolic days. The fact that some had revolted and cut themselves off from her authority in no way invalidated her prerogative. Nothing was left, therefore, for me but to put myself in line with the rest of Christendom, and get into the Bark of Peter, which, like that of Noah, was launched to save them that would be saved. Where Peter was, there was Christ; for it was from Peter's boat that Christ taught. Besides, I saw plainly that unity, which was to be a mark of the true Church, and which Our Lord had absolutely willed and required among His disciples, never had been and never could be secured in any other way than by the supreme authority of the Roman Pontiff. Some of my friends — indeed, the most of those with whom I argued the point — scoffed at the necessity of unity, in Rome's sense; declared our Saviour never intended such unity of dogma and of worship; and asserted that such a uniformity and unanimity meant degradation, stagnation

in the intellect and paralysis in the soul. It was, they said, the peace and unity such as one sees in a cemetery.

Presuming that unity was demanded by Jesus Christ, as I believed it was (and I have spoken in a previous chapter about the absurdity of disunity), I saw that, as a matter of historical fact, it never existed out of the Roman communion. No other plan or means of attaining to it had ever succeeded; and experience told me that what had been the fate of other methods in the past, would similarly overtake those devised by men in time to come: nothing but the supreme, independent, irreformable judgment of one man, and that the Bishop of Rome, in his office as Vicar of Christ and the successor of Peter, could preserve the union of the faithful which the Founder of Christianity willed His religion to possess.

It was, of course, a stupendous power and authority to attribute to one man alone,—the power of declaring and defining what was the revealed truth of Almighty God, and of binding the consciences of all men under pain of mortal sin to believe and accept his decision,—a decision not reversible by the judgment of any other court; not to be submitted to any other tribunal for correction or approval; but a final, an authoritative, independent, infallible decision, against which no man dare appeal. So great, indeed, was this power that it would have been utterly blasphemous, and a glaring usurpation of the divine attribute, to invest with it any man on earth who had not been unmistakably singled out by God to receive it.

This was what I believed about the Pope: that he was truly the successor of St. Peter, whom Our Lord had appointed Head of the Church, to rule and teach and guide it; and that, to do so effectually and perfectly, this gift of infallible authority was absolutely necessary. Without this, his authority would have been in reality no authority at all; there would have been no unity. Who believes the Archbishop of Canterbury to be infallible?

Who believes the whole united Episcopal Bench in England (if you can imagine the Bench united) to be infallible? Who believes the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, or the Union of the Baptist Church, to be infallible? The very question is ludicrous. What is the consequence? No authority that is worth the name. And what follows this? Chaos, confusion, division, disunity on the most vital and fundamental matters; each man is a law to himself, and doeth that which seemeth right in his own eyes. If there is agreement among them, it is accidental, and happens because the same ideas chance to commend themselves to different people, not because any authority has spoken on the subject.

Now, as I said before, this is a state of things which pleases millions of persons; this is Protestantism,—freedom from all authority except your own; intellectual liberty, and license to think out doctrines for yourself. This, they say, is far nobler and higher than a compulsory unity. And it is certainly a pleasant creed to profess, and a popular creed, one that flatters human nature and human pride, panders to self-conceit, and frees a man from all subjection to external authority. On these terms, a man may believe anything or nothing, may stroll through life a religious libertine, so to speak.

But, in my eyes, the fatal drawback about this so plausible position was that it was utterly opposed to the will of Christ, to His intention, to His teaching. I could not believe that He meant Protestantism to be the ideal of His religion. I did believe that He intended every Christian to hold precisely the same truths, the same set of doctrines; and that these must always be the same, must be unchangeable; and all for the simple reason that He Himself had descended from heaven to teach a certain set of truths; that these truths were, of course, divine, and could never be altered; and that anything and everything different from these truths must be false. The

truths of Christianity, I held, could no more change than the truths of arithmetic; if they were true yesterday, they must be true to-day and to-morrow and forever. To change them meant that they must be susceptible of change and of improvement; and if that were so, they might never have been true at all. Once grasp the fact that Jesus Christ was a divine Teacher, was God in the flesh, and then His every word was divine, and divinely true, and true for all eternity. And hence it followed that His teaching must be a unity; that no part of it could be in contradiction to any other part; for truth is one, error only is manifold.

This was the Catholic conception of Christ's mission as a Teacher, and it appealed to me as the true and noble conception. The Protestant conception was false and dishonoring. And on examining the claim of the Catholic Church to unity, I saw it could stand the most searching investigation. No doctrine of hers in one century ever came into conflict with a doctrine in any other century. No Pope had ever contradicted another Pope on matters of faith and morals. You could not discover such a case. True, some plausible instances to the contrary were trumped up by Rome's opponents; but, on careful and conscientious examination, I found that they broke down, were capable of a perfectly reasonable explanation, and did not at all affect the claim of the Catholic Church to have set forth unity of doctrine before the world from the Day of Pentecost to the latest pronouncement of Pope or Council.

Now, this was obviously quite supernatural; no human institution could stand such a test, could have produced such a record. That the Church of Rome all through these centuries, with such vicissitudes and trials, both without and within, dealing with such profound subjects as matters of eternal truth, should never have stumbled into the least error or self-contradiction, was to me an indis-

putable proof that she had been divinely guarded and preserved. Only the finger of the right hand of the Most High could have brought her through unscathed.

On the other hand, I looked at Protestantism. Her career, even for three centuries, had been a record of variations, denials, changes, contradictions; she was split into a thousand fragments, and was splitting into more. Herein was her condemnation. It was a necessity of her very being. It was just as necessary a consequence of her principles that she should be disunited as it was a consequence of Rome's principles that she could not be disunited. Unity was to me a beautiful, a heavenly thing; Our Lord demanded it; and only in Rome could it be realized; only through the unerring voice of Rome's Head, the Vicar of Christ.

(To be continued.)

The Flaw in the Title.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXVII.

BRENT and Phyllis walked up and down on that lawn with which the young girl seemed in some manner most closely associated, and into which she appeared to fit as though she had been some dryad or naiad who had her lodgement amongst the trees. She met the young man's declaration frankly, yet gravely. Her words, never many nor flippant, were characteristic and to the point.

"I need not dwell," Harry began, "on what has brought me across the water. Since I have been here, it has seemed to me a vain and idle hope, which it was absurd that I should ever have entertained,—even," he added with some bitterness, "had not your uncle distinctly told me as much."

"That was to be expected," answered Phyllis, gravely. "No other course was open to him."

"But that need not be final!" cried the young man, eagerly. "I have hopes—some prospects,—though I am not very sure myself of their nature or extent, since I have merely heard of them from others. If these prospects are realized even in a few years,—oh, that is what I want to ask of you, to beg of you! I have loved you so! I have lived on your very image till I felt I could endure no more those places where we had met. Perhaps I should not repeat this. I hardly know to what I have pledged myself with your uncle. I know only one thing: that I love you, and in such a manner as can not be described,—just as if you were one of those beautiful angels we used to admire together, or as the Italians regard their *Ma*—"

But Phyllis stopped him abruptly before the word was out.

"How can you?" she said. "That is sheer irreverence, and — forgive me!—absurdity."

"You are severe as always," he murmured; "for you know that I have no mind to be irreverent. I love our dear Lady as fervently as any Italian of them all, only I am trying to express my meaning."

"It does not need many words," said Phyllis, slowly. "To love any one truly seems to me a sacred thing, and can be best expressed in just that one syllable. I allowed you to come here, because I thought it was better for us both. I wanted to be sure of my own feelings toward you, and I even fancied that yours might have changed."

"You know that is impossible!" the young lover exclaimed indignantly.

Phyllis regarded him with her quiet smile.

"Change is always possible so long as we are human," she said.

"Oh, you talk so coldly, so cruelly!" Brent exclaimed again. "You analyze and you criticize."

Phyllis looked down at the ground thoughtfully,

"Perhaps you are right," she said. "I do not approach the subject as most girls would be likely to do."

"But does it leave me any room for hope?" asked Brent, every word spoken with earnestness. "What if my prospects really do improve and give me the right to aspire to your hand?"

He spoke disjointedly, nervously, as if he found it difficult to express himself at all. His face was pale, his eyes haggard, so that Phyllis wondered a little, looking at him with a grave, intent gaze, almost as a child might have done.

"But," she observed, "the principal point with me is not at all your future prospects."

"Why, you said just now," cried Brent, "that there was no other course open to your uncle!"

"Certainly not, from his point of view and from his responsibilities," she replied. "But with me of course it is different. My only idea is as regards our own relations to each other. You seem to be firmly convinced, though I wonder if you really are so—"

Brent made a gesture that was angry and almost despairing.

"While I," said Phyllis, "am asking myself all the time if I love you well enough to think of marrying you — and more than that."

"What more can there be?" he asked impatiently. "Oh, how you are wringing my heart, playing with it as a child with a toy!"

"I am asking myself," Phyllis went on, in a low voice, and bowing her head as if the force of his reproach struck home to her sensitive nature, — "I am asking myself a question which I suppose I should have asked before: whether I can ever love any man well enough to think of marrying him."

For some moments Harry Brent stared at her aghast.

"Why, what do you mean?" he asked. "In heaven's name explain your enigmatic sentences!"

"If I were really in love with you," said Phyllis, raising her head, with a little color in her cheeks, "I should probably resent the tone in which you speak. But it is a proof that I am not. I am only so very sorry, and so very much distressed!"

"Forgive me!" said Brent. "I scarcely know what I am saying. I can't make you see or understand."

"If I did love you or any other man," said Phyllis, carrying out her train of thought, "I should care very little about your prospects. Yourself, your character, what you are, would be all I should really care about. But, as it is, the very thought of marrying any man fills me with repulsion."

Harry Brent stood and stared at her as one who had received a blow. The face at which he gazed and which was turned partially away from him was very pale, and there were tears in the soft eyes. That the girl was deeply, intensely in earnest he could not doubt for a moment.

"Is this final?" he asked, with dry lips that scarcely seemed to articulate a word.

"I think so," Phyllis answered in a very low voice. "I feel almost sure that my attitude will always be the same. For I did like you very much in Rome; I was delighted at first when I heard you were coming here. But love is a different matter, and I do not think I shall ever love any one in that way."

Brent, however, would not take this as a final decision. He thought it might be that she had never before given any thought to the subject, and that its unfamiliarity was startling to the girl, who had lived too much, perhaps, in the regions of the ideal. He eagerly seized upon her admission that she had liked him very much in Rome, and had hailed his coming with pleasure. He begged her to allow the matter to remain in abeyance till there was some certainty with regard to his prospects. To this Phyllis consented,

though she endeavored to impress upon him as strongly as possible that he must not be disappointed if her decision was unchanged by the delay.

"I am sorry," she said, "for the pain I have to give you. I am specially grieved if I have misled you; and, whatever happens, I shall always keep the happiest memories of those days in Rome. I think they were the pleasantest of my life."

The words, and the tone of gentle, cordial friendliness in which they were spoken, charmed Brent; but an older man would have known that they the more surely marked the downfall of his hopes than angry petulance or wilful coquetry could have done.

"No doubt," said Phyllis, looking at him wistfully when he held her hand a moment in farewell, "I should be very happy if I were able to care for you in the way you wish; for I know this about myself: that for any one I loved I could go to the world's end and endure many things."

She watched Brent as he drove away that afternoon, with a strange sense that he was passing out of her life, or that at least she would never again listen to those impassioned words into which he had broken after that little outburst of hers. He was intimately convinced that her words were true, and that the treasure of her love, once given, would be deep and tender and lasting.

Phyllis could not help feeling a sense of relief that the young man was gone. It had been such a strain, the mere consciousness of his presence and of what lay between them. And yet her conscience smote her that she should be glad that he had gone away sad at heart, cheered only by an elusive hope.

"He will forget," she said to herself by way of consolation. "People always do forget; especially, as uncle says, when they are young."

And, yet with some inconsistency, she set herself to recalling memories which

were now no longer painful when dissociated with the restraint of his presence, and the dread which had been over her of his arrival; and she recalled one by one each of their meetings over there in the storied city, and the words which he had spoken, and his pleasant friendliness with her aunt.

As was natural, other things, of which she had, however, but little idea, were to occur before she was to hear Harry Brent's earnest voice or to see his handsome face again.

(To be continued.)

Eucharistic Congresses.

AN English exchange notes the interesting fact that the steamship companies on the other side of the Atlantic are being overrun with applications for passage to America on the occasion of the great Eucharistic Congress to be held in Montreal in September. As far as may be conjectured from present data, it seems more than probable that this coming twenty-first international celebration in honor of the central object of Catholic worship, the Eucharistic God, will vie in magnificence of ceremonial, in multitudes of attendant adorers, and in devotional fervor, with the most successful of the twenty Congresses that have preceded it. A brief enumeration of these former celebrations may prove of present interest to our readers.

Eucharistic Congresses, according to Father Galtier, of the Order of the Blessed Sacrament, began at Paray-le-Monial, and owe their origin principally to three individuals: Father Chevrier, the Don Bosco of Lyons; the saintly Mgr. de Ségur; and a pious lady still living. The first Congress was opened at Lille, France, on June 28, 1881. It lasted three days; was attended by representatives from Italy, Belgium, Spain, Austria, England, Mexico, Chili, and the West Indies; and closed with a procession of the Blessed Sacrament

attended by three thousand men. In the following year, 1882, the second Congress was held at Avignon, the residence of the Popes for three-quarters of a century. Six thousand men walked in the procession on this occasion, carrying candles protected by transparencies bearing the arms of the Blessed Sacrament.

In 1883, the third Congress met at Liege, Belgium. It was destined to be a fruitful source of blessings for that country; as, in the following year, the Belgian Catholics routed their political adversaries, and began that beneficent reign of Catholic government which has continued in power ever since. It was at Fribourg, Switzerland, that in 1885, the fourth Congress assembled, under the presidency of the illustrious Cardinal Mermillod. The fifth was held in 1886, at Toulouse, where are jealously guarded the tomb and the ashes of the inspired singer of the Eucharist, St. Thomas of Aquin. Fifteen hundred priests and thirty thousand of the faithful took part in its closing.

Paris furnished, in 1888, the setting for the sixth Congress, one of the best prepared and most fruitful as yet held. It opened beneath the centuried vaults of Notre Dame, in the presence of an immense concourse of worshippers, who were stirred to their inmost depths by the masterly eloquence of Père Monsabré. Two years later, Belgium again had the honor of celebrating the glories of the Blessed Sacrament, the seventh Congress being held at Antwerp in 1890. Coinciding with the feast of Notre Dame, so popular at Antwerp, this Congress took on features of exceptional grandeur; and Our Lady's procession, dating back five centuries, swept through a multitude numbering over one hundred and fifty thousand. During this seventh Congress there was organized a pilgrimage to Hoogstraeten (near Antwerp), where is venerated the relic of a startling miracle of the fourteenth century. During the celebration of Mass by a priest who doubted the Real Presence,

of the body of Christ under the sacramental species, the consecrated wine suddenly became as blood which overflowed the chalice and spilled upon the corporal. No washing has ever been able to efface from the corporal, which is still preserved, these miraculous blood stains.

In 1893, the Oriental churches were associated with their Western sisters in homage to the Eucharistic God; for the eighth Congress was held in Jerusalem. Pope Leo XIII. desired to be present in some fashion at this notable function, and named Cardinal Langenieux, Archbishop of Rheims, as his special legate thereto. In 1894, Rheims itself was the scene of the ninth Congress. For the first time at such conventions, the plans for 1894 provided for the discussion of "Social Studies" and "Works for the Laborer."

In 1897, the tenth Congress was held at Paray-le-Monial, and more or less naturally was called the Congress of the Sacred Heart. The eleventh Congress, celebrated at Brussels in 1898, surpassed all its predecessors in organization, in numbers, and in the perfection of its details. The outstanding feature of its deliberations was insistence on the Blessed Sacrament considered as the great remedy for the ills of society. The twelfth Congress, held at Lourdes in 1899, concerned itself especially with the relations, to the Eucharist, of the Blessed Virgin under the beautiful title of Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament, and with frequent Communion. At Lourdes, too, for the first time women were definitely associated with the work of the Congresses.

At Angers, France, where the thirteenth Congress assembled in 1901, there was inaugurated the section called Catholic Youth,—a section destined to hold a prominent place in all future celebrations. In the fourteenth Congress, indeed—that held at Namur, Belgium, in 1902,—four thousand students and other young men played a preponderating rôle in the solemn opening of the functions. The pomp and external setting of the

fifteenth Congress, at Angoulême in 1904, suffered somewhat from the hostility of a sectarian municipal council, as also from the lack of resources, it being a city of secondary importance; but this drawback was offset by notable faith and piety, and by the importance of the work accomplished.

The brief but glorious history of Eucharistic Congresses apparently reached its culminating point in 1905, when the sixteenth of the series was held in Rome, and there was set upon such conventions the seal of official consecration and universality. Belgium again in 1906 claimed the honor of proffering special homage to the Blessed Sacrament; and at Tournai was held the seventeenth Congress, specifically called that of Holy Communion, because of the "laudatory Brief" sent to it by the Pope, and of the opening speech of the Cardinal Legate, who stated that he had been sent by the Holy Father expressly to ask the Congress to promote more assiduous frequentation of the Holy Table.

The three latest international Congresses—those at Metz, 1907; at London, 1908; and at Cologne, last year—are too recent to need any more than the merest mention. English readers, particularly, need no reminding of the magnificent object-lesson which the nineteenth Eucharistic Congress presented to the millions in England's metropolis; or of the ultimate, if indirect, benefit accruing to the Church through the ill-advised and belated forbidding of the public procession of the Blessed Sacrament. The holding of the twenty-first Congress in the Catholic metropolis of a British colony will have the effect of emphasizing the lesson taught in London; and the splendor, religious pomp, and devotional solemnity of the public procession on the shores of the St. Lawrence will, we doubt not, far surpass anything that even under the most favorable circumstances could have glorified the Real Presence on the banks of the Thames.

Notes and Remarks.

The Catholic Social Guild of London, as we learn from the *Catholic Times*, announces a development of activity which promises to be of great utility to social students—namely, the circulation of book-boxes of literature on social questions. The boxes are intended for the use of clubs and reading circles; and an effort will be made to supply books either of general interest, or on any special subject asked for; such as Poor-Law, Trade-Unionism, economic history, and the like. Only a small subscription will be charged; and the boxes, which will be ready to be sent out in the autumn, can be changed every three months.

On the face of it, this is a practical step to meet a real difficulty with which reading circles in this country as in England are continually met: the supply at small cost of a sufficient variety of books to keep up the intellectual interest. Ordinary lending libraries are of no use in such cases; and readers of small means can not always be buying new books, cheap as books are nowadays. Club libraries also, the contents of which are apt to grow stale and unattractive to members, might be usefully replenished by the temporary addition of a supply of more solid literature than they usually contain.

The book-box plan is not in itself a novelty in England. The Fabian Society there has done a considerable proportion of its propaganda work by book-boxes, which it circulates, literally by the hundred, among workmen's clubs and other organizations. We echo the *Times'* comment: "One would like to find an equal appreciation in Catholic circles for book-boxes which will contain as large a proportion as possible of Catholic literature."

Reviewing Janssen's "History of the German People" on its first appearance, a writer in the *Athenæum* characterized

Luther as a monster and the Reformation as a myth. A member of the staff of the *Academy*, described as "a devout member of the Church of England," is now credited with this equally frank declaration: "I curse the Protestant Reformation with heart and soul; and still do I curse it and hate it and detest it, with all its works and in all its abominable operations, internal and external. I loathe it and abhor it as a most hideous blasphemy, the greatest woe, the most monstrous horror which has fallen upon the hopeless race of mortals since the foundation of the world."

If ultra-Protestants in England were more familiar with Cobbett's "History of the Reformation," indictments like these would be less surprising to them, and their spokesmen would be spared a great deal of needless humiliation at the hands of the philistines. The Rev. Dr. Horton, who jumped at the conclusion that the *Academy*, on account of its declaration, was a Catholic paper, and its editor-in-chief a Jesuit in disguise, was lately haled into court to explain his antic.

The staff of the *Academy* object to being called Catholics, in spite of their strong denunciation of the movement which has fastened the name Protestant upon them. Whatever Anglicans may consider themselves, Catholics the world over regard them as Protestants, and their church as one of the sects.

We noted recently the existence in China of a Trappist monastery, at Yangkia-ping. It is perhaps not generally known that in the Middle Kingdom there are not only Chinese Trappists, but Chinese Franciscans, Chinese Jesuits, Chinese Dominicans, and other regulars. Since the Propaganda, on November 23, 1845, issued a special decree to all the missions to establish seminaries for a native clergy, to select the candidates carefully from Christian families of old standing, and to train them diligently for their high vocation in humanistic science, in philos-

ophy and theology, as well as in their native literature and the ancient classics of China, the number of Chinese priests has steadily increased. In 1848 there were 135; in 1880, 240; in 1890, 371; in 1900, 445; in 1908, 550; at present the number is 631. "They are valuable and indispensable colleagues," says an authoritative writer,—“valuable, because they work well and render excellent services in the cure of souls; indispensable, because they know better than Europeans the language, manners, customs, wishes and prejudices, good and bad qualities, of their countrymen.”

French critics of Mr. Roosevelt's speech at the Sorbonne seem to take great satisfaction in the divorce statistics of the United States, recently compiled by the Census Bureau. The figures show that divorce is far more prevalent in this country than in France. In the year 1900, the last in which a census was taken, there were 73 divorces per 100,000 of the population in the United States, whereas in France there were only 23. It is claimed that, with such a record for indifference to the obligation of marriage, no American can with any grace throw stones at his French neighbor. The point is, of course, well taken; nevertheless, Mr. Roosevelt rendered a distinct service in setting his French hearers thinking on a subject which, as all are agreed, deserves their best thought and the wisest legislation.

Discussing the positive conviction of many Protestants that their own views of Catholic doctrine are correct—a conviction so strong that when they come across a true exposition of that doctrine they simply will not believe it,—Father Hull, S. J., of the *Bombay Examiner*, gives this personal reminiscence:

Many years ago, while a Protestant, I happened to call on a Catholic friend. Seeing a small statue of Our Lady on the chimney-piece, I said to him: "Do you really mean to say that you worship that image of plaster?"—

"Of course I don't," replied my friend with a laugh; "you don't think me such a donkey as that, do you?" Full of astonishment, I said: "But I was always told that Catholics worship images." Then when he sat down and explained to me the theology of the use of images, my only answer was: "How perfectly reasonable! Is that really all?" I have heard scores of Protestants say a similar thing when, after listening to an explanation of some point of Catholic doctrine which in their minds had always seemed to be something monstrous and absurd, they found it to be something quite innocent and full of common-sense. It is, of course, quite one thing to understand what Catholic doctrine means, and quite another to assent to its truth. But it is a great step in the right direction if we manage to get people through the first stage, even without attempting to reach the second.

The average Catholic layman would very probably be astounded were he aware of the notions, utterly preposterous and fantastic from his viewpoint, which even his educated Protestant friends and neighbors entertain of some of the simplest of Catholic beliefs and practices. As Father Hull suggests, the ridding them of such notions is one step toward possible conversion.

One phase of the double educational tax levied upon Catholics in this country is thus emphasized by Mr. Martin I. J. Griffin. "Do you know," he says, writing to the *Standard and Times*, "that all the children of school age—six to sixteen—are counted, Catholics included? The number is reported to the State. The State then pays the school district a pro rata for school purposes. That is then used for public schools. So that Catholics are not only supporting their own schools and paying taxes to support the public schools, but the public schools are getting the pro rata paid by the State for the Catholic children counted, but taught in our parochial schools."

Elementary honesty should dictate that an end be put to this palpable imposition. Some day or other, American Catholics will read the educational history of the present day with lively astonish-

ment that their ancestors, boasting of their country's being the greatest, freest, etc., etc., on earth, should have quietly submitted to such plain injustice.

A recent decision of the Supreme Court of Illinois supports the contention that the reading of the Bible, prayer, and the singing of hymns in public schools is in violation of the Constitution of the United States. One paragraph of the opinion in the case is as follows:

If the exercises of reading the Bible, joining in prayer, and the singing of hymns, were performed in a church, there would be no doubt of their religious character, and that character is not changed by the place of their performance. If the petitioners' children are required to join in the acts of worship, as alleged in the petition, against their consent and against the wishes of their parents, they are deprived of the freedom of religious worship guaranteed to them by the Constitution. The wrong arises, not out of the particular version of the Bible or form of prayer used, whether that found in the Douay or the King James' version, or the particular songs sung, but out of the compulsion to join in any form of worship. The free enjoyment of religious worship includes freedom not to worship.

The petitioners were the Catholics of Winchester, Scott Co., Ill. The decision in their favor plainly comprehends the closing exercises of public schools, and, by implication, disallows their being held in Protestant churches.

Apropos of the insufficient number of priestly and religious vocations in this country—an insufficiency that is annually deplored by bishops and missionaries,—it is of interest to learn what one Catholic mother of the nineteenth century did to supply a similar lack in England. In the recently published *Life of Cardinal Vaughan*, we read of his mother that

her religion colored her whole outlook upon the world. It was a favorite saying of hers that she had received all from God, and so must be ready to give everything back to Him. And what more precious had she to give and surrender than her own children? She wanted them *all* to become priests and nuns. It was not a case of thinking that it would be nice

if some younger son made up his mind to study for the priesthood, or one of the daughters went to a convent, there to pray for the rest; she besought God to send vocations to them *all*—to Herbert, her eldest born, no less than to the others. For nearly twenty years it was her daily practice to spend an hour—from five to six in the afternoon—in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament, asking this favor: that God would call every one of her children to serve Him in the choir or in the sanctuary. In the event, all her five daughters entered convents; and of her eight sons, six became priests; even the two who have remained in the world, for a time entered ecclesiastical seminaries to try their vocations.

Without advising American Catholic mothers to emulate in its completeness the example of Mrs. Vaughan, we may surely express the hope that many of them will be more insistent in their prayers that one at least of their children may receive the ineffable grace of a vocation to the altar or the cloister.

The hot weather has not deterred the editor of the *New Jersey Monitor* from a study of Mr. Roosevelt's Oxford address. Without sharing our contemporary's opinion that "a well-informed schoolboy might have written it," we quote one paragraph of the address and the editor's comment thereon:

During this period of intense and feverish activity among the peoples of European stock, first one and then another has taken the lead. The movement began with Spain and Portugal. Their flowering time was as brief as it was wonderful. *The gorgeous pages of their annals are illumined by the figures of warriors, explorers, statesmen, poets, and painters.* Then their days of greatness ceased. Many partial explanations can be given, but something remains behind,—some hidden force for evil, some hidden source of weakness, upon which we can not lay our hands. Yet there are many signs that in the New World, after centuries of arrested growth, the peoples of Spanish and Portuguese stock are entering upon another era of development; and there are other signs that this is true also in the Iberian Peninsula itself.

The omission of missionaries among historic worthies in the sentence which we have italicized would seem to have been studied; for the address was carefully

prepared and written months ahead of its delivery. The editor of the *Monitor* thus presents the missing figure:

Spain and Portugal once led the world. "The gorgeous pages of their annals are," indeed, "illuminated by the figures of warriors, explorers, statesmen, poets, and painters." And so are the gorgeous annals of most other nations. But Mr. Roosevelt has omitted the one figure which more than any other gives special character to the pages of these nations' history—the priest. Back of Columbus, his friend and sympathizer, was the friar Juan Perez. After the name of Columbus himself, there is no name more worthy of honor than that of the great Bartholomew Las Casas. Later on, and so it goes, we behold among the Indians of the Southwest missions the gentle, zealous Fra Junipero. And there is a forest of Junipers in Spanish history.

"Their flowering time was as brief as it was wonderful." Yes, those Spanish and Portuguese heroes accomplished much in a short time. But how long, pray, has England held the world's supremacy? Does she hold it to-day? And what is this "hidden force for evil," this "hidden source of weakness, upon which we can not lay our hands"? If it is hidden, how does Mr. Roosevelt know it is there? And if he does know, why does he not tell us what it is?

The few surviving Know-Nothings who still afflict our country with their existence are fond of harping on the disasters that would infallibly result if this were ever to become a Catholic nation. The recent history of a really Catholic land hardly bears them out in their predictions. The English weekly, *Rome*, well says:

As a matter of fact, Belgian legislation during the last twenty-six years has been more progressive and more democratic than that of any other country in the world. The country enjoys universal suffrage, proportional representation, excellent laws for the protection of the working classes, and so on. Its trade and commerce have increased phenomenally during this period until it has become the most successful country in Europe. Its government is worked with an economy which might be happily copied by every other civilized country. Its people are happy and prosperous. In a word, Catholic Belgium, governed by Catholic deputies, on Catholic principles, for a period of time which has no parallel in modern parliamentary government, gives the lie direct to almost all the current calumnies against the Church,—that she is reactionary, opposed to democracy, a foe to

progress and enlightenment. It is highly significant, then, that Belgium is the one country which has sought to model its legislation on the principles laid down by Leo XIII. in his Encyclical *Rerum Novarum*.

In the course of an address to the graduates of the Yale Medical School, Professor Councilman, of Harvard, gave the young physicians this bit of advice:

You will find that the decoy of dress, deportment, and words, will in the long run avail you little. Your profession demands of you knowledge, skill, and that tactfulness which comes only from the sympathetic heart. You must make up your minds from the beginning that your life is going to be arduous; that there are few great prizes.

While no sane philosopher will hold that "dress, deportment, and words" are matters that may safely be disregarded by doctors or other professional men, it is undeniable that these matters are clearly secondary to knowledge, skill, and the sympathy that substitutes genuine politeness for perfunctory etiquette and "good form." Undue stress is not infrequently laid upon the accessories in a professional career; but ultimate success must be determined by substantial qualities, without which showy attributes are powerless to avert failure.

The part played by flies in the diffusion of disease is now receiving much attention; and the French Academy of Medicine, in a late issue of its *Bulletin*, draws attention to the precautions that should be taken to hinder the spread by their agency of typhoid fever. A solution of formol is recommended by M. Léon Labbé for the destruction of the insects themselves; while he reiterates the statement—more than once disputed, according to the writer of Research Notes in the *Athenæum*,—that the pulverization of pyrethrum in a room will cause them to fall to the ground motionless, so that they can be swept up. The careful use of antiseptics, and when possible of wire netting, is also recommended.

Notable New Books.

A Compendium of Catechetical Instruction.

Edited by the Rev. John Hagan, Vice-Rector, Irish College, Rome. Vols. I. and II. The Sacraments. Benziger Brothers.

In the absence of preface, foreword, introduction, prologue, or other statement explanatory of the method adopted in the compilation of this excellent work, one is left to an examination of the contents of the volumes themselves for any information as to the extent of Father Hagan's editing. Such an examination discloses that, in the treatment of the Sacraments generally, as in the subsequent discussion of each Sacrament in particular, there are presented extracts from a trilogy of authoritative catechetical works: the Roman Catechism; the Compendium of Christian Doctrine, prescribed by Pius X. in 1905 for use in the various dioceses of the Province of Rome; and Raineri's Instructions. From this last-mentioned source we have, in the two volumes, forty-three complete instructions, occupying more than three-fifths of the work's total contents, and justifying the "Raineri-Hagan" indication of authorship found on the backs of the volumes.

As may be readily inferred from the foregoing, the work constitutes an exceptionally complete exposition of the whole subject of the Sacraments in general and in detail; and there need be no hesitation on the part of pastors in adding it forthwith to the shelves of their working libraries. For purely catechetical purposes, for a series of instructions, or for an occasional sermon on some specific Sacrament, this Compendium is likely to prove of as genuine utility as any work, in English, that we can just now recall. Nor is there any reason why the work should not appear also in the libraries of the laity, or, for that matter, in the public libraries throughout the country. As an authoritative treatise on one portion, and a most important portion, of Catholic doctrine, it would be welcomed by many non-Catholics desirous of learning just what the Church teaches concerning Penance, the Holy Eucharist, Extreme Unction, or Holy Orders.

The volumes, in octavo, are neatly printed and bound, and contain, respectively, 252 and 300 pages.

Sunlight and Shadow. By P. M. Northcote. B. Herder.

Although the name of the author of this charming volume is given baldly as above on its title-page, there is a superabundance of internal evidence in the body of the book to

warrant the statement that the name might congruously have the prefix "Rev." before it and the suffix "O. S. M." after it. Circumstantial evidence strong enough to hang a man indicates the author to be Father Northcote, of the Servites, who has already published "The Bond of Perfection," "Consolamini," and other excellent works. The present volume is a collection of short stories and shorter poems,—the stories dealing with the same set of characters throughout, and practically constituting, accordingly, a short novel. And a delightful novel it is, too. There is a graceful ease in the style, an autobiographical charm in the narrative, a quiet, well-bred humor, and a flavor of perfect Catholic culture on every page, that make one long for an additional volume similarly constructed.

As for the poems, they do not need the apology which the author seems inclined to make for them. While an occasional line or rhyme is faulty in technique, there is throughout abundance of fancy, forceful thought, and lyric grace. We have thoroughly enjoyed the book, and think all its readers will do likewise.

Cardinal Mercier's Conferences. Translated from the French by J. M. O'Kavanaugh. With an Introduction by Canon Sheehan, D. D. R. & T. Washbourne, Ltd.

If the fame and prestige of the eminent author of this work were not more than sufficient to assure the reader of its genuine importance, that importance would still be vouched for by the half a score of appreciative letters which precede Canon Sheehan's thoughtful and laudatory introduction. In these letters, his Holiness Pius X., Cardinals Logue and Gibbons, and Canadian, English and Peruvian prelates are at one in warmly recommending these timely discourses which Cardinal Mercier delivered to his seminarists at Mechlin in 1907. It was an excellent idea to do the Conferences into English, and the book should have a large sale.

While expressly written for aspirants to the priesthood, and therefore of special interest to ecclesiastics and members of religious communities, these discourses, as several of the letters of approval point out, are far from being unprofitable reading for the laity, "for the traveller by the way," "for all those who aspire to be practical Christians, and who sincerely desire to go to heaven." Let us quote one paragraph which will give the reader an idea of the practicality of the Cardinal's views and of the topical interest he excites in developing them.

The statesman whom the English loved to call the "Grand Old Man" turned with relief, after the strain of his Parliamentary duties, to his favorite recreation of felling trees. Like Gladstone, Mr. Roosevelt, President of the United States, proves to his fellow-citizens, both

by word and example, how useful physical exercise is as a relaxation from intellectual labor. Throw yourselves *heart and soul* into the recreations and outdoor exercises which your seminary provides and organizes for your benefit. In these your souls are safe, and they will be the means of helping instead of hindering the higher efforts of your interior life. All melancholy must be banished from Christian society. Were not the angels sent by God to tell the world that the advent of Christ was the coming of joy? "For behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy."

The conferences are seven in number, and deal—the first, with Retirement; the second and third, with Recollection and Silence; the fourth, with the Voice of God; the fifth, with Intercourse with God; the sixth, with Peace of Soul; and the seventh, with Emmanuel: God with Us. The most cursory perusal of any one of the discourses will convince one of the truth of this statement found in the introduction: "We have in this treatise not merely pious suggestions and wise and practical hints on the study of the students' sanctification, but a close insight into spiritual work, its nature, its scope, its end, and its auxiliaries."

The translator has done his work admirably. We suggest, however, that in the second edition, which, we trust, will be speedily called for, he should supply a much-needed index. In correcting the proofs of that second edition, he should also rectify the footnote on page 79; the first four extracts there given do not belong, as the indication would make them belong, to Psalm cxviii. That Psalm, by the way, is sufficiently long now, without the addition of any extraneous verses.

The Beginnings of the Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes. A. D. 754–1073. By Mgr. L. Duchesne, D. D. Authorized Translation by Arnold Harris Mathew. Benziger Brothers.

In the author's preface to this book we are told that "small works of this kind are intended for the average reader." *Small* is scarcely an accurate epithet to apply to this translation of Mgr. Duchesne's valuable study. The use of thick paper and large type has resulted in the making of a post octavo volume an inch and a half thick, with more than three hundred pages, a score and a half of them being devoted to an excellent index. The purpose of the work is to explain, to the general reader rather than the specialist in history, the formation, in the eighth century, of the little Pontifical State, and to show how the conditions under which it worked during the first three centuries of its existence are connected with the great religious conflicts in the time of Gregory VII. The author's honesty and trustworthiness as an ecclesiastical historian long ago won the praise of Leo XIII.; and his recourse to original documents rather than to previous writers on the

same subject makes his work all the more interesting. Mr. Mathew has done the difficult task of translation with commendable skill. It should be mentioned that this treatise forms Vol. XI. of the International Catholic Library.

A Private Retreat for Religious. By the Rev. Peter Geiermann, C. SS. R. Benziger Brothers.

This excellent volume is proffered by its author to three classes of religious: those whose labors do not permit them to make the annual public retreat; those who desire to spend a few days in solitude at the close of the year, or some other convenient time; and those who, deriving more benefit from a private than a public retreat, prefer to make the spiritual exercises in total seclusion and silence. While the book will prove of genuine utility to all three classes, religious superiors will probably see to it that the third class is not unduly large, or at least that the private retreat of the individuals composing it be added to, not substituted for, the public exercises.

The body of the work is divided into eight chapters, each representing a day's spiritual work, and each having a certain specified end in view. For every day there are four meditations, with optional reflections, optional readings, particular examinations, and occasional hymns. The method followed and the reflections and readings used are those of St. Alphonsus Liguori; there is abundance of matter (the book contains some four hundred and seventy pages); and the order and logical sequence of the considerations are admirable.

Astronomical Essays. By the Rev. George V. Leahy, S. T. L. Boston: Washington Press.

The series of interesting articles on astronomical subjects, which formed an attractive feature of the Boston *Pilot* during recent months, has taken substantial form in this neat volume of two hundred and seventy-five pages. While Father Leahy disclaims for his work the pretentious title of text-book, stating that it is a book for general reading rather than for the classroom, still the sequence of the successive chapters, and the typographically denoted division of the chapters themselves into various sections, render the work readily available for school purposes. The general reader will take particular interest in such chapters as, turning from the purely scientific topics of systematic astronomy, take on an apologetic guise,—*e. g.*: The Bible and Astronomy, The Fathers and Astronomy, Astronomy in the Middle Ages. Other chapters of interest are those on the habitability of the planets and recent Catholic astronomers. A book well worth placing on the shelves of the home or the school library.



The Legend of the Aspen Tree.

BY GERTRUDE E. HEATH.

SWEET Mary with her little Son
Set forth from Bethlehem's gate,
And every little wayside flower
Observed their princely state.
And all the way from Bethlehem
The trees bent down to worship them.
The aspen only, it is said,
Refused to bow her stately head.
One look the little Christ-Child gave
Of anger and of grief;
And straight the aspen bent her head
And shook in stem and leaf.
Still for her pride the aspen grieves,
And, quivering, shakes her shining leaves.
That look she never can forget,
And so the aspen trembles yet.

Sandy Joe.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

V.—A TERRIBLE NIGHT.

AT the sound of Gran's voice suddenly calling for Jackie, Joe sprang up and looked around, exclaiming:

"Who has come?"

But the door was tight shut. There was no stranger near. Gran, seated straight up in bed, was staring wildly at the blank wall before her.

"It will be a thousand dollars down," she went on shrilly,—"a thousand dollars! She has cost me a deal, to say naught of the work and the worry. A thousand dollars down! I've been waiting for it long, and I'll take never a cent less. A thousand dollars down, and then I can make a man of Joe's boy."

"What are you talking about, Gran?"

asked Joe, drawing near the old woman.

"You keep out of this!" she replied fiercely. "I don't want none of your meddling. It's none of your business from first to last,—d'ye hear? It's mine,—all mine.—A thousand dollars down, and then you can have the child to do what you will."

"Geewhiz!" exclaimed Joe, appalled. "If she ain't a dreaming of selling Jackie out and out!—Gran, Gran, I say wake up,—wake up! There ain't anybody here but me."

But Gran kept on in her shrill colloquy with her invisible visitor on the blank wall.

"No, I ain't starved her, I ain't beat her. If she's ragged and dirty, why didn't you send money to buy clothes? Where could I get her dresses and shoes to wear all these years? I'd have sent her to the asylum years ago only I was awaiting for this. I have kept the frock and the coat and the gold pins, when I might have sold them for food and drink. I've got them safe. You can see them if you want to when you've paid me for the child. It's a thousand dollars down!"

"Oh, stop, Gran!" said Joe, for he was roused into righteous wrath at this cold-blooded bargaining for his little playmate, even if it were only bargaining in a dream. "You don't know what you are talking about. You ain't going to sell Jackie for one thousand dollars while I'm around,—no, nor for ten thousand neither, Gran."

"Turning against me, are you?" said the old woman, showing her long, yellow teeth. "Turning against me, just like your father did! You just go away, and leave me alone. This here is my business, you ungrateful boy! This is my affair, that I've been waiting to settle this many a year. It was of you that I have been

thinking, — how I'd send you to school and make a gentleman of you. And now it's keeping me out of my money you'd be, you young fool! Listen! She with the black eyes can pay. I knew she was playing some dark trick with the child. I could see it in her face, — aye, aye, old Madge Darnley could see! Little she cared whether it lived or died, and her husband cared less. They'd leave it while they went to France for a year, and paid me three hundred dollars down; and the fear and fright all the while in their faces, and the lies on their trembling tongues; and the child, half dead with the dope they had given it, couldn't cry! Aye, you know it well, — you know it well!" continued Gran, her voice rising sharply as she again addressed her imaginary visitor. "It was all lies you told me about the child, and you know it well."

Joe was listening in bewilderment, with blue eyes wide open, and sharp ears that did not miss a word. It was Jackie's story Gran was telling. It was Jackie who had worn the pretty frilled dress and the soft coat and the gold pins, and who had been left in Gran's care by a black-eyed lady, who had doped her so she couldn't cry. Poor Jackie!

As Joe thought of her his heart seemed to swell so big with pity and tenderness and hot boyish wrath that it fairly rose in his throat. To leave a tiny little girl, in a pretty frock with gold pins, to Gran!

"What's her name, Gran?" he asked eagerly, humoring the old woman's raving. "I'll get her for you if you tell me her name."

"Her name?" echoed the old woman. "It was no true name she gave me, I know. It was Bonny the baby called her; it was all she could say, — Bonny, I remember well. Eh, Mrs. Bonny, I've been looking for you long. Now you'll have to pay, I tell you, — you'll have to pay!" Gran's shrill voice broke and she began to gasp for breath.

"Jackie!" shouted Joe in alarm, as the old woman fell back on her pillow

struggling and choking. "Wake up, wake up!"

The little girl, half asleep, started up from her pallet at the call.

"Jackie, run right in to Mrs. Bryan's and tell somebody to come here quick! Gran's got a fit. Quick, Jackie, — quick!"

Jackie gave one wild look of terror at the bed, and was out of the house at a bound. The rest of the night seemed like a strange, confused dream to Joe. Good Mrs. Bryan, a stout, motherly woman, came hurrying in; one or two other neighbors followed. There was a bewildering buzz and clatter of tongues, until the "poor" doctor arrived on the scene, and gave brief but imperative orders. Gran must be taken to the hospital at once. There was some fracture of the skull.

And, though it was the dead of a winter night, all Squatter Town was up and out when the big white ambulance drove up to the side of the road; and Gran, wrapped in every quilt and blanket she owned, was carried by four stout men down the steep bank, placed on the mattress within the vehicle, and borne away.

"They're taking her to her death, poor creature!" said the sympathetic Mrs. Bryan, with a nod. "She'll never get over it. The doctor said as much. She's going to her death, and it's small loss she'll be — God forgive me for saying so!" murmured the good woman, as she turned back into Gran's house to straighten things up a bit before she went to her own domain. "Of all the dens I've ever seen this is the worst. Ah, Joe, is that you?" Mrs. Bryan's tone changed cheerily as she caught sight of the boyish figure sitting in silence by the rusty stove. "Keep up your heart, Joe dear!" And the speaker laid a motherly hand on Joe's shoulder. "It may not be so bad with the poor old woman, after all."

"Yes, it is, Mrs. Bryan," said Joe, in a choked voice; for deep if needless remorse was rending his boyish heart. "I — I was such a stupid dumb head,

Mrs. Bryan, not to tie up her head or call anybody to help her."

"And—and why didn't you, Joe?" asked Mrs. Bryan, a little startled at this confession.

"I was ashamed," said Joe, with grim honesty. "I thought she had been drinking, and I didn't like to have other folks see her so down and out. Didn't care for myself, but—but—" Joe swallowed the big lump rising in his throat,—“I was afraid you might all ‘cut’ poor little Jackie if you saw Gran drunk.”

"Oh, you poor child!" said the good woman, with all the warmth of a mother confessor. "Sure I'd never be thinking the likes of that! Gran isn't the only old woman I've seen take a drop or two too much, Joe. When one is old and cold it's a sore temptation, lad. As for Jackie—God bless her!—there isn't a prettier little darling in the town. My Molly loves her as if she were her sister."

"Then take her—take her for Molly's sister, Mrs. Bryan." There was a queer little catch in Joe's voice, and all the pity and tenderness and anxiety roused by this dark night looked out from his pleading eyes. "Take her, please, for your little girl, too,—won't you, Mrs. Bryan?"

"Is it I, Joe dear?" exclaimed the good woman. "You see, I have four of my own, and it's all a poor widow can do, washing and ironing, to keep the roof over them now."

"I'll pay for her," replied Joe, eagerly.

"You poor lad! And do you think I'd take the bit and sup out of your own mouth, child? No, I wouldn't. Now listen to me. The home for poor little Jackie is neither with you nor with me, but with the good Sisters at St. Vincent's. There she'll be fed and clothed, poor lamb, and taken care of, in the good God's name, as she never was taken care of before."

"The asylum!" said Joe in a choked voice. "Oh, not the asylum, Mrs. Bryan!"

"And why not?" asked Mrs. Bryan. "There isn't a better place in all the world for the motherless orphan, Joe.

Haven't you seen them walking out in their nice warm coats and hats, and the Sisters watching and caring for them?"

"I know,—I know! But, Mrs. Bryan, it would break her heart—poor little Jackie's heart. She's scared of the asylum. Gran has threatened her with it ever since she could walk; and it was only this evening Jackie was talking about it, and telling me how afraid she was of being put there. I told her I'd never let her go, and I won't," said Joe, his young face settling into strangely resolute lines. "I can pay for her. I know a place where I can get three dollars a week and grub, and sleep under the counter. And if you won't take Jackie for that, I'll find some one else. It won't cost three dollars a week to feed Jackie, I am sure."

"No, it wouldn't, nor half that, the darling!" said the good woman, pitifully. "And she could sleep with Molly and Nora, where I've got her warm and snug now. And I wouldn't like to have the little creature given up to some lazy, good-for-nothing that you might pick up. So we'll let Jackie stay for a while, anyway, lad."

And so it was settled; and, after a bit more straightening, the good mother went home to find her latest nursling tucked safely in bed between Molly and Nora, her arms twined around Molly's neck, her little face, even in sleep, wearing a happy, trustful smile.

"The poor darling!" said the good mother. "Sure I'm foolish to listen to the lad, I know; but I'll keep her for a while at least, with God's help."

And Joe, with the help of the watching angel he had invoked, having done his best for Jackie, turned into his own room, which was little more than a shed whose gaping boards he had lined with papers to keep out the wind, and where a sack of straw covered with an old army blanket served as a bed. But shed and straw and blanket were clean and sweet; his few clothes hung neatly on nails on the wall; the tin basin and broken-nosed pitcher.

were in place for his morning toilet. Joe could do nothing with Gran's domain, but his own was kept according to the teaching of his gentle mother to her nine-year-old boy long ago. Much more she must have taught even in those early days to have made our Sandy Joe the brave, bold, tender-hearted fellow he was. Too brave and tender-hearted to sleep to-night, he lay awake in the darkness, thinking and planning as he had never had to think and plan before.

He would go to old "Parley Voo's" eating house to-morrow. The grizzly old Frenchman had offered him a job two months ago, but then he had Gran and Jackie to look out for at night. Now—now a queer lump rose in Joe's throat as he thought of his broken-up family. Well, he could help with the queer messes of frogs and turtles; he could eat the old Frenchman's scraps; he could sleep under the counter; and he could earn three dollars a week for little Jackie,—Jackie, whose strange story he had heard to-night.

(To be continued.)

A Benefactor in Disguise.

On a bitter cold day in winter, when the snow was falling fast, an old woman came into a village to ask alms. Her clothing was patched and worn, and over her head was an old scarf which partly concealed her face. In her right hand was a cane; on her left arm she carried a basket. She trudged along from house to house, begging for food. The most generous of the villagers gave her some scraps at the door; but no one asked her to enter the house, and some even chased her away with harsh and cruel words.

Meanwhile a little boy about ten years old was walking home from school, leading his sister by the hand through the drifting snow. When he saw the old woman shivering with cold, his heart was filled with pity, and he said:

"See that poor old beggar woman,

Henrietta! Perhaps she hasn't had a thing to eat this cold day. She must be very hungry."

"Let's ask her to go home with us," replied Henrietta. "Our parents are so kind they will not turn her away. She can warm herself and have something to eat. We can give her our dinner, and eat bread and cheese instead."

They quickly agreed upon this course of action. Going up to the beggar, Charles said:

"Our house is not very far away. Come with us. You will find a good fire; and our parents are always kind to the poor, so they will not turn you away without your dinner."

"Thanks, my little friends!" said the woman, in a tremulous voice. "But I am afraid to accept your invitation for fear of intruding."

"Don't be afraid," answered Charles. "When you are warm and it has stopped snowing, you can go on your way."

They soon reached the house. Entering, Charles explained the situation.

"We met this poor woman in the street," he said. "She is hungry and cold. We did right in bringing her here, didn't we?"

"Certainly," replied the father. "I am glad to see that you have pity on the unfortunate. Come in, my good woman," he continued, addressing the beggar. "I am not rich, but I heartily offer you a place at our fireside and at our table."

The stranger shook the snow off from her clothing and went into the house. While the father piled fagots on the fire, the goodwife prepared the modest dinner. The beggar ate with a relish, and the hearts of the children were filled with joy as they watched her.

When the snow had ceased falling, the woman thanked the kind people for their hospitality, and said, as she took her leave:

"You have received me at your table for the love of God, and sooner or later He will reward you."

The next day all the people at whose houses the beggar had asked for alms were invited to a dinner at the chateau, the home of a rich and charitable lady. Charles and Henrietta and their parents were among the invited guests. When the company were assembled, all passed into the splendid dining-room. Here two tables were spread. One, a small one, with covers for five, was laden with the most exquisite dishes. The other, which was very large, held a great number of plates, and on these were scraps of food of various kinds,—crusts of brown bread, bits of potatoes, some morsels of cheese, or nothing at all.

While the villagers were gazing around in surprise, the mistress of the chateau said:

"I was the unknown beggar who went through the village yesterday. I disguised myself, in order to test your charity this severe winter. These good people" (pointing to the parents of Charles and Henrietta) "were the only ones who took me in and treated me with kindness. In consequence, they are to eat at my table to-day, and I shall not forget them in the future. As for the rest of you, you may feast upon the things you handed out to me, which you will find on those plates.

On hearing these words, the guests hung their heads in shame and withdrew one after another, feeling that they had deserved the lesson they received.

The hostess then had dinner served to Charles and Henrietta and their kind parents. When her guests finally took their leave, she gave the father a sealed box, telling him not to open it until he reached home. He obeyed, and found inside a letter which ran thus:

"KIND FRIENDS:—Although poor, you received me yesterday and shared with me your frugal meal, because you thought I was poor and needy. In return, I share my fortune with you. In the bottom of this box you will find a deed by which I convey to you my pretty little

farm, The Willows. You will henceforth be its owners. I add to this gift a sum of five thousand francs in gold, which you will also find in the box. This money will cover the expense of starting your new mode of life. As for your children, I shall take charge of their education; and if, as I hope, they continue pious, compassionate, and charitable, I shall not forget them in the future."

Great was the joy of the family on reading this letter. Their very first act was to fall on their knees and thank God with all their hearts for the reward which seemed to be so much greater than they deserved.

A Tree-Climbing Crab.

There is a question that little people are fond of asking each other. It is: "Why is an oyster like an elephant?" And the answer of course runs: "Because he can't climb a tree,"—said with much merriment, to the discomfiture of the other. There is, however, in the South Sea Islands a crab that can climb a tall tree, and pick cocoanuts, which it nips off close to the stem.

This clever fellow is known as the "tree crab"; or sometimes as the "palm crab," referring to the palm tree upon which the cocoanuts are found. Master Crab always takes good care to choose a tree with stones at its foot, so that the cocoanut may be broken by the fall. The natives are as fond of eating the crab as the crab is of eating the fruit of the cocoanut palm; and when they see him go up a tree, they prepare, at the foot, a trap of grass, in which he becomes entangled when he comes down, and is easily dispatched. Then he is roasted between two hot stones, and the islanders have a feast.

Of course they take good care to keep out of the way while the crab is busy knocking down the cocoanuts. If one of these were to fall on the head of a native instead of on the stones, he would not be in a condition to enjoy the feast.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—It is said that the late Sir William Butler had been for some time preparing his "Reminiscences," and has left them virtually ready for publication.

—The latest additions to "Everyman's Library" include "The High History of the Holy Grail," translated by the late Dr. Sebastian Evans, who describes the book as "the original story of Sir Percival and the Holy Grail, whole and incompact as it left the hands of its first author."

—A "popular price edition" of the Rev. C. J. Holland's "The Divine Story," noticed in these columns a year ago, has been issued by Mr. Joseph M. Tally, Providence, R. I. That this short Life of Our Lord, written especially for young people, should in the course of a twelve-month reach its fourth edition speaks well for both the book and its readers.

—A booklet that should find a welcome throughout the land is the little "Manual of the Forty Hours' Adoration," issued by the International Catholic Truth Society. It is published with ecclesiastical authority, and contains, besides an explanation of the devotion and the liturgical features thereof, an historical sketch of the Forty Hours', and a number of indulgenced prayers to the Blessed Sacrament.

—"Religious Beliefs of Scientists," by A. H. Tabrum, with an Introduction by the Rev. C. L. Drawbridge, M. A., published for the North London Christian Evidence League by Hunter and Longhurst, London, should have interest for a wide circle of readers. It contains (including over one hundred hitherto unpublished letters) expressions of religious belief from many eminent men of science, including a few Americans.

—A beautiful little book of 140 pages, "A Heroic Priest," is as safe to charm the reader's soul by the quality of its contents as to delight his æsthetic sense by the attractiveness of its external form. The work is a memoir of Father Joseph Francis Brophy, D. D., "Apostle of Coney Island," compiled by Mrs. Paul Boyton, and published, privately, by George C. Tilyou and Paul Boyton. The receipts from its sale are to be devoted to a fund to erect a monument to the noble priest whose all too brief career is so interestingly and edifyingly told in these delightful pages. Coney Island does not connote, to the average American mind, much of piety, faith, or other Christian virtues; but this story of the founding of the Church of Our Lady

of Solace, and of the zealous labors of its devoted pastor, will modify a good many preconceived notions about New York's great pleasure resort. Copies of the book may be procured from the Doctor Brophy Memorial Committee, Post Office Building, Coney Island, N. Y. Price, \$1.

—"Life's Little Day," by D. J. Scannell O'Neill (Society of the Divine Word, Techny, Ill.), is described on its title-page as "a book of seriousness from Catholic sources." It is a small volume of 75 pages, containing quotations in prose and verse from some ninety authors, saints and sages, ancient and modern. A volume to have at hand and glance at in the between-whiles of a busy life.

—If books by the same author could be jealous of each other, the first two volumes of the Ayscough trilogy might well have this feeling toward "San Celestino," its charms are so great and so distinctive, its popularity with cultured readers so remarkable. Though generally ranked as a novel, it is rather a study in sacred psychology, and, as one Catholic critic remarks, is "holy enough to be read in a convent refectory." The author, the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew, the senior of the English Catholic army chaplains—as the initiated have known for months past,—describes "San Celestino" in the title-page as "an essay in reconstruction"; and in concluding this story of "one whose notion of failure was to fail of pleasing God," he says:

This book is not history, and yet it is not a novel; for it contains no "love story,"—the love of God not counting. It may be called a work of imagination; and, if imagination be the faculty of conceiving an image, such a description of such a book would be high praise indeed. Nevertheless I believe that the picture attempted to be drawn here is a true one; that where it fails, it fails because a common writer's pen can not describe a saint. But affection and devotion can supply important wants; and he who has ventured to write here of Celestino, writes with such reverent tenderness that it may be seen how reluctantly he turns away from his theme.

Therefore let no reader forego the pleasure and profit to be derived from "San Celestino," thinking it a mere work of fiction. It is a great book and as good as it is great.

—Judge Ben Lindsey's book, "The Beast" (Doubleday, Page & Co.), will doubtless have as many readers as did its separate chapters while appearing in *Everybody's Magazine*. "The Beast" represents in his stirring narrative all that is corrupt and greedy and brutal and unscrupulous in public government and in business corporations. The author's fight with and victory over "The Beast" in Denver,

Colorado, where, until he took a hand, the rule of the plutocracy was the cause of three-fourths of the city's crime, is graphically described. Only one like Judge Lindsey—a man thoroughly in earnest, eminently practical as well as enthusiastic, fearless, and incorruptible—could have won such a victory. As the "Children's Friend," the "Boys' Judge," the "Father of the Juvenile Court," he has won national fame; and never was honor better deserved than in this case. "The dependent and delinquent children who came into my court," he writes, "came almost wholly from the homes of dependent and delinquent parents, who were made such by the hopeless economic conditions of their lives; and those conditions were made hopeless by the remorseless tyranny of wealthy men who used their lawless power to enslave and brutalize and crush their workmen." To brighten and better the lot of parents and children, especially to rescue youthful lawbreakers from the revoltingly corrupt influences of the ordinary jail and prison, was the task which Judge Lindsey set before him; and for its accomplishment no effort was too hard and no sacrifice too great. If any contemporary American deserves to be enrolled among the nation's benefactors, it is Judge Ben B. Lindsey, to whom, with all our heart, we wish more power, health, and length of days.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Astronomical Essays." Rev. George V. Leahy, S. T. L. \$1.
- "Cardinal Mercier's Conferences." \$1.50.
- "Sunlight and Shadow." P. M. Northcote. \$1.
- "The Beginnings of the Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes, A. D. 754-1073." Mgr. L. Duchesne, D. D. \$2.
- "A Compendium of Catechetical Instruction." Vols. I. and II. \$4.50.
- "A Private Retreat for Religious." Rev. Peter Geiermann, C. SS. R. \$1.50.
- "Life's Little Day." D. J. Scannell O'Neill. 25 cts.

- "So as by Fire." Jean Connor. \$1.25.
- "Brownie and I." Richard Aumerle. 85 cts.
- "Tho Formation of Character." Rev. Ernest Hull, S. J. 15 cts.
- "A Bunch of Girls." "Shan." 50 cts.
- "The First Great Canadian." Charles B. Reed. \$2.
- "History of the Society of Jesus in North America." Thomas Hughes, S. J. Documents: Vol. I., Part II. \$4.50.
- "Buds and Blossoms." Rt. Rev. Charles H. Colton, D. D. \$1.25.
- "The Christ Child." M. C. Olivia Keiley. 75 cts.
- "The Sacrament of Duty." The Rev. Joseph McSorley, C. S. P. \$1.08.
- "The Light of His Countenance." Jerome Harte. \$1.25.
- "From Geneva to Rome via Canterbury." Viator. 45 cts.
- "Makers of Modern Medicine." James Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D. \$2.
- "Practical Hints on Education." Elise Flury. 75 cts.
- "The Romance of the Silver Shoon." Rev. David Bearne, S. J. 85 cts.
- "The Spirit of the Dominican Order." Mother Frances Raphael, O. S. D. \$1.
- "St. Bridget of Sweden." Francesca M. Steele. 75 cts.
- "Heroes of Faith." 80 cts.
- "Bilbe Stories Told to Toddlers." 90 cts.
- "The Childhood of Christ According to the Canonical Gospels." Rev. A. Durand, S. J. \$1.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Joseph Barron, diocese of Monterey; and Rev. Nicholas Firle, C.S.S. R.

Sister M. Gertrude, of the Sisters of Charity; Sister M. Josephine (Kirby), Sisters of Mercy; Sister M. Angela and Sister M. Isabel, Sisters of St. Dominic.

Mr. A. J. Archambault, Mrs. Emma Wolf, Mrs. Denis Crowley, Mr. Adam Artman, Mr. P. E. Doyle, Mr. George Brandt, Mr. Joseph Gillig, Mr. M. O. O'Reilly, Mr. J. T. Henry, Mr. H. J. Meyer, Mr. James Caffrey, Mrs. Rose Caffrey, Mr. J. J. Rolan, Miss Jane Lehman, Mr. James Campbell, Mr. Philip Phelan, Mr. E. H. Frank, Mrs. Pauline Reed, Mr. P. J. Scarry, and Mr. H. R. Benter.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them! May they rest in peace! Amen.)300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 16, 1910.

NO. 3

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

My Bitter Thought.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF ANTONIO SFORZA, BY
JAMES GLASSFORD.

WHAT art Thou, O my God, and what am I
That even to me Thy Heart is melted so?
As if without Thy creature vile and low
Thou wert not blest, Eternal and Most High!
Thou, when to other objects I would fly,
Art pleased Thy loving jealousy to show,
And, by the rigorous but the needful blow,
Correct Thy erring child and bring him nigh.
Enough, O gracious Father! Strike no more!
Thy rod has every sin to memory brought;
And all my guilty wanderings I deplore.
My punishment be now this bitter thought:
Repentance that I loved Thee not before,
Grief that I do not love Thee as I ought.

A Study of St. Francis de Sales.*

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

I.

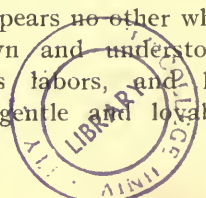
ONCE, on a beautiful day in summer, many years ago, it was the good fortune of the writer of this sketch to come upon a gray-haired priest reading (for the hundredth time, I fancy), in a shady arbor, the Life of St. Francis de Sales. That day has never been forgotten. The kindly lips which on that happy occasion made me first really acquainted with the saint who was his model and whom he resembled in numer-

ous characteristics of temperament and sanctity, have long been silent; but that memory and the influence of his words have—thank God!—never left my heart.

Among other things he said of the saint upon whose virtues he loved to dwell was this remark: "I have been told, my dear child, that to love and endeavor to imitate St. Francis is almost a sign of predilection. It is, at least, a consoling and comforting hope for those who love him—and who, having become familiar with him, does not love him?" Then and there I sat myself down to listen to the pleasant conversation of my gray-haired guide and friend; and then and there it was that for the first time I heard St. Francis called the "gentleman saint," and the "gentle saint *par excellence*," by reason of the wonderful amiability of his character, and the exquisite and unfailing courtesy of his manners.

Saints differ from one another in their predominant characteristics, exactly as do we who are not saints; and have, like ordinary mortals, different degrees of attractiveness. Some of them are universal favorites among their fellowmen, wherever they go. Others seem to stand apart, admired and revered by all, yet approachable only through some special attribute of profound sanctity, which establishes them, as it were, in a niche by themselves, among the tried and triumphant elect of God. But in the whole calendar of the blessed there appears no other who, wherever he is known and understood through his life, his labors, and his writings, equals the gentle and lovable

* "Francis de Sales. A Study of the Gentle Saint."
By Louise Stackpoole-Kenny. Benziger Brothers.



St. Francis de Sales in that intermingling of perfect sanctity with the tender human qualities that endear him to the universal world.

Furthermore, St. Francis has been fortunate in his biographers. From the beginning to the end of his interesting and singularly eventful life, the beauty of his character unfolds itself through period after period, holding the heart and soul in a spell of wonder and admiration; because in St. Francis is found everything that excites the respect and love of all classes of men. Again, one never wearies of reading about him; and it is opportune at this time, when his Daughters of the Visitation are celebrating their tercentenary, that we should be called upon to renew our acquaintance with him in the attractive study of his life which is the subject of this sketch. To those who are not familiar with that beautiful and wonderful soul, it will open a vista of pleasant and profitable knowledge; to those who already love him, it will serve to forge another link in the chain of affection.

On August 21, 1567, St. Francis de Sales was born in the ancestral Castle of Sales, in the room denominated *la chambre de St. François d'Assisi*, from a picture which hung there of that other gentle saint, whom the birds of the air and the fish of the seas obeyed. The Seraphic Saint was chosen for his patron. His father and mother belonged to the nobility of the land; in all Savoy there was not a more conspicuous or chivalrous family,—valiant in the cause of king and Faith, preserving their Catholicity like a precious flower, and wearing it on their breastplates as the proudest escutcheon they knew, at a time when all the world around them was torn with religious dissensions.

From his earliest childhood, Francis manifested a spirit of genuine piety, being without a trace of sadness or sourness; for a sprightlier child never ran through the long gardens of the Château de Sales. He loved learning and literature from the

moment he acquired the alphabet; but all he did was impressed with the spirit of God. And when, at the age of ten, he received his first Holy Communion, he also resolved to consecrate himself to his Creator. As the eldest son, his parents, especially his father, wished him to succeed to the titles and estates of his family; but finally consented to the ardent wish of the boy, who, when he was only eleven (as was not uncommon at that time), departed for Paris to take up his studies at the famous University. Meanwhile his father cherished the hope that, as time passed, Francis would reach the conclusion that the duty he owed to his race and family was greater than that which was prompting him to the exclusive service of God.

From the first, however, the boy avoided every source of distraction and temptation; devoting himself, during times of relaxation from study, to prayer and works of charity. After a sojourn of five years in Paris, he was sent by his father to Padua to study jurisprudence; the Seigneur still entertaining the hope that Francis would abandon his earlier purpose and in due time serve, fully equipped as a senator and magistrate, in the courts of his country. Providence had its own wise and far-seeing designs in this thorough and comprehensive preparation of Francis for the career that lay before him. He was to need all the theology of the ages, all the law he could acquire, to combat the heretics with whom in after years he was destined to argue, and in nearly all cases to convince.

He gave himself up with ardor to the study of jurisprudence while at Padua; but, whereas his days were spent among the dusty folios of Roman law, his evenings were passed in prayer and the training of his conscience. Not for a moment did he waver in his choice. In Paris, before the altar of his Immaculate Mother, he had already made a vow of chastity, and to that vow he remained faithful all his life. It has been said of him that his

Protector and Queen, mindful of his great devotion and angelic purity, so shielded and guarded his innocence that he never suffered from stings of the flesh, while at the same time he was dowered with an infinite pity and sublime compassion for those whom such temptations had led into sin. Indeed, it was one of his attributes to love all sinners, while hating all sin.

At the same time he was so attractive and noticeable a personage that he won admiration wherever he went, even from those who belonged to an altogether frivolous and worldly sphere. Handsome and graceful, he was remarkable for his courtly manners, which were so gentle that a few of his comrades of coarser fibre than himself sometimes mistook his affability and sweetness for weakness and timidity. Jealous of his popularity, and desirous of ruining his influence over the students, among whom he went about doing good, they resolved to humiliate him before the whole University. Francis was a fine dancer and a skilful fencer; but he had manifested neither of these accomplishments before his shallow-brained companions, who looked upon him as a devotee and a milksop. One night a number of them lay in wait to attack him, thinking he would run for his life, shouting for mercy; but, with a few vigorous and well-directed sword thrusts, he brought them to their knees. Then, forgiving them, he suffered them to go their way.

It was about the same time that a certain princess, frail as she was fair, became enamored of the handsome youth and sent an emissary requesting him to visit her. But her overtures made no impression on Francis de Sales, who continued upon his pure and austere way, with no more impression upon his armor of virtue than a feather would make in brushing by.

In September, 1591, he received his degree which the Master of Jurisprudence, Guy Pancirolli, conferred upon him, with these words: "The University finds in you, Francis de Sales, the sublimest qual-

ities of head and heart; and it is with the greatest pleasure it receives you among its graduates." Such laudations, and other similar tokens which he received on all sides, might well have turned a wiser head; but so great was the humility of Francis, and so slight his self-esteem, that they carried no weight with them to his soul.

Having completed his education, he again turned his footsteps homeward; but first he paid a visit to the Eternal City. His devotion and curiosity satisfied, he proceeded to Savoy by way of Loreto and Venice. At the shrine of the Holy House he consecrated himself once more to his Blessed Mother, renewing his vow of chastity.

It was in the Spring of 1592 that Francis de Sales again re-entered his ancestral halls. He was now twenty-five, handsome, fair, with kind blue eyes, a most attractive smile, and a manner that would have graced the most accomplished courtier. He had neglected no advantage of worldly arts; obeying the command of his father, he had perfected himself in every accomplishment befitting his station. His parents were delighted with him. As the first step in what he believed would offer a most brilliant career, the Seigneur insisted upon Francis going to Chambéry to be called to the Bar. Never wavering in his fixed purpose, Francis, awaiting God's good time, did as his father requested him to do.

But when there arrived the critical moment of finding a wife for him, and the lady was actually named, Francis decided it was time for him to announce his firm and irrevocable intention. The disappointment and despair of the poor father may be imagined. Then ensued a period of trial and struggle for the young aspirant. When things seemed at their worst—the father inflexible and obstinate, the son gently but persistently resolved, the mother vacillating between the two, endeavoring to soften the harshness of the one, and pleading with the other even

while she sympathized with his purpose,—something occurred to soften and conciliate the Seigneur and to pave the way for the son to follow his sublime vocation.

The provost of the chapter of Geneva died; and, through the intervention of the Canon Louis de Sales, cousin of Francis, the Pope was prevailed upon to confer the position on the new aspirant for ecclesiastical dignity, provided he proved worthy of that honor. Only doctors and nobles were admitted to this position, next to that of bishop; and the pride of the old Seigneur was in some degree gratified. He gave his consent to the ordination of his son, who had used the Breviary for years, and astonished his examiner by the depth of his theology.

Since his thirteenth year he had lived in the society of an aged and holy priest, M. Déage, who, having been his tutor to childhood, had accompanied and never left him during his years of study. Thus, under the protection, tutelage and guidance of an ascetic and learned man, he imbibed the priestly spirit from day to day; he had become more conversant with ecclesiastical subjects than many avowed religious students; while every thought and act of his life was imbued with the aroma of the holiness and austerity that were to distinguish his entire subsequent career.

On June 18, 1593, he received Minor Orders from the hands of the Bishop of Geneva, Claude de Granier; and on Saturday, December 15, of the same year, was ordained priest. On December 21, the feast of St. Thomas the Apostle, he celebrated his first Mass. Afterward he used to say of that time: "I was a prelate without ever having been a subject. I would rather have been a simple cleric,—rather have carried the holy water than the crosier." But it was the only way possible to him. He saw in the dispensation the finger of God pointing a way, and the only one likely to open to him the desire of his heart, at the same time making a compromise between the loving

reluctance and the deeply-seated pride of his father.

In the cathedral at Annecy, nearest to the door, there may still be seen the confessional in which St. Francis de Sales shrived, consoled and comforted thousands of sin-scarred, world-weary souls. And it is said that he chose this place in the church in order that the blind, the lame and the infirm might reach him with the least difficulty. There also is the pulpit from which he preached his first sermon. The subject was the Blessed Eucharist, and it was long remembered in Annecy.

Never did human lips breathe forth more fervently the love and devotion of a consecrated soul to the Eucharistic presence of its Divine Lord. His pious mother, who was present, rejoiced that her son gave promise of being a most holy priest and guide to those who had assembled to hear him. Not so the father, who did not approve of the simplicity of his son's discourses. In his opinion, they were not worthy of one who had received an education such as princes might have envied. "What sermons!" he would exclaim to the provost. "*Grand Dieu!* No Greek, no Latin, no learned quotations! Your language is so simple and unstudied, a child could understand it. *Voyez vous*, that is not the way the great preachers of my day used to discourse." And he would go away shaking his gray head with vexation and disappointment.

But he was soon to have another and deeper grievance against the son whom he had so reluctantly given to the Church. St. Francis volunteered to undertake the mission to the Chablais, which had become a hotbed of heresy. His generous offer was accepted, too, in spite of the protestations of his father, who had not parted with him for any such purpose. Francis, filled with a burning zeal for the conversion of souls, yearned to take upon himself the arduous and dangerous mission. On September 9, 1594, accompanied by his cousin, Louis de Sales, he set out from Annecy on his hazardous

journey. The Calvinists were not only enemies of the Church; they were lawless and rude, and other missionaries less courageous and indomitable than Francis and his companion had barely escaped from them with their lives. But Francis and Louis feared not threats or persecution: the crown of martyrdom would have been welcome to both.

Space will not permit us to relate at length the account of his triumphant labors. After four years of constant struggle, during which time his perseverance, meekness, and patience, joined with Christian courtliness and true Christian charity, had never wavered, Francis de Sales had achieved the burning desire of his heart. Where, on his arrival, all had been desolation—monasteries closed, churches abandoned, flocks without a shepherd,—“Francis de Sales,” remarks his latest biographer, “standing on the ramparts of the Château d’Allinges, and looking forth over that fair land down to the blue waters of Lake Lemman and up to the everlasting hills, could see the Cross triumphant. Above him from the flagstaff waved the banner of the White Cross of Savoy; and beneath him in the valleys, in the highways and byways, numerous crucifixes stood clearly outlined. The churches were rebuilt, the presbyteries were inhabited by zealous priests, monasteries and convents were restored. He could hear the pealing of the bells ringing the Angelus and summoning the people to divine worship. The ruin and desolation over which he had wept four years before had vanished. The inhabitants of the Chablais were no longer aliens from the True Fold; and he, under Providence, had been the means of converting them. In this land where, on his arrival in 1594, there had been only a hundred Catholics, there were now scarcely a hundred Calvinists. It is estimated that about seventy-two thousand persons were received into the Church by Francis de Sales and his missionaries.”

(Conclusion next week.)

The Flaw in the Title.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXVIII.

HERE was a red sun sinking in a grayish haze, which gave something ominous and terrible to the deadly hush and stillness that rested upon the Manor. The bare branches of the trees rustled in a mournful wind, and snapped and crackled in the frost. All those signs of spring that had deceived the unwary had vanished, and this dreary semblance of winter reigned supreme.

Within the house, there was a no less ominous heaviness. All the life and joy had vanished. Upstairs, in a room the windows of which fronted upon the lawn and were shadowed by the noblest trees, Grenville Birmingham lay dying. That strong frame was yielding, slowly but surely, to that cruel, insidious disease which, as the rude blast strikes the oak of the forest, seizes upon the youngest and the strongest. He had caught cold in the sudden changing from mild to raw weather. At first no apprehensions had existed. Grenville had been constrained by the urgency of his wife and father to keep his room. But it had been confidently expected that he would be down again in a day or two, and plans were made to that effect. “Once Grenville is over his cold,” or “When Grenville is downstairs again,” or “When he is able to be out,” were the ordinary expressions during the interval before the cold had developed into pneumonia.

That name of terror changed the entire atmosphere of the house; and the change from fear, still brightened by hope, to dread certainty, was scarcely perceptible. That fear penetrated, indeed, into every corner of the house, and with icy chill grasped the hearts of all its inmates. Despite the presence of a nurse, upon which the physician had insisted, Amy scarcely ever left the sick room, though

Phyllis was at all times prepared to replace her. It was touching to see the blooming cheeks grow pale, and the laughing blue eyes heavy and shrunken, with a grief that found not even the relief of tears. The native force of her character, however, showed itself in the self-control and quietude of her bearing, which commanded the respect even of Sylvester.

The latter gained admittance as often as was possible to the apartment, over which already brooded the shadow of death; or, banished thence, he shut himself into his study, and, aged and worn beyond recognition, sat with bowed head, unconscious of all but that Grenville lay dying,—Grenville, whom a few short weeks before it had seemed absurd to fancy insuring his life, with whom it had seemed impossible to connect the idea of mortality! It was pathetic to see how the old man, when in presence of others, strove to hold himself erect and to preserve an outward calmness of demeanor. When from time to time he encountered the physician, who remained in the house almost all the time, he endeavored to put to him the vital question. But the words usually died away upon his lips, and only the agonized look in the eyes made the interrogation, which the medical man was so reluctant to answer.

The gloom that hung as a pall over the household, extended to all the dependents of the Manor and to the neighborhood in general; for to Grenville Birmingham could be applied in all truth the words of the greatest of poets: "He was of all sorts enchantingly beloved." The women servants, pale and red-eyed, stole through the halls in that grim silence that comes to every household in turn. Old Flaherty, the gardener, being informed of the doctor's verdict, broke down utterly, crying out that he could not face the master.

Each one bore the ordeal according to his or her nature. Aunt Petronilla, gentle, subdued and chastened, awaited the impending blow as one who perceives therein

the hand of the merciful Father rather than that of the Divine Figure, in its dazzling brightness, hidden behind the dark cloud. She naturally spent as much of her time as possible at the Manor, scarcely going home at all, but making frequent visits to the church. Bowed before the Tabernacle, she prayed for the beloved life, its preservation, or its safe and happy translation to the life which is eternal. At her request, Mgr. O'Grady said his Mass all those days for that one intention; the venerable priest waving away all proffered stipends, and declaring, with eyes that streamed with tears, and a voice that was choked with emotion, that he would offer up "the Holy Sacrifice each morning of the dear boy's illness."

Aunt Petronilla thought it wise to conceal the subject of her grief from Nurse Williams, fearing that emotion, at her age (if indeed she could feel it), might be dangerous. But the latter had, in some fashion that was almost mysterious, discovered what was going forward. Early one morning, when the welcome light was flooding the landscape and whitening the panes of the sick room, a little figure, quite exhausted with the unusual effort, made its way to the Manor door. The scene was touching in the extreme when, mounting the stairs, in her white cap and plaid shawl, the old woman encountered Sylvester. He was descending after a long and heart-rending watch beside the patient. His composure almost gave way when the pathetic old voice, broken with age, exclaimed:

"Is it my own lamb that's stricken? Is it Master Grenville that's lying low?"

"God help us all, it is!" Sylvester said, turning away his head.

"They didn't tell me—Heaven forgive them!—and the mistress came away without me. But I stole out of the house; and you won't send me back, sir, without a sight of him?"

"No, indeed," said Sylvester, the tears coursing unchecked down his cheeks, and his heart warming to the poor creature

who had so faithfully loved his son. "Come with me, Nurse, and you shall see him,—but only for a few moments; and you must not speak or excite the patient in any way."

"I'll be still as a mouse," promised the little old woman, her wrinkled face puckered and her voice dry and husky with the stress of her feeling. "I won't speak a syllable."

Sylvester, however, by a sudden thought, first made her sit down and partake of some refreshment. She drank, because of his urgency, a cup of tea, but she would not eat a morsel. Then the master of the house himself assisted her up the stairs, and in at the open door of the sick room. There Grenville lay, his breathing hurried and oppressed, the flush of fever in his face, his glazed eyes staring before him. They fixed themselves wonderingly upon the tiny figure, and presently into them flashed a look of recognition. As if the habit of a life, which had made the sufferer ever kindly and considerate to his inferiors, impelled him to the effort, he smiled and feebly extended his hand.

"Nurse Williams," he murmured, "I'm glad to see you!"

The poor old creature, seizing the offered hand, dropped upon her knees beside the bed; while Sylvester, fearing that his emotion would overpower him, stole out of the door again.

"Sure I won't speak a word," she said, almost inaudibly, "for fear it would fret you, pulse of my heart!" But upon the outstretched hand dropped a hot tear.

Forgetful of her promise not to speak a syllable, the old woman continued her exclamations:

"God love you,—God love you, my lamb, and spare you to us!"

At the words Grenville smiled again; for he knew, beyond all peradventure, that for him "the journey was done." His voice was scarce above a whisper as he said earnestly:

"Pray for me, Nurse!" And then the

voice was silent, and the eyes closed.

Phyllis, who had just approached the bed, and induced Amy to take a brief rest upon the sofa, put her arm about the old woman and gently led her away.

"You would not wish to disturb him," she said,—“you who have so often hushed him to sleep?”

"And when he wakes, he'll be better," declared the woman in an eager whisper.

But Phyllis could not answer. Her own voice had failed her, with the rush of recollection. The nurse entertained her, as they went, with reminiscences of what a good boy Master Grenville was, and how he used to stroke her face as she hushed him to sleep.

Phyllis put the old woman in charge of Rebecca Flaherty.

"We will not send her back," she said. "See that she gets a room."

To Aunt Petronilla, Phyllis explained further:

"We want to have them all here to pray at the—end, if it must come."

For at that juncture Phyllis, like her aunt, felt the predominance of the spiritual above all other considerations. Her greatest anxiety, once all hope had failed, was to give every assistance possible to the traveller on his last journey. In the deep, quiet eyes was a look as though she, too, saw beyond the shadows.

Some time after she had seated herself again in the sick room, alone save for the sleeping figure of Amy on the sofa, since the nurse had gone out to take the air, Grenville, suddenly opening his eyes, referred to the late presence of Nurse Williams in the room. He did not express wonder at the circumstance, for the dying quickly pass beyond the reach of all surprise. The patient seemed somewhat easier at the moment, and began to speak quite naturally, save for the occasional gasping breath. His mind had passed from Nurse Williams to that of her husband, who was serenely unconscious of the woe and tribulation that was darkening all the atmosphere.

"Do you remember, Phyllis," he said, "how old Williams used to ask me if Harry had come home?"

"Yes," replied Phyllis. "He always mistook you for Uncle Jack."

Grenville touched lightly then upon one or two incidents of their childish days.

"They do not seem so very long ago," he said.

Phyllis strove gently to prevent him from talking.

"It is not good, you know," she argued.

"It can't matter much," he said; "so let me talk a little while I can."

He lay silent a few moments, however, as if in deference to her wish. Then he spoke again:

"I wonder if some day you will get a clue to our ghost and the other mysteries?"

It cut Phyllis to the heart, more than anything he could have said, to hear Grenville thus placing himself outside of all future happenings,—he who had been so closely connected with every incident of life at the Manor. It was by a strong effort that she restrained her tears.

"For you know, Phyllis, that I am near the end of all mysteries."

Phyllis bent toward him, in a very passion of grief, which for his sake she repressed.

"O Grenville," she cried, "don't say that yet! The doctor thinks there is a fighting chance."

"It may be so," said Grenville, in the same hushed, solemn voice. "That will be as God wills. But I don't feel as if I should ever—"

He was interrupted by a fit of coughing, so that Phyllis reproached herself for having allowed him to speak.

"Pray," he said in the intervals of this paroxysm,—"pray for me, Phyllis. Ask them all to pray."

His voice trailed away into silence again, and his mind lapsed into unconsciousness.

As Phyllis sat there, tearful and scarcely venturing to draw a breath, she thought of what Mgr. O'Grady had said, and

what he was often to repeat in after years, that he had attended many death-beds, but had scarcely ever been so much edified as by this one. Young, lately so strong and vigorous, loving and beloved, Grenville, with generous entirety, laid the sacrifice of all in the hands of his Creator.

While Phyllis watched the labored breathing, the flushed and feverish face, Amy suddenly awoke.

"What is the matter? Where am I?" she exclaimed, sitting up on the sofa.

She looked around in bewilderment for a few moments. Then her eyes fell upon the bed, and she remembered. She arose slowly, and, arranging by an instinctive movement her disordered hair, went over and crouched beside Phyllis, leaning against her shoulder and passing an arm through hers, as though she sought some relief in human sympathy from her too poignant woe.

"Is there any change at all, Phyllis?" she whispered.

Phyllis responded, pityingly, that she feared there was none.

The gaze of the young wife was fixed wistfully upon her husband's face, and from time to time a sob shook her frame.

"To think that it's Grenville," she said more than once,—"*Grenville!*" In her mind there was the sense of unreality struggling with the gnawing pain. "But he's sure to get better," she argued; "he's so young and strong!"

Phyllis only looked at her sorrowfully, and pressed the arm that was clinging to hers. She herself had no hope. In the depths of her heart she shared Grenville's opinion of his own condition. She could not even bring herself to utter the hackneyed words: "While there's life there's hope."

"O Phyllis," cried Amy, clutching her convulsively, "you don't think—you *can't* think that he is going to die?"

And as poor Phyllis, distressed beyond measure, and her own heart swelling with grief, sought for some form of words that might be consistent with truth, Amy

continued, shuddering all over, and her blue eyes frightened as those of a child:

"I never saw any one die. O Phyllis, I can't bear it!"

Phyllis strove to comfort and strengthen her as best she might, with softly spoken words, stroking the tear-stained face. Thus they remained for some moments; while the sufferer turned on the pillow, muttered occasionally, and at last for a fleeting interval of time came back to consciousness. When he saw the two young women together, a smile passed across his face.

"I am glad you are friends," he said, in a voice that was hardly articulate; "and you will always be so for my sake."

He looked appealingly at Phyllis as he spoke; and she, bending near, gave him the assurance that he craved. Amy, falling down upon her knees, pressed her lips to Grenville's outstretched hand; and Phyllis, leaving them thus, slipped quietly from the room. As she went, the thought took lodgement in her mind and would not be driven away:

"Is not human love a fearful thing, in its strongest and holiest forms, since one day it must end in agony like that?"

(To be continued.)

We Reap the Crop.

BY E. BECK.

WE reap the crop in Autumn days
 We sowed with niggard hand or free
 When skylarks sang their hymns of praise,
 And buds were green on shrub and tree.
 When tints of red and russet blaze
 In every wood, on every lea,—
 We reap the crop in Autumn days
 We sowed with niggard hand or free.
 Nor need we feel the least amaze
 That tares yield tares, nor that we see
 The yellow grain that bends and sways
 Where wheat was scattered plenteously.
 We reap the crop in Autumn days
 We sowed with niggard hand or free.

From the Kirk to the Catholic Church.

HOW A PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER BECAME A
 PRIEST.

BY ALFONSUS.

XI.

BUT, over and above the conclusive proofs of Rome's God-given supremacy and authority, I examined and saw for myself that all her doctrines were beautiful and reasonable and attractive. Theoretically, of course the proper thing to be done by an inquirer after the true Church is, first of all, to find out where the true Church is by the evidences of credibility, as they are called; to search and discover, by historical proofs, by Christ's promises, by the four marks, and other lines of investigation, where lies that Church which the Son of God set up on this earth; and, having found it, submit to it, and believe all that it teaches; convinced that, being infallible, it can not teach aught except what Christ taught.

As a matter of fact, however, I suspect that the majority of inquirers do not pursue this method, logical and consistent though it be; there are too many difficulties and stumbling-blocks to be got rid of first. There is a whole lifetime of ignorance and suspicion and delusion and bigotry to be undone. The trees must first be cut down and the ground cleared before one can set about building the edifice of Catholic truth. Hence, for the most part, I think that converts who wish to be intellectually convinced, and are really in earnest about the matter, examine each of Rome's doctrines one by one, and sift it, and try it by Scripture, and see whether it is reasonable or absurd. They also find it necessary to investigate the truth or falsehood of the most common charges and accusations against Rome's historical record, such as those of persecution, immorality, dishonesty, and the

like. I admit that, in a certain sense, this method is putting the cart before the horse, because many doctrines and practices which might appear strange and repellent to one still trusting only to his reason, would assume quite a different aspect and seem altogether reasonable and holy after the inquirer had received the gift of divine and Catholic faith. An outsider, to put the matter plainly, is really no judge of Rome's interior.

Nevertheless, this method (of examining each doctrine singly) has decided advantages; and this I felt, and feel now, very much to my consolation. The common Protestant idea about the affair is that a man becomes a Catholic, somehow or other, hypnotized and deluded by Rome's "glamour"; that then he is obliged to assent to all the most ridiculous and unreasonable doctrines; he has simply to open his mouth, shut his eyes, and swallow everything wholesale; he becomes, in fact, a drivelling nonentity, in a state of mental stupefaction and paralysis, compelled against his will to express his formal belief in things which are too silly and childish for any man of average intellect.

Brought up in heresy, and trained by the tradition of generations to look on the Catholic teaching as both irrational and unscriptural, I discovered from personally investigating every item of it that, so far from being of this nature, it was, when properly understood, lovely and reasonable and satisfying. I could even see the *necessity* of much of it, if the Christian faith was to be consistent. Though the Catholic Church declared that all her doctrines were matters of Revelation, still, none of them, so far as I could see, was contrary to reason, but rather every one of them had a solid foundation in reason; and none of them was opposed to any part of the teaching of Holy Scripture. On the contrary, many passages of Scripture which, taken by themselves, were meaningless, or at least unintelligible, became clothed with signifi-

cance and consistency when understood in the light of the Catholic faith and interpretation. Even those doctrines of the Roman Church most ridiculed and attacked by Protestants—such as those dealing with the religious life, the priesthood, the Pope, purgatory, confession, the Bible, and the Mass—assumed a beauty hitherto undreamed of; and the fact that her doctrines were all beautiful and holy and elevating to the soul was a proof that she must be the true Church.

It required a long time, I confess, and much discussion and thrashing out of the pros and cons of the case, before I could see through indulgences and intercession of the saints; and before I convinced myself that the undeniable prosperity, in temporal things, of Protestant countries, and their seeming superiority in that respect to Catholic nations, was really no argument against the divinity of the Catholic Church. Each convert seems to have his own particular stumbling-blocks, according to his bent of mind or his upbringing or his previous study; and what troubles one doubting soul may never cause the least difficulty to another. But I see now perfectly well that I was judging of this temporal prosperity question and many other questions from a thoroughly wrong standpoint; and that if I had considered the matter purely from the point of view of a Christian instead of a Scotsman, I should have sooner reached the correct solution.

Furthermore, as I think I hinted before, I found that the gravest charges against Rome, whether in regard to her Popes, her clergy, her religious, or her influence on people's lives, were, for the most part, wholly false, always misleading, and very often deliberate inventions of notorious enemies. In the publications of the Catholic Truth Society and other controversial literature, the scandals and falsehoods and calumnies were exposed in fine style, and in a manner that satisfied me that Rome was the only Christian body now existing which fulfilled our

Divine Lord's prophecy about the persecution and slander that would overtake His true disciples. She, and she alone, was everywhere spoken against, like the company of Christians after Pentecost and during the earliest centuries.

This appeared a mark of her divine origin. What was true in the charges made against her was nothing else than what one might expect in any institution that had a human side and was composed of frail men and women; whilst, on the other hand, the fact that she had survived and prospered and progressed in spite of the weaknesses and wickedness of her members and officials proved that she had a divine side, as no other body had.

I will not, indeed, deny that I saw and heard things that scandalized me in the Catholic Church and in the lives of Catholics. Some of them, I now admit, were not a just cause of scandal, while others were. I knew nothing, however, at that time of "pharisaical scandal" and the "scandal of the weak," and other distinctions drawn in Moral Theology. I should have suffered much less anxiety and doubt had I been acquainted with them. But, when all was said and done, I perceived that if there were any corruption or disedification, it was accidental and incidental, and was in no way owing to the teaching of the Church, but in spite of it; and that the most attractive and edifying and devout characters were always those who were stanch Papists, and were faithfully practising their religion, and observing its every precept. When Catholics were good people, it was because they were good Catholics,—their religion made them good. On the other hand, if a Protestant was a good man, it was not because he was a good Protestant first: his religion had really nothing to do with it; he was far better, indeed, than his creed, which a Catholic could never be. Herein was a proof of the sublime influence of Catholicism.

Last of all—for I am not writing a

treatise on the proofs for the divinity of the Catholic Church, but merely recalling as best I can the main points that appealed to me in her favor,—I will confess that the worship of the Roman Church drew me as much as her doctrine. I did not at that time understand the meaning of it all, or perceive the significance of the various details of the ritual; yet I loved it, and was impressed by it; there was about it a sanctifying, soothing, elevating influence that was to be experienced nowhere else. I would pay visits secretly to Catholic chapels, and remain for long, attracted by some mysterious power; subdued by the air of reverence and awe that always seemed to pervade the building; watching the lamp flickering in the sanctuary, and the faithful stealing out and in with silent adoration. How I envied their faith! How I marvelled at their devotion and reverence and profound seriousness! Religion appeared to be a real living thing to them; to most Protestants, on the contrary, their religion was a thing put on and off like their Sunday clothes. It was not an habitual, integral part of their daily life as was the Catholic's.

Then, how grand and inspiring was the ceremonial of Mass and Benediction! I assisted at both the one and the other in various places, and, I repeat, I could not have explained what they were; but I felt there was a grandeur and solemnity about them, a hallowing and uplifting influence, that was utterly lacking in the bald, uninteresting, dreary meetings of Presbyterians. The very buildings themselves were holy and edifying, and true "houses of prayer"; and, where the Catholics could afford it, they were obviously meant to be as worthy of the majesty of God as poor mortals could make them.

But the kirks of the Scotch people were little better than four walls and a roof; and seemed designed on the principle that, however grand might be the houses of the rich, anything that could accommodate a congregation in comfort was

good enough to be a temple of the Most High. In this certainly they were consistent enough, as they did not, and do not, believe that God "dwelleth in temples made with hands"; they hold that no one place is more sacred than another, seeing that God is everywhere; and consider that the main function to be performed in a church is the preaching of sermons. On these grounds, naturally enough, it comes about that the chief thing considered in the kirks is not the glory of God, but the convenience of the minister and the people. This was abhorrent to my ideas of Christian worship, but it was Protestant.

I am persuaded now that what drew me into these sweet chapels, and moved my heart and captivated my love, and made me feel so happy, yet so mystified and awe-struck, as I sat or knelt and stared at the Tabernacle or the Stations or the images, and wondered and meditated, was nothing less than the Real Presence of our Blessed Lord, who was there watching me and drawing me to Him. And what has happened to me in this particular has happened to many another. "There standeth One among you whom you know not," is as literally true of non-Catholics visiting a Catholic church as it was true of the Jews in the time of Our Lord. Only when they have received the gift of faith do they realize what was that silent, strong, irresistible Power that drew them to the altar as the magnet draws the steel, and constrained them to abide there till the Incarnate God Himself had wounded their hearts with the darts of His love.

But was it right to love such worship? Was it not too sensuous? Was this not the "fatal glamour" of Rome which we were so often warned against? Did it not appeal too much to the emotions and the sentiments? Was it not too splendid and gorgeous? Was it not mere outward show? Was it lawful to allow one's æsthetic and musical taste to be ravished and carried away by such fascinating and overpowering ceremonial? Should we not,

according to Our Lord Himself, "worship God in spirit and in truth"?

I have purposely crammed into these queries all the common stock-in-trade of Protestant objections to the worship of Rome—objections sometimes felt, too, by timorous and scrupulous inquirers,—not in order that I may refute them one by one, but that I may put on record the fact that they troubled me for a time, that I came to see through the fallacies with which they bristled on every side, and that I may dispose of them in a summary manner, in the hope that perchance some doubting soul may be encouraged also to look them boldly in the face and pierce through their hollowness.

The "glamour of Rome"! Of course there is a glamour. How could it be otherwise? Is it wrong that there should be a glamour about anything? Take a great orator or a great preacher who captivates and, as it were, electrifies his hearers, who seems to emit a kind of magnetism that draws and fascinates the audience that hangs upon his lips. Is that wrong? No: it is a gift from God. Why, then, should you object to the glamour and attractiveness about the worship of the Roman Church—I mean merely on natural grounds? Must it be wrong because it is beautiful? Are not beauty and loveliness and harmony creations of Almighty God? Must the worship of the true Church be hideous and repellent and bare and dreary?

Doubtless in the eyes of those who have reduced the practice of ugliness in church building and church worship to a perfect science, it will seem most heinous to worship the Lord in the holiness of beauty, as in the "beauty of holiness." But sensible people unwarped by prejudice will confess that God is pleased with beautiful things, and that the worship of the Most High is not any the more likely to be acceptable to Him because it is ugly and monotonous and mean. The worship of the Church of Rome must be beautiful and fascinating, because it is the true

worship; all the works of God are perfect. Heretical worship, is hideous, because it is false. Truth is lovely, but error is ugly. The ritual of the Mass could not possibly be aught but sublime and beautiful, because it has been fashioned by the Holy Ghost to be the one true worship in God's one true Church.

And the same may be said of all the authorized ceremonial of the Roman Church for all her liturgical services: it enshrines and adorns the inward offering of the faithful; it is the setting, the framework, so to call it, encircling some doctrinal truth, some revealed truth of God; it is the divinely appointed ceremony and form of giving back to God that which He Himself first taught us. For it is the belief of Catholics (as it is a fact) that Almighty God has shown us not only the right faith, but also the right form of worship. He has prescribed a method of offering Him public adoration. He has not left us to haphazard or chance. Mass, then, is the liturgy that Almighty God has willed as the chief act of Christian worship, and we have no right to attempt any other. Must it not, therefore, be lovely and attractive? Surely! There is a glamour about it; if there were not, it would indeed be surprising.

(Conclusion next week.)

DISAPPOINTMENT, ailment, or even weather depresses us; and our look or tone of depression hinders others from maintaining a cheerful and thankful spirit. We say an unkind thing, and another is hindered in learning the holy lesson of charity that thinketh no evil. We say a provoking thing, and our sister or brother is hindered in that day's effort to be meek. How sadly, too, we may hinder without word or act! For wrong-feeling is sometimes more infectious than wrong-doing; especially the various phases of ill temper—gloominess, touchiness, discontent, and irritability. Do we realize how catching these are?—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

Adelaide's Mother.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

THERE was no undue amount of curiosity among the pupils of St. Clare's; but when the Mother Prefect announced the expected arrival of the daughter of Alexander McPherson, who had grown from poverty to be one of the greatest oil magnates of our world-famous oil State, everybody was on the *qui vive* with wonder and speculation.

When she came—a long, lean, colorless girl of sixteen, with crisp black hair, whitish blue eyes, and a cold, expressionless face—we were somewhat disappointed. The inappropriate and splendid clothes she wore were unbefitting her age, but gave fullest evidence of the wealth that rendered them possible. These were soon exchanged, however, for the simple convent uniform; the befingered hands lost their sparkle of jewels, and it became the general verdict that Adelaide McPherson was decidedly the plainest girl in school. She was very backward in her studies, but seemed quite satisfied with her standing. She had no desire to excel in anything save music, for which she had considerable talent. She spoke with a slow, Southern drawl, rather pleasant than otherwise; and was, on the whole, very amiable and unobtrusive. She was not a Catholic and never took an interest in religious things.

She had been at school about six months when her father died in Europe, where he had gone on business. She manifested no sorrow at his demise, but thereafter talked a great deal about her mother, who, she informed us, was more than ordinarily beautiful and accomplished.

One day during the Christmas holidays she appeared in the study-hall, where we were amusing ourselves, with a letter in her hand. There was a frown between her brows: she was unusually disturbed.

"Mamma is coming," she said. "She

has business in the city, and thought she would attend to it now instead of waiting till spring. Sister Mary said I might go up to The Windsor to meet her to-morrow morning, with two novices who have to see a dentist."

"Too bad it's winter time!" said one of the girls. "The grounds are so lovely in spring, she would enjoy seeing them."

"Oh, the country is the same everywhere!" answered Adelaide, indifferently. "And it isn't as though she didn't know convents. She was educated at the *Sacré Cœur* in Paris. She speaks French beautifully."

And then a *mauvais sujet* among us burst into laughter.

"Oh, what a pity you do not inherit her accent, Adelaide!" she cried. "Yours is something terrible!"

Adelaide simply glanced at her coldly without speaking, folding her letter as she left the room.

"She doesn't seem very happy over her mother's visit," said one of the girls.

"She looks very much worried," put in another. "Perhaps she's afraid she'll be taken away."

The evening after Adelaide's departure I was summoned hurriedly to town to meet an aunt who was passing through C. She also was staying at The Windsor. On my way upstairs (there were no elevators in those days) I met Adelaide coming out of a room opposite to the one which had been assigned to my aunt. She started as though she had seen a ghost, and looked back almost apprehensively at the room she had left.

"Did I frighten you, Adelaide?" I exclaimed. "What is the matter? You did not expect to see me,—was that it?"

"I did not expect to see any one I knew," she replied. "How did you happen to come, Evelyn?"

I explained, adding that I was in town only for a day. And then I said:

"I suppose you are enjoying your mother's visit very much?"

She hesitated for an instant, with

another peculiar backward glance, which, very naturally, I followed with some curiosity. Then she replied:

"Mother did not come, after all. I am greatly disappointed. At the last moment she sprained her ankle and sent my old nurse, who has lived with us since I was born. It's the next thing to seeing mother, of course."

I was about to leave her when the door opened and a woman came into the corridor. She was very stout, with a red face, than which none could have been less attractive as to form and feature, but which, nevertheless, was very kindly in expression.

"Well, Addie," she exclaimed in a very loud but pleasant voice, "shall we be getting along now? Most ten o'clock, and we've got a heap of shopping to do."

Adelaide's eyes narrowed into two long slits as she replied:

"Mammy, this is Miss Evelyn Gardner, one of my schoolmates. She is here for a day visiting her aunt."

"Well, now, that's good," was the rejoinder. "Glad to know any friends of my little girl here. She likes it awful well at the school. I'm a little disappointed not to be able to get over there, but Addie thought—"

"I'm afraid we're keeping Evelyn, mammy," interrupted Adelaide, hurriedly. "I think we'd better go."

We parted. I did not see them at table, either at luncheon or dinner.

The next morning as I was about to take my departure I met "mammy" ascending the stairs. She greeted me cordially.

"Sorry we didn't see you last night," she said. "But Addie and me were out all day, and she insisted on having dinner in the room. Said she was too tired to go down. Going back to-day?"

"Yes," I answered. "I hope Adelaide's mother will be able to visit her as she planned."

She looked at me in a puzzled way and said:

"We're so used to calling her Addie

that it sort of dazed me to hear her named Adelaide. But she's entitled to it: it's her christened name. I'd like real well to pay a visit to the school. I never seen a convent. My husband—"

And then the woman started, and so did I, as a loud and imperative voice cried from the landing above:

"Mammy, will you hurry? And Evelyn is in a hurry, too!"

The woman smiled as she replied placidly, with a parting nod at me:

"You see! A spoiled child, if there ever was one!" And she went up the stairs.

I thought Adelaide unnecessarily sharp and insistent with her old nurse; but after the incident was over I forgot all about it.

Adelaide continued to be expansive on the subject of her mother's beauty, grace, charming manners, and lovely gowns. She never tired of enlarging upon those various attractive features of the one person in the whole world that seemed to interest her. Gradually we all came to share in the admiration of this wonderful mother. We felt that we should be willing captives to her many attractions. Occasionally some of us would remark among ourselves that it was a pity the daughter had not inherited or acquired more of her mother's good looks and charm; or we expressed a wish that she would pay the oft-promised but long-delayed visit to St. Clare's; however, she never came. She was ill; she had visitors; she was finally obliged to take a business trip to Russia, which would keep her a year. This important journey to the strange, mysterious country of the Czars gave her an added dignity in our girlish minds.

Thus three years passed, and my school-days were over. Adelaide, who would not have "graduated" had she remained at the convent until she was gray-haired, left at the same time. Although not disliked, I do not think she was regretted by a single soul. Nor did she, on her part, manifest any sorrow at leaving St. Clare's. We were told that she and her mother intended to pass several years in Europe.

I married after leaving school, and soon travelled a great deal with my husband, who was agent for a large manufactory in Germany, with several branches in Europe and the United States. About ten years after our marriage we found ourselves for a short period of rest and recreation at Baden-Baden. There, to my surprise, I again met Adelaide. She had developed into a handsome woman, though her face still lacked expression and she seemed colder than ever. I inquired about her mother.

"She is dead," was the reply, given without the least show of feeling.

"Are you alone, then?"

"No," she answered, with that curious, disagreeable contraction of the eyes that was so repellent. "Mammy is with me still. We have travelled together all these years. But she is quite ill at present, and is obliged to remain in her room. The doctors here give very little hope of her recovery."

After expressing my sympathy, I asked if her companion received visitors.

"None whatever," was the prompt reply. "She must be kept perfectly quiet. We have a trained nurse who is entirely satisfactory. Mammy has every comfort." Then she asked abruptly: "How long do you remain here?"

"A fortnight or more," I rejoined.

She regarded me keenly for a moment.

"You have changed very little," she said.

"You certainly have kept your youth."

I murmured some thanks for the compliment. After a few words we parted.

I soon learned that Adelaide McPherson had at least one pleasure, one passion—that of gaming. She was known through the town as one of the coolest, luckiest and most inveterate female gamblers Baden-Baden had ever harbored. She neither had nor seemed to desire friends or acquaintances. We had very little intercourse. My husband did not wish me to identify myself with her; and she, it must be acknowledged, seemed to be of the same mind.

One morning I missed her. Toward evening of the same day a tap came to my bedroom door, where I was sitting alone. I opened it, and was greeted by the nurse to whom I had once or twice seen Adelaide speaking in the corridor.

"Mrs. Blenkinsop would like to see you, Madame," she said.

"Where is she? Who is she?" I asked.

"With Miss McPherson; the old lady is Miss Adelaide's companion," replied the nurse.

"Is she very ill?" I inquired.

"She has had a bad turn. She may die at any time."

"I will go at once," I said.

I found the old woman greatly changed. Her face was terribly emaciated, and something deeper than any physical ailment seemed to have left its impress on the pleasant, kindly countenance I had seen in my girlhood.

"My dear," she said, "I have never forgotten your face. It is good to be able to talk to an American again. Nurse, will you go out for a bit? I want to speak to this lady. And you won't tell Miss McPherson I had a visitor, will you?"

"I promise not to," replied the woman. "An occasional call from a friend can not harm you, Mrs. Blenkinsop."

When she had gone the sick woman turned to me and said:

"Addie told me you were here, and I saw you twice from the window. I've been dying to talk to you, dear! I can't last long now; my time has come. And I don't want to live, either. I think I'm one of the unhappiest women in all the world. And I've got to tell my troubles to somebody. I *must* get a little comfort, a little kindness, before I die."

I did not know what to reply. I had always known that Adelaide was cold, selfish, and unsympathetic; but it seemed to me that she had done well by this old servant.

"My dear, my dear," she resumed after a moment of uncomfortable silence on my part, "how can I tell you? My name

is not Blenkinsop. It is McPherson. I am Adelaide's mother."

"You are her mother!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, dear! This breast nursed her, in these old arms she has cuddled a thousand times. For years and years we lived in the mountains, and when my husband discovered oil we wanted to give her all the advantages we could. After his death, she got ashamed of me. When she came home from school she told me right out what I'd got to do. That was to make over everything to her, and travel round with her, pretending to be an old nurse or companion."

"But why did you do it?" I asked indignantly.

"Because I loved her so. I couldn't bear to be separated from her. I was so dreadful lonely the years she'd been at school. That's why we came to Europe—so no one that had been among our friends in America would know about it. Addie was ashamed of me, you see. And so it has been all the time."

I was speechless as I tenderly pressed the withered old hand.

"Didn't you hear something like a step in the sitting-room?" she asked after a moment.

"No," I said. "But I will look."

I left my seat and went into the next room. It was in partial darkness, but I felt sure there was no one there. When I returned she said:

"And there's something else, — something worse. She is *not* my daughter."

I fancied she was raving.

"Not your daughter?" I repeated. "But you have just told me she was!"

"I told you I nursed her at my bosom and cuddled her in my arms. Yes, that's being her mother, isn't it? But she's not mine. And—oh, I have been a wicked woman, too, and deceived as good a man as ever lived. She's not *white*. Her mother was a quadroon."

"Oh, you can not know what you are saying?" I said.

"I know too well," she replied. "My

husband was away when my baby came. We had living with us there on the farm a mulatto woman and her daughter. The girl's husband was killed by a gunpowder blast. My baby and hers were born on the same day. Hers was as white as snow. Mine died. Then the young woman died, and her old mother and myself fixed it all up. My husband would have been crazy with disappointment,—we'd been married so long without a child. And so, very quietly, Adelaide was put in the place of my dead baby. And" (here her voice grew intense and strong with emotion) "never did mother cherish or take better care of her child than I did of young Melissy's. She was the pride and delight of our hearts. Didn't you ever notice her crisp hair and white, white skin? That often comes in octoroons. I used to be afraid at times that some one would suspect. And she didn't favor either of us one bit, of course."

"What of the mulatto grandmother?"

"She didn't live long either. That was just as well, maybe; though she wouldn't ever have told it. Now you know how I'm fixed, my dear; and there ain't no one else in the world knows it, and never shall. But I had to tell some one,—I *had* to."

"And Adelaide? Does she know?"

"Adelaide know!" she cried. "How could she? O my dear, she knows least of all!"

"But why, when she has treated you so badly?"

"Had you ever a child?"

"No, I never had one."

"Or a little creature, the child of a sister maybe, that you loved dearly?"

"Not even that."

"Then you can't understand my feelings. No one could that hadn't cuddled and kissed and watched and tended a helpless babe. From beginning to end, it was all because I loved her so."

"*Because I loved her so.*" I shall never forget the terrible pathos of that cry.

"Ah, you poor creature, you dear woman!" I murmured, bending over her in the bed and kissing the deeply lined

forehead, the wrinkled cheeks, the withered hands, while we mingled our tears.

I never have been able to remember how long or short a time elapsed before I heard a stir in the adjoining room. I sank into my chair as Adelaide entered with her hat and cloak, a small valise in her hand.

"I met nurse just now on the veranda," she said composedly. "She tells me mammy has had a bad attack and asked for you. I am glad you came. She always misses me when I'm absent during those spells. I was obliged to take a short journey to-day. I did not expect to return before morning; but I got through with my business early, and here I am."

"I was glad to come," I replied, rising to go. "If I can be of service at any time, please call me."

Adelaide approached the bed, took the cold hand in hers and kissed the damp forehead. As I bent above the mother to take my leave, she looked at me imploringly, with her free hand patting Adelaide's with the tenderness which only a mother knows.

"I love her so dearly!" she said with a sad, appealing smile.

Four days later I was placing some flowers on an open casket in Adelaide's sitting-room. While I bent over the calm dead face, pathetic to me in all that its many lines revealed, Adelaide appeared from the bedchamber. Standing beside me, she said, fixing her long, narrow eyes on mine:

"I heard all that she told you that night. I was behind the *portières*. The woman was crazy; there was not a single word of truth in that absurd statement. For a long time she had been mentally unbalanced. That was why I never permitted her to see strangers. What have you to say?"

"Nothing," I replied, moving quickly from her side as I would have done from a monster that I loathed, and of whom I was in deadly fear.

Meaning of the Ceremonies at Mass.

THE following rather graphic parallelism we find in the *Southern Cross*, of Buenos Aires. While we do not guarantee the accuracy of the symbolic meaning attached to all the priest's movements during the Holy Sacrifice, we commend the arrangement as simple and effective:

THE PRIEST.

Goes to the altar.....
 Begins Mass.....
 Says the *Confiteor*.....
 Kisses the altar.....
 Goes to the Epistle side.....
 Reads the Introit.....
 Goes to the middle of the altar and says
 the *Kyrie Eleison*.....
 Says "*Dominus vobiscum*".....
 Reads the Epistle.....
 Prays at the middle of the altar.....
 Reads the Gospel.....
 Uncovers the chalice.....
 Offers bread and wine.....
 Covers the chalice.....
 Washes his hands.....
 Says the *Orate Fratres*.....

 Prays in a low voice.....
 Says the Preface and the *Sanctus*.....

 Makes the Memento for the Living.....
 Continues to pray in a low voice.....
 Blesses the bread and wine.....
 Elevates the Sacred Host.....
 Elevates the Chalice.....
 Prays in a low voice.....
 Says aloud "*Nobis quoque peccatoribus*"..
 Says aloud the *Pater Noster*.....
 Breaks and separates the Host.....
 Puts a part of the Host into the chalice..
 Says the *Agnus Dei*.....

 Gives Holy Communion.....
 Purifies the chalice.....
 Prepares the chalice for use again.....
 Says the *Dominus vobiscum*.....
 Says the last prayer.....
 Says the *Dominus vobiscum*.....

 Gives the blessing.....
 Says, "*Ille, Missa est*"; reads Gospel...

CHRIST.

Goes to Mount Olivet.
 Begins to pray.
 Falls down in agony.
 Is betrayed by Judas with a kiss.
 Is bound and taken to Anna's.
 Is falsely accused by Annas.
 Is brought to Caiphas and there denied
 three times by Peter.
 Looks at Peter and converts him.
 Is brought to Pilate.
 Is taken to Herod and mocked.
 Is taken back to Pilate and again mocked.
 Is stripped of His garments.
 Is scourged at the pillar.
 Is crowned with thorns.
 Is declared innocent by Pilate.
 Is shown by Pilate to the people with
 the words "*Ecce Homo!*"
 Is mocked and spit upon.
 Sees Barabbas preferred to Him, and is
 condemned to death.
 Carries the cross to Mount Calvary.
 Meets His Mother and other pious women.
 Is nailed to the cross.
 Is raised on the cross.
 Sheds blood from five wounds.
 Sees His afflicted Mother at the cross.
 Prays on the cross for all men.
 Says the seven words of the cross.
 Gives up His spirit and dies.
 Descends into Limbo.
 Is acknowledged by onlookers, while on
 the cross, to be the Son of God.
 Is laid in the sepulchre.
 Is anointed by pious women.
 Arises from the dead.
 Appears to His Mother and disciples.
 Teaches for forty days.
 Takes leave of His disciples and ascends
 into heaven.
 Sends down the Holy Ghost.
 Commissions the Apostles to preach,

A Contribution to Real History.

INFORMATION of the most luminous character regarding the social life of the English people in the early Middle Ages is afforded by the eighteenth volume of "The Antiquary's Books" (Methuen & Co.), which deals with "The Mediæval Hospitals of England." For instance, the total population of the country during most of the period concerned was considerably less than that of London at the present day, and yet there existed upward of 750 of these charitable institutions; and this apart from not a few undoubted hospitals within monastic walls. Commenting on this fact, a writer in the *Athenæum* observes: "We are too apt to indulge in self-laudation as to the provision made by the present generation in the way of hospitals for the sick and infirm in London as well as up and down the country. It is, therefore, a wholesome corrective to our pride, and ought to prove a distinct stimulus to our liberality, to reflect that we are far behind our ancestors in this form of Christian relief."

The current notion that leprosy was introduced from the East by returning Crusaders is probably owing to Voltaire's sarcasm: "All that we gained in the end by engaging in the Crusades was the leprosy; and of all that we had taken, that was the only thing that remained with us." "The Mediæval Hospitals of England" affords abundant evidence that there were lepers in England before the Conquest as well as in early Norman days, also that this loathsome disease was then considered contagious. Of a lazaretto at Newton Bushnell, near Exeter, we read that it was built (in 1538)

for the relieff of powre lazar-people whereof grete nomber with that disease be now infectid in that partis, to the grete daunger of infection of moche people . . . for lacke of convenyent houses in the countie of Devonshire for them.

An appendix to Miss Clay's learned book presents a translation from the Sarum Manual of the pathetic Office for

the seclusion of a leper from the healthy. The priest led the leper to the church, where he heard Mass beneath a black cloth set upon two trestles, "after the manner of a dead man." Subsequently the priest cast earth on each of his feet with a spade, saying: "Be thou dead to the world, but alive again unto God." After comforting him with passages from the Scriptures, the priest conducted him forth to the fields, and finally imposed upon him a series of very definite prohibitions, all of which were pregnant with the idea of contagion. He was forbidden, *inter alia*, ever to enter a church, mill, or bake-house, or to go into a market or any kind of assembly; to wash his hands or belongings in any spring or stream of water; to go without his leper's dress; or to touch anything he wished to buy, otherwise than with a rod or staff; and he was ordered, when on a journey, not to return an answer to any who questioned him till he had gone off the road to leeward; never to go through a narrow lane, lest he should meet some one; and never to touch the posts of any footway until he had put on his gloves.

Much is said of the tender care bestowed upon lepers as well as about their segregation, also concerning provisions for the support of priests who contracted the dread disease while ministering to its victims. The world has known many a Father Damien, of whose devotion no record has been preserved save in such documents as are now being examined by students who realize the importance of information hitherto ignored.

Thus does conventional history continue to be rewritten. Let us hope that the author of the valuable and interesting work to which we have called attention will investigate other byways of English social history, and give us more books, which will be, as Dr. Browne says of the present one, "an example for young and earnest students of real history,—the history of ordinary human beings rather than of generals and kings."

Notes and Remarks.

"We shall hear much from Protestant controversialists," says the London *Catholic Times*, "of the protest which the Pope has made against the extended liberty which has been granted to Protestants in Spain. It is well, therefore, that there should be no misunderstanding as to what the protest means. The Pope is not opposed to any concession assuring to Protestants, whether in Spain or elsewhere, every facility for practising their own religion, and enabling their ministers to provide, according to their own ideas, for the spiritual wants of their flocks. That is a right which the Popes have always admitted, whether in the case of Jews or of Gentiles. What Pius X. objects to is that in a country such as Spain, where there is unity of Christian belief, all the people being Catholics, invading Protestants should have it in their power to impair or destroy faith (as Protestant emissaries have done in so many other places), to create religious dissensions, and to foster sentiments which tend to bring about chaos in religion."

The distinction thus clearly set forth is worth while pointing out to the fervid denouncers of Papal intolerance, in this country as well as in England. The same denouncers not so long ago made a hero and martyr out of the anarchist, Ferrer, only to discover that their mistake was an egregious one. They would do well henceforth to study Spanish conditions more closely before oracularly settling all questions in the Iberian Peninsula.

In an address at the closing exercises of the schools of St. Mary's parish, Baltimore, the pastor, the Rev. John Whelan, told a story of Horace Mann which is worth repeating, both as an explanation of the solicitude of the Church in providing religious education for the young, and as an encouragement to Catholic parents and

teachers. The eminent educator was once present at the opening of a reformatory institution for boys; and, being called upon for a speech, dwelt upon the need of such institutions, and the services which they rendered to society and the State. He remarked that if only one boy were saved from ruin, it would pay for all the cost and care and labor of establishing and maintaining such an institution. After the exercises had closed, a gentleman rallied Mr. Mann upon his statement, saying: "Did you not exaggerate a little when you said that all the expense and labor would be repaid if it saved only one boy?"—"Not if he were my boy," was the solemn and convincing reply.

It is quite safe to say that if all the schools in this country were like those with which the parish of St. Mary Star of the Sea is blessed, there would be scant need of reformatories. That the sacrifices of the parishioners and the labors of the pastor and teachers are bearing abundant good fruit is shown by the fact that six boys of the graduating class are soon to begin preparatory studies for the priesthood, and three girls to enter the novitiate of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

A number of correspondents, Socialists and anti-Socialists, are discussing in the columns of the New York *Sun* the theories and doctrines and practices that may correctly be styled Socialistic. We notice that the avowed followers of Marx, Liebknecht, Spargo, and company, are inclined to disavow many of the pronouncements of these apostles of their creed; but it is well for Catholics at least to bear in mind these words of Father Kenny, S. J.:

Socialism proper is intrinsically wrong, and no Catholic may sanction it. It has been said that it has had so many varying, and in some respects contradictory, presentations that it is difficult to know what is and what is not Socialism. There is no difficulty. The expositions may vary, but the underlying principle is always the same—namely, that the means of production are morally the property of the State and not of individuals; that such property

in the hands of individuals, no matter how widely distributed, exploits the labor of others, and such exploitation is wrong. That is, the State must of right own and control lands and hands and brain; and private property, private enterprise, and all that comes with them and from them, must of right be ended. The schemes to effect this end may differ, the philosophy of it may be variously phrased; but the end Socialism has in view is always this and no other. This is the Socialism which the Church condemns.

As for a number of economic reforms which are often incorrectly identified with Socialism—the programme proposed for Milwaukee, for instance,—Catholics, as we have often stated, are quite free to advocate them with all the ability of which they are possessed.

It is gratifying to record that the seventh annual convention of the Catholic Educational Association, held last week in Detroit, Mich., was even more successful than had been any of those which preceded it. The attendance was exceptionally large, the papers read were thoughtful and stimulating, and the discussion of them practical and illuminating. The interest felt in the Association by the highest authorities in the Church was attested by the presence of the Apostolic Delegate, Mgr. Falconio; and by the receipt of a personal letter to Mgr. Shahan, president of the Association, from his Holiness Pius X. This excerpt from the letter is worth reproduction for the benefit of such Catholic teachers, and indeed Catholics generally, as did not attend the convention;

"To one principal and supreme point we would call your attention as you meet in your annual convention to discuss the perfecting of Christian training. Each of you should be persuaded that he renders to this enterprise a real service only in so far as he imitates Christ who, when about to deliver to the world His heavenly doctrine, 'began to do and to teach.' Hence it is by personal example no less than by other social agencies that each one of you should further the cause of

Catholic education. Example, indeed, is mighty to persuade, nor is there any better means of moving mankind to the practice of virtue. Quite particularly is this true in the education of children, who are all the readier to imitate what they behold in proportion as their judgment is weak.

"We may add that your efforts will have greater success if, in addition to all other means of preserving and increasing Catholic life, you devote special attention to that means of spreading the truth and refuting error which is so well fitted to our own time and conditions—i. e., newspapers, reviews, and similar periodical publications, which the enemies of religion, alas! abuse for the dissemination of their perverse teaching and for the ruin of morality."

Apropos of a recent dispatch from Norfolk, Va., telling of a schoolteacher—Mrs. Mary Hodges—who has just retired after a service of fifty-one years, the *Chicago Inter Ocean* exclaims:

Think of it! Fifty-one years of patience, kindness and devotion! Fifty-one years of tact, diplomacy, and firmness! Fifty-one years of perseverance in the face of obstacles that are always surmounted only to present themselves inevitably again! For all this—and more—is the successful woman teacher: patience, kindness, devotion, tact, firmness, and perseverance personified. A combination that does not exist, and never will exist, in any man. A sort of common miracle that is not less striking for its frequency. . . .

If any reader of this is inclined to think it runs too much to eulogy, let him or her sit down and think how he would like to undertake the simple control of other people's children for a single term, to say nothing of the added task of teaching them. If the conclusion is not that the successful woman teacher is a jewel, a wonder, a deserver of public praise and gratitude—well, he is incapable of forming a correct conclusion, that is all.

Very true. And our contemporary's eulogistic characterization of the woman teacher is not in the least overdrawn. There is constant exemplification of the same high devotedness in our teaching

sisterhoods, whose members are now enjoying a brief respite from their self-sacrificing and inestimably valuable services in the cause of religion and education,—services that in their case end only with disability or death.

We find this typical French-Canadian story in the Quebec daily, *L'Action Sociale*. One day in September, 1817, a well-to-do farmer named Gravel, of Saint-Antoine, P. Q., was taking a child to the church to be baptized. He was clad in Sunday attire and driving in his best carriage. A neighbor whom he was passing called out: "Hello, Colas! Where are you going, all dressed up?"—"I'm going to get a future *curé* baptized," was the reply. Sure enough, the child was ordained priest in 1841 and was many years *curé* of Laprairie. Twenty-one years after this first prophecy, in October, 1838, Gravel again drove in his best to the church on a similar errand. His same neighbor saluted him with: "What's up? Where are you bound?"—"This time," said Colas, "I'm going to have a future *bishop* baptized." Once more his prophecy was realized. This second child was ordained priest in 1870, and in 1885 was consecrated in Rome as Mgr. Elphège Gravel, first Bishop of Nicolet. The Bishop, who died in 1904, attested the truth of the story, which he was fond of narrating.

Covington, Kentucky, was *en fête* for the episcopal Silver Jubilee of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Maes; friends and diocesans came from far and near to honor the occasion, to congratulate the beloved jubilarian, and to wish him another quarter of a century of active life. Two things seem to have deeply impressed every visitor—the general esteem and affection in which the Bishop is held, almost every house in the city being decorated for the celebration; and the magnificent cathedral, noble in its proportions, artistic in its ornamentations, which the Bishop has erected and is

fast bringing to completion. Non-Catholic residents are proud of it as an ornament to their city, while the Catholics rejoice that so beautiful an act of faith and devotion as it represents should be in such exquisite and enduring form. There are many fair and costly churches in the United States, but the cathedral of Covington has a beauty of its own, which will appeal most forcibly to those who are familiar with the great cathedrals of the Middle Ages, and who can best appreciate the spirit of their architects and builders,—men whose faith was their inspiration, and whose sole ambition was to glorify God.

We have frequently called attention to the gross unfairness often shown by public school officials in the matter of commencement exercises in general and the so-called baccalaureate sermon in particular. The climax of crassest bigotry seems to have been reached this year in Gloucester, New Jersey. The school graduated but one pupil, Miss Mary Oakes, who is a Catholic. A committee of three members of the Board of Education, one of whom is a Catholic, had charge of the arrangements for the commencement exercises. It is customary in Gloucester to hold them in the city hall, and to have the baccalaureate sermon preached on the Sunday previous in any one of the city's churches. This year's lone graduate being a Catholic, the obvious course expected, in justice and courtesy to the graduate, was that the committee should seek to have the sermon delivered in the Catholic church, or, as the Catholic member of the committee desired, that it be dispensed with, he knowing the anti-Catholic sentiment of the Board. In face of the opposition of the two non-Catholics to the selection of the Catholic church and their determination to have the sermon preached, the Catholic member of the committee was powerless.

"Everything," says the *Catholic Standard and Times*, "was arranged for the

service last Sunday evening in the Baptist church. The Rev. William Haines preached the sermon, the choir rendered special music, and the programme was carried out in detail. But there was one thing lacking, and that was the presence of the graduate." Miss Oakes very properly refused to attend. Possibly she thought—what we fancy nine out of ten Protestants even will also think—that she was not getting that much-boasted privilege of all American citizens, a square deal.

We can not share the opinion expressed by one of our most esteemed contemporaries that Dr. Briggs' new work on "Christian Unity" will probably help wanderers into the Church: it impresses us as a book more likely to hold them in their present position, or to cause them to go still further astray. Much of what Dr. Briggs has to say may come to many Catholic readers with agreeable surprise; however, statements like the subjoined will not be new to those who have closely observed this eminent Protestant scholar's gropings after truth. He does not hesitate to say:

If we recognize that the first Council may define the Catholic faith, . . . there is no valid reason why we should stop with that Council, or indeed with any Council; for it establishes the principle that, to be and remain Catholic, one must accept as final the decisions of the Catholic Church on any question, in any and every age, until the end of the world.

If Catholicity is to be extended to the evolution of doctrine, it must also be extended to the evolution of institution, and thus the whole system of mediæval rites and ceremonies, the Scholastic system and organization, come inevitably into the range of Catholicity as necessary to constitute a truly catholic church.

If we would be Catholic, we can not become Catholic by merely calling ourselves by that name. Unless the name corresponds with the thing, it is a sham and it is a shame.

And yet Dr. Briggs can not realize the need of an authoritative teacher in matters of religion, or apprehend the duty of unqualified submission to such guidance. He is too honest, of course, to call himself a Catholic, knowing that in reality he

is not one; but he does not see that, although his early dogmatic hostility to Rome has to a great extent disappeared, he is still a Protestant of Protestants in his opposition to the authority of the Vicar of Christ. It is sad to observe from his new book that, in spite of his clearer understanding of many religious questions, certain of his prejudices are as strong as ever. In what way his readers are likely to be helped by his assertions, negations, and assumptions, it is not easy to understand. The glittering generalities by which he avoids the logical conclusion of his own arguments are calculated, it seems to us, to discourage rather than to encourage further investigation.

The recently celebrated centenary of the Argentine Republic has been the occasion of emphasizing the old age of some of its citizens. The distinguished English physician, Sir James Cughton-Browne, declares that "every man is entitled to his century"; but, down in Argentina, even the century limit is at times considerably exceeded. The *Southern Cross* informs us that

there are four sisters in Cordoba whose "photos" have been published in the daily papers this week. Their ages, as given, are, respectively, 100, 115, 125, and 130. If all this be true, the eldest of those venerable women was thirty years of age in 1810, and was thirty-six when the Declaration of Independence was signed. One of the centenarians has great-great-grandchildren who are already big. The whole story is so wonderful that it is difficult to believe it; but it is told seriously in our contemporary *La Prensa*, and the photographs certainly depict old, old age. What a place Cordoba of the picturesque hills and crystal streams must be for health!

Apropos of centenarians, Private John Clancy, of the Soldiers' Home, Milwaukee, merits mention. Boiling down the philosophy of life as learned in his one hundred years, he declares: "There is but one way to live, and that is—have the will of God about you." For adequate terseness, the dictum ranks with St. Augustine's "Love God and do what you will."



Our Lady of the Emerald.

BY ALICE DEASE.

FIESOLE'S chief magistrate was troubled and disturbed in mind as he took his usual walk round the outskirts of the town one summer evening about five hundred years ago. The people had built a cathedral in the little town that stands on the slopes of the Apennines, overlooking the valley of the Arno and the city of Florence; but they had not as yet provided a picture suitable to hang over the high altar, and it was the price of this picture that was now troubling the podesta. The school of painting at Foligno had refused to undertake the work unless they were paid a sum of money that the public purse could not supply, and the question was how the price of the picture could be found.

The old man was too deeply engrossed in pondering over this problem to pay any attention to the beauty of the scene that lay below him; and it was only when he came to the newly-founded convent of the sons of St. Dominic that he spared a thought for anything besides the picture and its price. The friars had not yet had time to erect a high wall round their garden, and the passers-by were still able to see how richly the flowers grew under the care of Brother Simplicity. The podesta loved roses, and he stopped in his walk to admire the beautiful specimens that were blooming so freely on the ground which, until the coming of the friars, had been nothing but a piece of rough waste land.

But, besides his love for flowers, the podesta possessed a good head for business; and the sight of so luxuriant a growth in a place that, a few months before, he had

considered barren and useless, threw a sudden light on what had been perplexing him so sorely. When the Dominicans had laid before the city magistrates their petition to be allowed to found a convent in the neighborhood, they had been given this plot of ground free of any charge. The podesta had been amongst the foremost to agree to this; for he was glad to be able to help the friars, particularly when the help seemed to need no sacrifice on the part of the town's interest. The friars had taken possession of the barren ground that was handed over to them, and had built their convent, and lived their lives so quietly that the magistrates had almost forgotten their existence; and certainly no one would have thought of their supplying the funds necessary for the completion of the cathedral.

Yet this was the idea that had struck the podesta. He was, however, a good man, and he did not want to molest the friars; so, instead of laying his idea before his fellow-magistrates, he decided to go himself and find out how much they could pay for what had been given to them by word of mouth only, and that could still be legally claimed by the town.

Brother Simplicity, the gardener, had been well named: he was a simple soul, who worked out his salvation watering the garden where the podesta had seen the roses blooming. With each can of water Brother Simplicity said a "Hail Mary"; and, as his days were spent in walking backward and forward between the well and the beautiful flower-beds, his life was practically a continual prayer. If he ever had a sin to confess, it was a sin of pride in having in his garden such wondrously fair flowers.

During the Office when his roses were clinging round the Tabernacle, or at

Benediction when the Sacred Host was surrounded by the fragrant blossoms, it was a continual distraction, to be fought against with all his might, that it was he who had cultivated the roses; that, had it not been for his care, they would have been 'shorn of all their beauty. And it seemed to him that he was not alone in his admiration of the roses; for when he hung them in garlands round the image of Our Lady that Fra Giovanni had painted out in the cloister, the pictured face surely smiled upon the humble gardener in thanks for the beauty and the fragrance of his offering.

It would have troubled the Brother terribly had he known what the sight of his roses had inspired the podesta to do; but he was away in the garden as usual, busy with his watering-can, when, on the day after his evening walk, the magistrate called upon the prior; and the Brother did not even know of the visit.

The prior was surprised when he was called to the parlor to see the podesta; but as soon as he heard what had brought the magistrate to the convent, his surprise was turned to positive dismay. He was nothing of a diplomat, and he saw that the town of Fiesole was justified in asking payment for the land; although, having been left so long in undisputed possession of it, the friars had believed that it had been given to them by the town.

"That this is not so," concluded the prior, "must be the will of God, and He will provide for us as He sees best. We can only ask you to accept our poor buildings, such as they are, and the garden which one of the Brothers has cultivated on the barren ground, as payment for the time we have been occupying this place; and God will guide us where He wishes us to found a new convent instead of this one."

Now it was the podesta's turn to be astonished. He had no thought or wish to turn the Brothers out. They were much loved by the people in the town, and he himself respected and admired them.

"You mean to say that you would go away?" he cried. "Nay, nay, that is the furthest from our desires! We mean that it would be better for you to have a full and legal possession of your convent instead of holding it in this uncertain way. If we could only afford it, we should gladly give you the deed as a gift. But, alas—"

"Indeed, revered podesta," interrupted the prior, "we would gladly pay whatever was fair, if only we had it. But we are poor; our rule does not allow us to keep more than enough for our daily needs. And if the town is so poor too, perhaps you will be able to sell, to some one who can pay for it, this poor convent which we have toiled to erect, and the garden which, I may say, Brother Simplicity has made."

"It is not exactly that the town is poor," answered the podesta, annoyed at any slur being cast upon his management of the public money. "But we must provide a picture for the high altar in the cathedral; and, unless we get the price of it from you, I do not see where it is to come from."

"A picture!" cried the prior in a tone of relief. "Ah, if you had only told me at once that you wanted a picture, you would have spared me much pain!"

And he went on to tell of Fra Giovanni, one of the Brothers, who would gladly paint any picture that the podesta might need. But a picture good enough to place in the cathedral was not a thing that everyone could paint, and the magistrate smiled to himself at the idea of such a picture being produced by an humble, unknown Dominican friar. He did not wish to hurt the prior's feelings, however; so he asked to be shown something that the Brother had done, that he might be able to lay before his fellow-magistrates the scheme suggested by the prior.

Fra Giovanni at that time was engaged in decorating the walls of the chapter-room, and the prior invited his guest to come with him and see the work. The

podesta prided himself upon his knowledge of art, but he was prepared to be kindly tolerant of the poor friar's efforts. The painter was at work on a ladder; and, without giving the Podesta time to address him, the prior bade him leave his painting and come down to where they stood.

"Fra Giovanni," he said, "this is the Podesta of Fiesole. He has come to ask for a picture of our Blessed Lady to hang over the high altar in the cathedral. God is giving you an opportunity of making use of your talent for His glory and for the benefit of the convent."

Meanwhile the Podesta had been gazing spellbound at the figures that had sprung into existence under the brush of the young friar. He had thought to obtain from Foligno a fine picture worthy of the building it was to adorn; but now, seeing the work of Fra Giovanni, he began to wonder rather whether the cathedral would be worthy of such a picture as he would paint for it.

"When can it be begun?" he asked eagerly. "And does the Brother need a model?"

"I will begin as soon as I am given the canvas," replied the Brother. "And my model is not of this world," he added, raising his eyes to heaven.

The canvas was procured without delay; and Brother Simplicity was told to leave his garden, so as to help Fra Giovanni to mix his colors, and so forth. No one else was allowed into the little studio, where, after kneeling long in prayer, begging from God and from Our Lady herself inspiration to enable him to paint a picture not altogether unworthy of her whom it was to represent, Fra Giovanni seized his palette and brushes, and began to paint the figure that faith had made known to his inner consciousness.

When the darkness began to gather in the evenings, Brother Simplicity used to escape from the studio to water his neglected roses as best he could. And when the other Brothers met him in the corridors and questioned him about the

picture, he would murmur: "Angelico! Angelico! It is an angel who is painting."

At last Fra Giovanni went to the prior and told him that the picture was finished. On hearing this, the Brothers gathered eagerly round the door of the little studio; and when they saw the figure of Our Lady, they all knelt down and exclaimed: "*Ave Maria!*" And then they repeated what Brother Simplicity had said to them: "Angelico! Angelico!" And when the Podesta was summoned to view the picture, he, too, said the same thing: "Angelico! It is the work of an angel."

The magistrate was anxious that this work of art, which was to cost the town nothing beyond a legal ratification of what they had already given, should be placed without delay in the cathedral; and the public officials, with the clergy and people, came to the convent, in order that Our Lady might be duly escorted to the altar which she was to adorn. Brother Simplicity was overjoyed to see such respect paid to the Madonna that he loved; and he was proud that it fell to him to show all these people into the chapter-room, where the picture was reserved. The crowd was mute in admiration of the Heavenly Queen, who seemed to smile upon them from the canvas.

But all at once arose a cry of dismay, followed by loud and angry words. In Our Lady's hand there was a rose—not a pictured image of the flower, but a fresh blossom culled in the garden, on whose petals the dew still quivered like diamonds. And to place this flower in Our Lady's hand, some one had cut a hole right through the picture. Brother Simplicity, thinking to do honor to his Queen, had done this thing, all unconscious of the harm that he was working. When the people heard what had happened, they were indignant and would have fallen on the poor Brother and beat him had not the artist hastened to his relief; and, throwing his white mantle round him, begged for his forgiveness.

At the sight of the young friar the people

took up the cry that Simplicity himself had started:

"Angelico! Angelico! We will let the offender go unpunished, for we can refuse nothing to Fra Angelico."

And so did Fra Giovanni get for himself a new name. In Florence, where he was sent to decorate the convent of his Order; at Orvieto, where the painting of the cathedral was confided to his hands; and even in Rome, where he went by the order of Pope Nicolas V., who wished to have one of the chapels of the Vatican ornamented by him, the young friar was known by this new name—Fra Angelico. And it is by Fra Angelico that we know him to-day.

The people of Fiesole would not wait to let the hole in the picture be mended. They thought that at any time the artist could go from his convent to the cathedral to repair the Brother's unintentional damage. But once Fra Angelico's fame went abroad, all his time was taken up far away from Fiesole. When at last the painter died, an humble friar still, although the Church had offered him her honors, all hope of having the picture repaired by its creator was at an end; and as the podesta, a very old man now, was still unwilling to let any other brush touch his treasure, he took from his official cap a splendid emerald that had been given to him by his neighbor, Cosimo de' Medici, and had the jewel fixed to the canvas, so that the hole is hidden. And from this jewel the picture received the name by which it is still known—"Our Lady of the Emerald."

SCIENTIFIC men have always tried to find a way of utilizing spiders' webs for some practical purpose, but so far without marked success. Ignorant people use the webs to stop the bleeding of a wound; but this is unsafe, because of the quantity of dirt that lodges in the airy filaments and might produce blood poisoning. Spiders are not very good housekeepers judged by our standards.

Sandy Joe.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

VI.—PINEHURST.

Three days had passed since the beautiful lady and her husband had stopped at the wintry corner where Sandy Joe and Jackie were selling papers. On this January morning Mr. Philip Harper stood in the library of Pinchurst Manor, his anxious eyes fixed upon the grey-haired doctor who was drawing on his gloves to depart after a somewhat lengthy visit to his patient upstairs.

"So you do not advise the Bermuda trip, Doctor?" asked the younger gentleman.

"At present, no," was the reply. "I do not think it will be of benefit to your wife. The weather is uncertain: you would be likely to encounter storms and—well, altogether"—the speaker hesitated—"it would be unwise."

"Great heaven! Doctor, don't—don't tell me you find her worse!"

"I don't say worse,"—answered Dr. Weston, thoughtfully; "but somewhat weaker than when she was here last."

"It is that confounded jiggling and junketing for the last two months," said Mr. Harper, irritably. "She went into it to please mother, who insisted that she needed diversion and should take it."

"And, from a certain viewpoint, your mother was right,—yes perfectly right. To a woman like Mrs. Harper, the social queendom to which she was born would seem a natural and fitting diversion. But evidently it has not worked. Has anything particular occurred to rouse—recall more vividly her sorrow—her loss?"

"Nothing," answered the other sadly,— "that is, nothing that I could foresee. We chanced to meet two little beggars as we were driving to the depot the other day. I unluckily stopped to buy a paper from the boy; and the girl—a pretty little mite—caught poor Nell's eye and set her off on the old track. She counts birthdays

still—our baby's birthdays,—and something about this little ragamuffin seemed to strike the sore spot in her heart. The child was just about seven years old."

"Seven!" repeated Dr. Weston. "Would her—your child have been that age now?"

"It has been five years since—since—it happened," and Philip Harper's voice shook. "When I think of it, Doctor, I don't wonder at poor Nell. It's a marvel she is alive at all. I should never have left the child at Larchmont, but Nell was so ill herself then that I had no thought for anything else. And the nurse—well, to tell the truth, the nurse never was much to my fancy; but she had been Nell's maid for years, and seemed devoted to her and the child—"

"As the sequel proved," observed Dr. Weston, gravely; "though at the time I wondered—" he paused suddenly as if fearing to awaken agonizing memories.

"Why, no traces of either were found," said Mr. Harper, continuing the Doctor's broken sentence. "Doctor, if you had seen the ruins you would not wonder. The place was miles from a fire department,—miles from anything, in fact; and it burned like tinder. The cursed seclusion that we thought made it another Paradise was our ruin. I don't suppose it was intended that people should be so happy, so blessed—" the speaker's voice broke.

"There!—there!" said the Doctor, sympathetically. "Don't talk about it, Harper. It's one of the things that a man can't talk about, I know. As for Mrs. Harper, keep her as quietly cheerful as you can. Plenty of books, flowers, music, pleasant company. Don't let her think, my friend,—don't let her think."

And, with this parting advice, Dr. Weston shook Mr. Harper's hand with a grip that expressed all the sympathy he could not speak, and betook himself to the fur-lined sleigh waiting for him at the pillared portico without.

And, with the Doctor's final charge

still echoing rather hopelessly in his ears, Mr. Harper turned from the great library, with its shelves of books that had been gathered by three generations, its portraits and busts of long-gone ancestors, all the state and splendor that betokened the wealth and grandeur of an old family home, and ascended the wide polished staircase to find his wife.

She was in a broad, spacious room, furnished with richly carved mahogany. The tall four-poster bed, reaching almost to the ceiling, was curtained in oldtime fashion with flowered draperies; a big wood fire blazed on the shining andirons of the wide hearth. Over the high mantel hung the life-sized portrait of a stately old lady, with grey hair puffed high upon her head, and bright eyes that still seemed to watch keenly over all that was passing in her late domain. Old Madame Vallette had been mistress of Pinehurst Manor for more than fifty years; and at her death it had passed to her heirs, the Lamonts, who held it now. The old Madame had been Mrs. Harper's godmother; and through all her orphaned girlhood Elinor Leigh, as she was then called, had made Pinehurst her home during her happy vacations from the Convent of St. Croix, where the beautiful young heiress had been educated. She had been married to Phil Harper, her guardian's son, in the big drawing-room below. "Marraine" (she had always given her godmother that pretty French name) and "Marraine's" home and people had seemed like her very own. And though Aunt Annette was mistress of Pinehurst now, and her son Louis its master, Elinor loved the old place as home still.

She was, seated before the fire this morning, leaning back in a great cushioned chair, her book resting idly on her lap, her eyes closed. As her husband came up behind her and laid a caressing hand lightly on both cheeks, she looked up at him with a faint smile.

"Well, what is the doctor's fiat, Phil?" she asked.

"Old Weston is down on the Bermuda trip with both feet, Nell; says we are likely to have storms and bad weather, that will do you no good. He thinks you had better stay here with Aunt Annette and rest. You find it pleasant to be back in the old camping ground again; don't you, Nell?"

"Yes," she answered, hesitatingly,— "yes, I think I do, Phil. I was so happy here as a girl with Marraine—dear old Marraine, who was so good to me, Phil,—so good to us! There never was so dear a godmother as Marraine. I dreamed of her last night. I suppose it's from sleeping in her room. But it was such a vivid dream! She had in her arms our baby—her little namesake,—and she was smiling and holding it out to me. And—and, O Phil, it seemed for one minute real—so real—I nearly died with joy!"

"There!—there, Nell dear!" soothed her husband, as she began to sob and tremble. "You'll have to get out of this room, out of this house, if it makes you dream like that."

"Oh, no! I'd like to dream it again,—to dream it over and over again, Phil. I was so happy for that minute—that one blessed minute. And dear old Marraine's face was so tender and pitying and sweet. She loved our baby so much, you know, Phil; and had left it everything—Pinehurst and Everleigh, and everything she owned. She said you might lose your money, you were such a dear, reckless, impulsive fellow; and she wanted her little namesake to be safe from all change or want,—safe as if it were indeed her own. Dear old Marraine! I don't think any one loved her as I did. Her name is scarcely ever mentioned here now."

"Why not?" asked Mr. Harper, gladly changing the conversation to a lighter theme. "They owe her everything."

"I know that's it, Phil. They had quarrelled. Dear old Marraine had a high spirit. She and Louis had quarrelled. And I suppose he feels guilty about it, now that he has all,—all that she wanted

to leave to our baby girl. I am glad Louis lives in town now, and doesn't come home often. I have a strange, creepy feeling whenever he comes near me, as if he were glad—glad that our little baby had gone and left him heir to all Marraine had."

"My dear, dear Nell, why will you think of such harrowing things?" said her husband, desperately.

"Because they are true,—you know they are true, Phil. Louis would not have had anything if baby had lived. Marraine did not want him to have anything."

"Come, come, dearest! We have sorrow enough without bringing up these old family quarrels. Your cousin Louis, I suppose, had his side of the question, too. An old woman of eighty is apt to be unreasonable. We didn't want the money, as he knew. I really think I had better take you back with me to B. I have to be there at a directors' meeting this afternoon."

"I can't go to-day, Phil. Aunt Annette will be hurt, I know, if I leave so soon. But if you go, Phil, please don't forget the little newsboy—with the little girl. Don't forget he trusted you for the paper, Phil; and you are to give him ten dollars for me, to get that poor little thing a warm coat and hood and shoes. She was so pitifully small and cold. You won't forget them, will you, dear? I shall be broken-hearted if you do, Phil; for I can't get that poor little baby out of my mind night or day. Such soft brown eyes she had, and such a sweet, wistful little face! And only a ragged red shawl to keep her warm that freezing day. O Phil, you won't forget!"

"Forget, dearest? No. I'd jacket every little beggar on the block to ease that tender heart of yours, as you well know. I'll look up the young ragamuffins before I sleep to-night, on my honor as a Harper and a husband. Contract signed and sealed." He bent to kiss the sweet up-turned face. "Be good while I am gone,—good and happy. Here comes Corinne to

help you!" as a pretty, dark-eyed girl entered the room.—"I am leaving Nell in your care, Corinne. Keep things cheery for her while I am gone, and I'll bring you a box of roses to match your cheeks.—Good-bye again, sweet-heart! I'll not forget your little beggars, so be at peace."

And, with another kiss on his wife's pale cheek, Phil hurried away.

"Oh, isn't he the nicest, dearest, finest fellow in the world?" said Miss Corinné, enthusiastically, as she dropped into a low chair by her cousin's side. "Well, dear, if I should have the luck to marry a man like that, I wouldn't care if the skies fell. Such a contrast to that brother of mine! I feel like shaking Louis every time he comes into the house. He is so grouchy and glum."

"Oh, is he?" said Mrs. Harper. "I always thought he was most polite."

"Well, I suppose he is to you, dear; but it's company manners, I assure you. He's curt and cranky enough with mamma and me. And I am sure I can't see why. He has everything his own way now. When poor old Aunt Lina was alive, it was different. They fairly hated each other, as we all know."

"Oh, no! Don't say 'hated,' Corinne. Dear old MARRAINE did not hate any one, I am sure."

"Well, she came as near it as a Christian could," laughed Corinne. "But that is all over now, and why Louis should still be so grouchy I can't see. I don't care for myself, but it nearly breaks poor mamma's heart. She declares he is hiding some dreadful illness or trouble from her. And maybe he is," added Miss Corinne, with a shake of her pretty head. "There is something wrong about him, I am sure."

And while the young lady rattled on in her gay, frank way, that made her the best of company for the gentle invalid, the brother Louis, of whom she had spoken, stood in the great hall below, talking to his mother. Mr. Louis Lamont,

the present owner of Pinehurst Manor, was a tall, well-built man, with a face that would have been handsome but for a queer drop of the eyes, a restless twitch of the full lips that, when parted, showed long sharp teeth like those of a wolf.

"And she—Nell—Mrs. Harper—is going to stay?" he was asking his mother, who was a worn, faded likeness of her pretty daughter Corinne.

"For a while, Louis,—yes."

He muttered a wicked word under his breath.

"O Louis!" exclaimed his mother, in horror. "Poor, broken-hearted Nell! How can you feel toward her like this? From what Dr. Weston said, she won't be with any of us very long. She is failing fast."

"Bah!" he answered roughly. "All nonsense! Phil Harper is a fool over his wife, that's all. The doctors encourage his folly, but it gets on my nerves. I never could bear to see sick people creeping around the house, so I'm off to New York. You won't see me again until Madam Harper goes."

And, with the ugly twitch of his lips that showed his sharp teeth beneath, the master of Pinehurst was gone.

(To be continued.)

The Highest Village in Europe.

A village of four families, which include twenty-six persons, is known as "the highest village in Europe." It is situated 2047 metres above sea level in the Canton Wallis, Switzerland, and has the great peak of Monte Rosa for a neighbor. The village consists of a small group of tiny wooden cottages on a bleak mountainside. There is no sign of vegetation to be seen, and the landscape is just a background of snow and ice covered peaks. The very strangest thing about this lofty village is the fact that its inhabitants seem quite happy, and doubtless they are.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The late M. Eugène Corneille, a journalist on the staff of the Bernay *Indépendant*, was the last male descendant of "the great Corneille." The family has been prominent in Normandy for almost three centuries, and every generation produced literary men.

—"The Priests of Mary," adapted from the first French edition by the Rev. T. McGeoy, P. P. (Dublin: Browne & Nolan), is a pamphlet of eighty pages dealing with the statutes, interior life, and apostleship of the "Priests of Mary, Queen of our Hearts." The little work is intended, of course, for the clergy, and few priests will read it through without deriving benefit from one or the other of its interesting pages.

—In the death of the Rev. John Ming, S. J., the Church has lost an able and devoted champion, one whose services were all the more valuable on account of being especially needed. Besides numerous important miscellaneous contributions to Catholic periodicals, every one of which was both timely and useful, he was the author of three books which deserve a place in every collection worthy to be called a library—"Data of Modern Ethics Examined," "The Characteristics and the Religion of Modern Socialism," and "The Morality of Modern Socialism." These are eminently standard works—solid, thorough, and authoritative. R. I. P.

—That "A Village of Vagabonds," by F. Berkely Smith (Doubleday, Page & Co.), will be described by the average non-Catholic reviewer as a charming story, a fascinating collection of character-studies and romantic incidents, fresh and bright with genial humor and lovable sentiment, is quite conceivable. It is also conceivable that such a reviewer may tax with supersensitiveness and hypercriticism the Catholic librarian who will bar the book's appearance upon his shelves. Yet the librarian will be absolutely right, notwithstanding. There is in the volume an atmosphere of unconventionality, of easy tolerance for sexual criminality, of bohemianism in its looser characteristics, that will not commend it to people in whom religion is a vital element. As for Catholics in particular, the village priest in the book will hardly satisfy them. He is primarily a hunter, or sportsman, a good natural man, a hero if you will; but his priesthood sits lightly upon him, and there is a conspicuous lack of the supernatural atmosphere in both his sayings and doings. Incidentally, we may remark that even in an out-of-the-way

Norman village, the *curé's* dress while saying Mass is, not confined to his cassock. The book is so well-intentioned and so attractively produced that we are sorry not to be able to give it unqualified approval.

—"Manual of Debate," by Ralph W. Thomas, A. M. (American Book Co.), is a practical handbook for the beginner in a favorite exercise of Americans, young and old. As a drill-book, it will prove of genuine utility to youthful students of argumentation, and it is not without interest for the general reader.

—Unlike the Life of Cardinal Manning by Mr. Purcell, the new biography of Cardinal Vaughan, by Mr. J. G. Snead-Cox, is a work calculated to edify all but the most narrow-minded readers. It is remarkable how sympathetically this work is being reviewed by the leading secular journals of England. One non-Catholic critic, referring to the Cardinal's asceticism, says that "he ran to meet his sacrifices."

—"The Year Book of the United States Brewers' Association" for 1910 is a substantial volume of 300 pages. It is primarily a study of the workings of "Local Option," particularly in Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, and Massachusetts. Naturally, the viewpoint from which the various articles are written is widely different from that which furnishes the contents of the "Anti-Saloon Year Book"; but perhaps an impartial mind may benefit by correcting the optimism of the latter work by the pessimism of the former, or *vice versa*.

—J. E. Fries has translated from the Swedish, and the Open Court Co. have published in a 16mo of 200 pages, Gustaf Björklund's "Death and Resurrection, from the Point of View of the Cell-Theory." It is a scientific treatise, aiming at showing that death is not a finality, and that the purpose of life is not limited to the span of our days between the cradle and the grave. A number of positions taken by the author are quite untenable on Catholic principles; but it is interesting to note his insistence, as against materialists, that life is not a quality in matter or physical force, but must be of immaterial origin and substance.

—The policy of the editor of the religious department of the *Literary Digest* would seem to be alternately to offend and to please his Catholic readers; in other words, to publish something against them in one issue and in

the next something in their favor. We have noticed many times, however, that misstatements are not fully corrected and false accusations only half withdrawn, the evident object being not to offend ultra-Protestants too much while placating Catholics a little. We are so accustomed to injustice that any sort of reparation seems to have the effect intended by those offering it. Such should not be the case; and the *Literary Digest* should know that the more honest and honorable course would be to investigate anti-Catholic reports before giving them publicity, instead of publishing them and afterward making inadequate apologies. Reparation of this kind, often repeated, is simply adding insult to injury. We had hoped that *America*, which has some of the best features of the *Literary Digest* and many excellent ones of its own, would replace this half-secular, half-sectarian journal in all Catholic homes; but we regret to say that as yet the substitution has not been general. Of course, no one would be justified in demanding that a useful periodical be withdrawn from Catholic reading-rooms on account of occasional false accusations against the Church or its members, but every patron has the right to insist that the best Catholic journals of like ability and scope also have place on the tables.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Astronomical Essays." Rev. George V. Leahy, S. T. L. \$1.
 "Cardinal Mercier's Conferences." \$1.50.
 "Sunlight and Shadow." P. M. Northcote. \$1.
 "The Beginnings of the Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes, A. D. 754-1073." Mgr. L. Duchesne, D. D. \$2.
 "A Compendium of Catechetical Instruction." Vols. I. and II. \$4.50.
 "A Private Retreat for Religious." Rev. Peter Geiermann, C. SS. R. \$1.50.
 "Life's Little Day." D. J. Scannell O'Neill. 25 cts.

- "So as by Fire." Jean Connor. \$1.25.
 "Brownie and I." Richard Aumerle. 85 cts.
 "Tho Formation of Character." Rev. Ernest Hull, S. J. 15 cts.
 "A Bunch of Girls." "Shan." 50 cts.
 "The First Great Canadian." Charles B. Reed. \$2.
 "History of the Society of Jesus in North America." Thomas Hughes, S. J. Documents: Vol. I., Part II. \$4.50.
 "Buds and Blossoms." Rt. Rev. Charles H. Colton, D. D. \$1.25.
 "The Christ Child." M. C. Olivia Keiley. 75 cts.
 "The Sacrament of Duty." The Rev. Joseph McSorley, C. S. P. \$1.08.
 "The Light of His Countenance." Jerome Harte. \$1.25.
 "From Geneva to Rome via Canterbury." Viator. 45 cts.
 "Makers of Modern Medicine." James Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D. \$2.
 "Practical Hints on Education." Elise Flury. 75 cts.
 "The Romance of the Silver Shoon." Rev. David Bearne, S. J. 85 cts.
 "The Spirit of the Dominican Order." Mother Frances Raphael, O. S. D. \$1.
 "St. Bridget of Sweden." Francesca M. Steele. 75 cts.
 "Heroes of Faith." 80 cts.
 "Bilbe Stories Told to Toddlers." 90 cts.
 "The Childhood of Christ According to the Canonical Gospels." Rev. A. Durand, S. J. \$1.50.
 "The Fruits of Devotion to the Sacred Heart." Rev. William Graham. 75 cts.
 "The Marrying of Brian." Alice Dease. 50 cts.
 "A Year's Sermons." \$1.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Joseph Vogt, of the diocese of Pittsburgh; and Rev. Edward McGinley, archdiocese of New York.

Sister M. Martina, of the Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. Robert Scott, Mr. Samuel Butler, Mr. Joseph Repple, Mrs. Margaret Hayes, Mr. John Huisbauer, Mrs. James Smith, Jr., Mr. Joseph Mares, Mrs. Mary Cavanaugh, Mr. John Welby, Mrs. Martha Furlong, Mr. William Wintz, Jr., Mr. John McGoldrick, Mr. George Schuhmann, and Mr. J. T. Long.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 23, 1910.

NO. 4

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

On the Feast of Santiago de Compostela.

BY THOMAS WALSH.



HAT Saint George has been to the Norman English, Santiago has been to Spain. As even more than a beautiful tradition of chivalry and piety, the Spanish patron eclipses the English in the possession of one of the most splendid shrines in Christendom, and the foundation of a great literature and school of art. Santiago, or Saint James the Greater, the son of Zebedee, was put to death under Herod Agrippa, A. D. 44. According to old Spanish tradition, he had preached the Gospel throughout northern Spain; and still another pious tradition relates how his relics were miraculously translated over the seas to the mountainous regions of Galicia.

Early in the ninth century these relics were discovered at the spot now venerated for centuries as Santiago de Compostela, a name said to be derived from the stars (*campus stellæ*) which denoted the presence of the tomb on the lonely Mount Pedroso. Throughout the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries, this remote and beautiful region beheld so vast and steady a stream of pilgrims drawn to the shrine of the Apostle by the fame of its sanctity and miracles, that the Spaniards have named the phenomenon known to us as the Milky Way, *El Camino de Santiago*; or, The Road to Compostela.

Amid its Galician mountains, Santiago

enjoyed comparative immunity from the wars which convulsed the greater part of the Peninsula. This, together with its possession of the tomb of one of the Apostles, soon gave it an importance that rivalled the primatial See of Toledo itself. When the belief gained general acceptance that the Apostle had several times appeared in glittering armor and led the Christian hosts to victory, the shrine at Santiago de Compostela became a sort of national palladium, and his name the battle-cry of the Spanish race.

It was not until the end of the sixteenth century that the vast concourse of its pilgrimages began to decline. The pilgrims of to-day, while there has been a great increase in their number since the recovery a few years ago of the relics which were lost, after being hidden away at the time of the raid of the Admiral Francis Drake on Corunna, make as yet but a small tide through the vast and superb churches, monasteries, and hospitals on the slopes of Mount Pedroso.

The literatures of Spain, France, and England are rich with the memories of ages when countless pilgrims of every clime knelt in these crypts; when a special order of knighthood protected their passage over the mountains and plains; when the whole world sent tribute; and when on the pilgrim rolls were such names as Saint Francis of Assisi, Saint Brigid of Kildare, an Isabel of Portugal, an Empress Mathilda, and a Catherine of Aragon.

It was considered a blessed thing to die on the road to or from Santiago; hence perhaps the proverbial cheerfulness of

these wearers of the cockleshell. Purchas bears witness in his fourteenth-century guide-book to the popularity of this pilgrimage among Englishmen, in "The Way from the Lond of Engeland unto Sent Jamez in Galiz."

The ode "On the Feast of Santiago de Compostela," which is here for the first time rendered into English, is considered one of the masterpieces of Spanish poetry. Fray Luis de León, on account of the splendid period in which he lived (1527-1591), as well as through his intimacy with all the learning of the palmiest days of the University of Salamanca, was supremely fitted to sing this great classic hymn to the patron saint of Spain.

The poets of Salamanca form a brilliant school of letters, which the best Spanish critics, following the lead of the eminent Menendez y Pelayo, are now restoring to its full measure of influence, to offset the extravagance and other abuses of later schools of poetry. Among these models there is none that has been so lauded as Fray Luis de León, the glory of the Augustinian Order in the golden age of the University. It is unfortunate that our own land should have so few, if any, classic models to which the more or less incoherent singers of to-day might be directed as a corrective. A foreign literature, however, may supply a touchstone of criticism. Should the humanistic poets of Spain be drawn upon for purposes of contrast, it will not be the first time, since the age when the Elizabethan poets ransacked their poems, that their ennobling influence has been brought to bear upon our language and our art:

ON THE FEAST OF SANTIAGO DE COMPOSTELA.

Could song but equal my desire,
Like Orpheus, should I with heavenly plaint
Move rock and grove, and tame the ire
Of beast and savage made acquaint
With Zebedeus, Compostela's saint.

Then should his doughty deeds be known
Upon my chant in triumph on the blast,
Rehearsing how through him alone
The Moslem yoke from Spain was cast,
The despot crushed and driven forth at last;

Till that star-guided bark of joy
And heavenly worth resplendent, which of yore
His reliquary did convoy,
In song should rival evermore
The Ark of Cairo's and of Scythia's shore.

Yea, 'thee a tyrant's wrath consigned
Unto the bloody sword in full despite
Of God and man; for thee was twined
The first of crowns predestined, bright,
And consecrated for thy brows of light.

That faith the Christ's own accents taught
Thine ear, thy spirit ardently embraced;
Scarce were thy lips in rapture brought
Unto His chalice, when He traced
His way to heaven again, from thee effaced

Not long, not long endures apart
Such lover from his true-belovéd's face;
Death's terrors to the faithful heart
Are naught, if thus the way retrace
To its supreme companionship of grace.

So doth a faithful servitor
Who finds, at midmost of the day, complete
The task he was commissioned for,
Return with glad, unlagging feet
Afar his master's new commands to meet.

Thus on the favoring breezes drawn
From deep Ægean toward Atlantic tide,
From where in early Christian dawn
The martyr-founders bled and died,—
Again for Christ thou turnst with mainsail
wide.

From where the hand accurséd clave
Thy sacred throat, now onward, ransomed
soul,
Where Peace outspreads a blessed wave
With crests of silver light to roll
Thee joyous to thy long-awaited goal,—

To Spain, thy well-belovéd land
(How just an ending to thy mission clear!),
Thou waitst thy relics toward the strand
To light Galicia's regions drear,
Where scarce the noons without a cloud
appear.

Athwart the furrowed seas thy barge
With precious burden cleaves upon its way,
Whilst Nereids from their crystal marge
Unnumbered lift their breasts of spray,
And wondering gaze from their cerulean
play.

And one, whose snowy arm entwines
And draws the gleaming prow along the foam,
Unto her farthest comrades signs
To gather round thy halidom
And speed thee onward to thy chosen home.

The far Ægean islands passed,
Through tides Ionian it fares; and now
Sicilian Marsála cast
Behind, from Corsica the prow
Turns buffeting our wilder seas to plough.

Blow on, ye hearty sea-winds,—blow!
Constrain the holy sail, and heave the stern
On blustery shoulders through the flow
Where Calpé's pillar marks earth's bourn
With Abyla's, and chartless seas return!

And thou, O land of Spain, secure
Though ills and bondage still on thee await,—
Forth, in belief and ardor pure,
And throng by every ocean gate,
And hail the guardian patron of thy state!—

Thy guardian, when unnumbered hosts
Shall storm thy royal sceptre and domain,
When surging o'er thy rugged coasts
Shall dash the tides of blood amain,
And all thy vales in anguishing complain.

Hark, where from out the south a cry
Of dolor rings! The Berber fleets are black
Against the sea-line and the sky;
The offing seethes beneath the rack;
Their cohorts blaze along the sandy track.

In one accord their prowls are set
Against thee on the wind; with clamor dread
Hallooing to the skies, they fret
The churning main, their oars outspread,
As ocean trembles to its deepest bed.

Whilst shaking forth her venoméd mane
Of serpents, dread Megaera hies before
The Moslem vanguard into Spain,
With death and rapine, and the roar
Of conflagration, and the clash of war.

Ye heavens, upon whose mercy Spain
Is clamorous now across the clouds of woe,
If ever she was dear, O deign
To shield her from the cruel blow,
Nor see her piteous forehead bent so low!

But no! Inevitable doom
Is written on the adamant of Fate;
The kingship of the Goths in gloom
Goes down! Beneath the hoofs of hate
Spain—the belovéd Spain—lies desolate!

What flood is that which, leaping, breaks
Its feeble banks and hurls itself amain,
With voice of horror as it makes
Swift conquest of the fields and plain,
Nor height can stay, nor desert sand can drain?

Nay, cease with weeping and complaint!
Again with hope the Spanish breast expands;
For lo, her great Apostle-Saint
From heaven is come! Like Mars, he stands
And lifts the standard in anointed hands.

Behold him shimmering in steel
And panoply of noon,—a mystic knight
Whose flaming falchion comes to deal
Adown the vanguard of the fight
The path of death, disheartenment, and flight!

O'ertaken with a sudden dread,
The Moor, despite his unbelief, can bear
No more the radiance on him shed;
For all the boasting of his air,
He turns in rout before the glory there.

Away, if thou hast power,—away,
Whilst yet retreat the seas and mountains
hold!

Drink of the bitter cup to-day
Thou heldst to Spain's pale lips of old,
With equal measure of despair untold.

A lion ravenous, he springs
Upon them with his dripping hand and glaive,
Along the panic fields he flings
Them backward on a bloody wave,
And heaps the earth with Moslem lord and
slave.

Thou glory! Boast of all our race!
Celestial paladin! Unfailing guard!
Behold how in the dust, the face
Of boastful Africa is hard,—
His onslaught turned, his step triumphant
barred!

By thy fair gauntlet snatched at last
From anguishing and taunt; from out the
chain

Of paynim domination passed,—
Through thee our brows without a stain
We lift to morn, and glory's heights regain.

Unvanquished ever was that sword;
Would now it knew the valor of thy hand,—
Would now such lightning flashes poured
From off the point of every brand
Thy holy knighthood draws to save the land

Thy prowess is the breath of Fame,
Resounding through the reach of earth, divine
And none, however poor his name,
However far his skies may shine,
But throngs the highway leading to thy shrine.

Along its cloudy ridge sublime
Thy toil in pilgrim caravans, and sing,
And kiss thy threshold 'neath the chime,—
The Frank, the Greek their tribute bring,—
The swart Levantine and the Boreal king.

THE study of proverbs may be more
instructive and comprehensive than the
most elaborate scheme of philosophy.
—Spalding.

The Flaw in the Title.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXIX.

PURELY accidental was that meeting of Angela and Watkin; though, had there been any one sufficiently interested to observe, appearances were quite to the contrary. Angela chanced to be walking past the entrance to Maiden Lane. Her head was high in air; the old hunted, furtive expression had been replaced by a new one. The aspect of the face was now almost genial. For one thing, her long and weary quest was over, and she was radiantly happy at the thought of a future which was to dawn for her,—or, at least, for that other. She scarcely heeded the rush and roar of the city, which at that point was concentrated. Her thoughts made for her a solitude in which she abode.

When she happened to see John Watkin coming, she stood still to greet him.

"Well, my friend," she exclaimed, "how are you, the kindest, dearest man in all the world!"

Watkin drew in his breath sharply. He knew to what she was alluding, but the words moved him strangely.

"If only it were true,—true, I mean, as regards you!" he said, pausing as if to cross the street, and with an instinctive desire to reach the comparative quietude of City Hall Park, where, at least, one could hear and be heard without undue straining of the senses. "It is quieter over there," he suggested, indicating the square by a wave of the hand.

"Yes," said Angela. "And, downtown, quiet is a priceless boon."

"But perhaps," John ventured, "you are not going in that direction?"

"Oh, yes!" said Angela. "I thought of passing through there to Broadway. What is your way?"

"My way is yours," declared Watkin, bluntly,—“unless you forbid me to walk along with you."

"And that I shall never do," answered the singular woman, energetically.

"I hope not," said Watkin. "And I have other hopes concerning you, which I have not the courage to put into words."

"My John Watkin lacking courage!" said Angela, in her most caressing tones. "Oh, that is not true! I feel in my heart that you are as brave as you are good and sensible."

"There's one thing, at all events," said the man, looking straight before him, "that I'm not brave about."

"You love to underrate yourself, do you not?" smiled Angela. "And it is not the common fault of your nation."

There was something in John Watkin's manner that morning that put the woman on her guard. But she was not indisposed to let him talk freely, and to express whatever was in his mind. She could easily have stopped the flow of his eloquence and sent him back to his office with the mute consciousness of failure. But she was otherwise minded.

"Tell me," she said, "what it is that you have on your mind. I am one, you know, to whom you can speak freely."

"I wanted to tell you," blurted out honest, straightforward Watkin, who knew that at that moment he was as wax in the other's hand, "how lonely I have been since I saw you last."

"Lonely," she repeated, looking around her,—“in the heart of this big city?"

"Yes; lonely, I mean, for you."

"Lonely for me?" repeated Angela, giving to every word a peculiar emphasis. "O my friend, how good of you!"

"So that is why," added Watkin, "if all that you said just now were true, it would make me very happy."

"Be happy, then," said Angela, so softly that the words scarcely reached his ears; "for I have spoken the truth."

Watkin wondered, as he turned and studied Angela, what it was that made her look so young that day. Was it, he queried, some bonnet or dress, some trick of feminine attire? There was a new note

in her voice, too, which he did not understand, but which thrilled him as it had never done before.

"Do you not think," Angela continued, "that I have learned to value your friendship, to appreciate you,—yes, and to long at times for your presence, that I might talk things over with you?"

"Then why, in heaven's name, do you not let me see you?" cried Watkin. "Is there no way that I can call upon you sometimes?"

Angela laid a hand upon his arm.

"As matters are, it is impossible for me to receive masculine visitors."

They had now reached the very centre of that broad gravelled square, with the humming, noisy city at some distance on both sides of them; so that, save for occasional passers-by, they were quite alone, and free to talk undisturbed. Watkin, profiting by the circumstance, came to a standstill, as did necessarily his companion.

"Angela," he said impulsively, and it gave him a curious sensation of pleasure to have ventured so far as to pronounce her name; nor did she resent it, but merely looked smilingly at him with her bright eyes, which were so inscrutable,—
"Angela, there is one way we can meet. I have grown to prize your companionship beyond anything in the world, to look forward more eagerly than you can guess to our brief interviews. How dear and precious that companionship might prove, if only you could respond in any degree!"

His unusual powers of expression were as surprising to himself as to his listener. But he stopped suddenly, confused and embarrassed, only to catch the eyes of Angela fixed upon him with a half-amused, half-tender expression.

"Angela," he exclaimed, "we are both lonely,—at least, you have told me that you are quite alone in this great city. Will you marry me?"

Angela was taken by surprise. She scarcely expected he would go so far. She was flattered and touched to a degree

which she could not have believed possible. She remained silent, striving to collect her thoughts; while John Watkin hurried on:

"I am a plain fellow, with none of the graces and very little of that polish to which, no doubt, you are accustomed. But, if you will put up with me, I think we could hit it off together. We might be very happy. I know for certain that I should be happy."

Angela was busy considering the idea in all its bearings. It had occurred to her before as something which might eventuate from her friendliness with Watkin. But such an affair necessarily assumes a different aspect when it is brought definitely before the mind by an offer of marriage. This man, as she perceived—as she had been for some time aware,—was fascinated by her personality. If it was not love he felt for her, it was quite near enough, she thought, to the genuine article to offer possibilities of development. He was, moreover, very well off. He could be useful to her in many ways; and once that other matter was settled, why, it might save embarrassment to some concerned if she embarked in a matrimonial venture. She, therefore, turned upon him eyes that were suffused with tears.

"I thank you," she said,—
"oh, how I do thank you from my heart for your trust in me and the affection which you offer! But do you know, dear friend" (and she smiled into his eyes), "you have not asked me one single question about my past?"

"Do not say," cried Watkin, with a quaver in his voice, "that there is any obstacle—that you are bound by other ties!"

Angela shook her head.

"I have been a wife," she said, "for little more than a year,—a loved and happy wife. That was long ago. My widowhood has been prolonged."

"Then," observed Watkin, his honest face shining as he looked at her joyfully, "there is nothing to prevent you from accepting me save your own will?"

"And that," said Angela, "is very much in your favor."

"If you can only care for me ever so little," the insurance broker went on, "I will not ask for much."

"We can not be romantic like two children," Angela responded, with her persuasive smile; thinking half scornfully the while how much had been demanded by, and how much given to, that other who had passed so speedily out of her life; and how much was given still to one who possessed her entire heart. Yet, as she told herself, she had a positive affection for this good, stupid John Watkin, with his blundering directness, his honest eyes, and his unexpected capacity for falling in love. She felt very kindly toward him as she continued: "No, we can not be romantic,—that is, *I* can not, since the time of romance is past. But for you, my dear friend, the future is an open book. Were you to be guided by my advice, you would not tie yourself to an old woman. You would win for yourself some sweet girl in the freshness of her youth."

As Watkin made a hasty protest against the suggestion, Angela, into whose mind had flashed a new thought, exclaimed:

"I have seen the ideal girl, too beautiful for this world! She is an idyl, my friend,—a poem. You can guess whom I mean?"

John Watkin did guess, and the idea thus obtruded at that particular moment was not agreeable. It made his lovemaking itself appear prosaic and commonplace.

"I had forgotten to tell you that I was at Birmingham Manor, and, making use of your letter of introduction, saw Miss Phyllis Penniston."

"She is very lovely," said John Watkin, gravely; "though not perhaps so much in physical beauty as in something indescribable."

"I remember how much you admired her when you first visited the Manor."

"I do so still," he admitted. "She is like a lovely star."

Angela observed him curiously as he

spoke, and heard the faint sigh with which he dismissed the thought of Phyllis.

"But you," said John Watkin, rousing himself, "are turning away from the subject I wish now to discuss. That is not fair nor kind of you. I have asked you to be my wife. What is your answer?"

For an instant there was silence between them, accentuated by those noises which seemed to be so many miles away. Angela gave a little laugh and a slight shrug of her shoulders.

"It is an anticlimax," she replied,—*"coming back, enfin, to a love scene with me after the thought of that other."*

"That other and I have no connection whatever."

Angela in her own mind fully agreed with that sentiment; for, as she declared in her half-contemptuous fashion, this poor man before her could never, in his wildest dreams, aspire to a Birmingham of the Manor, and to such a member of that distinguished family as the charming, thoroughbred Phyllis.

"I have never," said Watkin, seriously, "been so presumptuous as to claim more than a passing acquaintance with Miss Penniston."

"Let us drop her from our conversation," observed Angela, "and keep to that supremely interesting topic of—ourselves. With regard to what you have said, my friend, your offer is a tempting one. It appeals to a woman who is practically alone in this wilderness. It appeals to me in every way, if only it is put upon a right basis. I could give you, perhaps, sympathy and a home (it used to be said that I had a talent for homemaking); and, besides that, a regard and affection which might well replace youthful love."

"Give me these precious gifts, then!" cried John Watkin, with warmth. "Follow a plain, straightforward course. Trust me entirely, as I trust you. Let us be married as soon as possible,—any day you will be pleased to name. I can offer you real love and devotion, and I will devote my life to making yours happy."

He strove, as he spoke, to take her hand; but Angela shook her head, and raised a warning finger.

"We are not in a solitude here, most foolish John Watkin!" she said. "And, remember, we are not romantic lovers. That would spoil all. Should our union come to pass, it must be that of good friends who have decided, in a sensible fashion, to pass their lives together."

"Why should not our union come to pass?" exclaimed Watkin, whom a sudden fear of losing her aroused to greater ardor. "Every word you have spoken shows how good a plan it is, even if I reserve the right to throw romantic love into the bargain, since I consider you to be the most attractive woman I have ever known."

"Fie, then!" reproved Angela. "You are talking nonsense which shall make my gray hairs ashamed."

"But your answer?" demanded Watkin, almost brusquely.

"It can not be given now, you impetuous man!" said Angela,—“that is, definitely. For if you urged me to an immediate answer, it would have to be ‘No.’”

“‘No’?” he cried, his face paling.

"I mean ‘No’ in the conditional sense," said Angela. "Although it never occurred to me that I should be listening to-day to a proposal of marriage from you, I will be frank and say that, if you will be patient till certain affairs are arranged, and if no obstacle in the meantime arises between us, I will say ‘Yes’ with all my heart."

Watkin's face flushed with a delight which he had no words to express.

"You have made me," he declared, "the happiest fellow in the world."

Angela looked at him with eyes in which there was a deep melancholy.

"Remember, my dear John Watkin," she said " (who may some day be ‘dearer, dearest’), that it is all a question of ‘if’—that ‘if’ which is often so terrible a word in human destiny."

She turned away from him and shivered, thinking of other things.

"There is no ‘if’ that can come between us," Watkin said almost sternly, "since you have told me you are a widow and free to marry."

"I am free,—oh, yes, I am free!" said Angela. "But the end is not yet; and obstacles which you can not imagine may arise between us."

"We shall brush them aside," replied Watkin, hopefully; "or what is the use of the will given us by our Creator?"

"Will you do so?" asked Angela, looking at him thoughtfully. "Perhaps you will. But who can know?"

"In the meantime," said John Watkin, waiving the obstacles as though they had been already brushed away, "it will be so hard not being able to see each other!"

"That certainly complicates the situation," answered Angela, with a dawning gleam of humor in her eyes. "But we shall be such steady, sensible lovers, shall we not, you unreasonable John?"

He turned away again impatiently. Her light tone jarred upon him.

"And we shall be meeting sometimes," Angela said, "as we have done these days. I can always send you a message, and we can walk here in this square, or take a car drive together. That will be eminently proper, will it not?"

Watkin was too much hurt, however, to take her jesting in good part.

"It is so hard to find you serious!" he cried.

"Serious, my good lover!" responded Angela,—“for I suppose that is your present title. But have I not been serious for the greater portion of my life,—oh, yes, serious, sad, even tragic at times? So you must not grudge me the smile that rises to my lips; for many a time I have had to smile and jest when my heart was nearly breaking—”

She finished abruptly; while Watkin, awed into silence, regarded her with perplexity. He saw the clear-cut profile, the sternly-set lips, and the tense holding of the head. She seemed just then at an immeasurable distance from him, back

in that past, of which he knew nothing.

"Surely," she said, turning to him with swift change of mood, "you will let me jest and laugh when I am glad, will you not,—when the clouds are clearing away, and the sky is showing blue?"

"You shall do whatever you please," he said, fervently,—*"always, always!"*

"The rashness of him!" cried Angela, laughing. "But it is always so with you men in the ante-matrimonial days. After that—well, who knows? But it is better, I suppose, than cold caution."

She headed, as she spoke, for Broadway, her light, graceful step skimming over the gravel; and when that destination was reached, she paused and held out her hand.

"I think we had better say good-bye now, my dear John! Do not look so disconsolate. Matters will soon, I think, arrange themselves, and then you may have too much of my society."

She scarcely listened to his disclaimer, withdrawing the hand which he held.

"Good-bye!" she said. "We may meet to-morrow. And, John Watkin," she added, calling him back when he had gone a few paces. "Before I have given you any definite promise, you shall hear from me the whole story of my life. Not that there is anything to alarm you. I have done nothing which is discreditable, my friend."

When he had reluctantly turned away, she looked after his retreating figure, and laughed softly. Having given herself up to the guidance of one of the Herculean policemen who form the Broadway squad, and been piloted through a very sea of vehicles to the security of the pavement, the smile was still upon her lips, and she continued her meditations.

"*Voilà*," she said, "a love story after a certain pattern! Since he can not reach to the star, he will grasp, if he may, at the homely rushlight. And that is not flattering to one's self-esteem."

By the time she had gone another block or so, and stopped to look contemplatively

at the tombstones in the churchyard of St. Paul's, she added:

"Yet the creature does love me, after his fashion; and, though it seems absurd, the arrangement, when all things are considered, may suit me very well. We shall see, my brave lover,—we shall see what the next few weeks may bring!"

And then, suddenly, impetuously, with a rebound in her heart and mind, she flew over the past years. She was a young, impressionable, romantic girl. She had loved, and married her first love; and she recalled now the poignant agony with which, after his death, she had walked under the stars, in the gloom of night and in lonely places, praying with her whole heart that she might see once more, if only for an instant, that beloved face and form. Oh, how she had sobbed out her heart! How she had agonized!

"But the dead never come back!" she cried, with sudden passion of pain, there in the middle of that prosaic Broadway. "Oh, they talk about ghosts and spirits! But, I *know* that the dead never come back."

For that was the curious sequel to her love affair of the present—that it had recalled to her, with cruel throbs of pain, that love story of the past.

(To be continued.)

Evening Hymn.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF ST. AMBROSE.

THE fiery sun is gone:

O never-waning Light,
All-Holy Three, Thrice-Blessed One,
Shed forth Thy Presence bright!

To Thee our Lauds at morn,
Our Vespers rise at even,—
Oh, grant us, hence by angels borne,
To join their chant in heaven!

To the Great Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit Blest,
As in old time, while ages run,
All glory be address!

From the Kirk to the Catholic Church.

HOW A PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER BECAME A
PRIEST.

BY ALFONSUS.

XII.

SHOULD we allow ourselves to be affected by what appeals so much to the senses? Strange though it must appear to those who have been born in the Catholic Church, I have heard this question asked with much anxiety by intelligent and well-disposed Protestants. You might imagine, from the query, that we were pure spirits, and not in possession of a body at all, having ears and eyes and other senses and faculties by which we appreciate material things. Is music wrong? Is painting wrong? In itself, certainly not. Well, then, is it wrong when employed in the worship of our Creator? Again, no. Why should it be? Has God given us an artistic and æsthetic sense, a faculty of enjoying and being moved by sensuous objects, and yet declared it wrong to satisfy these senses and operate with these faculties?

Primarily, of course, all the grandeur and beauty about Catholic worship is designed to give glory to God and magnify His praise. We consider it but fitting that all the treasures of art and music and ceremonial should be impressed into the service of our Maker. But if, incidentally, and as it were by way of secondary consequence, the worshippers themselves are moved and fascinated and pleased by the worship, is that wrong? Are we to be doomed forever to a form of service that lacerates our feelings, violates our æsthetic and musical taste, and outrages every recognized principle of beauty and orderliness?

Thank God, many non-Catholics have been brought into the True Fold through the sublime and heavenly ritual that Rome has composed century by century, under

the guidance of the Holy Ghost! It was God's own way of bringing them in; they finally came to see that the interior worship of God, the true doctrines, the life of sacrifice in the Church, were even more beautiful than the external ceremonial which had attracted them. They learned that only in Rome were fulfilled Christ's words, that His followers would worship Him "in spirit and in truth." There was no contradiction between outward splendor in ritual and the inward worship of the soul. If there were, how could thousands of persons of the greatest sanctity have loved it, and been united to their Lord through it? Men could be sincere and earnest and devoted worshippers of Almighty God in "spirit and in truth," assisting at a Pontifical High Mass; whilst, on the contrary, a man might be offending God, 'drawing near with his lips whilst his heart was far away,' when attending a Presbyterian meeting-house.

I came to the conclusion, therefore, that the Protestant objections to the beautiful in Rome's worship sprang from false principles in regard to the nature of worship and the nature of man; from a prolonged bondage to the falsities of Calvinism, which had crushed out all love for the sweet and beautiful and attractive. Yet so firmly ingrained in my mind was the notion that, somehow, one could not be genuinely worshipping God with the heart in the midst of so much gorgeous ceremony, and that the Catholic was spending all his devotion on forms and ritual, that I required a long time to emancipate myself from such a delusion. The truth I now know to be precisely the reverse—namely, that, as a matter of fact, much of the Protestant service is nothing but a respectable lip-service, a mere form to be gone through once a week for the sake of appearance; whereas the worship of the Catholic is the heart's adoration, presented to God in the most beautiful and perfect manner imaginable. His ritual is fixed; he need never bother his head about it; his whole attention is given, free and

undivided, to the inward worship "in spirit and in truth," whether he is priest or layman.

There is, indeed, unity of worship; for it is the same divine Sacrifice and the same liturgy the world over. But yet there is a most wondrous diversity along with it; for every soul has its own particular needs and desires and aspirations, and presents them before God with its own words; so that the humble beggar kneeling obscurely in a corner of the great cathedral, who unites with the nobleman and the grand lady—aye, and with the bishop and the Pope himself, if he be offering the Holy Sacrifice,—is as much a worshipper apart and separate, and dear to the heart and the eye of God, as though there were no other in the wide world.

O truly sublime and wonderful worship of the Roman Church! Beautiful outwardly, beautiful inwardly, made according to the pattern God Himself has shown, no marvel is it that so many distracted and tempest-tossed souls have been riveted and fascinated and consoled by it. No wonder that it should have satisfied their heart and their intellect as well as their senses; for Jesus Christ, "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world," is in it. He is its glory and its beauty, here as in heaven. He is the centre of the worship of Rome; for He is the Sacrifice of Rome. And so it comes that half an hour of the Roman Mass excels all the worship of all the heretics throughout the world.

XIII.

But now it is time to tell of the final act by which I gave effect to those convictions which forced themselves upon me with an urgency that was irresistible. Many an hour and many a day of fear and trembling and terror, lest I should be taking a wrong step, did I spend. What if, after all, the whole thing was a huge delusion? What if I took the "plunge" that was really irrevocable, and found myself duped and befooled and

miserable? What of my father, an aged minister, broken in health through illness, and in heart through bereavement? Years ago I had asked him: "Suppose I turned Roman Catholic?"—"If you wish to break your father's heart, do so," was his answer. What of beginning life over again, and giving up old friends, and tearing oneself up by the roots, and sitting down again at school and learning a new religion? What of all the publicity and fuss and distress and legal proceedings to be gone through in severing my connections with the Church of Scotland, and cutting the ropes that bound me to my parish? These, and a hundred other reflections that Satan inspired, flooded my soul day by day. Could we—McN. and myself,—not emigrate to some colony and there take the step which was so difficult to take at home? No: that would be cowardly.

I made bold to call upon the priest in the parish and ask him many questions, without, however, acquainting him with our exact position. He gave us all the answers we desired. His quiet, simple, lonely life in the little house beside the chapel seemed to me much more Apostolic than that of the ministers with their wives and families. It was a life of poverty, of celibacy, of self-denial, of devotion,—in short, a supernatural life, that found no parallel in the Protestant ministry. And I always consoled myself with this thought: if Catholicism looked so beautiful to one who understood it not, and saw it only from the outside, how much more beautiful would it be once we were inside and knew and understood it all!

McN. and I agreed that the hour had come for us both to act together—to pack up and go. We adopted the line of least resistance, which was that of taking the step first and then informing our relatives and the public afterward. By the experience of others we had come to know that this was the best way to avoid opposition, bitterness, and all attempts to persuade us to draw back. We straightway

gave in our resignations. I got a special meeting of the Presbytery called to deal with the matter. We visited a canon of the cathedral in Glasgow, who arranged for our reception at a Benedictine abbey. I found mountains of obstacles (as I supposed them) dissolving into molehills. God wondrously opens up the way straight in such cases.

I went to communicate the news to my aged father. At first he was shocked and saddened. His hopes and intentions for my future were rudely shattered. He thought he would never see me again, and that I would be bound to hold that he and all his were going straight to hell. But by next morning he regained his equanimity, and (such is the philosophy of the Scotch) inquired whether I would be in need of funds to carry me on! He appreciated the argument I used where-with to comfort him: that the step was going to make me happy, and that he could not wish anything better for me than that I should be happy. I was then suspended from my ministerial functions, awaiting the final decision of the Presbytery. Summoned before the reverend "fathers and brethren," I explained that I had made up my mind, and had "burned my boats," and that it was useless arguing,—a thing which some of them showed a desire to do. They were sorry for me, and pitied me, and thought I was more or less demented, and said they would let me know what they were going to do with me.

Meantime I arranged for my departure from the parish, preached farewell sermons (with difficulty), and said good-bye to some of my more intimate friends. They were all my friends still. Though regretting that my conscience had dictated such a step, they yet admitted that conscience must be supreme. And thus did all others whose acquaintanceship I valued. Some came to me and begged me to reconsider my decision, and made all sorts of offers to induce me to remain; but, of course, in vain. I had steeled my

heart against all such influence, and determined that this time there should be no looking back. The moment he arrived to "leave my people and my father's house," and to love God and His Church above all things, and to take up the Cross and follow Christ.

So soon as the newspapers inserted a notice of the impending "perversion," I was inundated with letters, books, pamphlets, entreaties, and all manner of terrifying literature, intended to stop me in my mad rush into the arms of Rome. Needless to say, the most of it went into the waste-paper basket; to some of it I replied, in terms as firm and strong as were consistent with politeness; some of the book-stuffs I returned, uncut and unread.

Almighty God and His dear Mother helped me through the crisis, and solved its difficulties in a way that now, looking back at it, seems quite miraculous. The good priest of the place, too—a German,—assisted me with his counsel and his strong Catholic enthusiasm at a time when I was almost fainting and tempted sorely to turn back. He held me fast and kept me from falling. Never, so long as I live, shall I forget his share in helping to save my soul. This is a crisis of your life when you need a strong Catholic friend to be constantly beside you to keep the devil at bay; for never does the devil exert his infernal powers more subtly than at the hour when he sees a soul about to be rescued from heresy.

Alas that I should have to tell it! McN. weakly yielded to the solicitations of the Evil One, and hung back, and finally cancelled his resignation. He took fright, and surrendered to fears and scruples and objections that he had previously overcome; and, not having a priest beside him, gave way to other considerations, which have kept him to this hour in the darkness of heresy. That he will ultimately submit to the claims of Rome I firmly believe; for his heart and his intellect were captivated. What was lacking in

him was moral courage and will-power. With the help of divine grace, these will assert themselves, and he will follow where his two friends have led the way.

In due course I was solemnly "deposed from the holy ministry of the Church of Scotland," having my name called three times at the door of the Presbytery with no response. I sold off; and, having for some weeks received hospitality and lodging from the canon aforementioned, was sent to Fort Augustus' Benedictine abbey for reception. Having satisfactorily passed an examination in the Penny Catechism, and made other preparations, under the charge of Father Columba (well known to readers of *THE AVE MARIA*), I was received into the Fold, and made my First Communion on the Feast of the Assumption, 1903.

ENVOI.

And now my story (tedious, I am afraid, to many) is ended. I could fill many pages more with the record of those first glorious days as a Roman Catholic. I could tell of the deep peace and comfort and satisfaction of those first confessions; the joy and consolation of my first Holy Communion; the ever-increasing delight and wonder at the new world of beauty and sanctity that gradually opened out before me, as I passed month after month of new feasts and fasts and observances and devotions. It was like being transported into a new and unexplored world. I felt as ignorant as a child of real Catholicity, and the experience of all the loveliness and sweetness and holiness of the Church surpassed my wildest imaginings.

But of this I have written elsewhere, and shall not now repeat my "Impressions" after I went to Rome to study for the priesthood. Enough if I have explained the steps and reasons that led me from Calvinism to Catholicity. From the moment of my conversion till now, not a single doubt have I entertained that the Catholic and Roman Church, and she alone, is the true Church which

Our Lord set up on earth, and that to be sure of salvation everyone must belong to her.

Would that all who have at any time harbored suspicions about their own religious beliefs would set to work and inquire, and pursue their inquiry with a merciless determination to find, at all costs, the true Faith! If they did so, Almighty God would certainly give them light and grace to enable them to discover it, and reward them with a peace that surpasseth all understanding. There are to-day thousands of Protestants in Scotland who are naturally good, with the making of saints in their character, but who will never become saints because they have not the means of sanctity within their sect. They have not the machinery (so to put it) for turning out the article. A bird can not fly without wings; nor can a Presbyterian ascend the ladder of perfection, supernaturally, without the sacraments of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Sad, indeed, it is that a nation so blessed and enriched by Providence in the natural order, should yet remain in the lowest scale in the things of religion. But a better day is dawning. Scales are falling from the eyes of many, and not a few are returning to the Fold from which their forefathers departed. God increase their number till, illumined with the light of the true Faith, the whole of the people led astray by Calvin and Knox find their way back "from the Kirk to the Catholic Church"!

(The End.)

I AM very sure that there is no safety in relying upon men; for they are like so many stalks of dried rosemary,—they break under the least weight of disappointment or contradiction. The true Friend in whom alone we can trust is Jesus Christ. When I rely upon Him, I am conscious of such power that I feel able to resist the whole world, were it opposed to me.—*St. Teresa.*

A Study of St. Francis de Sales.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

II.

IN 1599, much against his will, Francis was appointed coadjutor to the Bishop of Geneva. In 1601, his father died; and on September 17, 1602, Claude de Granier, Bishop of Geneva, breathed his last. On December 8, Francis de Sales was consecrated Bishop of Geneva in the church where he had been baptized. On his return to Annecy, he immediately arranged the order of his household, which, while a model of simplicity and monastic regularity, he endeavored to invest with the dignity befitting an episcopal dwelling. He had all the pride of a son of a noble of Savoy in the position of the Prince Bishop of Geneva. But in this there was nothing personal; though the rooms allotted to the reception of visitors were handsomely arranged and beautifully decorated, his own apartment was small and barely furnished, containing only a bed, some chairs, a writing desk, and a few books. "I must be the Bishop of Geneva in public," he said; "but here I am Francis de Sales."

It was in this little room that his friends sought him; and it is there that we, who never had that privilege, will also best love to think of him, as from day to day he sat reading, writing, praying, dispensing words of cheer and good counsel. He called it the "room of Francis." There he wrote the charming and instructive letters to his many friends, — those "Letters," to quote his biographer, "that are so delightful, so full of ardent piety, of grace, of cordiality. Yet often he brings in a little gossip, a witty sally, a satirical remark; and these, showing as they do his unaffected simplicity, add to the charm of the correspondence."

In that little room he wrote the notes and instructions which afterward developed into the marvellous work, "The

Devout Life," that has brought self-knowledge, self-restraint, and the beauty and glory of self-sacrifice, to so many groping, yearning, unsatisfied and suffering hearts. To that sanctuary of peace and love came the weak, the tempted, the erring, the poor, the sick, the unfortunate, the unhappy,—each eager for a word that would soothe his own particular pain; and from it none went forth un comforted. Ah, what a foretaste of heaven it must have been to be allowed to enter and rest for a brief moment from the turmoil of the world in that quiet, blessed little room!

One of the first acts of the holy Bishop of Geneva was to make himself personally acquainted with every one of his priests. He was very particular as to the holiness and zeal of all who served under his charge. He divided his diocese into twenty districts, each under the control of an archpriest, who was bound every six months to visit the clergy in their homes. No wonder, then, that the diocese of Annecy became the model for all surrounding districts, or that the zeal and piety of its clergy were second only to those of its Bishop.

He says (and through himself we can best describe him): "Through a great part of my soul I am poor and weak, but I have a boundless and lasting affection for my friends. Whoever challenges me in the contest of friendship must be very determined, for I spare no effort. No one has a heart more affectionate and tender toward his friends than I, or which so acutely feels being separated from them. It has pleased Our Lord to make me so."

Like his divine Master, Francis de Sales loved little children. One of his first official acts was to establish Sunday-schools in the different parishes. "These," he used to say, with one hand on some innocent, curly head, "are the salt of the earth, the hope of the world, the little blossoms of heaven." He generally taught them himself, and they so loved and revered him that they followed him wherever he went. When people would

remonstrate with him on the scant ceremony with which the younger generation treated their Prince Bishop, he would reply, with one of his beautiful smiles and a heavenward glance of his gentle blue eyes, as did his divine Master and Model on a similar occasion: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me; for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

.

It was in 1604, while preaching the Lenten sermons at Dijon, that Francis de Sales noticed on one occasion a lady who seemed to be paying particular attention to his discourse. Later he learned from his friend, André Frémiot, that she was his sister, the Baroness de Chantal, a widow, who, with her five children, lived with her father-in-law, a wicked, disagreeable old man, in whose house she led the life of a martyr. But the painful trials she endured served only to bring her nearer to God, in that constant union which was later to reach its perfection in the Order of the Visitation, of which, in conjunction with Francis de Sales, she was to become the foundress.

The first meeting between Jeanne Françoise de Chantal and her saintly guide took place at a dinner given by her brother. Almost the first words he said to her were characteristic of the man and prophetic of the future: "Madame, do you intend to marry again?"—"Certainly not," said the Baroness, who, left a widow very young, had loved her husband most tenderly, and still sacredly cherished his memory. The question at first both surprised and annoyed her.—"Then," rejoined Francis de Sales, indicating the jewels and ornaments she wore, "you must lower your flag."

Later a strong friendship sprang up between Madame de Chantal and Madame de Boisy, the mother of St. Francis,—the former paying many visits to the Château de Sales. As this friendship progressed, Madame de Boisy became very desirous that her son, Bernard de Sales, should marry the eldest daughter of the Baroness

de Chantal. This desire was ultimately accomplished.

Step by step, our Divine Lord had meantime been leading the Baroness de Chantal to His own particular service. Under the guidance of the Bishop of Geneva, she grew in wisdom and holiness; but there were many obstacles in the way of that sublime consecration. The time arrived at last, however, when God willed that the Order of the Visitation was ripe for foundation; and, having arranged her worldly affairs and provided for the education of her minor children, Jeanne Françoise de Chantal bade them a final farewell and embraced her new vocation.

On June 10, 1610, Francis de Sales conducted his spiritual children to their long-desired home. They were four in number. Three of them were ladies of birth and education; the fourth, an humble servant—the first lay-Sister of the Order. During the succeeding months they were joined by several others from Chambéry, Grenoble, and Burgundy. The year of novitiate passed rapidly, and the glorious day arrived when the Bishop placed the veils upon their bowed heads, fastened the little silver cross around their necks, and gave the crucifix into their eager hands. When the ceremony was over he said to them: "Go, my children! Return to your abode. You are indeed the chosen ones of your loving Saviour."

As they passed from the sanctuary to the choir, Madame de Chantal, in the exuberance of her joy, began to sing in a loud and joyous voice: "This is my rest forever and ever. Here will I dwell, for I have chosen it." These words are now always repeated in the ceremony of profession,—a perpetual reminder to her daughters, through the centuries that have passed since that day, of the happiness and devotion of their mother and foundress. This year, still flourishing, still faithful to the piety and traditions of that long-departed day, the Order of the Visitation celebrates its three hundredth anniversary. *Ad multos annos!*

The last years of St. Francis de Sales were his busiest years. If he had not consecrated his whole life to the service of all who sought his counsel, his aid, his co-operation in good works; if the hours which should have been hours of rest had not been spent in hard labor, and crowded into a day so full that it could not compass all his duties, he might have lived to enjoy a peaceful old age. But such would not have been his desire. Though fatigues weighed upon him often; though incessant travel wearied and broke him down physically; though the trials, cares, and complaints, sins and sufferings of humanity wore out his tender and sympathetic heart, never was it said of him that he refused a hearing to the soul overburdened, or the penitent spirit seeking advice, consolation, or forgiveness from an offended God. Literally, he was a good shepherd who gave his life for his flock. He died on December 28, 1622, in the fifty-sixth year of his age and the twentieth of his episcopate.

He has been called, of all God's saints, the "gentle saint." Yet it is said that his natural propensity to anger was very great; and that it was only by constant endeavor, practised from his childhood, that he subdued this propensity, which, next to sensuality, has caused more sin and evil in the world than any other fault. Meekness, humility, gentleness, then, were his watchwords; all his life he preached them, all his life he practised them. They bring him very near to us; there is no aloofness in our reverence for him. In the atmosphere of his own beautiful simplicity, we seem to walk beside him; we look up to meet his gentle glance, his winning smile; we hear his kind voice bidding us take courage, excusing our mistakes, compassionating our infirmities; with a firm and gentle hand he leads us over rough pathways, and we wonder that we ever felt afraid.

We all have our favorite saints, but St. Francis de Sales is "the favorite saint" of the whole calendar. One who

made a profound study of his character has written lines that the writer can not refrain from quoting here as a fitting close to this imperfect sketch. He says:

"There appears in the mind of St. Francis de Sales that union of meekness and strength, of manly power and feminine delicacy, of profound knowledge and practical dexterity, which constitutes a character formed at once to win and subdue minds of almost every type and age. As the rose among flowers, so is he among saints. . . . He had a captivating grace of manner, an almost unrivalled power as a director of souls; activity without bustle, mortification without sadness. Few men, moreover, have possessed such wisdom and candor in matters theological and controversial. A lover of gentle means in an age of persecution; a hearty Frenchman without Gallicanism; an Ultramontane without exaggeration; a spiritual guide who could conduct souls with the reverent delicacy of a true mystic and the piercing shrewdness of a man of the world,—he still lives by his writings, to be accepted as one of the safest, the most satisfying, and the most profound teachers of that wisdom which is revealed to all saints, but which it is given to few to communicate with the fulness and beauty with which it ever flows from his lips."

O gentleness of the gentle, and meekest of the meek, make our hearts like unto thine! For if thy lovers were all thy imitators, they could convert the world.

(The End.)

God never makes two things alike. It is one of the privileges of Omnipotence to show that, in adhering to the laws which He has created, He is still their Master. And He who created the world and the laws within whose limits we toil is as infinitely varied in the details of His works as those works themselves are infinite in number,—*Anon.*

The Consecration of Westminster Cathedral.

BY I. HERNAMAN.

TO English Catholics, Westminster Cathedral is a building full of historical associations; for it is a living monument to the memory of three great Cardinals—Wiseman, Manning, and Vaughan. To the first, the building of a great cathedral in London was the cherished dream of his declining years; to the second came the painful task, amid difficulties and disappointments innumerable, of acquiring a site, and of paying off the interest on the mortgage from his own private funds; while it was left to Cardinal Vaughan to choose an architect and a style suitable to the requirements of a great city, and to begin the work.

Eleven years after Manning's death, the cathedral was first publicly used, on the occasion of the funeral of his successor. Nevertheless, a heavy mortgage remained on the building; and when at last this was paid off, and the consecration rendered possible, there was a loan of £5914 waiting to be cancelled. No one will forget the slow diminishing of those five thousands during the past winter months. It seemed doubtful whether the offer of a thousand pounds from a generous benefactor, conditioned on the remainder of the sum being forthcoming, could be accepted; but the miracle was accomplished,—for a miracle it seemed in these days when so little of a nation's wealth finds its way into the coffers of the Church.

During the last few months every effort has been made to do what was possible toward the completion of the necessary parts of the interior. An altar was erected in each of the unfinished chapels,—that of St. Paul by converts to the faith; while to the little chapel of the Sacred Heart, beside that of the Blessed Sacrament, a beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart was given by pupils of Sacred Heart Convents and members of their Sodality of the Chil-

dren of Mary in England and America. The Cardinal Vaughan chantry, close by, is the offering of the priests of England.

Only a fortnight before the date of the consecration, the mosaic in the crypt was completed. It represents St. Edmund of Canterbury taking leave of his flock from the shores of Dover. Its wealth of rich harmonious color makes a charming contrast to the severity of the white walls. In the same chapel lie the tombs of Cardinals Wiseman and Manning. The centre of the crypt has a chapel dedicated to St. Peter; in the walls are reliquaries lined with cedar and closed by barred gates of gilt metal-work. The prevalence of bare brick is somewhat depressing; and yet, to quote the words of one of the London evening papers, there is a "feeling of the independence of time, that seems to fill the atmosphere of the cathedral." This is no mission church to be completed in ten or twenty years, but a noble sanctuary which the piety and generosity of generations will slowly bring to its perfection.

The ceremonies in connection with the consecration began, on the afternoon preceding June 28, with the exposition of the relics in the cathedral hall—a fine room some ninety feet in length,—followed by Matins and Lauds. At a quarter-past six next morning, the head acolyte was in the cathedral, seeing that all the multifarious articles required for the consecration were ready. These included, among other things, the holy chrism and oil of the catechumens, two pounds of incense, a vessel of ashes, numerous towels for wiping the altar, scrapers to erase the marks of burned tapers and incense grains, materials for the construction of mortar, and countless other objects. At half-past seven the Archbishop visited the cathedral, to see that all was ready, leaving one deacon to make the responses from within.

The wonderful and oft-repeated aspersions that follow are symbolical of the spiritual baptism and sanctification which every individual soul has to undergo

before he may hope to reach heaven; though in this case it is not the sanctification of a soul, but the consecration of the walls, floor and altar of the material temple of God. We next have the sacrament of Confirmation typified by the anointing with chrism of the inner walls and altars; and, finally, there is the figure of the nuptials between Christ and His spouse, followed by a feast, when He gives Himself to be her food and drink in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar.

Another curious ceremony is the tracing of the letters of the Greek and Latin alphabet within a St. Andrew's cross which is outlined on the floor of the nave,—the Greek letters running from the Epistle side to the door; the Latin, from the Gospel side to the door. The Fathers connect this with the Jewish custom whereby a surveyor, on acquiring a tract of land, was wont to mark it out with a transverse line, recalling the psalmist's words, "The lines are fallen unto me in goodly places." (Ps. xv, 6.) It signifies, therefore, the taking possession of the land; while the Greek and Latin letters denote the instruction of the newly baptized in the elements of faith and piety, with Christ crucified as the central dogma.

When the rites of purification were completed, the imposing procession of the relics took place,—the Archbishop, bishops, canons, etc., going first to the cathedral hall to fetch them. The return was most impressive. Each reliquary—there were five of them—was placed on a bier draped with crimson hangings, and borne on the shoulders of four priests in crimson dalmatics. One of the bearers was Father Hugh Benson, well known in England and America. Three archbishops, twenty-eight bishops, and five mitred abbots took part in the procession. Among the first was the aged Archbishop Stonor, so well known in Rome. There were also present representatives of the Dominicans, Jesuits, Oblates of Mary Immaculate, Benedictines, Augustinians, Carmelites, Franciscans, Redemptorists,

and fifty students from Cardinal Vaughan's own missionary collegè, St. Joseph's, Mill Hill, in black cassock and red sash. Six Papal Chamberlains, in full dress of scarlet frock-coats and cocked hats, brought up the rear. Three times they went round the outside of the cathedral chanting the beautiful antiphon: "Forward, ye saints of God! Enter the city of the Lord; for a new church has been built for you...."

A large crowd of people were present. Many of them had been waiting in the cathedral square since six o'clock. A little apart from the throng stood the Duke of Norfolk and his five-year-old daughter. The congregation were permitted to enter the cathedral soon after the procession of the relics. Silently they moved to their seats, for the Confirmation rite was proceeding. The Archbishop at the high altar, and one of the other bishops at each of the thirteen side altars, were anointing with chrism the cavity where the relics were to lie. The relics chosen for the high altar were those of St. Boniface of Fulda, St. Thomas of Canterbury, St. Edmund of Canterbury, St. William of York, St. Francis of Sales (the Archbishop's patron), and St. Clement, Pope, to indicate union with Rome. Numerous psalms were sung, with the note of gladness slowly increasing; but as yet the *Flectamus Genua* of penitential seasons was repeated, and the *Gloria* was silent. Then, the altars having been sanctified with the chrism and oil of the catechumens, the choir suddenly burst forth with the joyful *Lauda Jerusalem*. The responsory that followed reveals the meaning of this long and arduous preparation: "This is that great city, the Heavenly Jerusalem, adorned as the bride of the Lamb; for she is the tabernacle of God."

Now for the first time the Christian Sacrifice was mentioned; the altar was no longer merely the place for burnt offerings; for it was "to be moistened with the blood of the mystic Sacrifice."

A final cross of chrism was traced on the front of the altar and at the juncture of the table and the base, in token that it was to be a constant source of grace to all who approach it. It was then vested, the crucifix and candlesticks put in place; Tierce was sung, followed by the Mass of Dedication, celebrated by the auxiliary Bishop of Portsmouth. The music was the beautiful *Missa Quinti Toni* of Di Lasso, a sixteenth-century composer; and it was rendered with that marvellous purity of tone and precision of touch for which the Westminster Cathedral choir is famous. At the Elevation the great bell presented by the Duchess of Norfolk was rung for the first time, its deep notes arresting the attention of Catholic and non-Catholic alike throughout the vast city.

The following day, the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul, was the occasion for a still more wonderful scene than that just witnessed; although the ceremonies of consecration are unique both in their external form and mystic symbolism. This second day seemed to be a realization of Cardinal Vaughan's prayer for "a *live* cathedral, or nothing at all." Yesterday the rites had naturally attracted many Protestants; but to-day they were in a small minority, for they could have no part in this festival in commemoration of the restoration of the hierarchy. All Catholic England seemed to be represented; over sixty of the founders, many of them members of old historic families, were in the seats reserved for them; while enormous crowds pressed into every available chair, and many had to stand in the aisles.

It was difficult to realize the burst of fury evoked years ago by the Papal Brief addressed to the "famous realm of England," whereby the Catholic portion of the country was restored, to quote the words of Wiseman's pastoral, "to its orbit in the ecclesiastical firmament, from which its light had long vanished." The Brief was described in the *Times* as a docu-

ment from a foreign government, showing "an audacious and conspicuous display of pretensions to resume the absolute spiritual dominion of this island, which Rome has never abandoned." The existence of Catholic bishops is now calmly accepted.

But to-day such thoughts were cast aside. A large number of Catholic peers were in their places, foremost among whom were the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, the Marquess of Queensbury, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, the Belgian Minister; Sir Charles Santley, the well-known singer; while the State was represented by the Lord Mayor, Sir John Knill; and the Lady Mayoress, so beloved of the London poor for her untiring efforts on their behalf during the past winter.

The entrance procession was very impressive. Three other bishops had come to swell the numbers. The Archbishop said Mass; and an imposing spectacle was the wide sanctuary, filled from side to side with bishops, abbots, canons, priests in rose-colored chasubles,—two slightly curving lines of gold and red and white bending toward the altar, with its soaring baldachino. One realized how amply suitable is this great open nave for the accommodation of an immense crowd, all of them able to observe the great action—the lifting up of the God made Man to the Eternal Father.

The sermon was preached by Bishop Hedley, who was consecrated by Cardinal Manning. It was an able vindication of the Catholic Church as the one true Church. Looking back to penal times, he described how the altar had always been the rallying ground of Catholics, and was to them "the smile and touch of Christ Himself." It seemed only fitting that the *Tu es Petrus* should be sung twice,—first, as a motet set by Palestrina; and, secondly, at the Communion, when it sounded the cry of exultation, affirming the impregnability of the Church. Every altar bore lighted candles, and that dedicated to St. Joseph was decorated with exquisite lilies and beautiful ferns.

After Mass, the archbishops, bishops, monks, priests, and principal members of the laity, were entertained at luncheon at the Mansion House; and the religious festival was brought to a close by a crowded Vespers and Benediction in the evening. It was a day which will ever stand out in the memories of English Catholics. Once more a consecrated temple takes its place in the capital of the British Empire.

The Triumph of the Holy Cross.

THE year 1212 began gloomily for Spain. Mahomet-ben-Yussuf, Emperor of Morocco, King of Andalusia and Murcia, had passed the Straits, at the head of half a million warriors, determined once for all to reduce the Kingdom of Spain to complete subjection, and to blot out from it even the remembrance of Christianity.

The danger was imminent; and, without losing a moment, the King of Castile, Don Alfonso VIII., marshalled his army, and ordered a general conscription throughout his States. The King of Portugal sent a small but chosen band; the King of Navarre, laying aside all thought of grievances that had been inflicted on him by Castile, came personally with a numerous army; but Don Pedro II., of Aragon, surpassed all the Christian rulers, bringing to Las Navas 30,000 of his best soldiers, and being accompanied by the Archbishop of Tarragona and the Bishop of Barcelona.

Don Rodrigo, Archbishop of Toledo, after visiting Rome to invoke the blessing of Pope Innocent III., preached a crusade in Italy, Germany, and France, and succeeded in enlisting in the Christian cause an army of 40,000 infantry and 12,000 cavalry. The Archbishops of Narbonne and Bordeaux and the Bishop of Nantes joined this reinforcement.

Toledo and the neighboring country could not hold the crowds that, animated with the greatest enthusiasm, flocked

thither from all parts. It was at once felt necessary to choose out an able commander-in-chief, to establish and maintain order amongst so many different nationalities so variously armed,—circumstances that made the election difficult, especially when one considers the number of distinguished men among the warriors drawn up around Toledo against the Moors. After due deliberation, the election fell on a commander of ripe judgment, spotless character, and long experience in military affairs. The antecedents of the noble Catalonian, Dalman de Creixell, inspired all with the utmost confidence.

As it did not suit the plans of the Moors to leave any enemies in their rear, they determined to make themselves masters of Salvatierra before continuing their enterprise. For eight months the defenders of this place held out against the enemy, thus giving the Christians time to organize. Whilst the soldiers of Mahomet-ben-Yussuf besieged Salvatierra, those of Don Alfonso made great efforts to gain possession of Calatrava, which fell into the hands of the Christians on July 1. Shortly after this victory the foreign crusaders, assigning various excuses—such as excessive heat, an unhealthy climate, want of provisions,—with a few honorable exceptions, abandoned the enterprise and returned to their several countries.

The Spanish army advanced to the foot of Sierra-Morena, whose difficult pass was of the utmost importance as a military position. The Mussulmans understood this well, and prepared to defend it. Some one—whether shepherd, hermit, or saint the historians are not agreed upon—presented himself, and guided the Christians by unknown paths until they reached a spot where all the advantage of position was on their side. Mahomet was both surprised and enraged at seeing before him the army which he had so confidently expected to conquer without any difficulty.

Both parties were eager for battle, but prudence suggested to the Spanish commander that his soldiers should be allowed

a brief rest. Religious sentiment being the motive of the war against the terrible Saracens, the prelates and other clergy, who had come to the army in considerable numbers, went about from rank to rank exhorting the soldiers of the Cross, before they joined arms with an enemy so well inured to war, thoroughly disciplined, and superior in numbers, to purify their souls by the Sacrament of Penance, and to receive with fervor the Bread of Life. The spiritual favors granted by Innocent III. were not forgotten. Kings, officers, and soldiers, having confessed and received Holy Communion as if they were members of one family, hopefully awaited the morning of July 16, 1212.

The two armies were standing face to face, ready for the signal of battle; the King of Castile was in the centre of the Spanish forces, the King of Navarre on the right wing, and the King of Aragon on the left. Then soon began an engagement, which proved the most obstinate and terrible, perhaps, of all that were fought during the eight centuries of the occupation of Spain by the Moors. The two armies showed admirable courage, and for a long time victory trembled in the balance. The bishops went from rank to rank of the crusaders, animating and encouraging them; the figure of Mary Immaculate, Help of Christians, waved to and fro on the standard of the King of Castile.

Finally victory was declared in favor of the Christians. The Mussulmans, not able any longer to hold out against their fierce charges, turned their backs. The slaughter was horrible, and ancient historians estimate the number of Saracens that fell that day at 200,000. Mahomet-ben-Yussuf, who had sworn to plant the standard of the false prophet on St. Peter's Basilica at Rome, and convert the Vatican into a stable for his horses, had to fly into Africa on a borrowed steed.

As a perpetual memorial of the victory, the Church established in Spain a special festival called the Triumph of the Holy

Cross, which is observed annually on the 16th of July. It is eminently proper that Spanish Catholics should celebrate the anniversary of a victory which so signally favored the rapid progress of the Reconquest. It is proper, too, that we who believe in Providence should be grateful to God for having given more than human bravery to those soldiers, who, fighting for religion and country under the banner of the Cross, humbled the Crescent, and wrote in history one of the most glorious pages of the many that are contained in the record of the long and obstinate struggle against the sectarians of the Koran.

At the Shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré.

THIS is the season which brings thousands and thousands of pilgrims to the feet of "Good St. Anne." Those faith-led voyagers come from every parish of Canada, and from nearly every part of the United States; or they consist of colleges, schools, or societies, religious or national. During these demonstrations of faith and piety, the great wonder-worker frequently makes manifest her power with God by a repetition of miracles which have made the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré famous over the whole continent.

Already, by the way, the opening of this season records a striking cure—that of Miss Frances Little, of Dorchester, Mass. Her left foot had for some years been paralyzed; she suffered, moreover, intense pain, and had undergone several operations. She is a most devout Catholic, full of faith and fervor. On the advice of her pastor, the Rev. Edward Kenny, she went to St. Anne's, on Sunday, June 5; spending the days that followed in devotional exercises, with absolute confidence that she would be cured. On Thursday, at 3 p. m., while praying before the shrine, she felt a sudden warmth passing through the diseased ankle. That was the premonitory symptom of her restoration.

to health and of the recovered use of her limb. She was, in fact, completely cured, save for a slight limp, the result of one of the operations; and, according to a reporter by whom she was visited, and to whom she expressed her firm belief that her cure was altogether miraculous, she had the appearance of being in perfect health.

It is a wonderful place, that St. Anne's; indescribable to those who have not seen it for themselves; with that atmosphere of the supernatural making itself so strongly felt, and those frequent manifestations of the power of St. Anne's intercession; the crowds of pilgrims ever coming and going, with their hymns and canticles; the many Masses on the part of visiting priests, and Holy Communions on the part of the faithful. Its surroundings are very beautiful, with the broad stretch of the river in the foreground, and the verdure-clad hills rising in the rear; while the splendid basilica stands the foremost object in the landscape, and its bells ring out a welcome to the arriving visitors. Each year the pilgrimages become more numerous, and last on into the late autumn; and each year, too, the feast of the "Good Saint," July 26, is celebrated with more and more of pomp and devotion.

On the 2d of last October took place one of the greatest events in the history of the shrine, when the Fathers of the First Canadian Plenary Council proceeded there in a body. All was joyous excitement at Beaupré. The weather at first threatened to be unfavorable, but presently it cleared. From early morning pilgrims were arriving from everywhere, notably a large detachment of workmen from Quebec and a battalion of the Quebec Zouaves. Expectation was at fever heat till the clock in the church tower sounded a quarter to nine, and the whistle of the special train was heard in the distance. It was a thrilling moment when it thundered into the station, having on board his Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, the archbishops, bishops, and the theologians

of the Council. They proceeded at once to the Redemptorist residence, to prepare for the imposing procession to the church: the seminarians in cassock and surplice, the priests in their vestments, and the prelates in full pontificals, escorted by the Quebec Zouaves as a guard of honor.

Never had the basilica appeared to greater advantage, in its simple and beautiful decorations. The Delegate occupied a throne on the Epistle side of the altar; and Archbishop Bégin, of Quebec, on the Gospel side. The Mass was celebrated by Bishop Emard, of Valleyfield, and rendered in superb Plain Chant by the seminarians. Sermons were preached, in French and English, respectively by Bishop Labrecque, of Chicoutimi, and the Rev. Lionel Lindsay, of the Basilica of Quebec,—the one on the excellence of pilgrimages, and the other on the love of the Canadian people for Good St. Anne. Everything was in the best taste, solemn and majestic.

In the afternoon, the distinguished visitors followed the traditional custom at St. Anne's, and walked in procession through the Park. On the return, the *Magnificat* was chanted by the assembly, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by Bishop Casey, of St. John. Immediately afterward took place the veneration of the sacred relic, all advancing to kiss that memorial of the Mother of Mary. After this ceremony, the Fathers of the Council departed, to the strains of "O Canada!" sung by the multitude on the platform.

It was a magnificent demonstration and a memorable one for St. Anne's, since to all time it will be recorded that the representative of the Holy Father and the first solemn hierarchical and national assemblage set the seal of their approval on this almost immemorial devotion of the Canadian people.

May the "Good St. Anne" during the season that is in progress show forth more than ever her power with the Most High, and her gracious and loving-kindness!

Notes and Remarks.

The Paris *Univers* publishes a detailed account of a recent interesting cure at Lourdes. Joseph Duncan Boothman, a lad of fifteen, and son of a former Protestant clergyman, had suffered for ten years from a disease of the left ear. It caused a continual discharge, as well as incessant pain and almost complete deafness. He had been treated by several specialists in Brussels, Dover, and London. On the 17th of May, 1910, an eminent aurist declared that the life of the lad was in grave danger, and that an operation would soon be of absolute necessity. He stated, after examination, that the drum of the ear was almost completely affected, that the inflammation had taken an acute form, and might very soon go to the brain and cause death. . . . The doctor added that, of course, the operation presented some risk of death; and that, even in the case of success, deafness for life was absolutely certain. Whereupon Mr. Boothman decided to turn from human science, and place the boy's case under the protection of our Blessed Lady. The sequel may readily be imagined. A novena was followed by the boy's cure; and in the company of his parents he repaired to Lourdes on the 4th of June, on a pilgrimage of thanksgiving.

In honor of the seventh centenary of the founding of the Friars Minor, the Holy Father, by a *Motu Proprio* dated June 9, decrees that this year the Portiuncula Indulgence may be gained, either on the 2d of August or the Sunday following, in any church which may be designated by the bishops; furthermore, that the faithful of both sexes who lead a life in common may enjoy the same privilege in chapels or oratories of their own where the Blessed Sacrament is reserved. The conditions for gaining this indulgence are confession, Communion, and prayer for the intention of the Pope. The indulgence is plenary,

and may be gained—once only, of course, for oneself—as often as a visit to the church or oratory is made, from Vespers on the 1st of August or the Saturday following till sunset of the next day. No special form of prayer for the Holy Father is prescribed, nor is it necessary to go to confession in the church where one makes the visits.

The results of the campaign in favor of Higher Education for women must be very disappointing to its leaders. The movement promised great things, but after many years of trial it is now voted a failure by every unprejudiced observer. Women have had the chance which was demanded for them, and the world has not been improved out of all knowledge, as was predicted. In "an appeal to the average woman" published in a recent number of the *Academy*, the writer has this to say on the subject:

The Higher Education of woman must be proclaimed a failure if it renders woman unable and unwilling to fulfil what is, after all, her mission in life—to bear healthy children and train them to become useful citizens. One continually hears women declare, "I am not going to be a mere maternity machine. I have something better to do than rear a family." Her education has taught her that each child means a year taken from her strenuous life of lectures, debates, and "work," and she refuses to "waste" that year. The modern education seems to have engendered no love of quiet reflection, to have stored the mind of the average woman with no great fund of material upon which to draw in times of enforced inactivity. She can no longer find any pleasure in purely feminine pursuits; and for a woman to be called "domesticated" in these days by one of her own sex is something of a reproach.

There are, of course, a small proportion of women who, having received their Higher Education, are doing splendid work; but they are a mere handful. The rest are leading purely selfish lives. If they would be content to train the younger generation on better lines, would condescend to get into touch with their poorer sisters and induce them to live hygienically and feed their children scientifically; if they would give their services free or for small salaries to municipal bodies, and thus enable such bodies to establish crèches, schools for mothers, and

otherwise fill the gaps in our social service; if they would do *anything* to increase our mental and physical health as a nation they might earn our gratitude.

Alas! the lives of the great majority of the "Intellectuals" are spent in theorizing. In every woman's club to-day there are constant debates and lectures, social and political, as well as literary, artistic, and scientific. The modern woman takes a great interest in all sorts of subjects, but she seldom gets further than the expression of her views. It never seems to occur to these women that, with their trained intellects and wide knowledge, the time spent in the study of sociology and in pointing out the faults of this workaday world might be better occupied in attending to one little corner of it themselves. So far, Higher Education has not made women any happier, nor the world any better.

The University of Laval, Quebec, is mourning the death of one of its most notable savants and administrators, Mgr. J. C. K. Laflamme. An eminent scholar and scientist, he served a number of terms as rector of the University, after having been for years the superior of the Quebec Seminary. The late prelate was born in 1849, and ordained priest in 1872. He represented Quebec in the National Geological Congress at Washington in 1891, and in the same year was named president of the Royal Society of Canada. In 1877 he was elected vice-president of the International Geological Congress held at St. Petersburg. Among the important scientific works left by Mgr. Laflamme are text-books on mineralogy, geology, and botany; essays on physical geography, and studies of electricity and magnetism. His decease is a notable loss to Laval. *R. I. P.*

Attention is called in the *Missions Catholiques* to the fact that the case of the Venerable Libermann, whose heroic virtues were attested by a Roman decree read on June 19, is the first since the establishment of the Sacred Congregation of Rites in which action had to be taken on the merits of a Jew. Father Libermann was born in Alsace in 1807. His father was

a rabbi. Converted in Paris at the age of twenty-one, he entered the Seminary of St. Sulpice, and fifteen years later was ordained priest. He showed himself an irreproachable worker in the Lord's vineyard, was all to all, and among other good works instituted missions for the evangelization of the infidel tribes in Africa. He gave to his fellow-workers the name of Missionaries of the Holy Heart of Mary. Scarcely had ten years elapsed from the time of the foundation of this society when the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, founded in Paris in 1703, entrusted to Libermann the formation of its novices, destined for missions amongst the blacks, particularly those of the French colonies. The two societies were afterward amalgamated, and Father Libermann became Superior-General. His notably holy life came to a happy and edifying close in 1852.

It is quite correct to refer to Judge Lindsey, of Denver, Colorado, as the founder of the Juvenile Court in the United States; however, the idea of segregating youthful criminals, giving them special trial, and, when found guilty, subjecting them to discipline calculated to reform rather than to harden them, is not new. Our excellent contemporary *Rome* quotes some interesting information on this subject from an article contributed to one of the Italian journals by a writer signing himself G. B. "Leaving aside," he writes, "the House of Correction of St. Philip Neri, instituted in Florence in 1677 by the priest (afterward declared Venerable), Filippo Franci, of the Congregation of the Oratory, to receive youths who, formerly shut up in prison with the most depraved thieves, instead of being reformed, sank deeper in depravity and vice, and to redeem them by instruction, reading, religious practices and work, we may mention the House of Refuge of San Michele, founded in Rome in 1703 by Clement XI., of which a Protestant author named Smith, in a book published in

Philadelphia in 1833, wrote: 'The first reform of penitentiary discipline is due to Catholic Rome. The prison there in which it was introduced for the first time has remained for over a century a striking example of what Christian beneficence can do. . . . The House of Refuge of San Michele was the first penitentiary house in Europe. The scope of this noble institution was moral reform, not the infliction of punishment.'

"By a *Motu Proprio* of Nov. 14, 1703, Clement XI. decided to form a special prison for boys, regulated by a discipline suitable for them. More interesting still, the same wise Pontiff established a special court connected with San Michele, in which all offenders under twenty years of age were to be tried. And with the special court and the special prison the Pontiff set apart priests for the religious instruction of these juvenile offenders, and appointed a staff of masters to teach them various crafts and to keep them employed. Other Pontiffs after him introduced changes into the system of San Michele; and Pius IX. founded the colony of St. Balbina for youthful offenders, placing it in charge of the Brothers of Our Lady of Mercy, an institute founded in Belgium for the reformation of prisoners."

An excellent work established in Paris years ago by the Assumptionist Fathers is the General Council of Pilgrimages. The fortieth semi-annual pilgrimage to the Holy Land is now being organized. For the benefit of such of our readers as are contemplating a vacation over-seas, we furnish the following information:

The pilgrims will visit Jerusalem, Bethlehem, the Jordan, the Dead Sea, Mount Carmel, Nazareth, Thabor, and Tiberias; also Egypt—Cairo and the Pyramids; Syria—Damascus, Baalbek, Beyrouth; Smyrna, Ephesus, Constantinople, Athens, Malta, Taormina, Naples, and Pompeii. The voyage will be made on the *Etoile*, a boat specially fitted up for the pilgrimages. On board will be a chapel with the Blessed Sacrament reserved. Lantern lectures will be delivered on the places visited, as well as on those passed

during the voyage. The boat will set sail from Marseilles on August 19, and will return there on September 30. The price of the round ticket from Marseilles is \$250 first class, and \$210 second class. The ticket covers all the necessary expenses during the forty-two days,—the voyage, board and apartments on land and sea, the railway journey and carriage drives in the Holy Land: Egypt, Damascus, Smyrna, Constantinople, Athens, and Taormina.

An attractive "proposition" this, and one that will appeal to many of our readers,—appeal all the more forcibly from the circumstance that the efficient corps of guides always includes an English-speaking one.

Friends all over the world of the Rev. Dr. Henry Cleary, for ten years or more editor of the *New Zealand Tablet*, will rejoice to hear of his appointment to the See of Auckland, as successor to the lamented Bishop Lenihan. In this case promotion means both a lessening of influence and a restriction of power, but it was doubtless with the view to prolong an eminently useful life that Dr. Cleary was assigned to less arduous work and a smaller field of labor. His appointment recalls this amusing passage in Mark Twain's "More Tramps Abroad," written when Dr. Cleary was stationed at Ballarat:

October 23.—Got up at 6, left at 7.30; soon reached Castlemaine, one of the rich goldfields of the early days; waited several hours for a train; left at 3.40, and reached Bendigo in an hour. For comrade a Catholic priest who was better than I was, but didn't seem to know it,—a man full of graces of the heart, the mind, and the spirit; a lovable man. He will rise; he will be a bishop some day; later an archbishop; later a cardinal; finally an archangel, I hope. And then he will recall me when I say, "Do you remember that trip we made from Ballarat to Bendigo, when you were nothing but Father C. and I was—nothing to what I am now?"

The *Freeman's Journal*, of Sydney, N. S. W., quotes from the correspondence column of the *Glasgow Scotsman* the following testimony (all the more striking considering its source) to the work of priests and Sisters in the slums of Edin-

burgh. The letter is in reply to an unjust criticism in the same paper:

May a little band of Protestant ladies who during the last four weeks have been working in the cause of charity alongside of both Roman and other missionaries in the slums of Edinburgh say a few words on this most unmerited attack? Our efforts have been directed to the feeding of starving children, and that alone. Religious instruction of even the simplest description we have left to others more capable. Our opinions are based on the personal observation of five pairs of eyes—two Free Church, the others Established. The way the Roman Church, both priests and Sisters, look after their own poor puts our Protestant missionaries to shame. Those courageous men and women penetrate the worst slums and haunts in the city in search of their own people. I say "courageous" rightly, for only those who know something of the slums at night know whether or not nerve is needed. Ask the first soldier you meet whether the Protestant minister or the Roman *padre* attended best to the wounded and dying in South Africa; ask the first loafer you meet in the Cowgate who best attends to his people there; ask the police. The one works in the day; the other when he is more needed and much less seen—at night. A more unmerited attack has never appeared in your pages. Brought up as I have been to hate the name of Rome, I and the other four ladies associated with me in our little charity have been forced to respect the good practical work of the one, as we also do the work of the Salvation Army, and the Church of England. Scottish Church work can, in our experience, hardly be accounted as seriously meant.

The Catholic Church Extension Society, which has developed with notable rapidity since its organization only a few years ago, has entered upon a new phase of beneficent growth. It has not only received the official recognition of the Holy See, but has won signal marks of Pius X.'s distinguished favor. In a Brief addressed to Archbishop Quigley, Cardinal Martinelli is named the Protector of the Society; and the document further states:

Likewise, in order to provide in a more definite way for the management of this Society, we decree by these present letters that the permanent office of chief moderator of the whole Society, under the title of chancellor, shall be held by you, venerable brother, and by your successors in the Archdiocese of Chicago. To

this supreme office, consequently, shall in a special manner be joined the duty of looking after the business of the Society and of wisely caring for and furthering its daily increase, with the active assistance of the members of the Board of Governors.

Moreover, as, according to the rules hitherto observed, there must be, under the Board of Governors, some immediate governor of the Society, styled president, to whose care and vigilance and determined authority the general activity of the Society remains entrusted, we, realizing the importance that great weight should be attached to his election, reserve this election to ourselves and to this Holy Apostolic See. We will, therefore, that the election of the president be made out of three candidates to be designated for this purpose by the Board of Governors, and that the names of these candidates should be sent through the intermediacy of the Cardinal Protector to this city. We decree, moreover, that the president of the Society thus nominated by the Holy See shall retain his office not longer than five years.

The president and directors of the Society are to be congratulated on the approbation thus accorded to their efforts; and the Holy Father's interest in their movements will doubtless prove an incentive to still greater fervor and zeal in the prosecution of their good work.

The *Revue du Monde* is thus plain-spoken on the subject of French race-suicide: "And here is another of the woes of the France that is passing,—the France that is dying of the indifference and cowardice of its citizens. People wish to show themselves and to enjoy; they dread taking any risks; family duties are repugnant; children are not wanted at the fireside, and France is being depopulated. The *Journal Officiel* publishes these statistics for 1909: Population, 39,252,245; marriages, 307,951; divorces, 12,874; births, 769,969; deaths, 756,545." While the excess of births over deaths is 13,424, it is to be remarked that never before was that excess so slight. In 1908, for instance, there were 46,441 more births than deaths. The only departments in which the birth-rate is kept up to its oldtime standard are those in which religion still exercises an influence upon the citizens.



The Moss Rose.

BY W. S.

AN angel of the flowers one day,
Beneath a rose-tree resting lay,—
That spirit to whose charge is given
To bathe young buds in dews from heaven.
Awaking from his light repose,
The angel whispered to the rose:
"O tender object of my care,
Still fairest found where all are fair!
For this sweet shade thou'st given me,
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee."

Then said the rose, with deepened glow:
"On me another grace bestow."
The spirit paused in silent thought:
What grace was there that flower had not?
'Twas but a moment. O'er the rose
A veil of moss the angel throws.
And, robed in Nature's simplest weed,
Could there a flower that rose exceed?

Sandy Joe.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

VII.—A HOME AND A NEW LIFE.

SANDY JOE had secured his new job with difficulty. He had appeared at the queer little shop at the market corner at an unlucky moment. Old "Parley Voo"—or Monsieur Paravue, as he was more politely called by his compatriots—was in a state of "desolation" beyond English speech. The tenth of a series of young "diabes Americains," whom he had employed as garçons, had disappeared the night before with a huge basket of *bonnes bouches* intended for an elegant reception, and the unfortunate Monsieur was hearing from the disappointed hostess in no very pleasant terms.

"But, Madame, Madame, it was not my fault. I make the terrapin with my own hands. I kill him, I pick him, I stew him, I smother him well with all things good and fine, Madame. I assure you it was one fine dish. And then I trust it to that villain, thief, rascal; and he—he—what you call it?—elope with it, Madame,—elope with it, to Madame's disappointment, to my dishonor, disgrace—but not to my fault," concluded the old man, bowing his head and stretching out his hands pathetically,—“not to my fault!”

"It is your fault, when you trust to dishonest and unreliable help," said the lady, sharply. "Your carelessness spoiled my entertainment, and you may be sure you will receive no orders from me again." And the speaker swept out of the shop indignantly.

"I am ruined, I am lost!" said the old man, clapping his hands to his head excitedly. "This will destroy me forever—forever!"

"Pooh, no!" interposed a cheery voice at his side; for Sandy Joe, waiting at the corner, had been a witness to the interview. "She can't hurt you, Parley Voo. Old hens don't do anything but cackle. First time she wants frog meat she'll forget all about what she just said, and come back to you. Boy skipped, you say? Well, I'm looking for a job right now."

"You—you!" panted the old man, staring angrily at the speaker. "You will be thief, rascal, devil, like all the rest. *Un, deux, cinq, six, huit, dix*, have I had,—all robbing, ruining me. *Vas-tu*—leave! Go—*allez*,—begone away! I will have none of you no more,—none, none!"

"But you'll have to, you know," said Sandy Joe, good-humoredly. "I'll wait until you cool off, and can talk business; or I want the job. Three dollars a week

and grub,—anything you've got round except frogs and mud-turtles. I'll not bother them, you can bet! Sleep there under the counter, and be on the jump whenever you call. And I'm no thief either, though I don't suppose you are taking my 'say so' for that. It ain't no 'cinch,' as you know, Parley Voo; but I'm willing to try it, if you want to give me the chance."

And something in Sandy Joe's twinkling eyes and cheery voice seemed to strike through the clouds of old Parley Voo's despair; and, after a great deal of excited discussion in very broken English, he was given the chance "to rob and ruin," as the old Frenchman direfully prophesied, with the ten "diabes Americains" that had preceded him.

It was not much of a cinch, as Joe had foreseen. Although the little shop at the corner "put the best foot foremost" to the outside world, and the counter was covered with spotless oil-cloth, paper napkins in plenty, and the flowered dishes were gaily garnished with parsley and cress, there were dark depths behind, in which it would not have been wise for patrons to penetrate. There was a small stuffy kitchen, where old Parley Voo, in a white paper cap and apron, did wonderful things with bits and scraps that an American cook would not have looked at twice; there was a tumble-down shed beyond, with tanks and tubs where frogs, turtles and terrapins awaited their doom; there was a ragged-looking parrot that swung in a rusty cage and said bad words in French; and, last and worst of all, there was "La Vielle."

Whether La Vielle was wife, mother, grandmother or great-grandmother to Parley Voo, Joe was never able to tell. She was so old and withered and brown that fifty years more or less would not seem to count. She lived up a crooked pair of stairs, that led to an *apartement* where Joe was never allowed to penetrate; and once a day she came hobbling down, leaning on a cane, to quarrel fiercely with

old Parley Voo in shrill French, and to gather up all the loose change in sight. But she saw that the little cot under the counter had a warm blanket, and more than once she nodded her queer old bewigged head and threw a nickel to Joe as she clambered up the crooked steps.

"She is one vat you call veetch," said old Parley Voo to Joe, after one of those daily visits. "La Vielle will nevare, nevare die. She is one veetch."

And, though not wise in "witch" ways, Joe felt that perhaps Parley Voo was not far wrong.

Meanwhile Gran lingered on in dull unconsciousness in the free ward of the great hospital; and little Jackie, happily domesticated in the Bryan household, was fairly revelling in delights she had never experienced in her brief years of remembrance. True, the Bryan establishment consisted of only three rooms, and a shed in which the mother did the washing that supported her fatherless brood. But, after Gran's *ménage*, what vistas of comfort and beauty those three rooms were to Jackie's eager eyes! There were real beds, snowy and spotless, with an iron crib for Baby Ann; there were chairs with legs and seats; there was a table which, when not set in proper fashion for meals, was covered with a fringed red cloth; there was a clock that ticked cheerily day and night. Most wonderful of all, there were pictures on the walls,—pictures bought on instalment at sacrifices only God's good angels knew: the Blessed Mother, St. Joseph, St. Patrick, Christ blessing little children,—too gorgeous in hue, perhaps, for artistic tastes, but teaching lessons of faith, hope, and love, that many a masterpiece fails to impart.

What with all these attractions, with a friendly cat purring on the hearth rug, with rosy, rollicking Baby Ann to cuddle and squeeze, and Molly and Nora and little Pat, the three days since the night of Gran's accident had been one long delight to Jackie,—a delight she felt with

a tremulous fear must soon have an end; it was altogether too good to last. There was only one shadow in this sunshine. Joe, big, cheery, tender Joe, was not here to share it,—to enjoy the bright fire and the set table, the hot mush and milk, the cat, the goat, the baby,—all the wonderful joys of this new life.

She was thinking of Joe this morning as she sat on the rag rug before the stove that was glowing with ruddy light; for Mrs. Bryan was in the midst of her ironing. The room was a very grove of sweet-smelling linen, that hung airing on lines stretched from wall to wall,—linen frilled and laced and embroidered; for the good laundress' custom was of the best. Bright winter sunshine streamed through the four windows. The pictures shone out in all their glory. The clock ticked merrily. Molly and Nora were at school; little Pat, bundled up warm against the winter cold, was out coasting with the young Monaghans; Baby Ann had just rolled over on the rug in her morning nap, and had been comfortably ensconced in her crib. It was a time for reflection; and Jackie, with her little patched toes curled up under her ragged frock, whose glaring deficiencies were concealed for the present by the loan of Nora's best ruffled apron, was thinking rather more seriously than the usual glad riot in the Bryan household permitted.

"Gran will come back soon now; won't she, Mrs. Bryan?" she asked gravely.

"Sure if it's God's holy will, darling!" answered the good woman, evasively.

"God's holy will,"—it was the keynote of this humble household, to which all its simple music was attuned. Jackie had heard a great deal about God's will during the last three days, and there was a puzzled look in the soft brown eyes lifted to her kind friend's face.

"Who is God, Mrs. Bryan?" she asked softly.

Mrs. Bryan's iron poised, to the imminent danger of the dainty fabric beneath.

"The Lord save us!" she gasped.

"Jackie darling, did you never hear talk of God?"

"Sometimes when Gran was mad," answered Jackie. "But I didn't think He was real or true till I came here."

"You poor darling innocent!" said Mrs. Bryan, tenderly. "And how could you know anything good or holy with such an old reprobate—" The speaker remembered charity, and checked her indignant speech. "And, like as not," she continued, "you never had the blessed water of baptism poured over you, Jackie; and you're a little haythen with all the rest. Well, with God's help, Mary Bryan will see to that this day. You'll not get out of my hands till you have a Christian soul—aye, and a Christian name, too. 'Jackie' indeed! It's easily seen that old savage had no more regard for you than to call you like a dumb beast. Who ever heard of a decent child with a name like that? This very evening, when the children come home, I'll take you up to St. Martin's to see Father More."

And, as good Mary Bryan never dallied on the path of duty, a new and wonderful experience came to our little Jackie that afternoon. With Nora's best coat enveloping her small figure, and Nora's blue worsted hood tied over her brown hair, she was led to a great house, where, in a big room lined with books, there was the nicest gentleman she ever remembered to have seen,—a tall, pleasant-faced gentleman, with half-grey hair, who shook hands with Mrs. Bryan and patted Jackie's head kindly, while he listened to the brief, sad story the good woman told of the little girl's life.

"And you know nothing more than this,—nothing of the child's parentage?"

"Nothing, Father, except the poor darling has had no more care than a dumb beast; sure not as much as some of the beasts I have seen. It was a foundling that was left in her hands, the old woman used to say; and she was keeping her, expecting she might be called for. It was the old reprobate she was out and

out, God forgive me! And if she gets over the trouble that's on her now, she'll take the child back again. But while Jackie is in my house I must do the best I can for her; so I brought her to you, Father, to ask you to baptize the poor innocent, and give her a Christian name, and a chance for heaven if the Lord sees fit to take her; for she's a delicate bit of a creature, as you can see."

Father More put his hand under Jackie's chin and lifted the shy, pretty little face so that the brown eyes met his own.

"A delicate little creature indeed," he said gently, — "wonderfully delicate for such a life."

And then he bade Mrs. Bryan sit down; and, taking his place in his own big chair, he drew Jackie to his side and talked to her in a way no one had ever talked to her before,—wisely, kindly, simply enough to reach the little seven-year-old heart and mind. And when he had finished, Jackie had learned beautiful, wonderful things about the good God, her Father in heaven who loved her so tenderly.

"You would like to be God's child, my dear little girl,—the child of that good Father in heaven?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" said Jackie softly, lifting her shining eyes to the priest's face. "But I can't,—I can't. Nobody wants me. Gran says I am only—only a bother. Maybe God don't want me." And she shook her pretty little head in a hopeless way that went to Father More's big heart.

"My poor, dear little girl! Yes, God wants you,—indeed He does." And then, after another little talk, so tender and beautiful that Mrs. Bryan was reduced to sympathetic tears, it was decided that Jackie was to be brought to the church the very next day to receive conditional baptism.

"And sure you'll give her a Christian name, Father?" asked Mrs. Bryan anxiously. "Sure you couldn't be baptizing her with such a name as Jackie!"

"Well, scarcely," said Father More, with a smile. "Choose her name yourself,

my friend. It will be a good and holy one, I am sure. That is your privilege as godmother."

Great was the excitement in the Bryan household that night when the coming event became known. Baby baptisms were happy and familiar affairs; but to have a walking, talking, little girl led to the blessed font was a thing altogether unheard of and unrecorded in the family history. Jackie became an object of the most affectionate and breathless interest. Nora's one white dress was brought out from its careful paper wrappings, and washed and ironed afresh for the great occasion. Nora's shoes were borrowed and blacked to a shine. Molly's white sash, the pride of her life, purchased by six weeks' nursing of the tempestuous baby Monaghan, was offered to the little neophyte without a pang of hesitation. Then, when all these minor details were happily settled, Mrs. Bryan took down from the shelf, where it lay carefully protected from dust by three layers of tissue-paper, the great, gilt-clasped "Ursuline Manual" that had been her husband's wedding gift, and proceeded to study the calendar for a fitting name, while the children crowded around in delighted interest.

"Oh, I'd choose Regina Cecilia!" said Molly. "It sounds so grand."

"Katherine Loretto is much prettier," declared Nora; "and it's holier, too; isn't it, mother?"

"Sure it's not for us to judge betwixt the holy saints," said the good mother, reprovingly. "You ought to have the instruction to know that, Nora. I'm thinking of Monica myself. It was my poor own mother's name, and that of a great saint, besides. How would you like to be called Monica, Jackie dear?"

"O Jackie, yes! Monica is a lovely name," put in Molly, enthusiastically. "Mother, why didn't you give me a fine name like that, instead of plain Mary Ann?"

"Whisht! I'm surprised and shocked at you, Molly Bryan! Where could I find

you a sweeter or a holier name than that of the Queen of heaven and earth? And Jackie shall have that, too, if she wants it. We'll call her Monica Mary. And here comes Joe to settle the matter. We'll ask him."

And Joe, who just at that moment came in to look after his family, having an evening off from the frogs and turtles, stared in bewilderment at the chorus of information that greeted him. Jackie was to be baptized on the morrow at the great marble church, with the tower and the bells; Jackie was to wear a beautiful white dress Mrs. Bryan had just ironed, the white silk sash that Molly proudly displayed, the new shoes with shining patent-leather toes; and Jackie must no longer be "Jackie," like a dog or a monkey, but must have a beautiful name.

"I'm thinking of Monica Mary," said Mrs. Bryan; "but it's for you to say the word, Joe. How do you like that name?"

"Great!" said Joe breathlessly, feeling that here was "respectability" far beyond his wildest hopes. "I never heard a finer name. I ain't saying I won't forget it sometimes myself, and call her Jackie; but she'll be Monica Mary to everyone else, or I'll know the reason why."

(To be continued.)

A Lost Kingdom.

A King of Persia, who had no children of his own, took from off the street a poor little beggar child, intending to bring him up and appoint him heir to his throne. The first thing done was to wash the child, and dress him in new clothes from head to foot. Masters were appointed to teach him, and companions were selected with whom he played every day.

Under this treatment, the boy grew and thrived wonderfully well; and his royal benefactor was more than satisfied with his progress in both his elementary studies and his deportment. The future looked bright for the lad, as, so long as

the King lived, his protégé was sure of being well cared for in every way.

But, alas! at the end of two years the King died. They hastened to open his will, and therein read as follows: "I adopt for my son the little Ali whom I have rescued from misery; I wish him brought up and educated with all possible care till he shall be fifteen years old. At that time, if he be pious, prudent, polite, amiable, and attentive to study, it is my will that he shall be placed on the throne of Persia. If, on the contrary, he become unworthy, let him no longer be recognized as my son."

This will was carried out to the very letter. The little beggar was told about it; care was taken to read it to him from time to time, and to show him what a brilliant throne awaited him if he answered the views of his benefactor. Unhappily, he paid little attention to all this, though now and then he made fine promises. He became careless and rebellious. He disobeyed his masters, refused to study his lessons, ran about the streets with urchins of his own age, and appeared to care little for the throne promised him. His preceptors were willing to believe that much of this conduct was mere thoughtlessness, and would radically change as the lad grew into his teens; but, as time went on, the chances of any genuine reform apparently grew less and less.

When Ali had completed his fifteenth year, they read to him once more and for the last time the articles which concerned him, and asked him whether he could conscientiously say that he had fulfilled the conditions imposed upon him. The unhappy youth hung his head, burst into tears, threw himself on his knees and promised to amend. But all was in vain. The late King's brother made him take off his fine clothes and had him turned out of the palace.

This story represents what God has done for us by baptism; we must be faithful to that grace if we would inherit the celestial kingdom.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A new and enlarged edition of "The Devotion of the Sacred Heart of Jesus," by Father Dalgairns, edited by Father Ross, another priest of the Oratory, has just been issued by Messrs. Burns & Oates. A brief biography of the author and a pleasing portrait of him are welcome additions to this beautiful and scholarly volume.

—The religious (of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus) who some time ago wrote "Talks with the Little Ones about the Apostles' Creed," has produced another book of similar style and import—"The Laws of the King; or, Talks on the Commandments" (Benziger Brothers). The book may be heartily commended as likely to interest and sure to instruct solidly the young folk for whom it is intended. It is a 16mo of 200 pages, with several illustrations.

—"Meditations for Each Day of the Month of June" is a volume of 110 pages dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus (R. & T. Washbourne; Benziger Brothers). The meditations have been translated and adapted from the Italian by Sir Charles Santley; and, while not formally divided into separate points, each having its consideration, application, affection, and resolution, they will prove of genuine utility to all who seek in the volume an inspiration to additional fervor.

—"German Prose Composition," Ostheins and Biermann, is a graded text-book of German writing for high school and college use, intended to develop the student's sense of independence along lines of theme-writing. It has all necessary helps in the way of notes and glossary. Ries' "Easy German Stories," edited by E. H. Biermann, contains eight short stories especially interesting to young folks. Mairer's "La Petite Princesse," edited by Edith Healy, is a French variant of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," with a little girl as centre of interest instead of winsome little Cedric. All three of these aids to teachers of the modern languages are published by the American Book Co.

—The Angelus Co., Norwood, London, has brought out, in a handy volume of 163 pages, Blessed Henry Suso's "Little Book of Eternal Wisdom." Father McKenna, O. P., who contributes the foreword, adds thereto "The Parable of the Pilgrim," taken from the writings of the Carthusian monk, Walter Hilton, and abridged by the venerable Father Baker, O. S. B. Blessed Henry Suso ranks among the first of the great mystic theologians of the

Church; and his "Little Book of Eternal Wisdom" is a veritable treasury of sound teaching, sublime thought, lucid expression, and beautiful illustration. The original English edition has long been out of print, and the publishers were well advised in issuing the present volume.

—The new guide to the Celtic antiquities of the Christian period preserved in the National Museum, Dublin, by its learned curator, Mr. George Coffey, just published by Messrs. Hodges Figgis & Co., of that city, is more than a guide. One critic refers to it as "a learned treatise on Celtic art in the Christian period, from about the seventh to the twelfth century; with ample references, and singularly beautiful drawings and photographic reproductions of the treasures of the Irish monasteries preserved in the collection."

—A most timely as well as thoroughly useful volume is the "Handbook of Practical Economics," by J. Schrijvers, C. SS. R., translated from the French by F. M. Copes. The author's purpose has been to popularize knowledge of the true principles of Political Economy, and especially to initiate into that science young men called to spend their lives in social works. By casting his excellent treatise into the form of a handbook, Father Schrijvers has made it available as a text-book for the higher schools and colleges, while its utility to the private student is not thereby impaired. In our day, when the Socialist question is insistently challenging attention, the work is singularly opportune; and we cordially recommend it to clergy and laity, the parish priest and seminarian, the college student and the man in the street. Published by B. Herder.

—The Abbé Félix Klein, as is well known, is an enthusiastic admirer of America. To the experiences of his first visit to the United States, recorded in his former books, "Au Pays de la Vie Intense" and "La Découverte du Vieux Monde par un Etudiant de Chicago," he has added in "L'Amérique de Demain," fresh impressions, received in the course of a second visit to our country. Lake Champlain and its Catholic Summer School; Chataqua and its lecture course; Chicago, with its Catholic Extension Society and its University; the Middle West and its increasing development; the Far West, with its rising cities and its Oriental immigration—such are the chief subjects of his descriptions and appreciations. The book is interesting all through, very literary in style,

filled with attractive details and witty remarks. It is animated by an optimism which, while flattering to the American reader, may cause some others to wonder whether the enthusiastic traveller has not been dazzled, at times, by the brilliant aspect of things, and blinded as to the tremendous problems which face the American people. But the genial Abbé evidently intended to give us his impressions rather than to pass philosophical judgments; and his readers on this side of the Atlantic will be grateful for his sympathetic kindness.

—"The Boys of St. Batt's," by R. P. Garrold, S. J. (Benziger Brothers), is a day-school story, the school being in England. A good alternative title for the tale would be "All on Account of Pygmalion," the character bearing that classic name being a distinguished rabbit of the Belgian hare species. The boy who infers from the author's being a Jesuit Father that the book is merely a sermon in disguise will make an egregious mistake. There isn't a word about prayer or confession or Communion, or similar religious topics, on any one of its two hundred and twenty-six pages, although several priests do figure in the narrative. And an excellent narrative it is, despite the reticence as to overt religious acts. The boys are genuine types, as interesting to grown-ups as "fellows of their own size"; their sisters—at least those of McGinley and Blessington—are delightful girls; and the elder people of the book are worth while getting acquainted with. A volume that many parents will purchase for their children's pleasure, and in nine cases out of ten will read for their own.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Handbook of Practical Economics." J. Schrijvers. \$1.35.
- "St. Francis de Sales: A Study of the Gentle Saint." Louise M. Stackpoole-Kenny. \$1.10.
- "The Laws of the King; or, Talks on the Commandments." A Religious of the Holy Child. 60 cts.

- "The Boys of St. Batt's." R. P. Garrold, S. J. 80 cts.
- "Meditations for Each Day of the Month of June." Charles Santley. 60 cts.
- "Astronomical Essays." Rev. George V. Leahy, S. T. L. \$1.
- "Cardinal Mercier's Conferences." \$1.50.
- "Sunlight and Shadow." P. M. Northcote. \$1.
- "The Beginnings of the Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes, A. D. 754-1073." Mgr. L. Duchesne, D. D. \$2.
- "A Compendium of Catechetical Instruction," Vols. I. and II. \$4.50.
- "A Private Retreat for Religious." Rev. Peter Geiermann, C. SS. R. \$1.50.
- "Life's Little Day." D. J. Scannell O'Neill. 25 cts.
- "So as by Fire." Jean Connor. \$1.25.
- "Brownie and I." Richard Aumerle. 85 cts.
- "The Formation of Character." Rev. Ernest Hull, S. J. 15 cts.
- "A Bunch of Girls." "Shan." 50 cts.
- "The First Great Canadian." Charles B. Reed. \$2.
- "History of the Society of Jesus in North America." Thomas Hughes, S. J. Documents: Vol. I., Part II. \$4.50.
- "Buds and Blossoms." Rt. Rev. Charles H. Colton, D. D. \$1.25.
- "The Christ Child." M. C. Olivia Keiley. 75 cts.
- "The Sacrament of Duty." The Rev. Joseph McSorley, C. S. P. \$1.08.
- "The Light of His Countenance." Jerome Harte. \$1.25.
- "From Geneva to Rome via Canterbury." Viator. 45 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii 3.

Rev. John Breen, of the archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. Charles Doherty, diocese of Portland; and Rev. Benedict Haupt, O. F. M. Brother Ambrose, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Sister M. of St. Aglae, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. John H. Davis, Mr. F. X. Martin, Mr. Michael McDonough, Mr. Walter Brown, Mr. Maurice Treacy, Mrs. Mary Beresford, Mrs. C. McKinley, Mr. Edward Cassidy, Mr. James Seery, Mrs. Simon White, Mr. John Joyce, Mr. Francis Drew, Mrs. Andrew Mullen, Mr. J. E. Pierce, Mr. O'Crowley, Mr. Frank Diekmann, and Mr. Henry Philipp.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 30, 1910.

NO. 5

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

Mater Gratiae.

TRANSLATED FROM THE YORK MISSAL.

I.

PUREST Mother, full of grace!
Come and comfort Eva's race;
Heal in mercy all our ill,
Come, the Church's shining Light,
With thy rays of beauty bright
E'en the saddest sinner fill.

II.

Empress great, we own thy sway,
Singing praises day by day
From the bottom of our hearts.
To the doubting and perplexed,
Troubled spirits sorely vexed,
Comfort kind thy love imparts.

III.

Thou the brightest of the stars,
Still the fearful strife of wars
In this battlefield below;
Aid the Church, thy Son's true bride—
Peter's Bark upon the tide,—
Lest she suffer harm or woe.

IV.

Port of storm-tossed sailors sure,
May our prayers through thee procure
Aid and mercy which we seek!
Mary, help the wandering;
Queen, console the sorrowing;
Strength and courage give the weak.

V.

Thou who joinest God and men,
Things divine above our ken,
To the lowliest of the earth;
Heresies thou wilt destroy,
Schisms that the Church annoy,—
All will change to joy and mirth.

The Virtue and Pattern of Patience.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY, LITT. D.

IT is related of Saint Arsenius,* who, from being a Roman Senator and tutor to the Emperor Arcadius, retired, at the call of God, into the Egyptian desert, that the three "principles of salvation" (the rudiments, as we say) were revealed to him in the three words: *Fuge, tace, quiesce*,—"flee, hold thy peace, be quiet." Interpreted, as they fairly may be, they would read: "Forsake the world and self; be silent, in token of submission; be patient." They stand for the three chief virtues of the Christ-life in the soul; for what else does salvation mean but just this, that we be His and not our own? And these virtues are self-denial, submission, and patience.

Taking these three principles of salvation, then, in this sense, we have the source, the manifestation, and the perfection of the Christ-life in the soul. Nor is the last, patience, less necessary than self-denial or obedience; it is, indeed, in some respects, the most essential of them all, as it is the most difficult of attainment. "All men," says Thomas à Kempis, "preach patience," and goes on to show how few really practise it. It is to this necessity that Saint Paul refers when he writes: "You have need of patience, that, after you have suffered a while, you may inherit the promises."† It is as if he said:

* Butler, "Lives of the Saints," July 19. Saint Arsenius figures in Charles Kingsley's "Hypatia."

† Hebrews, x 36.

Not self-denial only, not obedience, not even suffering, are enough to ensure the attainment of final and inseparable union with Christ, to share in His divine nature (Saint Peter's "exceeding great" and precious promises); patience also is necessary. "He that shall endure unto the end" (the patient man) "the same shall be saved." It is of this that the Apostle elsewhere speaks when he writes of "receiving the end of your patience." And again: "Let patience have her perfect work."

Is not reason for this plain? All that we have, Saint Anselm tells us, we owe to God, apart from the satisfaction due for sin. "Every sin," Thomas à Kempis tells us—it is, of course, the teaching of the Church—"shall bear its own punishment," in this life or in purgatory. It is here that we begin to see both the necessity and the value of patience. "The patient man," the great master of the spiritual life continues, "hath here a very wholesome purgatory." Speaking with all reverence, is not this a part, at least, of that "perfect work" to which the Apostle refers? If so, do we wonder at the exclamation, once more from Thomas à Kempis, "O Lord my God! I perceive that patience is very necessary for me"? And, that there may be no mistake as to what he means by patience, he goes on to define, not only its reward, its motive rather, but its content, its practice, as well. Concerning the first, he writes that "with God, it is impossible that anything, how small soever, if only it be suffered for God's sake, should pass without its reward."*

Of the second he says: "That which pleaseth others shall go well forward; that which pleaseth thee, shall not speed. That which others say shall be heard, what thou sayest shall be accounted nothing. . . . Others shall be great in the praise of men, but about thee there shall be nothing said. To others, this or that shall be committed; but thou shalt be accounted of no use."† Truly, such

patience, which is the only true patience, is a harder and, in some sense, more necessary virtue than either self-denial or obedience. "A man," it has been well said, "might not find it hard to die for his faith: it is a "different matter to live for it." So a man might forsake self and the world, might submit in silence (*tace*) to another's will; yet fail, as Our Lord says, to "bring forth fruit in patience,"—fail to persevere. It is a more exacting, a more trying, virtue than either of the other "principles of salvation"; because it must, at all times and under all conditions, be actual as well as habitual, and is obviously far less easy of practice in the world than in the cloister, even as it is immeasurably—if one may venture to say so—more meritorious in the common life than in the religious.

"You have heard," says Saint James, "of the patience of Job." (Of all "types of the Divine," to use Father O'Kennedy's expression,* Job is surely the most wonderful and the most perfect.) The Apostle's next words, however, are not, at first sight, so easy of understanding: "And how that the Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy." How, we may ask, were God's pity and mercy shown in Job's trials? Were they not, as nearly as may be in a mere man, wholly undeserved—wholly typical? So Job thought at first, and protested his innocence to the friends who charged him with some secret sin; yet without losing confidence in God. "Though He slay me," he exclaims, "yet will I trust Him." That, however, was not the only lesson God wished to teach him,—not patience simply, nor unwavering trust in his Maker.

The chief lesson, knowledge of God and self, was not learned till the very end. "I have heard of Thee," he says, "by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee. Wherefore I abhor

* THE AVE MARIA, March, 1910. It may be well to state that this paper was written before I had the privilege of reading Father O'Kennedy's admirable article.

* Book III, c. xix. † Ibid., c. xlix.

myself, and do penance in dust and ashes." God's pity and mercy, then, were shown to Job in this, above all else; that his soul was brought face to face with God and with itself. And that, we may say, was the reward of his patience, its perfect work; since it is only by coming to know God and our own selves that we can hope to stand, first, in our true relation to Him; to flee all that He is not; to submit our wills to His (of which silence is the symbol); to be patient, whatever He shall send us or withhold from us; and, secondly, to advance from these "principles of salvation" to full and complete union with Himself—with "the very God of patience."

This, then, is the reward, not of Job's patience only, but of all patience that can truly be so called. It is to this that Saint Paul alludes when he prays that "the Lord direct your hearts into the love of God, and into the patient waiting for Christ."* Patience, that is to say, implies not only endurance but expectation. "*Exspectans exspectavi*," the Psalmist cries out,—“I waited patiently for the Lord.”† The “patient waiting for Christ,” moreover, may, I think, be taken in another and more immediate sense, as it were. The soul-life, as we have seen, and as we can not too often call to mind, is the life of Christ: “I live; now not I, but Christ liveth in me.” For what else, then, must the soul wait so patiently, so longingly, as for the daily coming of her Beloved, in sacramental or in spiritual Communion, whereby His life may be renewed and increased in her till it come “to the measure . . . of the fulness of Christ”? This, again, is a part, one might say the very essence, of that perfect work of patience which the Apostle so earnestly commends to us.

But if patience, no less than self-denial or obedience, be one of the principles of salvation—that is, of the Christ-life in the soul,—shall we not find this, too, in Him whose life is the source and norm

of all true life in His members? Does the question need answering? We have, indeed, heard of the patience of Job, even as we have heard of his trials. Yet what was Job's patience, what were Job's trials, in comparison with the patience and the sufferings of the innocent Christ? “Behold,” He cries from His cross, “and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow.” Shall He not add, “Behold, and see if there be any patience like unto My patience”?

Patience, as we have said is essentially the endurance which is symbolized by silence: endurance, whether of suffering, of evil, or of the will of others. In all these, was not the patience of Christ supreme and pre-eminent. He submitted, not to His Father's will only, or, being perfect Man, to His Mother's, but no less surely to the evil will of His enemies and murderers; most wonderful of all, to the will of that tempter who “set Him upon a pinnacle of the temple, . . . upon an exceeding high mountain.” He “endured the cross”; but not the cross only: ingratitude, revilings, blasphemy, betrayal, and forsaking. “Behold, and see if there be any patience like unto My patience.”

But, since it is with the individual soul that each of us is most nearly concerned, have we not proof, in His dealings with us, above all else, of His infinite patience? We are ready enough, as has been well said, to condemn Peter's denial, or the treachery of Judas. Have we never denied Him, never betrayed the soul whose life He is into the hands of His bitterest enemies and ours? Has it never been true of us that “those that did eat the Bread of Angels I have seen delighting themselves with the husks of swine”? The patience of Jesus Christ! Who shall measure it? The goodness of God! Who shall tell of it? His patience, Saint Peter tells us, “waited in the days of Noah,” deferring His just judgment so that men might even yet, if they would, do penance and return to Him. Is it not just as true

* II. Thess., iii, 5.

† Ps. xxxix, 1.

that His goodness, His patience, has waited all the days of every one of us?

There is, in this connection, one other aspect of the patience of Jesus Christ which we may consider in conclusion; namely, that, as Saint Gregory—I think it is—says, the very prolongation of our lives is proof of it, as it is proof of unreadiness in His sight, to answer to His final reckoning of our stewardship. Nay, one might almost dare to say that the very enduring of the world, as we know it, is proof of His patience now, as truly as in the days of Noah: proof of the world's unreadiness for His coming to judgment.

The patience, then, of Jesus Christ is the source and pattern of that patience whereof each soul that is His stands in so great need, no less surely than the self-denial and obedience of Jesus Christ are the source and pattern of ours. Indeed, they are none of them ours but His, even as His life is our life. *Fuge, tace, quiesce* ("Forsake, obey, be patient"),—these are the principles, the beginnings of salvation, of the Christ-life in the soul. It is to these principles that I have endeavored to call the attention of my fellow-laymen, convinced as I am that all three are as necessary for us as for priests or religious,—I might even say more so; and that in these three consists that common life which is so unspeakably sacred, just because it is not our life but Christ's. "These are the beginnings of salvation." If so, what shall the end be? "It doth not yet appear what we shall be,"—we, the sons of God; "but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is."

COUNT your failures, but not your successes. You can not surprise God by the amount of good you do. . . . Faith, hope and charity are all we have to help us, all we can ask of Heaven. Believe, hope, and help others while you live, and all will go well hereafter, never fear!

—Marion Crawford.

The Flaw in the Title.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXX.

IT was while affairs at the Manor were in this condition, and the entire interest of the place centred round that room where Grenville lingered between life and death, that other events began to thicken about the spot,—so frequently in life as to have become, in fact, proverbial, does one misfortune wait upon another, as cloud succeeds cloud in the lurid brightness of a stormy sky.

Sylvester was summoned to the library during one of these days of direst suspense to see a person whose business was described as so urgent that it could not admit of delay. The old man entered the room, stooping somewhat, as though a new weight of years had been added to him. The library was rather dim, the curtains having been drawn but slightly aside, and the place bearing the evident impress of having been unused and neglected. A woman rose from the corner where she had been seated. Her appearance was altogether unfamiliar to the master of the Manor. Sylvester, pausing just beyond the threshold, reflected that urgent indeed must be the business that could be transacted at that time and under those circumstances. But the visitor at once took the initiative.

"I am presuming," she said, "that you are Mr. Birmingham,—Sylvester Birmingham of the Manor?"

Surprised at this form of address, Sylvester replied, even more curtly than his want, intimating that she was correct in her assumption. Though he motioned his visitor to resume the seat she had vacated, he himself remained standing.

"If you will allow me," the woman said; and, proceeding to the door, she closed it.

Unspeakably amazed, Sylvester now regarded the intruder sternly. But she,

with an absolute self-possession that was undaunted by his aspect, said quietly:

"I am afraid I shall have to ask you to sit down and to give me a few moments of your attention."

Mechanically almost, the old man dropped into a chair; for it was characteristic of him that he would not mention to this stranger the cogent reason which might have made him refuse to hear her, or the grief which was gnawing at his heart.

"You will pardon me for suggesting," he said, "that I should be much obliged if you would state your business with me as briefly as possible, since I—I am otherwise engaged."

"Scarcely," replied the woman, "on business so important as mine."

Her voice was low and persuasive, though into her eyes shot a malignant gleam, because of the intimation he had given her. Sylvester waved his hand as if to dismiss her observation, and the woman proceeded.

"I am going to ask you, Mr. Birmingham," she said, "something which will cause you some surprise. Did you at any time receive communications which were unsigned?"

Sylvester was so staggered by this inquiry that he sat back in his chair, motionless for an instant, but fixing upon the speaker a glance that was at once angry and penetrating.

"I *have* received anonymous communications,—yes," he said, "if that is what you mean."

The woman nodded.

"And may I ask if you are the writer of them?" he added quickly.

The visitor was, in turn, quite taken aback by this inquiry. She had perhaps, expected denial or evasion. She considered a moment. It was not her general habit to proceed directly; but, perceiving by intuition the sort of person with whom she had to deal, she answered:

"Yes, I may as well admit that I have written them."

"And your purpose in so doing?"

queried Sylvester, speaking calmly by an effort, and keeping his eyes still fixed upon the other's face in a manner that could not fail to be somewhat disconcerting.

"My purpose," answered the woman, "was to keep you reminded that in your title to the Manor there was a flaw."

The silence in the room after that remained unbroken for several seconds; and such a silence always seems to those concerned to have lasted interminably.

"That assertion is, of course, in a sense, true," said the old man looking straight into the dark eyes that were watching him as a hawk watches its prey. "But its practical bearing upon anybody else would require a considerable amount of proving; and I need not remind you that upon that other person would devolve the burden of proof."

Angela was surprised by the speaker's calmness, as he himself might have been at another time. But it seemed to him just then as if nothing else mattered much, except that which was passing in the room above,—the old, old struggle,—old as humanity.

"Which is, perhaps, another way of saying," remarked the woman, "that possession is nine-tenths of the law."

"It is a plain statement of fact," said Sylvester. "But may I ask you to proceed with your story, and to give me some reason why you have so persistently made that assertion in writing?"

"Many years ago," began the woman—"how many it matters not at this moment,—there were two brothers who had a quarrel."

Sylvester, who had composed his features into a veritable mask, leaned back in his chair, his head bent slightly forward, listening intently.

"There was an elder and a younger," pursued the woman. "The circumstances of that quarrel are, of course, known to you; also the tradition most weird of a haunted hallway in your house, with which this history has at least some connection. Am I so far correct?"

"Quite so. Proceed."

"It was the elder—was it not?—who imagined he had killed his brother. Under that impression, so awful, he went away from his home, where no tidings of him were ever received. He lost himself, he hid himself. It was as though the earth had opened to swallow him up. Was it not?"

Sylvester inclined his head.

"His brother succeeded; and, dying after a time unmarried, the son of another brother (who is yourself, if I am rightly informed) obtained the Manor and the lion's share of the property, according to the invariable custom of the Birminghams. But where is the proof? And it is now you who are called upon to prove," concluded the woman vehemently, "that Henry Birmingham is dead at all, or that, in dying, he left no descendants."

"There is no proof," remarked Sylvester, as quietly as though he had been speaking upon an indifferent subject, "except the negative one: that he never returned nor gave any token of his existence, despite many efforts to find him and to establish his claim."

Once more the woman was staggered by this direct and straightforward statement; but she continued, losing something of her calm, and speaking excitedly.

"And why," she exclaimed, "but because he believed that his brother had died by his hand; and that, apart from the consequences to himself, he might bring shame and exposure upon his family by a public trial? He would not even inquire, nor permit for many a year that the smallest effort be made in that direction, always fearing that his retreat might be discovered. It was in a remote corner of Brittany. Lest a stigma might be cast upon the honor of the name which he valued above aught else, he even charged those who were associated with him to allow the oblivion of the years to swallow up his identity forever."

"Poor Uncle Harry!" said Sylvester,—
"while advertisements were being put at

recurrent intervals, and for many a long year, into the home and foreign papers, and even detectives were employed to bring him back and to acquaint him with the truth! But have you come to tell me now that he is alive?"

"Oh, no!" returned the other scornfully; "else I had not been here. He is dead many years. But there are some other details of the story which it may interest you to know."

Sylvester, fixing the visitor once more with his penetrating eyes, said:

"Perhaps you will permit me to inquire your name."

"My name—or at least that by which I am known,—is Angela Roscoe."

"Angela Roscoe," repeated Sylvester.

But, as the name conveyed nothing to him, he settled himself again in an attitude of attention. Despite the vital importance of the subject under discussion, his mind persistently wandered to the room upstairs. He wondered if the patient still slept, and if the nurse would admit him now were he free to return, and if there were any change whatever in Grenville during the course of his absence. A great sorrow is often observed to render a quiet man loquacious; a talkative man, silent; or, as in Sylvester's case, a brusque man, patient.

"You will remember perhaps," said Angela, "that in those days at the Manor there was a tutor?"

Sylvester raised his head with a new gleam of interest in the eyes.

"Yes, to be sure," he said: "Richard Rivers."

"Exactly," replied Angela. "And whose disappearance was so remarkable as to create quite a stir at the time?"

"Yes," agreed the listener. "It *did* create, as you say, a stir."

"Did it ever occur to you—" began Angela.

"Pardon the interruption!" observed Sylvester. "But it may be well to remember that I was a mere boy at that period."

"Well, I should rather say," corrected Angela, "did it occur to the family to connect those two events?"

"I scarcely know," answered Sylvester, thoughtfully. "But I should be inclined to think not, except in so far as the gossip of the superstitious may have made it another link in the supposed chain of supernatural visitations to the Manor."

"*Supposed*," echoed Angela. "Then it may be inferred that you do not believe in what local tradition has persistently asserted?"

She regarded him curiously as she asked the question. But as Sylvester hesitated, something in his manner caused Angela to waive that part of the subject.

"Well, let it pass," she said. "Whether that ghost of which I have always heard is real or not matters little. But as regards the tutor, his disappearance was, in fact, intimately connected with the other occurrence. He left the Manor with the definite purpose in his mind of finding Henry Birmingham, and acquainting him with the real events as they had occurred there."

"But why with so much secrecy, so much caution?" inquired Sylvester.

"The secrecy arose from the fact that old Williams conveyed to him a secret message. Its purport was that a man was then lurking in the neighborhood, who professed to have seen Henry Birmingham in New Jersey. He intimated that, on the receipt of a certain sum of money, he would conduct Richard Rivers to the spot indicated. The condition was absolute secrecy toward everyone at the Manor. That circumstance alone might have made the recipient of such a message cautious; but the tutor, as you may have heard, Mr. Birmingham, was simple, guileless to a fault, with a certain reticence and reserve that are often the product of timidity. In his love for his late pupil, he was prepared to take any risk, and actually paid down in advance a handsome sum out of his savings."

"The story seems almost incredible,"

said Sylvester. "But it is, after all, in accordance with what I have heard of my uncle's tutor. And with what result?"

"He was brought, indeed, to a place in New Jersey where he was drugged, and, after a temporary loss of memory and a severe illness, found himself deserted, of course, by the enterprising stranger, and no nearer to the object of his quest. It was after many wanderings, many vicissitudes, with which I need not trouble you," continued Angela, "that he at last made his way to that place in Brittany where Henry Birmingham had taken refuge. His persistent inquiries had obtained for him, previously, the knowledge that a gentleman who spoke English and was apparently of the upper classes, was living there in strict retirement. Their joyful meeting and the proximate death of Henry Birmingham are details upon which I need not dwell."

"But how can you be sure of all this?" inquired Sylvester. "Might not those from whom you have heard it be mistaken?"

"I have it on excellent authority," said Angela, quietly; "since Richard Roscoe Rivers was my father."

"Your father?" echoed Sylvester.

"He married late in life,—at almost sixty years of age. I was his only child."

"How strange, how wonderful!" cried Sylvester, speaking as one dazed and bewildered.

"I will not weary you with details of the love and devotion which my father showed to that man to whom he had given his life during the short time the latter remained alive. Henry Birmingham married and had one son, who early learned to regard Richard Rivers as his father."

Sylvester listened, still asking no questions, even when the narrator paused a while. All these details seemed, to him, under present circumstances, as dreamlike; and they lacked that interest which they would have had but for the heart-rending sorrow that just then overshadowed all things.

"That son grew to manhood," Angela continued.

And then Sylvester made an inquiry:

"That son is still living?"

The mere question of life or death seemed at that instant to possess an attraction for him, as if that alone mattered.

"No," answered Angela. "He is dead many years."

"Dead!" echoed Sylvester, to whom the common doom of man appeared as abnormally real and near. "Died young?"

"Yes," said Angela. "He was but a short time married."

"Married?" Sylvester repeated, in the same bewildered fashion.

"Yes," replied the woman calmly—"to me."

"To *you*!" the old man cried, scarcely keeping out of his voice a degree of wonder, of incredulity.

"Yes, to me," said Angela, proudly. "We had one son; around him my life centred. And," she added, "needless to tell you, that it is for him this claim is made."

She did not attempt to detail all the sacrifices which she had made in educating that son for the position which she hoped he would fill; and how she had toiled, taking positions as governess, as companion, until a small legacy from one of her pupils had relieved her from the urgent need of working, and enabled her still to supply, by the strictest economy on her own part, the needs of a young man who had been taught to regard himself as the probable heir to a fortune.

"And your son—the grandson of Henry Birmingham—is now in America?" Sylvester inquired, his ears painfully strained for sounds which he fancied he heard from the room above. "How quietly he is sleeping!" he thought. "Thank God that I do not hear his cough—though that is surely some one walking above there!" Then, by an effort, he brought his mind back to the vital subject under discussion.

Angela gave him a strange look as she

proceeded, wondering not a little at his abstracted manner.

"Yes," she said, "he is in America."

"Then," replied Sylvester wearily, "all you will have to do is to substantiate his claim."

As he said the words the thought occurred to him how little it mattered now, and how much it would have mattered if that dying man upstairs had lived to be ousted from the place he held as heir to the Manor.

"And you," said Angela, amazed still more at his quietude,—“you will, of course, use all the resources at your command to oppose that claim?”

Sylvester looked at her in surprise, as though he had scarcely heard aright.

"Surely I must have misunderstood you," he observed. "You do not mean that I could possibly oppose such a claim, if it be just and lawful and can be properly substantiated. On the contrary, I should not offer the slightest obstacle to its establishment."

"But, but—" began Angela, utterly taken aback. She had for years hesitated about advancing the claim, because she had been warned that a long and expensive litigation would probably ensue with people who had wealth and influence on their side; and that such litigation would no doubt swallow up her small inheritance and the little sum which she had managed to save. "But—but—" she stammered—"your son?"

"My son would have taken precisely the same view of the matter that I now do take," answered Sylvester, positively.

Angela was struck by his use of the past tense in referring to Grenville; but she made no remark thereupon, presuming it to be a form of speech.

"But why?" she asked, wonderingly.

"The reasons are simple enough," said Sylvester, calmly. "Apart from the fact that honesty and the demands of conscience have to be considered, there are some things which a gentleman can not do, and one of them is to retain posses-

sion of the inheritance of another. But, of course," he added sharply, as if struck by a sudden thought, "I am assuming for the moment that, point by point and in every detail, the claim of your son can be proved."

"It can be proved beyond a doubt, as I believe," replied Angela. "I have not moved a step until that chain of evidence was practically complete within my hands. Of course there is no knowing what legal difficulties opposing lawyers may make. I must take that risk."

For it had occurred to her astute mind, so deeply warped by the injustice, the greed and avarice which she had so often found predominating in those with whom she had come into contact, that Sylvester, while professing complete disinterestedness, meant in reality to oppose the claim under pretence of investigating it. Her voice was quite calm, however, when she inquired:

"Would it not be well to acquaint Mr. Grenville Birmingham with what I have said and gain his acquiescence?"

A sharp pang of agony passed over the old man's face as he remembered that for years past he had not done the least thing without consulting Grenville. He had grown, in fact, to rely on the young man's judgment, as he had, of course, the most absolute confidence in his integrity and high-mindedness. He cast upon the woman a look at once so troubled and so despairing that for the moment she believed his anguish was caused by the sudden realization of what her visit portended; then he rallied all his force and said quietly:

"If the doctors are correct, my son will be presently entering upon another and more lasting inheritance. In any event, he can not now be disturbed."

Angela was upon her feet in an instant, shocked and genuinely distressed beyond words.

"And you have not told me!" she exclaimed. "You have permitted me to speak of these affairs when there was

illness so serious in this house! Oh, you can pardon me only because of my ignorance! And I can forgive your silence only because of that misunderstanding."

She moved toward the door.

"I will go away at once," she said.

But at the door of the library, she turned back.

"That beautiful young man!" she cried. "I can not believe it. Surely there is hope?"

"If so, a very slender one," answered Sylvester, quietly.

"And, oh, believe," cried Angela, "that you have all my sympathy! Perhaps I should not dare to speak of it, but a mother's heart can feel for you."

Sylvester's face was deadly pale with the gallant effort he was making to hide from the eyes of this stranger the traces of his woe.

"I thank you," he said, in the same subdued tone; "and as for the business which has brought you here, and which, in fact, our lawyers can best settle, it will keep—will it not?—until our hope is realized or quenched forever. Meantime you may take what steps you choose, on the assurance that neither I nor any of mine will oppose a just claim. Rather, we shall help you to establish it."

The speaker's voice and manner were cold and lifeless. He held the door open ceremoniously for the visitor to pass out, and rang the bell that she might be attended to the outer entrance by a servant. By a second thought, too, he advanced hastily after her into the hall to make the offer of the carriage to drive her to the station. That, however, Angela very decidedly refused; wondering, somewhat cynically, if this latter civility were intended for the wife of a former Birmingham and the mother of a presumptive heir. It was at that moment, too, that Sylvester thought of asking for Angela's address, which, after a slight hesitation, she gave without scruple.

Sylvester stood a moment after the woman had gone, and looked out to where

the dusk was gathering. His gaze wandered from one tree to another, as if they had been old friends; for just then he felt alone and very desolate. It flashed through his mind how strange it would be for another to stand here as master, and for an instant almost he thanked God that Grenville was beyond the reach of such reverses. By a swift and passionate revulsion of feeling, however, he cried within the depths of his soul:

"No!—O my God, no, I can not give him up! Whatever happens, life—his life—is all I ask."

At that instant the sound of coughing from upstairs told him that the patient was awake. Softly, on tiptoe, he crept up the stairs and into the room, not waiting even for the permission of the nurse. He took his place quietly near his daughter-in-law, who made room for him.

Grenville was conscious and knew him.

"Father!" he said, in his faint, whispering voice.

And the old man, bending over him, murmured, his whole heart going out to him the more for what he had heard below:

"My son,—my dear son!"

As soon as Angela returned to the city she employed the services of Tommy to convey to John Watkin the news of Grenville Birmingham's probably fatal illness, which he had evidently not heard. The tidings contained in that brief note fell like lead upon the insurance man's heart. He could not help wondering how Angela had been informed, but he had no means of asking her any questions. He took the very next train for the Manor, only to be told that Grenville had taken a turn for the worse; that the doctors gave no hope at all, and that he was, in fact, sinking fast.

Phyllis was passing through the hall just as Watkin was turning away from the door disconsolately. The young girl desired that he be brought into the library, where she confirmed the heartrending

tidings. Even in that instant Watkin could not help admiring that lovely face, so pure and so exalted in its expression, though its pallor was accentuated, and the eyes showed traces of weariness and grief. She was very kind and cordial, treating the visitor as one whom the dying man had dearly loved; and Watkin was touched to the heart by her few and simple expressions.

"It is hard to picture life at the Manor without Grenville," she declared. "But we are all making a struggle for resignation. Poor Amy! it is heart-breaking for her. But she tries to be brave. It is well for himself though, and he is perfectly prepared. But, oh, I can not bear to think of it!"

She turned her head away abruptly and was silent; while Watkin scrupulously refrained from observing those traces of emotion, which were reflected in himself.

"I am sorry," Phyllis said presently, her gentle voice breaking the stillness softly and lightly, "that you can not see him, Mr. Watkin. How glad he would have been! But if there is an opportunity, I will tell him that you came."

"Tell him—" began Watkin, but there was a big lump in his throat which fairly choked his utterance. By vigorous effort, he rallied and continued: "I can not believe that it has come to that; but if it is so, bid him good-bye for me, and tell him there is one man the better for having known him."

By that time the unchecked tears were rolling down the pure paleness of the young girl's cheeks. Watkin wrung her hand, unable to speak another word, and fled out the door and down the steps. He strode along, oppressed by the gloom of the surroundings and the solemn hush that lay over all the landscape. Sore at heart, and with difficulty controlling the deep sorrow which rent him, his one desire was to escape from that place, which was everywhere permeated with thoughts of Grenville.

The Plain.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

A BARREN waste of thistle-bloom and sand,
Beneath a turquoise sky, a lonely sweep;
Through long, hot hours the thistle-blooms
expand,
Then vagrant breezes lull them off to sleep.

The turquoise sky shuts down in turquoise walls,
Encircling all the sun-bleached, stifling plain;
From out the pulsing heat a far bird calls;
Deep silence till the far cry comes again.

Across the mountain-side a veil is spread;
An eager hush sweeps o'er the pulseless plain;
The thistle-blooms awake, though soft the tread,
And faint and far the whispering of the rain.

"Thomas of India."

BY C. M. ANTONY.

FEW, if any, of the tombs of the Apostles (if we except those of SS. Peter and Paul in Rome and St. Mark at Venice) are better authenticated than that of St. Thomas, the great Apostle of India. Much, indeed, has been written in attempted disproof of the fact that St. Thomas ever went to India at all. But the overwhelming weight of evidence goes to show positively that he did so; and his name is still fresh even among the heathen in the country round Madras, a few miles from which great city lay the ancient town of Meliapur, at the foot of the green hill known as "St. Thomas' Mount." Of Meliapur, little remains but the name; though in St. Thomas' day it was a large and flourishing city. A few miles to the southeast, just below Madras harbor, the name "San Tomé" is given to a spot on the magnificent Coromandel surf-beach, where it is possible, if not probable, that St. Thomas landed on his last missionary journey. The beautiful legend of his labors in India, so curiously confirmed in later centuries,

is perhaps little known to the majority of Catholics.

"At the time that Thomas was at Jerusalem he received from Heaven the order to depart for India, in order to show forth the light of truth to those who dwelt in the shadow of death. . . . The Lord appeared to him and said: 'Gundaphorus, King of India, has sent his minister Abden into Syria, to find clever architects and builders. I bid you go with him.' The Apostle replied: 'Send me, O Lord, whither Thou wilt, but not to India.'—'Go!' replied Our Lord; 'I am watching over you; work at the conversion of the Indians, and you will receive at My hands the fitting reward of thy martyrdom.' Strengthened by these words, the Apostle cried: 'Thou art my God; I am Thy servant; be it done to me according to Thy word.'

"Meanwhile Abden was walking round the slave-market. Our Lord approached him, saying: 'Young man, what do you seek?'—'My master,' he replied, 'has sent me to find a builder capable of erecting such a palace for him as those that are seen in Rome.' Then Our Lord brought Thomas to him, saying: 'Here is a man who possesses all the secrets of architecture.'

"Abden and Thomas set off together; and on the way Thomas converted a number of infidels, especially at Aden on the Red Sea, where they remained some time. The first town through which they passed after their arrival in India was celebrating the marriage of its prince, the King's son. Thomas here preached the Gospel, and worked so large a number of miracles that the King and the greater part of his people became converts to the Christian Faith. The bride and bridegroom asked for baptism; Denis, the prince, eventually became bishop of that town; Pelagia, the princess, took the veil, and later received the crown of martyrdom.

"Thomas and Abden then continued their journey until they arrived at the city of King Gundaphorus. Thomas was presented to him as an architect; and the

King gave him a large sum of money, which he desired should be spent on the construction of a vast palace. He himself withdrew into another province, where he was called by affairs of State.

"The Apostle, without concerning himself at all about the royal edifice he was supposed to build, travelled all over the country during the two years which the King's absence lasted; preaching the Gospel, healing the sick, distributing to the poor the money he had received, and converting numerous sinners.

"The King's first thought on his return was for his palace. 'It is quite ready,' answered the saint; 'but you must wait for eternity to inhabit it.' The indignant Gundaphorus ordered the Apostle to be thrown into prison, then to be flayed alive, and finally burned.

"Just at this time there died one of the King's brothers, named Suda; and the King ordered a magnificent mausoleum to be raised to his memory. On the fourth day, however, to the general stupefaction, the dead man came to life, and, turning to the King, said to him: 'O King! this man whom you wish to put to death is verily and indeed the friend of God. At my death, angels, leading me to the gates of heaven, showed me therein a magnificent palace, blazing with gold, silver, and precious stones, and said to me: "Here is the palace which Thomas built for your brother Gundaphorus, and of which he was unworthy. If you would like to inhabit it yourself, we will pray God to restore you to life, in order that you may purchase it from your brother by restoring to him the money which he thought Thomas had misspent."'

"At these words Gundaphorus rushed to the prison, broke the chains of his captive, and implored him to put on the rich dress with which he presented him. But the saint said: 'Be it known to you, O King, that fleeting and transitory are the goods of this world; and to those whose eyes are fixed on heaven they are as nothing.' Then the King threw himself

at the feet of Thomas, imploring pardon, and received baptism with his brother Suda. Then the saint said to them: 'In heaven are innumerable palaces, the foundations of which are laid in this world; but it is by faith and by the exercise of almsgiving that we must attain to them.'"

After this incident the saint travelled through various kingdoms of India, preaching the Gospel everywhere, working miracles, and converting the people to Jesus Christ.

The word "India," during the first thousand years of the Christian era (in some instances as late as the thirteenth century), may be taken to include roughly what is now known as India proper, Tibet, Afghanistan, Beluchistan, and the greater part of the vast country of China, including the whole of its southeast territory. China, at the time of St. Thomas, was given over to three distinct forms of idolatry, as professed by the followers of Lao-tseu, of Kong-fut-se (Confucius), and Buddha, or Fo, which had all come into existence about 900 B. C. India, as we now know it, was in the hands of the Brahmins, or worshippers of the evil trio, Brahma, Siva, and Vishnu, and thousands of other false gods. "These three divinities," says a learned Italian Franciscan,* "formed a sort of trinity joined by a certain bond into the appearance of unity. It was, and is, a caricature of the Eternal Trinity of the Christians; perhaps a changed and disfigured remnant of patriarchal tradition." Of all the heathen religions, Brahminism was the worst and most bigoted, openly corrupt and cruel.

To these countries, then, St. Thomas preached the Gospel of the Resurrection. That he did actually penetrate as far as China we will cite only one proof. In the ancient Chaldean Breviary of the Church at Malabar, which claims to have been founded by St. Thomas, occur these words:

* Rev. P. Marcellino di Civezza, O. F. M.: "Histoire Universelle des Missions Franciscaines." Vol. i, c. 8; p. 125

"By the preaching of St. Thomas, idolatry disappeared from India; by the preaching of St. Thomas, Chinese and Ethiopians were converted to the Faith, believed in the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, and confessed that belief; by the preaching of St. Thomas, the Kingdom of Heaven has been spread as far as China. . . . Indians, Chinese, and other nations adore Thy holy Name in memory of St. Thomas."*

"In the course of his apostolic journeyings," continues the ancient legend, "St. Thomas met a King called Mesdeo, who commanded him to worship the sun-god. The saint replied that he would willingly kneel and offer sacrifice to the idol if, in spite of the King's order, it did not immediately fall down and crumble into dust. And this happened at the same moment. At this sight the people, whose sympathies were entirely with St. Thomas, raised a great tumult, during which King Mesdeo, who had already ordered Thomas to be cast into prison, commanded four soldiers to lead him to the top of a mountain and there put him to death. After a long prayer, the saint was slain by a lance."

Such is the story contained in the old legend. Whatever may be its historical value in detail, on one point it is absolutely accurate: St. Thomas was the Apostle of the Indies, and there received the palm of martyrdom. Tradition, moreover, has pointed even from the first century to the hill known as St. Thomas' Mount as the place of that martyrdom. "All ecclesiastical monuments—Latin, Greek, and Syriac—are in accord on this point," says the Franciscan writer already quoted. "We find it stated in all the most ancient martyrologies and histories,—the purest and most reliable historical authority that Christianity possesses." Fra Civezza then goes on to give several extracts from ancient liturgies.

"Thomas," says the Syriac-Jacobite Office, "whose memory we celebrate to-day, having been sent by Our Lord to

the Indies, was sold there as a slave. There he built a wonderful palace, which, when it was finished, God translated to heaven. Pierced like our Saviour by a lance, he obtained the crown of martyrdom, with the title of Apostle." This liturgy, in use by these schismatics in the fifth century, is that of St. James (with a great number of variable anaphoras* in Syriac).†

The Nestorians, who in the seventh century had a flourishing church in China and India, and, it is to be feared, overwhelmed the Church of St. Thomas with the tide of this detestable schism, chant these words in the office of Vespers of the saint: "Thanks be to God for thy preaching, O blessed Thomas, by which the Indians have breathed the sweet perfume of true life. Having given up their evil habits, they began to live as a sober and well-beloved nation." This liturgy, written in Syriac, is, says perhaps the greatest living English authority, probably one of the daughter-rites of Antioch. The Syriac rite gives the same testimony:

After quoting ancient liturgies in use by schismatics, let us turn for a moment to the Roman Breviary. Here we find the words: "The Apostle St. Thomas, surnamed Didymus, native of Galilee, after having received the Holy Ghost, preached the Gospel of Jesus Christ in a great number of provinces, and announced the Faith to Parthians, Medes, Persians, Hicanians, and Bactrians. . . . After this he went to India, where he preached the Christian religion. . . . But, condemned to death by the King of that country, he was pierced with darts at Calamine, where he joined the crown of martyrdom to the glory of the apostolate." These facts are corroborated by St. Jerome and other early Fathers, and the united testimony goes to prove that Calamine was his place of martyrdom. Now Calamine is Meliapur, the modern St. Thomas' Mount.

In the exquisite translation and adaptation by Father R. H. Benson of the

* See M. Huc: "Le Christianisme en Chine." T. i, cap. i.

* Proper Prefaces.

† Dr. A. Fortescue: "Eastern Churches" p. 14.

mystical writings of the fourteenth-century hermit, Richard Rolle, we find the following beautiful passage; it occurs in "A Meditation on the Five Wounds of Jesus Christ": "Into these wounds of Christ's blessed hands and feet (with Thomas of India) put in thy fingers: that is to say, thy most-subtle thoughts and desires."* It is needless, however, to multiply proofs of a fact which, after all, none are likely to dispute. What follows is perhaps not so well known.

In 1521 the Portuguese found at Meliapur a sepulchre, containing bones of a curious whiteness, a lance head with a wooden handle, and a clay vase. A tradition of nearly fifteen hundred years declared these to be the relics of the great Apostle, and as such the Portuguese accepted them. Placing their treasures in a silver chest richly decorated, they transported it to Goa, (still a Portuguese possession on the west coast of India), and built over it in honor of St. Thomas the marvellous cathedral which still stands, and which those who have once seen can never forget,—the most glorious stronghold of the Cross in heathen India.

In 1543 a Brahmin ruler presented to a Portuguese noble, Don Martino Alfonso de Sara, a copper lance bearing an inscription so worn by time that it was scarcely legible. But a Jew, deeply learned in ancient Oriental tongues, managed to translate it. It was to the effect that a king, reigning at the time of St. Thomas, had presented the Apostle with a piece of land whereon to build a temple to the true God.

In 1548 the same writer† tells us that while Don Juan de Castro was governor of the Indies, some Portuguese wished to build a church to St. Thomas on the spot where tradition had declared he had been put to death by a Brahmin. Excavations were begun, and a large oblong stone

was found, on which was carved in relief a cross, at each extremity of which was an open lily-flower, and above it a dove pecking at the blossoms. There was also an inscription, which no one could translate. A Brahmin of great learning was fetched from a distance, and he deciphered the hieroglyphics as follows:

"Thirty years after the appearance in the world of the Christian laws, on September 25, the Apostle Thomas died at Meliapur, where had been brought knowledge of God, change of the law, and destruction of the devil. God was born of the Virgin Mary, and lived thirty years obedient to her, although He was eternal God. He taught His law to His twelve Apostles; one of them, staff in hand, came to Meliapur, and built a church there; the kings of Malabar, Coromandel, Pandi, and those of other nations and sects, embraced with all their hearts the law he preached. He was a holy and perfect man. At last came the time when Thomas died, killed by a Brahmin; with his blood was traced a cross."

The Portuguese, in order to assure themselves of the genuineness of this interpretation, sent for another learned pundit from another part of India, who had heard nothing of the matter. He arrived, and translated the inscription in exactly the same manner. A learned Protestant writer* having deeply studied the question, says: "I am as sure that those who declare St. Thomas died in India are right as those who affirm St. Peter to be buried at Rome." But perhaps the most interesting testimony of all is given by the medals, recently discovered in India, which were struck in honor of King Gundaphorus, and which refer to this earliest tradition of Christianity—the relations of that monarch with St. Thomas.†

* Buchanan.

† See Rénaud's "Mémoire géographique, historique, et scientifique sur l'Inde antérieurement au milieu du onzième siècle de l'ère chrétienne, d'après les écrivains arabes, persans, et chinois." P 95

* "A Book of the Love of Jesus: A Collection of Ancient English Devotions in Prose and Verse," compiled and edited by Robert Hugh Benson. Page 82.

† Du Jarrie

If too little interest is taken in missions to the heathen at the present day; if Catholics as a whole know, comparatively speaking, next to nothing of the glorious labors of the Franciscan and Dominican missionaries in the thirteenth and fourteenth and of the Jesuits in the fifteenth centuries in the very countries where St. Thomas preached, even less, perhaps, is remembered of the work of that great Apostle and martyr, who, meeting his Master again face to face on the lonely hilltop in India, could cry once more, as passing through the veil of flesh he beheld the pierced hands and feet: "My Lord, and my God!"

Jesu, magister apostolorum, fortitudo martyrum, corona sanctorum omnium, miserere nobis!

God's Gift.

BY NORA RYEMAN.

I.

ANNA, the wife of Richard Gravenor, master dyer, stood by the carved oak chest; and as its lid was opened an odor of mingled balm and lavender stole into the oak-wainscoted room. Through the diamond-paned window she looked out on a white city; for, though it was but early October, there had been a heavy fall of snow, across which the bells pealed merrily.

Gently, reverently, Mistress Anna drew out of the chest a white silk hood, all lined with blue; a frock of the same color, and a tiny curl, a baby's ringlet, dark as night, soft as silk, curling like the tendrils of a vine, which twined round the childless woman's fingers as she lifted it from its velvet-lined case.

"The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!" said Dame Anna, the good Christian. Then the heart of the mother spoke: "My little Rose Mary!—my dear little Rose! If God had spared ye, ye would be

a tall maid now, my comfort and my joy."

She sighed; then the voice of Ciss, the hired wench, broke on the stillness.

"Mistress, Tristan the minstrel, who hath come down to see the Mysteries, would fain speak wi' ye. And, Mistress, in his arms he bears a babe."

"A babe, my girl? Nay, nay! 'Tis more likely an instrument of music. What hath a handsome young harper to do with infants?"

"He saith that he saved the babe from bein' froze to death near the Red Rock, where the woman who was journeyin' wi' it lay dead," answered Ciss. "The poor woman was carried into a reedsman's cot; but Tristan had pity on the child, and brought it here, knowin' that no children played on the hearth in the House o' the Golden Banner."

The words went home to Mistress Anna's heart; and she straightway went down into the hall, and there near the big wood fire, was seated a handsome youth, with what seemed a bundle on his knee. This bundle was wrapped in a long brown cloak, whose hood was drawn over a small dark head.

"Fair greeting, Mistress Gravenor!" said Tristan Leroy, the minstrel. "I have brought ye a rosebud, thinkin' that, if ye and Heaven will it, ye may live to see it a sweet rose. I was crossin' Chorley Waste last even when the snow had fallen, on my way to Fordham, where I am to sing and play in the Mysteries, when I came on a woman, an Egyptian, lyin' still and frozen, at the mouth o' a little hole,—a hole, but big enough to hold a babe or a dog. I, knowing somewhat of surgery, knelt by the wanderer, and rubbed her hands and put my cloak around her. But she was dead. Doubtless the bitter night and weakness had been too much for her. Then I heard a little cry. It came from the hole in the side o' Red Rock; so I felt round it, and drew out a babe. It clung to me; I stumbled over the waste until I gained Jock, the reedsman's cot, where his goodwife

mothered the child, gave it hot milk, warmed it, hushed it to sleep. 'Twas a bonnie bairn,—brown eyes like stars, fair face, round limbs, black fringe o' hair, a cooing laugh, a soft kiss. Said Jock's wife: 'How some childless dame would love it!' Then my thoughts turned to the House o' the Golden Banner; and when morn broke I bore this baby here. Will have it, Dame?"

He put the little one on her lap as he spoke, and Anna Gravenor looked at it curiously. The Egyptian had kept it as sweet and clean as a pet lamb. Its frock (which reached just beyond its feet) was of creamy frieze, its under garments of fair linen, all fine of texture. Round its fat and dimpled neck was a thin gold chain of foreign workmanship, from which depended a strange golden ornament fashioned like a flower.

"See!" cried Mistress Anna, holding it up for inspection. "Ye have been overseas, Master Tristan; have met men of foreign blood. What saith this token?"

"It is the *fleur-de-lis*, the symbol of France; and I should judge from it that the child is of French parentage on one if not both sides. Also it may well be that one near of kin to it is in trouble, hath fought for the wrong Rose. So one who loved it may have given it to the wandering woman to hide until the danger was overpast."

"So, so!" said the dame. "Leave the child here for a time, kind Tristan. I will ask counsel of my goodman. I—"

She paused; for, roused by the fire, the strange faces and strange scene, the lost child had hidden its face in Anna Gravenor's bosom, and was calling, "Mum, mum, mum!"

"Bless thee, 'twill go hard wi' her if mum doesn't keep thee. Thou shalt be called Margot, and wear her little-clothes," murmured Mistress Gravenor, softly. And over the dark, handsome face of the minstrel flitted a smile; for he knew that

In her heart the pain was stilled,
And the empty place was filled.

II.

Fordham lay bathed in the June sunshine. Birds were flying round the wondrous tower of the great church, as two travellers made their way to the House of the Golden Banner. Both were men, but one was considerably older than the other, and had the grave and studious bearing of a scholar.

"This ancient city is sadly changed," said the younger of the two. "Before the dissolution, nuns and friars were as plentiful in the streets as are roses on the hedgerows to-day. Now we see neither robe of black, white or brown; and the town seems silent like unto an empty house. Nathless, Dame Anna Gravenor hath been a mother in Israel to the persecuted faithful. Ye see, a former King, Henry of Agincourt (if memory play me not false), was so nobly entertained by Thomas Gravenor that he made his house privileged, vowing that no guest therein should be harmed or touched so long as the Golden Banner with the emblazoned elephant and castle floated over it. Thus far the dead King's edict hath been honored; but I doubt if it will be much longer in these evil times, especially since Master Richard hath slept with his forefathers. Yet may we warn her; and when we have bided with her a few days, we must shake the dust of Fordham from our shoes."

"And I trust that the maid and her adopted mother will fare forth with us, by Our Lady's grace," said the elder man.

"Amen! There is the House of the Golden Banner," said the younger wayfarer, who was no other than Tristan Leroy, grown older. He pointed as he spoke to the great mansion, with its hooded windows and many gables, standing in its green garden, with dye sheds and dyers' cottages, clustered round it like children round a mother.

Tristan lifted the knocker of the outer door, and in due time it was opened by a tall and beautiful maiden, fair-faced and dark-haired,

"Welcome, Messire Tristan! And you also, Messire!" she said sweetly.

"Peace be with you, daughter!" was the reply. "Before I cross this threshold I must warn ye that I am a priest who took part in the Pilgrimage of Grace, by name Father Cuthbert, of the Order of St. Benedict. But I was also brother to the Earl of Rossett in the North. Tell Dame Anna this before I eat her salt or rest beneath her roof."

As he uttered the last words a comely widow came into the hall-place and said:

"Father, enter! Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness' sake. When this house can no longer shelter those who suffer for our Holy Father the Pope, its roof shall not cover me."

So the priest and Tristan stepped into the hall, all green with pine branches and sweet with roses, sweet-williams, lilies; and when they had broken their fast, Tristan told his tale.

"Ye have heard of the Rising in the North," said he; "of that mighty gathering when the bishop left his cathedral, the noble his castle, the farmer his farm, to serve under the Crossed Keys. Ye have heard, too, how Cromwell deceived 'em; how the King's men fell on 'em; how they died by the sword, by hunger, by torture. Yet did some few escape, and of this remnant was Father Cutlibert. I was minstrel to the army, and when it was disbanded, the Rev. Father here agreed to take ship with me to France, there to abide for a season. But as we lay hid in a cave on a northern moor word was brought to him that a dying man wanted to be shrived in a moorman's hut. The good Father went, with his life in his hands; and when he came back he said that the man was John Crosby, of Fordham, one of Cromwell's spies; and a plot was on foot to take Mistress Gravenor, of the House of the Golden Banner, and have her burnt for treason. So we two come to save ye, Dame."

Margot put her arms around her adopted mother. "Whither thou goest, I will go;

thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God," said she.

Anna Gravenor whispered, "Amen!"

Father Cuthbert now spoke.

"My child," said he, "Tristan hath related your story; and it may be that I can throw light on the past. Wilt show me the golden *fleur-de-lis*?"

Margot unwound the chain, and gave the priest the yellow lily. He turned it over in his hand, and touched a petal, which turned back and disclosed the initials C. D. and a date.

"As I thought!" said the priest. "C. D. stands for Christopher Darrell, Earl of Rossett, my dear brother, who died on the block on Tower Hill because of his fidelity to Peter. *You*, my daughter, are Lady Esperance Darrell. You were named after your mother, Esperance de Guydon, of Provence in France. When a babe you were given to Cassie, a faithful Egyptian, who was bidden to ask some wealthy and childless dame to have pity upon you. The one who did this was old Nurse Margery, who feared for you when the King's guards came for her master. The poor wandering woman would be on her way to this town when God took her and in His good providence found ye a home. Thanks be to God!"

"These are good tidings, Father, to all but Tristan," said the minstrel.

"I have loved this damsel for years. Now I must say good-bye to hope; for I am only a minstrel, and she is of the noble House of Guydon,—though, nathless, I am noble also."

Margot looked at Mistress Anna, and then put her hand in Tristan's.

"Years ago," said she, "when I was but a weakling, ye found and sheltered me; and I have loved ye better than younger and gayer swains. What I said to Mother Anna, that I say to ye. Whither thou goest, I will go. Good Father, your blessing!"

Hand in hand, the pair knelt at the priest's feet, and he blessed them solemnly and tenderly.

"Ye must be wed in our chapel," said Dame Gravenor; "and then we will all take ship to France. I have exchanged my substance for gems, and Father Cuthbert will abide with us as chaplain."

"For a season, friends,—for a season," answered the priest; "then I mean to go where God calls." And even as he said this he was aware that he might return "to the land he called his own," to witness, it might be die, for the Faith of his fathers.

"Margot," said Tristan Leroy suddenly, "I am the adopted son of the Comte de Guydon, your grandad. He loved first my music, and then me. We will all go to the old chateau and its roses; and I shall bring with me the child of his daughter Esperance as God's own most beautiful gift."

"A Sure Medicine."

THE revival of interest in the works of Sir Thomas More, a reprint of the original text of which is in contemplation, should secure many new readers among Catholics for his ascetical writings, the best of which is his treatise on "The Four Last Things," written in 1522, soon after the blessed martyr's promotion to knighthood, while he was living amidst the splendors of Henry VIII.'s court. An excellent edition of this little work, transcribed from the black-letter type of Rastell's edition of 1557, carefully edited by Mr. D. O'Connor, is included in "The Paternoster Books," published by the Art & Book Co. The sterling piety of the saintly martyr, as well as his keen humor and deep knowledge of the human heart, is shown in every page of this treatise, the peculiar charm of which may be judged by the following paragraphs:

"If there were any question among men whether the words of Holy Scripture or the doctrine of any secular author were of greater force and effect to the weal and profit of man's soul (though we should let pass so many short and weighty words

spoken by the mouth of our Saviour Christ Himself, to whose heavenly wisdom the wit of none earthly creature can be comparable), yet this only text [Remember the last things, and thou shalt never sin], written by the wise man in the seventh chapter of Ecclesiasticus, is such that it containeth more fruitful advice and counsel to the forming and framing of man's manners in virtue, and avoiding of sin, than many whole and great volumes of the best of philosophers or any other that ever wrote in secular literature. . . .

"So is it now that these words give us all a sure medicine (if we forsooth [forego by negligence] not the receiving) by which we shall keep from sickness not the body—which none health may long keep from death, for die we must in few years, live we never so long,—but the soul, which, here preserved from the sickness of sin, shall after this eternally live in joy and be preserved from the deadly life of everlasting pain.

"The physician sendeth his bill to the apothecary, and therein writeth sometime a costly receipt [recipe] of many strange herbs and roots, fetched out of far countries, long lien drugs, all the strength worn out, and some none such to be gotten. But this physician sendeth his bill to thyself, no strange thing therein, nothing costly to buy, nothing far to fetch, but to be gathered all times of the year in the garden of thine own soul.

"Let us hear, then, what wholesome receipt this is. 'Remember,' saith this bill, 'thy last things, and thou shalt never sin' in this world. Here is first a short medicine, containing only four herbs, common and well known,—that is to wit, death, doom, pain and joy.

"This short medicine is of a marvellous force, able to keep us all our life from sin. The physician can not give no one medicine to every man to keep him from sickness; but to divers men divers, by reason of the diversity of divers complexions [constitution, temperament]. This medicine serveth every man. The physician doth but guess

and conjecture that his receipt shall do good, but this medicine is sure.

"How happeth it then, thou wilt haply say, that so few be preserved from sin, if every man have so sure a medicine so ready at hand? For folk fare commonly as he doth that goeth forth fasting among sick folk for sloth rather than he will take a little treacle before.

"Thou wilt say peradventure that some part of this medicine is very bitter and painful to receive. Surely there can be nothing so bitter but wisdom would brook it for so great a profit. But yet this medicine, though thou make a sour face at it, is not so bitter as thou makest for. For well thou wottest, he biddeth thee not take neither death nor doom nor pain, but only to remember them, and yet the joy of heaven therewith, to temper them withal. Now, if a man be so dainty-stomached that, going where contagion is, he would grudge to take a little treacle, yet were he very nicely wanton if he might not at the leastwise take a little vinegar and rose-water in his handkerchief.

"Yet wot I well that many one will say that the bare remembrance of death alone, if a man consider it and advise it well, were able to bereave a man of all the pleasure of his life. How much more, then, should his life be painful and grievous if to the remembrance and consideration of death a man should add and set to the deep imagination of the dreadful doom of God, and bitter pains of purgatory or hell, of which every one passeth and exceedeth many deaths! This is the sage saws of such as make this world their heaven, and their lust their God.

"Now, see the blindness of us worldly folk, how precisely we presume to shoot our foolish bolts in those matters most in which we least can skill. For I little doubt but that among four thousand taken out at adventure, we shall not find four-score but they shall boldly affirm it for a thing too painful busily to remember these four last things. And yet durst I lay a wager that of those four thousand ye shall

not find fourteen that have deeply thought on them four times in all their days.

"If men would vouchsafe to put in proof and experience the operation and working of this medicine, the remembrance of these four last things, they should find therein not the pleasure of their life lost, but so great a pleasure grow thereby that they never felt the like before, nor would have supposed that ever they should have felt any such. For it is to be known that like as we be made of two far divers and unlike substances, the body and the soul, so we be apt and able to receive two divers and unlike pleasures, the one carnal and fleshly, the other ghostly and spiritual.

"And like as the soul excelleth the body, so doth the sweetness of spiritual pleasure far pass and excel the gross and filthy pleasure of all fleshly delight, which is of truth no very true pleasure, but a false counterfeit image of pleasure. And the cause why men be so mad thereon is only for ignorance and lack of knowledge of the other, as those that lack insight of precious stones hold themselves as well content and satisfied with a beryl or crystal well counterfeited as with a right natural diamond. But he that by good use and experience hath in his eye the right mark and very true lustre of the diamond, rejecteth anon and listeth not to look upon the counterfeit, be it never so well handled, never so craftily polished. And trust it well that in like wise if men would well accustom themselves in the taste of spiritual pleasure, and of that sweet feeling that virtuous people have of the good hope of heaven, they should shortly set at nought and at length abhor the foul delight and filthy liking that riseth of sensual and fleshly pleasure, which is never so pleasantly spiced with delight and liking but that it bringeth therewith such a grudge [remorse] and grief of conscience that it maketh the stomach wamble and fare [heave] as it would vomit. And that notwithstanding such is our blind custom that we persevere therein without care or cure of the better; as a sow, content

with draff [refuse], dirt and mire, careth neither for better meat nor better bed.

"Think not that everything is pleasant that men for madness laugh at. For thou shalt in Bedlam see one laugh at the knocking of his own head against a post, and yet there is little pleasure therein. But ye think, peradventure, this ensample as mad as the madman, and as little to the purpose. I am content ye so think. But what will ye say if ye see men that are taken and reputed wise, laugh much more madly than he? Shall ye not see such laugh at their own craft when they have, as they think, wilily done their neighbor wrong? Now, whoso seeth not that his laughter is more mad than the laughter of the madman, I hold him madder than they both. For the madman laughed when he had done himself but little hurt by a knock of his head to the post; this other sage fool laugheth at the casting of his own soul into the fire of hell, for which he hath cause to weep all his life.

"And it can not be but the grudge [remorse] and fear thereof followeth his laughter, and secret sorrow marreth all such outward mirth. For the heart of a wicked wretch is like a stormy sea that can not rest except a man be fallen down into the dungeon of wretchedness, and the door shut over his head. For when a sinner is once fallen into the depth he waxeth a desperate wretch and setteth all at nought, and he is in the worst kind of all and farthest from all recovery. For like as in the body his sickness is most incurable that is sick and feeleth it not, but weeneth [thinketh] himself whole (for he that is in that case is commonly mad), so he that by a mischievous custom of sin perceiveth no fault in his evil deed, nor hath no remorse, hath lost the natural light of reason and the spiritual light of faith, which two lights of knowledge and understanding quenched, what remaineth in him more than the bodily senses and sensual wits common to man and brute beasts?"

Jefferson Davis and Catholics.

AN interesting footnote to the history of our great Civil War is supplied by Walter L. Fleming, Ph. D., professor of history in the Louisiana State University. The bulletin of that institution, dated May, 1910, consists of a sympathetic study, by Professor Fleming, of the "Religious Life of Jefferson Davis." Premising that Robert E. Lee, the Confederate military leader, is generally known to have been a very religious man; and that Stonewall Jackson, "who taught a Sunday-school class of little Negroes and prayed for his foes before going into battle," was a Christian of the Covenant type, the writer says: "But few people ever think of Jefferson Davis, the civil leader of the South, as a religious man, or believe that to any important degree religion influenced his life. He is thought of by some people as a great criminal, a plotter, a traitor, an advocate of hopeless human slavery; by others, more friendly, he is remembered mainly as one who upheld certain abstract political principles which finally came to a practical test and failure in the Civil War."

In showing that there was another side to the character of the great advocate of Southern rights, Professor Fleming has occasional paragraphs likely to prove of considerable interest to the great mass of readers. For instance:

When young Davis was seven years of age, he was sent to St. Thomas' College, a Roman Catholic school at Springfield, Ky., for the purpose of getting him into a quiet moral atmosphere. Few Protestants attended the school, and Davis decided that he ought to become a Catholic. He went to Father Wilson, who was in charge of the school, and informed him of his desire. "Father Wilson," he said, "received me kindly, handed me a biscuit and a bit of cheese, and told me that for the present I had better take some Catholic food." And that was the end of the matter. Davis liked the kind priests, and always afterward, had the greatest respect for the Catholics; he believed that above all others they sympathized with the weak and oppressed, but he never

knew much about their doctrines. Fifty years after he left St. Thomas' College, a Virginia priest wrote, after a visit to Mr. Davis in prison, that he was very fond of individual Catholics, but was quite ignorant of the truths of "our Holy Church." To his friend, L. B. Northrop, a Catholic, who was Commissary General of the Confederate Army, Davis wrote late in life: "I dare not attempt to discuss a doctrinal question with you, and will only say, if we do not meet in paradise, I join you in the hope that we shall meet in purgatory, lest we go farther and fare worse."

The reference in the foregoing to the "quiet moral atmosphere" sought for in St. Thomas' becomes more intelligible a little farther on, when we read that Professor Bishop, of Transylvania University, Lexington, Kentucky, whither Davis was sent at the age of thirteen, gave this testimony of the institution: "The majority of the students were at all times from families which made no religious profession, and at times the influences both within and without the college were very unfavorable to religion and morals."

Davis' religious feeling as President of the Confederacy is, however, of more interest than his early and more or less antagonistic impression of different creeds. We read:

He favored strongly and assisted to the best of his ability the work of the chaplains and religious organizations in the army. It will be remembered that during the latter part of the war a religious revival swept the Southern armies, when thousands upon thousands made profession of faith and joined the army churches. To Rev. Z. F. Dickinson, who was pushing the work of colportage, Mr. Davis wrote: "I most cordially sympathize with this movement. We have but little to hope for if we do not realize our dependence upon Heaven's blessing, and seek the guidance of God's truth."

One action of Davis' was criticised at the time by some extreme Protestants in the Confederacy and ridiculed by some Northern people. This was his correspondence with Pope, Pius IX. Davis' early training and later friendships had caused him to admire greatly the Roman Catholics. In 1863 he wrote to the Pope expressing his appreciation of the letters relating to the war which the latter had written to the bishops of New York and New Orleans. The Pope sent a courteous response. The criticism caused by this episode assumed that Davis was

simply seeking for Catholic indorsement of the Confederacy. Later, when Davis was in prison, Pius IX. sent a portrait of himself with this inscription: "Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

If the inscription was intended as an invitation to the defeated leader to seek abiding peace within the fold of the true Church, it failed of its effect. Mr. Davis never became a Catholic, though he consistently admired the Church, and was sincerely grateful for kindnesses received from priests, individually and collectively. "Besides Davis' own church [the Episcopal]," says Professor Fleming, "the Catholic Church was the only other religious organization in the North that pursued a policy of conciliation after the war. Its priests and bishops showed sympathy with the South and with the South's imprisoned leader." Hearing of their efforts in behalf of the afflicted Southern people, Mr. Davis wrote:

I am deeply impressed by the kindness of the bishop and that of the priests who have so nobly shown their readiness to do their Master's work in relieving the afflicted and protecting the fatherless. They have sent thus the sweetest solace to one in the condition of him who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho. I feel, with you, that God has been very good to us. . . . In the time when nations were ruled by arbitrary power, the Catholic priests stood between the despots and their victims, sublimely defying the rage of one, and divinely bending to raise the other. From time to time the heroic spirit of that ancient line has been called forth; and in plague, pestilence, and famine, in the wilderness and on fields of blood, in the prison, on the scaffold, and among the deserted mourners, nobly have they maintained the glory of their order.

It is of further interest to learn that one of the souvenirs or relics of Davis' prison life is a small worn copy of the "Imitation of Christ," with a number of passages marked and marginally annotated. On the whole, Professor Fleming's study of the Confederate ruler makes it evident that, whether or not President Lincoln was a professing Christian (a point that is periodically disputed), President Jefferson Davis was anything but an irreligious man.

Notes and Remarks.

What becomes of the converts from the Catholic Church to Protestantism?

It is safe to say that the majority of them eventually return to the Fold, or at least secretly desire to do so. The number who remain Protestants is small. A great many so-called conversions to the Faith are simply a return to the practice of religion. Very few of all who apostatize really lose their Faith. "The gifts of God are without repentance." That nine out of every ten perverts "know better," and ought to be treated as strayed sheep rather than as goats or wolves, is the conviction of every missionary of wide experience that we have ever conversed with on this subject. Two recent death-bed conversions—of one of which much has been said in the newspapers, of the other nothing at all—go to prove our contention. The first case was that of a Protestant minister who in his last hours sent for a priest and was "received into the Roman Catholic Church." This unfortunate—or very fortunate—man was born, we hear, of good Catholic parents and had once been a seminarian. His careful avoidance of public scandal would seem to have won for him the grace of a happy death. The other case was that of a prominent business man in one of our Western cities. A priest of his acquaintance, hearing of his serious illness, called at the house one day to pay a visit of sympathy. Contrary to expectations, he was ushered into the sick man's chamber and allowed to remain alone with him for a long time. What then occurred is God's secret, but through a relative of the dying man it leaked out that "Mr. N. used to be a Catholic priest himself." He was buried from a meeting-house and sleeps in an unblest grave. Peace to the souls of all such!

At the annual conference of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul in England, held this month at Sheffield, the Hon. A.

Wilmot read a paper on "The Distribution of Catechisms, etc.," in which he urged upon his brothers the necessity of distributing the catechism among people in their own homes, and of exhorting mothers to teach its lessons to their young children. The Archbishop of Westminster expressed warm approval of this paper, and declared that the subject was of the highest importance. "Everybody recognizes," he said, "how, in consequence of the way in which all education has been taken over by public authorities, parents, and especially those who are toiling with their own hands, have come to think that they are under no sort of responsibility with regard to the teaching of their children. They see that schools are provided, and that there their children have to learn to read and write, etc.; and they have come to the conclusion that they have to learn their religion in the same way. At no time in the history of the Church has there been less done at the home itself for the instruction of the children. It is left to other people. We are all conscious of that; and we have all understood what a far-reaching work would be done if only parents, and especially the mothers, would take in hand the religious instruction of their little children."

Mr. Wilmot's paper deserves to be read at meetings of the St. Vincent de Paul Society all over the world. The neglect of the catechism accounts for great evils existing on all sides, and for grave dangers to the faith and morals of young Catholics everywhere threatening. The distribution of the catechism, especially where priests are few and the celebration of Mass is infrequent, would indeed be a real and far-reaching apostolic work.

Not the least interesting feature of the recent Congress of Catholic Sioux Indians, held at Fort Yates, North Dakota, were the speeches made by leaders of the various tribes represented. It is a pity that every word was not "taken down"; for all of the speakers had something to

say, and not a few among them were truly eloquent. Little Fish, an old Indian from Fort Totten, referring to "the new ways of peace and the old ways of war," said: "The new ways are better than the old. I knew your grandfathers when they were young and when our people were barbarians. We have changed much, and we owe all the change to the Black Gown. With my right hand I cling to the cross; with my left hand I grasp the plow handle. We are honored by your visit; we rejoice to see you all. Our hearts are glad." Another Indian from a distant reservation remarked: "In our country we have a priest whose feet rest upon the earth but his head touches the clouds. He takes us all the way up." A little speech made by one of the Sioux women also deserves quotation. "I run fast in the way of the Black Gown," she said. "My husband follows in that way, too; but he is a little slow."

The presence of the Apostolic Delegate, representing the "Great Rock in Rome," was a source of deep satisfaction to the assembly; and when he assured them that the Holy Father loved his Indian children just the same as he did all others, joy was depicted on every countenance. Altogether the Congress was a most memorable occasion, not only for the Red Men but for all the "Pale-faces" who had the privilege of being present.

The capable and thoroughly practical writer who is contributing a series of "Talks to Young Men" to the editorial page of the *Boston Pilot* is thus outspoken in his latest number:

There may be another reason why your employer is not favorably impressed by you; your type of Catholicity may not be intelligent or admirable. Perhaps the "boss" is not a Catholic. He may even say that he does not like our kind; perhaps he does not see anything to admire in some of the Catholics in his employ. He does not attend church, and he knows that neither do they. He may not know any better, but they do. Sometimes, in good faith, and with a sincere desire to learn, he asks

questions about the doctrines or practices of the Church, and he finds that the pseudo-Catholic young men in his store have taken so little interest in the matter that their ignorance disgusts him, and is another excuse for his disbelief, and perhaps his prejudice.

You must remember that he has never been baptized, never heard a Catholic sermon, never read a book of prayer, meditation or instruction; and that about all he knows of the Church one way or the other comes from his experience with you and with other Catholics. In spite of his assumed antipathy to Catholics, in his inmost mind he admires the splendid virtues shown by many of his Catholic business associates. In fact, in his own home he will employ only Catholic women, whose saintly lives are a constant blessing to him and to his family; but when he comes to his own place of business and listens to the irreligious language of the so-called Catholic men in his employ, he wonders how such a difference of life can exist among those who are considered members of the same Church.

Catholics old and young need occasional reminding that on the great day of reckoning we shall have to render an account of not only the evil we have done, but of the good we have failed to do; and the item of good example *not* given to non-Catholic neighbors is likely to be a large one.

A recent issue of the *New York Medical Journal* contains a copy of an interesting address delivered by Dr. Charles E. Nam-mack before the graduating class of the Nurses' Training School of St. Vincent's Hospital. Among other wise words, he spoke these:

It is easier to endow a hundred schools with money than to create one which will radiate enthusiasm, courage, gentleness, and self-denial. It has been your great privilege to graduate from one such school, where, in addition to the theoretical lessons you have received in the training department, and the practical experience you have garnered at the bedside, you have had the advantage of daily and intimate association with women whose work has illuminated the history of Christian civilization, — women who have renounced wealth, social position, family ties, and other things that make life sweet and attractive, to consecrate themselves to that higher mission in life — the nursing of God's poor. And your souls must

be dead indeed if you have not imbibed from the lives of these Sisters of Charity lessons of patience, gentleness, and self-denial. . . . That this life, with its hopes and its joys, its diseases and its disasters, is *all*, is denied alike by common-sense, by reason, and by revelation. You will miss the greatest happiness that life can afford unless you recognize and believe that our material nature is one with, and indivisible from, our spiritual nature.

* * *

Concluding the address from which we have culled the foregoing extract, Dr. Nammack quoted this passage of a poem read by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell at a congress of the leading physicians of the United States:

God's ways are dark and in their gloom we walk;
Not ours to know why life's grim spectres stalk.
We tread mysterious paths in touch with pain,—
Birth, death, disease, strange phantoms of the brain.

Yet though what change the fuller days may bring,
One ancient lesson will be ever new;
One priceless lesson will be ever true:
To give what none can measure, none can weigh,
Simply to go where duty points the way;
To face unquestioning the fever's breath,
The deepening shadows of the vale of death;
To bear Christ's message 'mid the battle's rage,
The yellow plague, the leper's island cage,
And with our noblest, well to understand
The poor man's call as only God's command;
Ay, under every century's changing sky
Shall the Greek master's triple signal fly,
Faith, Honor, Duty—Duty calmly done,
That shouts no self-praise o'er a victory won;
One bugle note your only battle call;
One single watchword, Duty, that is all.

The "Christian Unity Foundation," whose articles of incorporation have just been filed in the County of New York, is composed of twelve clergymen and as many laymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church. From their published statement we quote the following explanation of the purpose of this corporation:

To promote Christian unity at home and throughout the world; to this end, to gather and disseminate accurate information relative to the faith and works of all Christian bodies; to set forth the great danger of our unhappy divisions and the waste of spiritual energy due thereto; to devise and suggest practical methods of co-operation, substituting comity for rivalry in the propagation of the common faith; to bring together all who are laboring in the same field, and this in the belief that full knowledge of one another will emphasize our actual mem-

bership in the one body of Christ, and our common agreement in the essentials of faith; that, finally, by the operation of the Spirit of God, the various Christian bodies may be knit together in more evident unity in the essentials of faith and practice and in one organic life.

So far so good, gentlemen; but the only unity that will avail aught is union through loyal submission to the one true Church of Christ under the leadership of Christ's veritable Vicar on earth, the Sovereign Pontiff. Only he is empowered to "confirm the brethren."

The prominence given in a number of our exchanges to the recent ordination in this country of a Negro priest makes timely the following extract from "The Native Clergy in Heathen Lands," contributed to the *Illustrated Catholic Missions* by Dom Maternus Spitz, O. S. B.:

Over and over again, diplomats and philanthropists, explorers and men of science, have asked themselves whether or not the natives of Africa were capable of a higher civilization, and whether lifting them up from their life of shame and degradation would be worth the while. Such questions are, however, nowadays all out of time; for more intimate and closer contact with the natives, as well as recent history and experience, has shown that the Negroes of Africa, physically belonging to the strongest race of the globe, whom neither the most cruel atrocities of the slave-trade, nor fire-arms nor fire-water, nor the poison of so-called civilization, have been able to extinguish, are, morally, physically and intellectually, capable of higher culture when once they have received a good education.

It is commonly overlooked that the Negro race has produced a number of eminent men of great talent, such as General Toussaint l'Ouverture, of Haiti; Stephen Allen Benson, a prominent statesman of Liberia; Joseph Reynes, a member of the legislative body of Washington; Geheimrat Dr. Anton Wilhelm Amo, of Axim (Gold Coast), professor at the University of Halle-Wittenberg; Don Juan Latino, professor of philology at the University of Seville; the musical composer, Coleridge Taylor, etc., . . . some Protestant Doctors of Theology as well as Roman Doctors of Philosophy and Theology. The latter have amply proved that the Negroes are capable of being raised to the priesthood. All the leading authorities, however, agree that it is a hard task indeed

to raise a native clergy among the black race; yet the fact that it has been done is an eloquent proof that it can be done.

The desirability of having a native clergy can hardly admit of question, and conversions among the Negroes of our Southern States would doubtless receive an immense impetus if a band of Negro priests could be sent to labor among them.

A host of friends, pupils, and admirers of Sister M. Rita, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, will share the grief of her community in the loss of this efficient and devoted religious, who passed to the reward of long labors gladly borne, and of great sufferings bravely endured, on the morning of the 23d inst. Her death was in keeping with her life,—peaceful, prayerful, beautiful both in its unselfishness and its resignation. Although content to die, she was willing to live on and continue her work. Fruitful and manifold as this was, her personality was much more. As Palladius said of the elder Melania, “she lived so as to injure no one, but to benefit everyone. Her kindness and gentleness opened all hearts to her, and her piety led her to exert this salutary influence to work upon souls and to win them to heavenly things.” To those who most fully realize that Sister Rita’s life was a precious blessing to them, her death will be as a great personal loss. She will be missed not only by all her friends and fellow-religious, but by her pupils, who recognized in her an ideal teacher, and numerous admirers of her two books, “A Story of Fifty Years” and “The Book of the Lily.” Sister Rita was a frequent and valued contributor to THE AVE MARIA under the initials S. M. R., etc.

Something of a novelty in the way of statements made by converts is the declaration of Mr. Walter R. Reece, of Cleveland, Ohio, whom Father Jennings recently received into the Fold. “After

forty years of silence upon religious matters,” says Mr. Reece, “after long meditation, and upon the eve of entering the Catholic, the mother Church, I am constrained to write to my non-Catholic brothers and sisters, not as an apology for this contemplated action, but as an apology to the Catholic Church for a narrow, self-satisfied position, and for so long having turned a deaf ear to her teachings, and for so long having been skeptical and cynical regarding her motives and practices.”

It is a kindly and sympathetic view of the Filipino that is taken by the Rev. Charles W. Briggs, writing from Jaro to the Baptist *Missions*; and it is not a particularly appreciative view that he takes of his average fellow-American in the Islands. He says:

No other people is so imbued with a small, despicable, un-Christian race-prejudice as are the Americans. Where the Englishman looks upon the Oriental as an inferior and childish branch of the human family, and the Frenchman and German and Dutchman look upon the Oriental as a weaker people whom it will be comparatively easy to exploit and turn into perennial fountains of revenue, the American in the Orient has more the air of being sole representative of the human race; and the Oriental is classed as a subhuman species that may eventually develop, through long periods of progressive development, into the *genus homo*.

Brother Briggs does not mention the Spaniards, who, for several centuries before Uncle Sam undertook to play the rôle of “big Brother” to the Filipinos, treated that race as men and Christianized so many of them. Nor do we think that Catholic Americans in the Islands merit any such wholesale criticism as he levels against Americans generally. In the Catholic church or chapel, in the confessional, and at the Communion rail, the Filipino sees himself on a footing of perfect equality with the representatives of all other races. Which, by the way, is an excellent reason why sectarian missionaries should desist from their attempts at proselytism among the Catholic natives.



To Our Queen.

BY S. MARR.

WHEN dewy dawn is breaking,
And bright-winged birds are waking,
When sunlight gilds the mountain crown
And floods with gold the lea;
When dew-hung meadow flowers
Are flinging irised showers,
We sing, O Queen, thy fair renown,
And tell our love for thee!

When noon's hot face is flushing,
And flowers hang ablushing,
Beneath the glance of sunny rays
That wander light and free;
When birds to shades are winging,
Their midday song low singing,
We chant, O Queen, our hymn of praise,
And tell our love for thee!

When shadows 'round are stealing,
The charms of night revealing,
And starbeams turn to silver-white
The earth and sky and sea;
When cares of day are sleeping,
And moon-rays guard are keeping,
We come, O Queen, our hearts' delight,
To tell our love for thee!

Sandy Joe.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

VIII.—UNDER THE MEMORIAL WINDOW.

IT had been a busy day with Mr. Phil Harper. The cares of his great fortune usually sat very lightly upon him; for he had been born to wealth and an honored name, so the mere matter of bonds and stocks and railroad shares had been disposed of with practised ease. But he had other business to settle to-day,—business he had shirked for years, as one shrinks from a rude touch on an open

wound. He was obliged to discuss it now; and, seated in his lawyer's office, was listening to the gentleman's cool-headed professional advice.

"My dear Harper, would it not be best to sell the place connected with so tragic an event and have done with it? I had an offer of twenty thousand dollars for it yesterday. It seemed madness to refuse, and so I sent for you to talk the matter over. Twenty thousand dollars! What possible good can it be to hold possession of Larchmont in its present condition any longer?"

"None," answered Mr. Harper, briefly. "I suppose you are right, Benton; and I ought to have sold and had the blackened ruins of my lost Eden razed to the ground long ago."

"Frankly, I think you ought," observed Mr. Benton. "I was out there last week; the place is an eyesore in a beautiful and otherwise improving neighborhood. A perfect tangle of growth has closed around it. Shrubs, roses, vines, have all run wild; and, what is still worse, like all places with a tragic history, there is the usual foolish rumor that the ruin is haunted. It ought to be cleared away at once. Let me accept this twenty-thousand-dollar offer and be done with it."

"What does the purchaser propose to do with the property?" asked Mr. Harper, slowly. "Make it again—a home?"

"Well, no, not exactly a home," was the reluctant answer. "As I understand, he is the agent of the proposed trolley line, who wants it as a sort of summer garden or pleasure park."

A fierce oath burst from Harper's pale lips. "Summer garden! Pleasure park! Turn the ground made holy to me by my child's ashes into a tramping place for beer-swillers and idle fools! Never while I live, Benton! I don't see how you could

think for one moment I would listen to such a proposition. Larchmont a beer garden! Not if I were offered a million for it."

"My dear Harper, I did not say beer garden," interposed the little lawyer, apologetically. "A pleasure park for innocent recreation did not strike me as amiss. Still, as you feel this way, I will not urge the matter further. But I must add, in justice to other property holders in the neighborhood, something should be done with Larchmont."

"And something *shall* be done at once," said Mr. Harper resolutely, as he rose from his chair. "I have been a weakling, a coward in the matter, I must confess, Benton. I simply could not find the courage, the strength, after that first awful visit to look at the place again; but I will take the matter in hand myself now. Of one thing you can rest assured: Larchmont is not, and never will be, for sale. This offer has warned me that if I would keep it sacred ground it must be given into holy keeping forever." And, his strong man's voice still shaken with the emotion that mastered him, Philip Harper passed hurriedly out of the office without further adieu.

"Very foolish sentiment,—exceedingly foolish," commented the little lawyer with a shrug, as his wealthiest client disappeared. "But I suppose Mr. Philip Harper can afford sentiment. I never could. It is altogether too expensive a luxury." And Mr. Benton turned back to his desk, while his late visitor kept on down the street, heedless for the moment whither, so fierce was the storm of feeling roused by the little lawyer's words.

Larchmont sold for a beer garden,—a beer garden! Nay, even a pleasure park! The place made holy to him by so much happiness, such anguish, such blissful, torturing memories! "Confound that old man Benton!" muttered the gentleman, savagely. "He has no more heart or soul than an Egyptian mummy. Sell Larchmont with the chance of such profanation

as he suggests! Sell the ground that holds the ashes of Nell's child! Great Heavens! I'll see Father More to-morrow about putting something there that Nell would like: a church, a hospital, an orphanage or something. George! that reminds me I came very near forgetting those two little ragamuffins. I must look them up at once."

And, stirred altogether out of his easy good-nature, the gentleman hurriedly retraced his steps to the neighborhood where he had bought his newspaper four days ago. The streets were filled with eager crowds hurrying homeward after the busy day; shrill-voiced newsboys were darting hither and thither, shouting vociferously.

Mr. Harper, who retained only vague recollections of his late transaction with the young paper seller, looked around him in bewilderment and was immediately besieged by eager vendors.

"Paper, sir,—paper? *Evening Times*, sir? Here's your *Evening Journal*. *Herald*? *World*?"

"Wait a bit, boys," said the gentleman, after purchasing from a half dozen or so, and realizing that any or all of them, as far as he remembered, might be the one he sought. "I'm looking for a chap that I owe for a paper bought last Monday."

"'Twas me, sir! Me, me, me!" cried an eager chorus.

"Oh, no!" said Mr. Harper, good-humoredly. "No such wholesale business as that, my boys; I haven't any bee in my bonnet as you may think. Let me see: the fellow I want was about twelve or thereabouts, with reddish hair and a little sister."

"That was Sandy Joc," piped up a small chap of ten from the background.

"Shut up there! It warn't; it was me." A big, red-headed boy with shifty blue eyes jerked the little speaker aside and pushed his way to Mr. Harper. "It's me you mean, sir. I sold you the paper,—me and my little sister Julia Ann,—a purty little girl, sir, with curls."

"Almost seven years old," said Mr. Harper, trying to recall his wife's description fully.

"That's her,—just seven her last birthday. She's home to-day, sir, and sick,—sick with the measles."

"Too bad, too bad!" said the gentleman, who was in the mood to soften to all seven-year-old woes, and felt that measles was an added responsibility to his evening's duty. "I hope you have a good doctor for the poor little girl."

"Doctor, sir! No, we don't have no doctor just for measles," was the answer.

"Oh, but you should, you *must*!" said the gentleman determined to fulfil his signed and sealed contract even beyond the letter. "My wife took a fancy to the little girl, and asked me to stop this afternoon, and not only pay you the money I owe you with due interest" (and the speaker dropped a silver piece in Julia Ann's brother's outstretched hand), "but I give you this ten dollars to buy needed clothes for yourself and your little sister,—something warm and comfortable for you both; and, since she is sick, you must take this too and get her a doctor." And Mr. Harper added another note to his donation, to the speechless bewilderment of the onlookers crowding around.

"Thank you, sir!" gasped Julia Ann's brother as soon as he could get wits and voice. "Thank you! I'll—I'll do it; I'll do what you say. Thank you kindly, sir; I'll get the doctor and the clothes and all. Bless the kind lady's heart for her goodness!"

"It's a divvy,—a divvy, Bill!" cried half a dozen breathless mates, crowding around Julia Ann's brother as soon as Mr. Harper moved away. "We stood by and didn't snitch. We all stood by you. How much?"

"Fifteen," was the triumphant answer, as Bill sidled up against the wall to count his unlooked-for gains. "Fifteen whole plunks and this 'ere shiner. I'll give you one around, boys,—all except Micky Fay.

He don't get nothin'." And Bill scowled darkly at the small truth-teller.

"You're a mean, lying cheat!" panted Micky, wrathfully. "You ain't got no sister Julia Ann, Bill Butler. You ain't got no sister at all. And you didn't sell that gentleman no paper neither. You *know* you didn't. All that money was meant for Sandy Joe."

"Oh, was it?" said the bully, leaning over and catching the daring little speaker by the ear. "Say that again, and I'll make you sorry for it. I'll lay round the corner for you to-night and learn you what it is to snitch on Bill Butler."

"Ow—ow!" shrieked Micky, as his ear was wrung pitilessly by a cruel hand.

"Perlice, perlice, yer granny!" cried Bill scornfully, releasing his hold, while his crowd of toadies laughed approvingly. "Skip off, you little cock sparrow, and meddle with my business again if you dare. Come, boys, I'll stand treat. We'll have an all-round good time to-night on this."

"Well, that's settled," thought Mr. Harper with a sense of relief, as he called a cab at the next corner and was whirled away to his hotel. "On closer acquaintance, I don't think much of Nell's little gentleman. A coarse, rough-looking chap that can't look a man honestly in the eye. Ah, well! what can one expect of a poor boy pitched into the fight for life at thirteen? I can go back with a clear conscience to Nell, and hope her tender heart will be at rest about these little beggars. If I could only soothe all other pain as easily! But the wound is too deep, too deep for all my love to heal. Great Heaven! if she had heard Benton to-day I believe it would have killed her outright. I'll see Father More about doing something with Larchmont the first thing to-morrow."

And so it happened that about ten o'clock next morning the gentleman presented himself at the pastoral residence attached to St. Martin's Church, and sent up his card to Father More. In a few

minutes the good priest appeared and greeted his visitor cordially. Though not a Catholic himself, all Mr. Harper's sympathies and interest were in the great Church to which his idolized wife belonged. And Father More, who had married the young couple eight years ago and knew the sorrow that had darkened their lives, felt a truly paternal pity for them both.

"My dear friend, good-morning, good-morning! What lucky fate brings you to St. Martin's to-day? And how is your good wife? Better, I hope; stronger, happier?"

"Well, no, Father, I fear not," was the sad answer. "But—but angelic in her patience and pain, as you know."

"Ah, yes, yes!" said Father More, softly. "We must wait. Help will come in God's good time,—help and healing. You came to see me about her, perhaps?"

"No, Father: about another matter this morning." And the gentleman turned at once to the purpose of his visit.

The priest listened sympathetically.

"Good, very good," he said. "To consecrate this ruined home of yours to God's service is truly a Christian act. It shows the faith is dawning in your soul, in your heart, my friend. I must talk it over at length with you later. Just now" (Father More glanced at his watch) "I have a duty at church: a little child to baptize at eleven. It will not take half an hour. Can you wait for me? There are some interesting pamphlets on the table; or perhaps you might like to look in at the church. I don't think you have seen the memorial window, that was your good wife's Christmas offering to St. Martin's, since it has been put in place. It is much admired."

"No, I have not seen it. I will go with you and look at it," said Mr. Harper with interest. And he followed Father More, who passed through a long corridor to a side door that led into the church. Good, honest, gentleman that he was, Mr. Phil Harper was not much of a churchgoer; but this morning he paused in the centre

aisle of St. Martin's, struck with the solemn beauty of the church as it stretched before him in noonday silence, flooded with colored light from the six great windows, the breath of incense from a morning Benediction lingering under its Gothic arches, the sanctuary lamp burning before the high altar with undying ray. He was conscious of a strange, sweet thrill in his heart—as if, indeed, some blessing from an unseen Presence had fallen upon him—as he followed Father More, who, having put on his surplice and stole, proceeded to the baptismal font in the little side chapel where the sunbeams, streaming through the beautiful window that had been Mrs. Harper's gift, fell on the little group awaiting the priest's coming.

Good Mrs. Bryan, in her "widow's mourning" bonnet, brightened, as befitted the passing years, with a nodding cluster of purple flowers, and with Baby Ann in her maternal arms, was marshalling her domestic forces into the order demanded by the occasion.

"Stand back there, Pat! Sure don't you know it's God's holy house you are in? Hold to his hand, Nora, and keep him easy. Whisht now, all of you! And take Baby Ann, Molly darling; for here comes his reverence, and I must stand up with Jackie,—I mean Monica Mary."

Father More advanced to the group; and Mr. Harper, who had stood aside under the shadow of a pillar, looking up at the window that portrayed Jesus blessing the little ones, suddenly caught his breath with amazement at sight of the little figure that, dropping its coarse enwrapping coat, stood in white-robed beauty before the font. With Nora's dress bound by the silken sash to her graceful little figure, with her brown hair falling in soft waves to her slender waist, her starry eyes lifted in sweet half-comprehension and childish reverence, Jackie was a vision of loveliness that seemed a part of the shining picture above,—one of the little ones standing in the light and love of the Living Lord.

With the same strange, sweet thrill he had felt before the altar, Philip Harper stood watching the sacred rite go on; he heard the words of conditional baptism spoken, saw the water poured on the little bowed head, caught the name given to the little neophyte, Monica Mary; but no thought of connecting this white-robed vision with the little beggar of the windy corner entered his mind.

The baptism was over. Monica Mary stood for a moment with the shining light, the symbol of faith, in her little trembling hand, then the coarse long coat enwrapped her again.

"Be off with you all now!" said Mrs. Bryan, catching up the wailing Baby Ann; and the vision that had thrilled Philip Harper's soul to new, strange depths vanished.

(To be continued.)

Cimabue's Madonna.

BY FRANCESCA.

The story of Cimabue and his pupil has often been told: how he found the little Giotto, then a peasant boy ten years old, making, with a pointed stone, a picture of one of his own sheep upon a piece of slate, and asked to be allowed to take him back to Florence, and there teach him. It is well known how the peasant lad came to be a greater painter than his master, and left in the city he loved so many beautiful memorials of himself on canvas and in enduring stone. But it is of the teacher himself, Cimabue, that a touching story comes down to us, concerning a picture of our Blessed Mother and the Divine Child.

In the early days of Christianity, when followers of Our Lord were hunted like wild beasts, there was but little religious art, and it was centuries before they had any representation worth mentioning of the scenes and objects so precious to them. In time Byzantine elements of pictorial

expression—those heralds of the dawn—began to appear, brought from the far East. But these Byzantine models were stiff and prim, and the pictures of Our Lady had a doll-like sameness. Artists had not caught the holy light which should cling to that sacred face. At this time also there were men who spent long years in putting together bits of colored stone; and these mosaics, called the paintings of the Middle Ages, still survive, showing us the industry and love with which they were wrought. Still, their pictured faces had no semblance of life; and some one was needed to break away from this formalism, and paint pictures which men should see and feel were at last worthy the vision of a devout believer.

Cimabue was of noble birth, a proud and perhaps arrogant youth, mingling but little with his fellow-workers. His parents sent him to a convent school in Florence, and to the chapel of that convent some Greeks came one day to restore and retouch the valuable paintings gathered there. Recognizing their fine methods, he begged and obtained instruction from them, and learned the handicraft of their country, and how to apply it to nobler themes. Finally he painted a picture of the Mother and Child which was a revelation to the world. The faces had life and meaning; and crowds, among which were kings, came to wonder and admire them. At last this famous picture was carried to the church, which was to be its home; and so great was the delight of the people who escorted it, that the part of the city through which it was taken has to this day been called the Borgo Allegri (Quarter of Rejoicing).

Representations of the Blessed Virgin are now, happily, within easy reach of all; but one can not think without emotion of that one which Cimabue painted—crude and ungraceful doubtless, but with something of that radiance which will make it known forever as the first great picture which the city of Florence gave to the world.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A finally collected edition of the writings of Francis Thompson is in preparation. It will include the poems appearing this year in the *Dublin Review*, and other fugitive verses.

—Some weeks ago a dealer in autograph letters, documents, etc., in Paris, offered for sale a signed letter of St. Vincent de Paul. In London this month an autograph letter of St. Paul of the Cross and a letter signed by St. Alphonsus Liguori came under the hammer.

—A neat booklet of 112 pages issued by R. & T. Washbourne (Benziger Brothers in this country) gives us "Prayers to the Sacred Heart," by Blessed Margaret Mary. They have been translated from the original sources by a priest, and will doubtless be welcomed by many clients of this loving servant of Our Lord.

—"The Martyr's Field" is the title of an interesting sketch, by Mother Mary Salome, of the Venerable Nicholas Postgate, cruelly done to death at the age of eighty-three; and an account of Pickering, Yorkshire, England, the scene of much of the martyr's active labor. The pamphlet's purpose is to interest charitable readers in the Pickering mission, whose devoted pastor, Father Bryan, appeals for assistance in erecting in the parish a church, rectory, and recreation hall.

—A catalogue of the books, manuscripts, and antiquities at present shown at Avon has just been issued by the Trustees and Guardians of Shakespeare's Birthplace. Of course visitors will be glad to take away a copy of this book as a memorial; however, they should not swear by it. As illustrating its need of revision, the *Athenæum* observes: "We are told that a stone-ware jug dated 1603 bears the arms of the King of Saxony, whereas there was no such monarch before 1806. We are surprised, too, that there is no hint of doubt as to the authenticity of the so-called portrait of Dame Elizabeth Barnard, who died in 1670. The lady represented is in the costume of a much later day."

—"English as We Speak It in Ireland," by P. W. Joyce (Longmans & Co.), has a greater interest and value than its title would seem to indicate. Students of English literature especially can not afford to ignore this book. Among other things, they will learn from it that many phrases, as Dr. Joyce shows by quotations from Shakespeare and old songs, have survived in Ireland, and are now called vulgarisms, whereas they are really archaisms. Old-fashioned people in Ireland say "balcóny,"

"centénary," "advertisement," etc.,—keeping the accent where it was, and where it ought to be according to older English dictionaries. The misplacement of *h*, so common in England, is unknown in Ireland.

—Ralph Robinson's translation of More's "Utopia," together with Roper's Life of Sir Thomas More, and some of his letters, forms a new addition to Bohn's Libraries. The Latin text of the "Utopia," reprinted from the first edition, is given in an appendix.

—An excellent Spanish catechism, containing, beside the usual religious lessons, a variety of practical devotions, may be obtained from St Boniface's Industrial School, Banning, Cal. The questions and answers for the most part are from the catechism approved by the Pope; the rest of the book being adapted to the needs of those for whose benefit it was compiled.

—"The Development of Public Charities and Correction in the State of Indiana" is an illustrated brochure of 131 pages, containing the usual statistics, descriptions, reports, etc., ordinarily to be found in such publications. While the reports, as a whole, relate much that is laudable, certain portions thereof emphasize the distinction that will always obtain between civic philanthropy and Christian charity, born of and directed by active religion.

—A pamphlet of exceptional typographical beauty, and of unusual literary distinction as well, is "A Notable Work of Christian Art," a description of the Epiphany Church, Pittsburg, Pa., by the Rev. Thomas F. Coakley, D. D. A thoroughly satisfactory guide-book to one of the most artistically decorated sacred edifices in the country, this illustrated pamphlet is worth reading for its own sake. Its aim, like that of the building it glorifies, may be discerned in this paragraph:

To bring back to the Church the ancient splendors of her own art, to make it expand and burst forth of its own impulse, to create a feeling for the beautiful that will be the instinct and the heritage of every Christian, to put within reach of our Catholic people a luminous example of the exalted traditions and principles of the golden age of Christian art, to make the interior decoration of God's own dwelling a spontaneous outpouring of love and devotion and enthusiasm and faith,—this has been the mainspring of the activity of the architect and artists who in the fear of God have worked humbly and loyally that the Church of the Epiphany might appear lovely before the eyes of men.

—Although we do not rank "The Wiles of Sexton Maginnis" with the best of Dr. Egan's books, and think that he can scarcely be congratulated on this production, we can not

agree with a recent reviewer that the work is "altogether unworthy of the author's reputation, etc." Certain features of the book have been taken too seriously by its critic, who forgets that it was written for the general public. For this very reason, however, Dr. Egan would have done well, perhaps, to exercise more caution, and to delete a good deal of what we venture to describe as surplusage in his delineation of the characters of the Sexton and Father Blodgett. The book was originally published as a serial in one of the best of our magazines; and the drawback to such work is that it has often to be done under pressure, succeeding chapters being demanded before there has been a return of inspiration. We admit that the Sexton is not himself in some chapters, and that the pastor of Bracton is generally disappointing. But we should not describe the former as a "clown" and the latter as a "fool." Had the critic of "The Wiles of Sexton Maginnis" been so disposed, he might have found much to say in praise of this book. And Mr. Keller's illustrations should not have been overlooked by him; the best of them are admirable. We wish that in the next edition the author would emphasize the worth of this book by careful revision and elimination. Published by the Century Co.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Handbook of Practical Economics." J. Schrijvers. \$1.35.
- "St. Francis de Sales: A Study of the Gentle Saint." Louise M. Stackpoole-Kenny. \$1.10.
- "The Laws of the King; or, Talks on the Commandments." A Religious of the Holy Child. 60 cts.
- "The Boys of St. Batt's." R. P. Garrold, S. J. 80 cts.
- "Meditations for Each Day of the Month of June." Charles Santley. 60 cts.
- "Astronomical Essays." Rev. George V. Leahy, S. T. L. \$1.
- "Cardinal Mercier's Conferences." \$1.50.

- "Sunlight and Shadow." P. M. Northcote. \$1.
- "The Beginnings of the Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes, A. D. 754-1073." Mgr. L. Duchesne, D. D. \$2.
- "A Compendium of Catechetical Instruction." Vols. I. and II. \$4.50.
- "A Private Retreat for Religious." Rev. Peter Geiermann, C. SS. R. \$1.50.
- "Life's Little Day." D. J. Scannell O'Neill. 25 cts.
- "So as by Fire." Jean Connor. \$1.25.
- "Brownie and I." Richard Aumerle. 85 cts.
- "The Formation of Character." Rev. Ernest Hull, S. J. 15 cts.
- "A Bunch of Girls." "Shan." 50 cts.
- "The First Great Canadian." Charles B. Reed. \$2.
- "History of the Society of Jesus in North America." Thomas Hughes, S. J. Documents: Vol. I., Part II. \$4.50.
- "Buds and Blossoms." Rt. Rev. Charles H. Colton, D. D. \$1.25.
- "The Christ Child." M. C. Olivia Keiley. 75 cts.
- "The Sacrament of Duty." The Rev. Joseph McSorley, C. S. P. \$1.08.
- "The Light of His Countenance." Jerome Harte. \$1.25.
- "From Geneva to Rome via Canterbury." Viator. 45 cts.
- "Bible Stories Told to Toddlers." 90 cts.
- "The Childhood of Christ According to the Canonical Gospels." Rev. A. Durand, S. J. \$1.50.
- "The Fruits of Devotion to the Sacred Heart." Rev. William Graham. 75 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. John Larkin, of the diocese of Nashville; Very Rev. Charles Collin, O. M. I.; and Rev. Filomeno Ferrara, S. S. F. S.

Brother William, C. S. C.

Sister M. Jane and Mother M. of St. Angelique, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd; Sister Pelagia, Sisters of Charity; Sister M. Rita and Sister M. Juliana, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. E. R. Wills, Mr. George Weidner, Mr. J. B. McGowan, Mr. James Shaw, Mr. Patrick Shea, Mr. J. C. Newmann, Mrs. Bernard McLean, Mr. M. F. Karpinski, Mr. James Mooney, Mr. John Derby, Mrs. Ellen Hanley, Mr. J. G. Helker, Mr. Philip Schmandt, Ellen Mulcair, Mrs. Sarah M. Fergus, and Mr. Jacob Wirfs.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 6, 1910.

NO. 6

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

Saint Dominic.

BY E. P. R.

DEAR Lord, I know not why it should be so,
Or if 'tis right I should love one saint more
Than all the rest on whom Thou didst bestow
A crown, when their work in this world was
o'er.

Yet dear St. Dominic has gained so much
Of my best love, and of my earnest thought,
That all the other saints have failed to touch
My heart with their life's lessons as they ought.

Forgive me, generous Lord! and grant that I
may gain

Some share of Dominic's surpassing grace;
Help me to bravely meet life's every pain,
That I may some day meet him face to face,
And share with him, and his dear, white-robed
priests,
And with Thee, Lord, Thy everlasting feasts.

A Pilgrimage in the Pyrenees.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

DEVOUT souls whose love for
Our Lady leads them to make
pilgrimages to her shrines, both
at home and abroad, and to
study the history of these ancient sanctu-
aries, can hardly find a field of wider
interest than the country round the
Pyrenees. There, in its fair green valleys
sheltered always by the everlasting hills,
churches and altars dedicated to Christ's
Mother rise on every side. There, after
ascending some steep road, cut, it may
be, out of the solid rock in such a way

as to resemble a spiral staircase, one
comes suddenly upon a little mountain
chapel, like that which bears the charm-
ing and appropriate inscription: "*Notre
Dame de Bonne Rencontre, priez pour les
voyageurs.*" Or another, now deserted, but
famous by reason of its great antiquity,
which, tradition says, belonged to the
Knights Templars. It will be remembered
that this noble and gallant Order was
under the special protection of the Blessed
Virgin, and that its "grand priors," or
"provincial masters," all took an oath to
defend her perpetual virginity.

The chapel where these military monks
used to pray, in the midst of the awe-
inspiring roar of the avalanches, and
surrounded by rainbow-tinted glaciers, is
a small building that appears literally
perched over the precipice, across which
a bridge of fir trunks enables the devout
pilgrim to reach the tiny house whence
the Knights were wont to sally forth to
the rescue of those who had been over-
taken by the tempests that rage with
hurricane force in this wild and remote
region. The ruins of the chapel still con-
tain the tombs of unfortunate travellers
whom their charity was powerless to save
from death in these perilous passes.

Another very interesting place, and one
which can easily be visited on the way
to some other shrine, is the valley of Lis.
There will be found the famous Cascade
d'Enfer, which flings itself into the whirl-
pool beneath, with a deafening sound and
a swirl of boiling foam that makes the
spectator giddy. *Lis*, it need scarcely be
said, means a lily; and in all probability

the valley took its name from the fact that, quite close to the cascade, the plain is covered with lilies, which, growing to a great height, shed their exquisite fragrance on the cool air. It is, in truth, a striking contrast,—the waterfall rushing with headlong violence into the seething gulf below, and so near it the inexpressibly peaceful beauty of that verdant lilled lea.

Journeying onward through the lovely valley of Aure, one recalls the fact that long, long ago, at the farthest end, there used to be an humble hamlet consisting of only seven houses, in the midst of which rose a little chapel dedicated to St. Orens. These few dwellings formed the ancient Bourisp, and not a trace of them remains. A comparatively new Bourisp—old though it seems to us to-day—was rebuilt at the foot of Mount Tramesaïgues, on the bank of a small stream; and this latter place is indissolubly connected with devotion to Our Lady, on account of the special favors she has there bestowed upon the faithful; and also because of the wonderful black image, in the style of the twelfth century, which, according to an ancient tradition, was discovered in the brushwood near a fountain not far from the ruins of the old chapel of St. Orens.

To this fountain a certain owner of flocks and herds used to bring his cattle. Noticing that one of his oxen left the others and ran to a neighboring marsh, he one day had the curiosity to follow it; and he there found, to his intense surprise, that it was licking a statue of the Blessed Virgin. This statue was eventually placed in the church which was built to receive it, and thenceforward Notre Dame de Bourisp was held in great veneration.

The church possesses nothing very imposing or remarkable in the way of architecture; but it contains some Gothic windows; and, inside, its walls are covered with most ancient and interesting frescoes. In these valleys—so remote that learning, in any shape or form, had not penetrated their lonely fastnesses—it was a usual custom to present to the eyes

of the faithful in the different churches that which their unlettered minds were incapable of understanding save by sight. Very numerous traces of this custom may still be found in the chapels of the Pyrenees; and for those who care to study the subject, there is a quaint fascination in these realistic representations.

In the porch at Bourisp, the Seven Deadly Sins are depicted in relief. Each sin is represented by the figure of a woman led by a demon. Gluttony holds a glass in her hand, and is seated on a hog; Sloth, with arms folded, is seated on an ass; Lust is on a goat; Pride, on a lion; Covetousness closely clasps a purse, and is mounted on some purely imaginary beast; Anger, tearing her hair, is riding on a dragon with a tongue of flame; Envy holds a mirror, and is seated on a horse.

Favors of all kinds and of every description, bestowed upon them by Our Lady of Bourisp, are recounted by the pious inhabitants of the Valley of the Aure. They also attribute to her intercession the sudden and apparently miraculous cessation of those periods of drought which are so disastrous in the district.

Notre Dame d'Héas, another favorite place of pilgrimage, is well worthy of a visit, not only on account of its religious associations, but also because of the grand and rugged scenery in the midst of which stands the chapel, 5075 feet above the level of the sea. In truth, no surroundings could be more utterly desolate and wild. Not a sound is heard save the tinkling of little bells and the dull roar of mountain torrents. Over all hangs an air of indescribable solitude,—a solitude so complete that it evokes a feeling of deep and melancholy awe.

It is a distinct relief to turn to the church where so many favors have been bestowed. The strong, terrible mountains which rise almost perpendicularly on every side, their dazzling, snow-covered summits standing sharply out against an azure sky; the ceaseless thunder of the waterfalls; the humble sanctuary, in the centre

of a picture so striking,—all these things combine to make a most vivid impression upon the soul, and to fill it with a keen sense of the nothingness of humanity and the overwhelming greatness of the Divine Majesty. This rather terrible impression is, however, softened and sweetened by that tender devotion to Mary, the Mother of mercy and of hope, which, whilst reminding us of the graces and favors we have come to implore, at the same time binds us close and ever closer to all we hold most dear. It matters not if one is alone or in a crowd when kneeling before such a shrine as this; for the shower of graces may fall as abundantly on the solitary pilgrim as on a throng of worshippers.

The first chapel built on this "high land," where, to quote the picturesque language of Holy Scripture, so many men and women have gathered "honey from the rock, and oil from the flinty stone," was very poor and simple, covered only with thatch; but none the less eagerly and persistently frequented by all the shepherds of the neighborhood, and also by the inhabitants of the almost innumerable valleys intersecting this chain of mountains. The original little building soon became too small for the concourse of pilgrims that flocked thither: another was built, and again another.

The difficult mountain pathways, the well-nigh impassable torrents, the many valleys to be traversed in order to reach this favored but almost inaccessible spot, did not deter the faithful from their purpose. Our Lady bestowed special blessings in her sanctuary at Héas, so to Héas they accordingly came. In the words of an old French hymn, written about another of these lonely mountain shrines, one might truly say:

Je ne puis, O ma mère,
Raconter les bienfaits
Dont ce lieu solitaire
Conserve les secrets.

What a fervor and passion of prayer has, year by year, mingled with the music

of the waterfalls! What wounded souls and aching hearts have brought their burden and laid it down at Mary's feet! What tears of dreadful bitterness have fallen in this solitary place! What urgent appeals to her who never leaves her trusting children to despair!

The downward return journey to Gavarnie, and thence to Gédre, is difficult, indeed perilous to a degree. One false step on the part of one's mount, or the slightest slip, would suffice to precipitate one instantly into a fearful abyss. The road, of course, is quite impossible for carriages; and, at the time when the snows melt, certain places in particular are extremely dangerous. Nevertheless, according to the inhabitants, accidents seldom if ever happen.

Not the least of the many interesting sights in these wild and remote altitudes is the spectacle of the rare flowers which abound. Every variety of saxifrage grows between the fissures of the rocks and hangs in clusters over the precipices; lilies may also be found in large quantities; and, in the month of July, this district proves, metaphorically speaking, a perfect gold mine to enthusiastic botanists.

When at Gavarnie, it is only about an hour's ride to that wonderful natural wall which separates France from Spain. No words can adequately describe, or even give a faint idea of, this extraordinary spectacle, before which the traveller stands amazed. The precipices which make the wall are from 1000 to 1400 feet in height. Waterfalls glide perpendicularly down them, looking like ribbons of gleaming silver; whilst the principal one on the left forms a sheet of water, which flings itself down a distance of 1200 feet.

The road from Gavarnie to Gédre descends continuously, and always in spite of what, to ordinary eyes, would appear insuperable obstacles. It is in very truth a triumph of engineering skill and patience. Men and horses seem like ants creeping between the formidable rocks, which resemble nothing so much as

gigantic antediluvian beasts, lying one above the other in the most strange and fantastic attitudes imaginable. Looking at them, one is almost tempted to believe that they are monsters guarding the approach to some enchanted spot. In some places enormous boulders so overhang the way that they seem just about to detach themselves and crush those passing beneath, as man crushes the insects under his feet. At moments one becomes oppressed with a sort of nightmare horror of this lonely and terrible pass.

In connection with Gédfe, it may be mentioned that, not far from the valley, the traveller may descry La Brèch de Roland. According to the old legend, he cut the mountain with his good sword Durandal; thus opening a passage for his warriors, who by this means were able to exterminate the Moors.

The oldest sanctuary in the Pyrenees is that of Notre Dame de Sarrance, which, according to some authorities, dates back to the eighth century; but the first traces of this devotion are so ancient as to be forever lost in obscurity. Like many another mountain shrine, it was originally a spot much frequented by shepherds, who led their flocks to pasture there during the summer months.

History tells us that the church at Sarrance was for many years served by priests from Bedous. But in the year 1340 the bishop placed it in the care of the Premonstratensian Order; and one of the Canons Regular took formal possession of it, under the title of "Commander of the chapel and hospice of Notre Dame de Sarrance." These religious, it is hardly necessary to state, wore the white habit and scapular, and followed the Rule of St. Augustine and St. Norbert. A priory was built for them. They rapidly made the devotion very extensively known; and conferred, moreover, an immense favor not only upon the large numbers of pilgrims they so hospitably entertained, but upon all travellers going into either France or Spain who crossed their mountains.

In the year 1140, Pope Innocent II. gave great privileges to the community of Sarrance. This priory was, in fact, one of the richest and most celebrated in all France. Three sovereigns met there on pilgrimage (a pious practice very usual amongst all classes at that period). They were, respectively, the Kings of Arragon, Navarre, and Béarn. Needless to say, such illustrious pilgrims did not come unprovided with costly gifts of every sort and kind; and it may be interesting to note that the King of Navarre caused a suite of apartments to be built there for his use during the days he desired to set aside for retreat and meditation. It is also worthy of remark that Matthew, Count of Foix, gave free passage on his land to all herds belonging to the convent, adding furthermore the privilege "to graze on his pastures."

We read that in 1465 King Louis XI. went on pilgrimage to this favored spot. He had been to Bayonne, to make peace between the Kings of Castile and Arragon; and, attracted by the fame of Notre Dame de Sarrance, he betook himself thither in the guise of a simple pilgrim, laying aside every mark of royalty; even forbidding the sword, which was always borne upright before him, to be carried on the occasion.

Thanks to the zealous energy of the Premonstratensians, and to the offerings of large numbers of the faithful, the importance of the priory increased to such an extent that it was erected into an abbey, though its abbot resided at the mother-house of Saint-Jean de la Castile, in the diocese of Aire. He always, however, went to Sarrance on the principal feasts; and the church, which contemporary writers have described as so beautiful that it appeared "rather the work of God than a building raised by the hands of men," must indeed on these occasions have presented a sufficiently imposing spectacle, filled to overflowing by an enthusiastic and adoring throng, in the midst of whom the mitred abbot

offered the Adorable Sacrifice with all the grandeur of the Church's ceremonial. We can imagine the valley gay with crowds, each one clothed in holiday attire; whilst the overshadowing mountains gave back the echoes of their hymn:

Ah! Notre Dame de Sarrance,
E'coute l'humble pèlerin!

In the year 1527, history tells us that Henry II., King of Navarre, and grandfather of Henry IV., took Sarrance under his special protection. He at the same time prohibited the erection of any house in the neighborhood of the superb church and magnificent monastery which had been built by the Fathers. "Little did this monarch dream," says one writer, "that his own daughter, Jeanne d'Albret, rendered fanatical by the pernicious doctrines of the Reformers, would give orders for the complete demolition of this noble church and abbey."

During the terrible persecution, which she encouraged by all means in her power, the Catholic religion was practically suppressed in Béarn. The Huguenot troops poured like a torrent into the valley of Sarrance, driving the inhabitants before them. A large number of priests were massacred before Our Lady's altar, whither they had repaired to await their martyrdom. And not only were the church and monastery utterly destroyed, but the King's apartments, the title deeds, charters, privileges, and everything of value contained in the archives of the abbey, suffered the same fate.

After about thirty-eight years, the children of the True Church, being once more free, returned to their favorite places of devotion. The good prior, Père Capdequi by name, who had fortunately managed to escape into Spain, returned with such of the sacred vessels, vestments, etc., as he had been able to carry away with him. Full of zeal and self-sacrifice, he devoted the whole of his own private fortune to the rebuilding of the church; and it is interesting to learn that a poor shepherd had hidden the noted statue of

Our Lady in a cave in the depth of the mountains. There it was sought, found, and joyfully replaced in the new church. "The shrine," we are told, "quickly regained its former celebrity, and the road to Sarrance was once more frequented by crowds of pilgrims."

For a time all went peacefully; but when the Revolution broke out, the religious of Sarrance were obliged either to fly or to renounce their vows. Needless to state, they refused their liberty at such a price, choosing rather to become exiles, like so many of their brethren of different Orders as well as amongst the secular clergy. Their property was confiscated, their church desecrated; and later, when happier days returned, and the Bishop, in 1801, would gladly have placed Sarrance again under the care of the good "White Monks," the Premonstratensian Order no longer existed in France. Secular priests, therefore, took charge of the mission. In more recent times it has been served by the Fathers of the Sacred Heart.

Another very ancient shrine in the Pyrenees is that of Notre Dame de Poey-la-Houn. It stands in a valley,—"*le beau vallon d'Azun, avec ces monts couverts d'une éternelle neige.*" The chapel is situated on a height below the peak of Arieugrand, and seems to close the valley. It is built on the rock; and, doubtless owing to its situation, escaped destruction during the religious wars, though at the time of the Revolution it was sold as national property. "Some time after," we are told, "a pious widow of Arrens, Madame Anne Glère, bought the chapel for fifteen hundred francs (almost all that she possessed); and at her death bequeathed it to her nephew, the Abbé Pome, who arranged that it should once more belong to the diocese of Tarbes. The Bishop at that time was Monseigneur Laurence, whose zeal and devotion at once inspired him to undertake the restoration of this well-loved sanctuary."

The valley of Azun has been called "an Eden amongst the mountains"; and

a certain old writer says that "a visit to Notre Dame de Poey-la-Houn is one of those events which, owing to the depth of the impression they make upon our minds, become, so to speak, a part of ourselves, and leave their mark so indelibly upon us that nothing in the future can efface it."

Médous, Piétat, Neste, or Nouilhan (the latter situated in a rich and fertile valley, forming, as it were, a basin surrounded by hills which are the advance guard of the mountains),—each and all of these have shrines where Our Lady has bestowed singular favors on her devout children. Garaison, too, must not be forgotten; for, though less ancient than some, it is not, if one may be allowed to use the word, less popular.

Away to the west lies the dense black forest of Marensin. It is a strange and unforgettable scene. On the one side are arid plains; on the other, smiling verdure, rich cultivation; and, in the midst, the tower of Notre Dame de Buglose rising toward the sky, and seeming to unite death with life. No spot could well be found more thoroughly suited, by its singular isolation, to promote meditation and prayer. Only the footsteps of pilgrims, or the distant murmur of the wind in the pines, breaks the impressive silence. Yet what music more magical, more mysterious, more soul-stirring than the latter! Surely no rolling organ harmony could move the spirit and touch the heart more deeply than those

Wavelike sounds

Re-eddying into silver rounds.

The statue of Our Lady venerated in this ancient sanctuary is very remarkable, and has been visited by immense numbers of the faithful. Space forbids further details. Suffice it to say that Lourdes has not been mentioned in this "pilgrimage in the Pyrenees," because its fame is too well known to need further repetition. May Notre Dame de Bonne Rencontre protect all pilgrims to her shrines, whether far or near, at home or abroad!

The Flaw in the Title.

—BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXXI.

NATURALLY, the first few weeks after that faint hope had been, as Sylvester expressed it, quenched forever, were indescribably heavy and sorrowful at Birmingham Manor. The young wife, worn with watching and grief, had sunk into a kind of lethargy, from which it was difficult to rouse her. It was pitiful to see how the bloom had faded from the cheeks and the light from the eyes. The merry song, the rippling laughter were hushed into silence. Curiously enough, she was now the old man's inseparable companion. He seemed as if striving to atone to the young creature whom Grenville had loved for any harshness in his former demeanor. And it was touching to see his attitude of deference to her wishes, and anxiety to please her. There were times, however, when Sylvester, shut into the library, prayed and wrestled as if with his own soul. At such times his grief was beyond all power of expression, and he could not have borne even the most delicate manifestation of sympathy.

He was much pleased by a visit from John Watkin; for only the people and things for which Grenville had cared interested him in the least. Watkin found the old man very much aged and broken, so that he could scarce restrain his own emotion in looking at him. During the course of their interview, Watkin told Sylvester of the conversation he had had with Grenville, when the latter had expressed his preference for dying young.

"And he was right, Mr. Watkin," the other answered earnestly; "for only in that way can any one escape passing through the Valley of Desolation."

During those evil times it was Phyllis upon whom everything devolved; and her strong, brave spirit caused all the

others to lean upon her. Her sorrow for Grenville was both deep and sincere. She had loved him precisely as if he had been her brother; and there were a thousand little memories of childhood that arose from every corner of the house, from every familiar article of furniture, and each point of the landscape, to stab her with pain. Everything recalled that bright and winsome personality that was gone from amongst them all forever.

The little household, in that first period of sorrow, was drawn closely together; admitting into its inmost circle only Petronilla; Mark, who had so keen an affection for his late nephew; and Mrs. Mark, whose practical sense and ready command of her emotions, which were never either deep or overwhelming, had an excellent effect upon those grief-stricken mourners. Mgr. O'Grady, too, paid frequent visits, always with the calmly soothing result that to Catholics is found at such times in the presence of the priest.

A curious incident which broke the monotony of those days was when Mrs. Flaherty, in her ignorance of the household and of family affairs, passed through the ghost hall on the very evening succeeding Grenville's funeral, and was frightened almost into hysterics. Phyllis was called in all haste to the servants' quarters. There Mrs. Flaherty, barely revived by applications of strong vinegar and the like to her nose, related in a shuddering voice all those details with which Phyllis was so familiar, but which she heard now with a strange calmness, as though the proximity of the other world seemed a commonplace. She remembered only, with poignant sorrow, how often Grenville and she had discussed the matter in its every bearing; for to him she had talked upon the subject more freely than to any other.

In the servants' quarter, the result of Mrs. Flaherty's terror and prostration was disastrous. Already demoralized by grief, and that fear which, amongst the uneducated in particular, always follows upon a

death, an actual panic prevailed; and it was only Phyllis' calmness and the gentle authority which she exercised over them that brought about anything like quietude.

Amy questioned Phyllis about it as soon as she came back to the library, where the widow was crouching desolately over the fire, and relieving her overcharged feelings by short, quick sobs. She asked:

"Did Rebecca Flaherty *see* anything?"

"No, no!" answered Phyllis, quite surprised that Amy had already heard of the commotion amongst the domestics and of its cause. "It was just as usual."

"I suppose," Amy said, "she heard the swish of the skirts and the noise, and felt the chill. It is strange, but I do not think I should be so frightened now. I am not much afraid of anything. But only for Grenville I should have died of fright that time. O Phyllis, doesn't it seem long ago? And how shall I ever live without him!"

Phyllis, looking at her with pitiful eyes, sat down and put her arm around her.

"Try to think how happy he is," she whispered,—"or will be soon!"

"But it seems cruel," Amy responded, "for us to be left behind grieving so. I think his father's heart is just broken."

And she burst into a fit of sobbing, during which Phyllis gently soothed her; making no attempt, however, to argue or to stem the torrent of her grief.

Amy, suddenly stopping, said:

"You loved him, too, almost as if you had been his sister; and he was very fond of you. I think, if you hadn't been his cousin—"

But there Phyllis stopped her. It seemed, somehow, as if that idea jarred upon the sacredness of death and of the simple and affectionate relations that had always existed between them.

"No, dear!" she said. "There could never have been anything of that sort. I was his sister, he was my brother, and he loved you."

Then Amy reverted to the subject of the ghost and Rebecca Flaherty.

"What made her go to the ghost hall after dark, anyhow?" she asked irritably.

"You see," answered Phyllis, "Flaherty had never told her, because he knew she was nervous; and she had never chanced to be in that part of the house before."

"Poor thing!" said the widow, softly. "I know just how she felt. I am afraid she'll be shaken up for a good many days to come."

Involuntarily, the matter was dropped, as Sylvester came in at the door and took the armchair at the fire which Phyllis placed for him. The old man looked up at her an instant and then at Amy, and said in a low voice:

"Here are gathered together the three that my son loved the best."

One of the most poignant moments of those days, and yet the most consoling, was when, gathered in the oratory at evening, Sylvester, with voice broken and quivering with emotion, began the prayers for that beloved soul departed,—for him who but lately had prayed with them in that very spot, and whom Sylvester had been accustomed to fancy as carrying on that pious practice of night prayers long after he himself was sleeping with his fathers.

Barely a month had elapsed after the funeral when Sylvester, whose strict sense of justice suffered from anything like delay, sent word to his lawyer and to Angela Roscoe that he would be prepared to meet her and her lawyers whenever she might find it convenient; and a day was accordingly appointed. Previously, however, he called into conclave Petronilla and Phyllis, Mark and his wife, and of course Grenville's widow. It cost the old man a stupendous effort thus to concentrate his thoughts upon business matters, as well as to make the announcement which had to be made; though, indeed, he felt it less than he would have done but a short time previously; just as the force of the blow which Angela Roscoe had dealt had been tempered by the thought that Grenville had been spared all knowl-

edge thereof, and that he had not been called upon to relinquish his heirship. Thus does Providence, in a variety of ways, mitigate the tribulations of this life.

The explanation which Sylvester made to that assembled company was an entire surprise to all; and it was met by varying expressions of astonishment, incredulity, and dismay. Mark was the first to speak.

"But surely, brother," he said, "this is most astounding."

"It might be even more so," Sylvester replied calmly, "had it not been for the possibility that was always present to my mind, and also for a series of anonymous letters which I received at stated intervals. Of their reception only—only poor Grenville was aware."

With something like a choke in his voice, he mentioned the name of his late son; but, with a dogged determination, he conquered his emotion and proceeded:

"I thought it useless to speak to any one else of the arrival of these letters; though I remember that Grenville was of the opinion that his wife should be informed, and I believe he was right."

"I am sure, father," interposed the young woman, "that whatever you did was right; but Grenville was always thinking of me in some way."

The speaker buried her face in her handkerchief, and for a few moments the silence of the room was broken by the sound of weeping. When her composure was restored, Mark spoke:

"Since all reason for secrecy has passed, I suppose I may inquire as to the contents of those letters."

"'Letters' they could hardly be called," explained Sylvester; "since they consisted of a single line: 'Remember there is a flaw in the title.'"

"Extraordinary,—most extraordinary!" ejaculated Mark. "And they must have made you very anxious."

"They did," replied Sylvester; "though of course they conveyed information which I already knew, and which I had made no effort to conceal from any one. Gren-

ville and I, on the receipt of each letter, made, in fact, new attempts to discover the identity or the whereabouts of the writer, but without avail."

He paused again, for he seemed easily exhausted now; and no one broke the silence until he continued his explanations, saying:

"Of course I need not tell you all, what most of you will have divined, that the claim is made in favor of a descendant of Uncle Harry, who so completely disappeared. Amy dear, you will no doubt remember the circumstances connected with that disappearance, as included in Phyllis' story."

Amy signified her assent, her mind running backward sadly to the evening upon which Phyllis, together with the ghost story, had given that singular page in the history of Birmingham Manor. Grenville had been beside her then, so young, handsome, and seemingly strong. And now—now! This time, however, Amy did not interrupt the old man's narrative; but permitted him to explain that the matter would now be settled in a few days, by that meeting which was to take place, and that the Manor would very possibly pass into the hands of some one who was a stranger to them all.

At that declaration Amy was suddenly aroused to life and energy.

"I am afraid," she said, "there will be some kind of a fight before that happens."

"But, my dear," observed Petronilla, who sat beside her, "what can possibly be done?"

"Nothing can be done or attempted," said Sylvester—"if the proofs are forthcoming that the claim is a just one."

"And you mean to say," cried Amy, aghast, "that you'd have to leave here,—you and Phyllis and the rest of us?"

"We couldn't very well go on living in another man's house," replied Sylvester, with the ghost of a smile on his wan face.

Amy, fired with indignation, took an instant resolution, which she did not, however, impart to those present.

Phyllis had not spoken. It was her way to remain silent; but the look upon her young face gave some token of the exquisite pain she endured at thought of leaving the Manor and seeing it pass into other hands.

Petronilla, who divined her thoughts, and who was herself scarcely less moved, by a prospect which at one blow dispelled the associations of whole generations, took her niece's hand and held it as she whispered:

"The hour of trial is, indeed, come. We shall need all our courage."

Mrs. Mark, who, being an outsider, was naturally less overcome at the prospect than the others, nevertheless began at once, like Amy, to consider the practical side of the matter—the possibility of fraud, and the hope of being able to come to some arrangement.

But Sylvester wearily shook his head.

"As to fraud," he said, "of course my lawyer will rigidly investigate everything. But this Angela Roscoe struck me as too clever a woman to have attempted anything which could not be sustained by proof."

"Angela Roscoe!" exclaimed Phyllis, in amazement; for it was only then she had become aware that the woman who had paid the mysterious visit to Rebecca Flaherty was identical with this claimant, on the part of her son, to the Manor. And the young girl remembered, in the pause that followed, how she had shrunk from that visitor as if by a premonition of evil, and had felt toward her a curious distrust. She wondered, too, what had been the connection between that strange woman and the wife of their gardener. Had the latter been sent thither as a spy in the household? Also, with a curious stab of pain, she realized that John Watkin had been mixed up in the affair, and the question would suggest itself as to whether it was possible that he who had professed such regard for Grenville, and had inspired the rest of the family with such confidence, could have been working

underhand all the time to bring Angela into communication with the Manor and to further her plans. Surely, she concluded, he might have given his friends a hint of what was in contemplation.

Phyllis refrained, however, from putting any of these thoughts into words, partly from her habit of reticence, and partly from an unwillingness to add anything to Sylvester's sorrows. For she knew that he had a regard and respect for the man who had been Grenville's friend, and he had actually invited him to be present at the proximate meeting. It had occurred to him that the keen-sighted man of affairs might be of help; and he believed that, for Grenville's sake, he would be willing to render such assistance. Phyllis, pondering the matter over in her mind, resolved that she would wait the course of events before communicating her late discovery to her uncle. Her own loyal nature shrank from suspecting treachery, and she hoped that Watkin's apparent connection with the matter might be explained in some satisfactory fashion.

(To be continued.)

Our Lady of the Snow.

BY VIRGINIA PIATT.

GENTLE maiden, young and fair,
Would you guard your beauty rare?
Would you lead a holy life,
Free from every care and strife?

Then in all temptation go
To Our Lady of the Snow!

Noble Youth, with heart so strong,
Knowing naught of sin or wrong,
Would you never go astray,
Never know the tempter's sway?

Then in every struggle go
To Our Lady of the Snow!

Weary Soul, by sin oppressed,
Broken-hearted, sore distressed,
Would you break your heavy chains
And blot out your scarlet stains?

Then, in deep contrition, go
To Our Lady of the Snow!

Marly-le-Roi: Its Memories and Charms.

BY M. BARRY O'DELANY.

DURING a recent visit to the once world-famous but now comparatively obscure little town of Marly-le-Roi, I was agreeably surprised to meet a venerable priest who was not only well versed in the history of Marly, but who had known some of the most interesting personalities of the century that has gone. Among these were Cardinal Wiseman, the Comte de Chambord (by right of birth "Henri V."); the Abbé Toccanier, *vicaire* to the Curé d'Ars, whom he eventually succeeded; and the Comte de Garets, who when a boy had served Mass for the saintly priest now revered throughout the whole Catholic world as the Blessed Jean Marie Vianney.

The Abbé Blanchon, who is the venerable priest alluded to, is the *curé-doyen* of Marly-le-Roi. He is a man of handsome and imposing presence, speaking both French and English, and has all the courtly grace and charm of manner that characterize the French gentleman of the old school. His lifelong devotion to the Curé d'Ars culminated in the pious enthusiasm with which, notwithstanding his advanced age, he journeyed to Rome in order to be present at the beatification of his beloved patron. Perhaps one would need to be French, and a French priest, to realize fully what that sublime recognition of the virtues of the illustrious model of all French *curés* meant for one of their number. The Abbé Blanchon could not even speak of the touching ceremony without emotion. Indeed, at the mere mention of the Curé d'Ars his whole face changed and he seemed like one inspired.

On his way back from Rome, he resolved to make a third pilgrimage—he had already made two—to the spot hallowed by the life and labors of the Blessed Jean Marie Vianney; and, arrived at Bourg,

he and some fellow-pilgrims took the tram to Ars, which is in the near neighborhood of that historic town. As might be expected, their first visit was to the parish church, where they prayed at the tomb of the Curé d'Ars; and at the shrine of his favorite saint, the young virgin martyr, Philomène. The holy Curé had himself erected this shrine to her honor. He attributed all his miracles to her powerful intercession, and called her his "*chère petite sainte*."

The Abbé Blanchon ardently desired to say Mass at the high altar of the church of Ars, where the recently beatified had so often celebrated the Adorable Sacrifice. The next day was Sunday, the octave of the beatification; and, as luck would have it, Chanoine Convert, then *curé* of Ars, had also been to Rome for the ceremony. He was so tired after the journey that he was unable to sing the Mass himself on that particular Sunday, especially as he had to relate all the details of the beatification to the people of Ars, who came in eager crowds to hear him. And so it happened that it was the *curé* of Marly-le-Roi who sang the Mass in the church of the saintly priest of Ars on the very octave of his beatification. He still melts almost to tears when he speaks of that memorable Mass, celebrated within a few feet of the tomb round which the people of Ars knelt that day, from dawn to dusk, while they joined with the hosts of heaven in hailing their beloved pastor as Blessed.

After the Mass, the "Versailles pilgrims," as the Abbé Blanchon and his companions were called (because Marly-le-Roi is near Versailles), breakfasted in the hospitable presbytery of Ars. And it was then that the Abbé produced his relics of the saintly Curé, which he had had the forethought to bring with him, and which he had received nearly forty years before from the Abbé Toccanier. They consisted of some small pieces of the holy priest's confessional, as well as of the pulpit from which he preached;

some scraps of his soutane, and a portion of his surplice; some linen that had been steeped in his blood; a lock of his hair, and a chip from his tombstone.

These precious relics were all declared authentic by Chanoine Convert; and the Abbé Blanchon then felt that the moment had come in which he might venture to ask for yet one more—namely, a relic of the body of the newly beatified. He based his request on his long connection with the *Messenger de Sainte Philomène*—the saint beloved of the Blessed Jean Marie Vianney,—as well as on the cordial recommendations of its able director, Abbé Louis Petit, who was well known to Chanoine Convert. It was not in the Chanoine's power, however, to give such a relic himself; but he advised the Abbé Blanchon to apply direct to Mgr. Lucon, Bishop of Belley. The Bishop at once granted the coveted favor, and the indefatigable *curé* returned to Marly-le-Roi the proud and happy possessor of one more relic of his holy patron.

It remained only to order a statue of M. Vianney, to be inaugurated at the same time as his relics were placed in the church. They were carried in procession by the priests of the parish of Marly-le-Roi, on the 24th of September, 1905. Photographs of the statue of the Blessed Curé d'Ars were afterward distributed amongst the congregation, as souvenirs of the occasion. The statue is a remarkable likeness; as indeed it could scarcely fail to be, for the head was modelled from the cast taken after death. Close by is the shrine of Sainte Philomène, with the words "*Pax Tecum Philumena*" inscribed beneath it.

The Comte de Garets, who, as has been already said, had the unspeakable happiness of serving Mass for the Curé d'Ars, told Abbé Blanchon that the pious priest's favorite topic was Sainte Philomène. The Abbé Blanchon himself was led to love her through his devotion to the Curé d'Ars. And there can be no doubt that the extraordinary spread of the devotion

to Sainte Philomène in France is mainly owing to the impulse given to it by M. Vianney, who was himself inspired with it by Mademoiselle Jaricot, famous as the foundress of the work known as the Propagation of the Faith. It was she who erected the first chapel to Sainte Philomène in France, Lyons being the favored spot; and it was she who gave a relic of the saint to the Blessed Curé d'Ars.

It was about the year 1865, when he visited London for the Exhibition, that Abbé Blanchon met Cardinal Wiseman. The Comte de Chambord was in London at the time, and the Abbé was asked to preach before him in the French church there. But, fearing he might not be equal to the task, he declined the honor with characteristic modesty. He was, however, one of the assistant priests during the celebration of the Mass, at which the "uncrowned King" was present. Later on he met the illustrious exile at the Exhibition, and noticed the touching interest he evinced in the French section there; filled as it was with souvenirs of that beloved France which he was destined never to see again, save during the few memorable days passed at Versailles in 1873, when he waited in vain for the summons to mount the throne of his ancestors.

During his stay in London, the Abbé Blanchon was a frequent guest of Cardinal Wiseman, whom he greatly admired both as a theologian and as an author. The Cardinal was particularly kind and gracious to him, and gave him a "celebret" written with his own hand and sealed with his seal. But at the end of eight days the Abbé was obliged to return to Leudeville, of which town he was then *curé*.

The parish church of Marly-le-Roi is dedicated to Saint Vigor, and dates from 1689. It was built by Louis XIV. to replace two little Gothic churches that were falling to ruin. The high altar is of great historical interest. It was formerly in the royal chapel at Versailles, and it was before it that Madame de Maintenon,

the fascinating widow of the cripple poet Scarron, was married to Louis XIV. about a year after the Queen's death. Père la Chaise, the King's confessor, celebrated the Nuptial Mass, and the Archbishop of Paris gave the benediction. When Louis wished to erect a more costly altar at Versailles, the old altar was given to the church of Marly-le-Roi, at the request of Bontemps, who was one of the witnesses to the King's morganatic marriage. When Bontemps died, his heart was buried at Marly-le-Roi, beneath the lamp that hangs in front of the high altar.

This altar is of wood, with slender pillars, and adorned with two sculptured angels, of more than life-size,—one pointing toward the Tabernacle, and the other in the direction of the pulpit. A fine oil painting just above the altar shows Saint Vigor, seventh Bishop of Bayeux in Normandy, and first patron of Marly, converting the last pagans and Druids of his diocese to Christianity. To the right of the high altar is "Le Calvaire," or the altar of the Crucifixion, with life-size figures of Saint John and the Blessed Virgin at the foot of the cross. It is interesting to know that the exquisite carving which serves as a pedestal for this cross was once the back of the chair, or throne, used by Louis XIV. when he heard Mass at Marly-le-Roi. It was then ornamented with a sun, the chosen emblem of the monarch whom flattering tongues had christened "le Roi Soleil," and whose proud motto was, "*Nec pluribus impar*."

This royal chair was destroyed during the Revolution; the back alone being spared because of the beauty of its carving. At the Restoration, the sun was replaced by a heart pierced with five nails and surrounded by a crown of thorns,—the form in which we now see this historic carving at Marly-le-Roi. And it is surely an instructive fact, and one that leads even the most thoughtless to reflection, that the Sacred Heart of Jesus, which, through Blessed Margaret Mary, had asked

in vain of Louis XIV. that it might be borne upon the national banners of France, should to-day, at Marly-le-Roi, the favorite home of Louis, take the place of that once mighty monarch's own chosen arms. Not "*Nec pluribus impar*," but "*Sacré Cœur de Jésus, sauvez la France*," is the device one reads where the King, whose name is now but a memory, was once enthroned in state. Curiously enough, the apparition in which our Divine Lord made the request alluded to took place in 1689, the exact date of the consecration of the church of Marly-le-Roi by Mgr. Le Battalier, Bishop *in partibus* of Bethlehem.

The two hundredth centenary of the consecration was celebrated with much pomp in 1889. An interesting feature of the occasion was the presence, on the Place de l'Eglise, of two fine bronze cannon that had been presented to the town of Marly-le-Roi by Louis XIV. in memory of his grandson, the Duke of Bourgogne, for whom they had been destined. These cannon were brought from the Town Hall, at the suggestion of Victorien Sardou, the dramatist, then living at Marly; and were fired off from time to time during the ceremony.

The chapel of the Blessed Virgin is on the left of the high altar, and contains the identical stone statue given to the parish of Marly by Louis XIV. On the feast of the Assumption a crown and sceptre are placed on a cushion at the foot of this altar, in memory of the vow by which Louis XIII. consecrated all France to our Blessed Lady. At the annual celebration of this vow, every parish in France once had its public procession; and that of Marly-le-Roi was made to a small antique statue that still exists. When Louis XIV. was at Marly, he always took part in this procession, carrying a lighted candle in his hand. The little statue stands to-day in a niche of the wall lining the Place de l'Eglise, just outside the church; the words *Ave Maria* are inscribed beneath it.

But although it is in commemoration

of the vow of Louis XIII. that the crown and sceptre rest at the foot of the Virgin Mother's altar on the 15th of August, they do not date from that King's reign. They were made expressly to adorn the catafalque during the services for the repose of the souls of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, held in Marly church. On the 25th of August, the feast of Saint Louis, King of France, they are placed on his altar, amidst a profusion of laurels and flowers.

The pulpit, like the high altar, comes from the royal chapel at Versailles. It is richly sculptured with oak leaves and fleur-de-lis, to signify the strength and purity of the Divine Word. This is the very pulpit from which the celebrated Bourdaloue, and probably Massillon and other famous orators, preached before Louis XIV. during Advent and Lent. The great charm of Bourdaloue—of whom Madame de Sévigné wrote, "He thunders at Notre Dame,"—lay in his wonderful voice. Of action he had little or none, and he usually spoke with half-closed eyes. Massillon, on the contrary, while modest and simple in his demeanor, used frequent if unstudied gestures, and was all life and animation in the pulpit; the fire of his eloquence flashing lightning-like from his lips, kindling enthusiasm in the hearts of all who heard him.

It is related of Baron, the tragedian, that, after listening to one of Massillon's sermons, he turned to a fellow-actor and exclaimed: "This is an orator, and we are merely actors!" And when Massillon preached before the court during the Advent of 1699, Louis XIV. evinced his admiration in a still more striking manner. "I have heard many great orators, Father," said the King, "and I was satisfied with them; but whenever I hear you, I am dissatisfied with myself." It was Massillon who pronounced the funeral oration above the coffin of "le Roi Soleil," and fairly electrified his vast audience on that occasion, when, after a few moments of impressive silence, he began his discourse

with the sublime outburst: "*Dieu seul est grand!*"

But by far the most precious treasure that Marly church possesses is an oil painting, on wood, of the entombment of Christ. Artists and lovers of art come from all parts of the world to look at it. The drawing is crude enough, and does not say much for the unknown artist's knowledge of anatomy. But the expression of the different faces is marvellously lifelike and varied. When closely examined, the embroidery on the veil of the Mother of Sorrows is seen to be composed of fantastically formed letters making the sentence, "*Regina Cæli Lætare.*" Underneath are painted the words:

O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater Unigeniti.

The picture is attributed to the Bourguigno-Flamande school, which was encouraged by the Duke of Bourguignoe, who counted Flanders among his possessions.

The bell that used to ring for the Divine Offices in the priory of the old church of Saint Etienne of Marly-de-Bourg hangs at the entrance to the sacristy. Upon it are engraved the figures of Christ crucified and of the Blessed Virgin and Saint Michael, as well as an inscription telling that the bell was made in 1473, and was christened *Ave Maria*.

Among the interesting relics preserved in the sacristy itself is the *pertuisane*, used as a halberd by the beadles of Marly-le-Roi. It is one of a pair made by order of Louis XIV. for the wedding procession of his niece (the daughter of the Duke of Orleans and Henrietta Anne of England), who married Charles II. of Spain. Its fellow is in the museum of the Invalides. On the blade of its elaborately wrought spear-like top, Louis is represented in a chariot drawn by four horses, whose hoofs crush his enemies of that day—namely, England, symbolized by a leopard; and Austria, by an eagle; while Fame blows a trumpet and crowns the King of France with laurels. Over all shines

the sun, with its pompous device, "*Nec pluribus impar.*"

In 1686 and 1687 grave fears were entertained for the life of "le Roi Soleil," who was then very ill. When he recovered, an ex-voto, in the form of a picture, was placed in Marly church. It is still there, and represents Saint Louis and Saint Roch interceding for the cure of a sick man, while an angel ascends to heaven with a goblet from which flames issue. These flames are symbolical of the prayers of the faithful, and of the fever with which the sick man is consumed. Upon the King's restoration to health, medals were struck in honor of the happy event. The Abbé Blanchon has one of these now rare medals, as well as one commemorating the vow of Louis XIII. Indeed, his collection of medals may be said to be unique of its kind. It comprises several hundred specimens, principally in brass and bronze, and relating to the most important events of the reigns of Louis XIII., XIV., and XV., as well as of other kings of France. In this wonderful collection the medals of all the Roman emperors and of all the popes since the sixteenth century have a place.

The stained-glass windows in Marly church are very fine. Those on either side of the altar of Saint Louis commemorate two extremely interesting events. One shows the saintly King carrying the Crown of Thorns, which he went to Sens to secure, when it was sent to France by Baldwin II., Emperor of Constantinople, who, being in want of money, had pledged it to the Venetians, from whom (with the Emperor's consent) it was redeemed by Saint Louis. The companion window commemorates the discovery of the True Cross by Saint Helena. A cross made from the wood of the olive trees of Gethsemane, and brought from Jerusalem in 1890 by the Abbé Blanchon, serves as a shrine for the relics of the Passion preserved at Marly on the altar of Saint Louis. These relics are a thorn from the Holy Crown and a particle of the True Cross.

The statue of Saint Sebastian is older than the present church of Marly, having been first in its predecessor, which stood on the same site, and was built in the eleventh century by Hervé de Montmorency. It is universally admired; the figure of the martyr and the tree to which he is attached being cut from the same block of stone. No name in French history is more illustrious than that of De Montmorency, and Marly-le-Roi may almost be said to have been the cradle of the race,—a fact recalled by the altar to Saint Thibault de Marly. This great saint was a native of Marly, and a direct descendant of Hervé de Montmorency, chief of the younger branch of the family, that had long borne the title of Barons of Marly. Thibault's father, Bouchard de Montmorency, took part, under Simon de Montfort, in the crusade against the Albigenses,—those bitter enemies of both Church and State. He died from the effects of an illness contracted during the campaign; being a very contagious malady, it claimed many other victims as well, among them, in 1226, Louis VIII. himself.

Upon the death of his heroic father, Thibault de Montmorency (then Baron de Marly) renounced the world and entered the Abbey des Vaux de Cernay, some miles from Marly, leaving his title and estates to his younger brother. Thibault had long been remarkable for his courage and chivalry, as well as for his great devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and was beloved and respected by all who knew him. After he became a monk, the fame of his sanctity spread far and wide, and attracted visitors from all parts to his monastery. A stained-glass window, near the saint's altar in Marly church, commemorates a royal visit. It took place in 1241, when Saint Louis and Queen Marguerite, after seven years of childless wedlock, sought an interview with Saint Thibault, now abbot, and besought his prayers that God might bless them with children. The holy Abbot prayed silently for some moments.

Then he presented the royal pair with a basket containing eleven lilies, plucked in the convent garden, and which, he told them, were emblematic of the number of children they were destined to have,—a prophecy that was literally fulfilled. Nor was Queen Marguerite the only would-be mother who sought, with success, the intercession of Saint Thibault, as numerous and expensive ex-votos around his altar testify.

The celebrated apparition of the Infant Jesus to Saint Antony of Padua is commemorated at Marly-le-Roi by a stained-glass window to the left of Saint Thibault's altar. And it will probably be a surprise to many readers to know that the names of Saint Antony of Padua and Saint Francis of Assisi are closely connected at Marly-le-Roi with that of the De Montmorencys of Marly. The reason of this is that upon the death of the great Saint Dominic, who had preached devotion to the Rosary as a weapon to be used against the Albigenses, Saint Francis of Assisi sent Saint Antony of Padua to continue the holy warfare against those unscrupulous foes of faith and of morality; and it was after a whole day spent in preaching and praying to this end that Saint Antony was favored with his vision. Now, it was at the very time that Saint Francis and his disciple were fighting for the cause of religion with the weapons of peace that Bouchard de Montmorency (father of Saint Thibault) drew his sword for it, at the command of Louis VIII. It is, therefore, thought not unlikely that the soldier and the founder of the Franciscans met and were friends; and this is why the names of Saint Thibault, son of Baron Bouchard de Montmorency, Saint Francis of Assisi and Saint Antony of Padua are mentioned in the same breath to-day at Marly-le-Roi, and are venerated at the same altar.

(Conclusion next week.)

ONE example is worth a thousand arguments.—*Gladstone*,

A Woman of the World.

BY NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.

EVEN in the raw and undiscerning days of my girlhood, I always felt it an honor as well as a privilege to have been esteemed a friend of hers. Long before that happy state of affairs had come about, I had been a warm if necessarily distant admirer; for, even without knowing her, there was something about the tall, distinguished-looking woman, with the grey hair and the keen, kindly grey eyes, which drew all eyes and hearts as with a magnetic lure, making her easily the first, most distinctive, and attractive personality of any assemblage that she graced with her presence.

I had often seen her well-known figure at race meetings—for my ideal Irish lady was amongst other things a first-rate sportswoman,—my young eyes following her well-groomed, immaculately tailored form with looks almost of worship as well as admiration. At gatherings of the sort she always adopted the sportsman-like dress which suited her best: the long tailor-made coat and skirt (genuinely tailor-made, be it noted; for this friend of mine abhorred all pretensions and short cuts), usually of black, or dark “minister’s grey”; the trim serviceable hat, the stiff-fronted, masculine-looking shirtfront, with collar and tie *en suite*; the shoes and gloves above reproach; and then, to finish all, the racing-glasses swung carelessly by their leathern strap across her broad, well-knit shoulders. A truly mannish “rig-out,” surely; and yet one had only to know her a very few minutes to find out that this seemingly hard and masculine exterior was but a thin outward covering to the kindest, tenderest heart, the softest, most sympathetic and most womanly nature with which one might ever hope to come in contact.

I had often said of her, and indeed said truly, that she seemed to have all the big

virtues of a man without any of his vices, all the best and most lovable qualities of a woman without any of her occasional meannesses and pettinesses. She was utterly incapable of any smallness—of jealousy, of envy, of any deceit or subterfuge. If she liked you, you knew it; and if she did not like you, you also knew it in some certain if intangible way, though her charity and perfect good-breeding might never allow her to show it by any means open or direct. At any rate, from the first moment of meeting her I felt that she was my friend; it was as though the Goddess Diana herself had stooped to ennoble me by her favor; and up to the very day and hour of this dear friend’s death, I never for one moment had reason to doubt the great depth and sincerity of her affection.

Even in those first sporting days of my youth, I remember how she was wont to cherish and guard me. Once, at a race meeting, a handsome and aristocratic-looking man came up and spoke to her for a little. She whispered a well-known and somewhat distinguished name as he went away. “What a beautiful-looking person!” I said, in girlish enthusiasm. “And why on earth didn’t you introduce me?”—“Because,” she answered simply and seriously, “he is not a good man, my dear; and I should not like you to know him.”

I think it was on that same evening that a somewhat exciting incident occurred. My friend lived in the city, and I some distance out in the country; and, in the natural order of things, we should have parted ways as soon as we alighted together from our home-coming train at the Kingsbridge terminus. But the train was late, and the night looked bad; and, on learning that I should have to seek out my pony and trap in an adjoining stableyard, and drive home unaccompanied along those three or four miles of country road, my friend insisted she must come with me all the way.

It was blowing and raining hard, and

the skies looked black and angry; but all went well until we came to the ascent of a steep and very dangerous bridge, whose existence is still a blot on the control of the county. Just as we two, seated in a trap behind a very nervous and excitable pony, had reached almost the top of the bridge, we were confronted by the alarming apparition of a huge four-horsed drag filled with a dozen or more people (also returning race-goers), looming out of the pitchy darkness above us, and apparently about to annihilate us and our own small equipage.

It was a tense moment. The bridge was narrow and steep beyond belief; at either side lay the canal, deep and badly protected; while retreat backward seemed highly dangerous if not impracticable. I think for the moment I lost nerve; for my friend leaned forward and took the reins from my hesitant hands. But at that very moment a voice sprang out of the darkness. "Is it you, Miss Nora?" was asked, in familiar tones, as the son of one of my father's workmen appeared as a Heaven-sent messenger at the pony's head, and led him on one side to a place of safety till the terrifying cavalcade overhead had descended and left the way clear for us.

It must not be inferred that my friend was a "horsy woman," or a race-goer pure and simple. As I have said, she was a thorough sportswoman, and her love and knowledge of sport included also such things as hunting, fishing, shooting, and the management of a yacht. In her youth she was a noted follower of the chase; and it was her innate love of horses and of sport, more than anything of the gambling spirit, that made her even in her old age a familiar figure at most race meetings in the country. She enjoyed risking a little money on a race, as long as she saw the fun; just as she loved also a little game of "poker" or of "bridge," the stakes of which, be they big or little, were always immaterial to her, provided they did not involve in too great loss

some poorer person little able to afford it.

But at any race meeting she never took a "straight tip," even though "it came out of the horse's mouth." Instead, she herself went the round of the "paddock," studying the horses, lifting up one animal's feet and examining its fetlocks, utterly disregarding another as being unfit and "no use"; then, retiring to the stand, she watched the "preliminary canter," and risked a modest bet on whichever horse she fancied most. And it was surprising how often her judgment proved reliable and correct.

I have often thought that my friend's capable and commanding way of doing things arose largely from the position in which she found herself as a young girl. She was the eldest of a family of four or five, only one of whom was a boy. Her father, moreover, was a wild kind of man, endowed with "the curse of the wandering foot." From time to time he wandered off to the ends of the world, leaving his business and family to take care of themselves until he returned; when, after a time, he disappeared again, usually taking with him whatever wealth his poor patient wife might have amassed during his absence, till finally they lost sight of him entirely. The wife was a Catholic, the husband a Protestant, and herein lay the root of the tragedy in the life of my friend.

"How is it," I asked her one day, greatly daring, "that you never got married?" For I had often marvelled how it was that a handsome woman of such qualities of mind and heart and spirit should have been allowed to remain single.

"I'll tell you, Nora," she said, after a little thought and hesitation. "I was the eldest of my family. My father, as I told you, was a strange, unreliable man; my mother always feared that if he did return again he might not only break up the home, but also interfere with the religious upbringing of the younger children. When my good mother died I was only eighteen. On her dying bed she

made me promise to take care of the others, to stay with them, never to leave them until they were grown up and—and *safe*. At that time, dear, there was—somebody—some one I cared a great deal for; and afterward—it was too late!”

That was the one, hesitant, half-reticent reference I ever knew her to make to the only romance, the hidden tragedy of her young life.

True to her promise, she mothered and looked after the children entrusted to her care, working for their happiness and good; though losing thereby a woman's best happiness of wifehood and motherhood which should have been hers. She gave the boy his profession, and remained his best friend and mentor up to the end; with a mother's love and devotion, she nursed one delicate girl through a fragile youth and a long last illness. Equal devotion and tenderness did she give to the sister who married; and when she, too, died, leaving five young children behind her, my friend became a mother to them. And withal she found time to hear daily Mass, to be gay and cheery of heart, to bestow a hundred pleasures, a hundred unheard-of benefits and kindnesses, wise counsel and advice, open-handed and unostentatious charity, to those who had need of it.

She was always an energetic, indefatigable worker. Did you call on her at an early hour of the day, you might never be surprised to find her plastering a wall or papering a room, cementing a garden walk, even putting in a new grate or chimney-piece! I am sure she would have thought little of slating a house, or indeed of building one; and she had such a practical genius for architecture that many people were glad to ask and follow her advice on such matters. Once, when in later years she began to grow bent, to show in her cheery face and lithe, debonair figure traces of weariness and pain, the first sombre indications of the sinister inward malady which was soon to put an end to her life, I said to her: “I fear

you will wear yourself out working so hard.”—“Better wear out than rust out, you know!” was her answer,—an answer indicative of the whole trend of her life.

It was another characteristic of hers that she would never bother to seek medical advice where her own ailments were concerned. Did your little finger only ache, she carried you off, willy nilly, to a doctor at once; but for herself, never. And so it was that the deadly malady grew and grew; and when at last kind friends did interfere, with the result that an operation was ordered and immediately took place, the doctors found it was, alas! too late. Had she come to them but a few months earlier! But now!

During those last sad months, when her ailment grew steadily worse and more hopeless, she faced death daily with cheerful, unflinching eyes. Even yet, there was nothing of the invalid about her,—nothing of ^{the} slipshod carelessness, of slippered and dressing-gowned ease or untidiness. Up to the day before she died she was the well-groomed, well-attired woman of the world: neatly coiffured of head, dainty of dress, the while she sat bolt-upright in her chair, panting for breath. Even on that last day, the first on which she ever gave in, she sat up in bed, breathless and inarticulate, writing, with resolute if trembling hand, the letter or the signature to the document that was to give this one security of tenancy, that one the last fond message of farewell, that must be their one poor consolation on to-morrow when they heard that she was gone. Truly this dear, good dying woman worked many miracles of loving, heroic, pathetic effort and achievement on that last weary day of her life.

She is gone; and, since she suffered much, and must have suffered infinitely more had she lived, one dare not regret that she is at rest. But the world seems a sadder, more lonely, less comforting place since she left it; and deep in our hearts we know that “we shall not look upon her like again.”

Saint Fannan and the Prisoner.*

BY JOHN HANNON.

LD Mary C. came into the kitchen for a brief chat at a moment when one of the household was making a cake. A few currants had fallen to the floor, and the old woman, before seating herself, very tidily picked them up and dropped them on the fire.

"Yeh! yeh!" she said, with a smile, "I do be often thinkin' of Saint Fannan's stone, that's near Saint Fannan's Well at home in Ireland, when I have currants in my hand. The stone is the size of a millstone, an' it has a hôle in the middle of it, like wan too; but the shape is just the shape o' wan o' thim little dhried currants there—round an' flattened out an' wrinkled all over, an' black in the color as well. 'Tis on the slant goin' down to the well, an' a fair ways from it; but there's always water round itself, an' people think this water—the water by Saint Fannan's stone—is good for warts on the face an' hands. My husband—God rest his soul!—had a wart that grew the size of a cherry the year he wint back to Ireland,—that was the year o' the Zuloo War [1879]. He wint to Saint Fannan's stone, an' bathed the wart with the water; an' I suppose rubbed it against the stone, for I seen it bled a little whin he come back. But, howsomever it was, the wart was no betther in the mornin'; so he wint to a docthor, an' the docthor cut it out. Mebbe poor Tom didn't have faith enough.

"Before the times o' persecution in Ireland, they tell me, Saint Fannan's

* This is a genuine Munster folktale, which has not been hitherto printed, to the best of my knowledge and belief. Unlike two others from the same source which have appeared in the pages of THE AVE MARIA, it can hardly be considered a first-rate example of its class; but its publication may not only interest readers to whom Irish folklore is an unopened book, but set some luckier collector in triumphant quest of a better version.—J. H.

stone usen't to be where it is now at all, at all,—lyin' flat on the slantin' ground goin' down to the well. It used to be lyin' in the middle of a big field over a mile away. But whin the times o' persecution came on, there was a battle fought in the big field, an' the Irish were bate. It was Saint Fannan's Day; an' wan young man that was taken prisoner o' the Irish had great devotion to Saint Fannan, and used often and often, whin he had the chance, to be makin' rounds o' the Rosary at his well. Be sure he prayed hard to Saint Fannan in his hour o' throuble, for he was sintinced to be hanged first thing in the mornin'. It was dark whin he was tuk pris'ner, an' the inimy tied him hand and foot, an' chained him wid a chain to the big stone. I suppose 'twas aisy, wid the hole in the middle of it.

"Thin the sojers lit fires an' started cookin' meat for their supper. Saint Fannan's Day fell on a fast day that year, but sure 'twas no matter to thim. Anyways, whether out o' kindness or to timpt the young man, wan o' the sojers brought him some hot meat from the fire.

"'Twas starved with the hunger he was, after fightin' all day widout a bit bethune his lips: but he remembered the day he had, an' wouldn't touch the hot meat. 'You'll be hanged in the mornin', so you might as well ate it,' says the sojer, says he.—'I'll be hanged in the mornin', so I might as well go widout it,' says the young man, says he.

"No more words; my dear, but off with the sojer, lavin' the hot meat beside the young man though, in case he'd change his mind. Not he, for all the hunger, an' the good smell o' the meat. He said some prayers for himself against the morrow's morn, an' afther a while dozed off to sleep.

"While he slep', he dhreamt that a man with a kind face, an' ridin' a white horse, came up to where he was, an' got out o' the saddle an' untied him from the ropes an' the chain. An' he woke up, an' found himself, not down by the side

o' the big black stone, but safe an' sound in bed, an' in his own house, miles an' miles away in the mountains. Be sure he thanked God an' Saint Fannan for his deliverance from death, an' the people near about too; above all, whin they heard that the mornin' the young man was goin' to be hanged the black stone was found where it is this day, on the slant goin' down to the holy well, an' no sign of it in the big field at all, at all. The inimy found out where it had gone, in time; an' for fear o' the Irish people havin' a sign o' the merricle, I suppose, they had the stone dhragged all t're ways back to the big field where it lay before. But, wisha, the next mornin' it was back at Saint Fannan's Well again. So they let it alone; an' there it lies to this day, an' many's the time I've seen it. 'Tis just the shape an' color of a currant, as I've towlt ye, but wid a hole in the middle like a millstone, an' about the size o' wan."

Religion and Science.

AN IMPORTANT SERVICE.

IN the latest edition of a popular textbook issued by the Rationalistic Press Association, the sweeping assertion is made that "it is extremely doubtful whether any scientist or philosopher really holds the doctrine of a personal God, etc."; and in a recent article contributed to the *Literary Guide and Rationalistic Review*, Mr. Joseph McCabe (an apostate priest) declares that "beyond all question the higher culture of America is Rationalistic (with a capital R), from New York to California." The constant repetition by rationalists, freethinkers, agnostics, etc., of statements like these has influenced Mr. Arthur H. Tabrum to publish, through Messrs. Hunter & Longhurst of London, a little book dealing with the "Religious Beliefs of Scientists"; it includes one hundred hitherto unpublished

letters on science and religion from eminent scientific men; these are appropriately introduced by the Rev. C. L. Drawbridge, M. A., author of "Is Religion Undermined?" etc., and chairman of the North London Christian Evidence League.

To prove by the declarations of scientists themselves that Religion and Science are not diametrically antagonistic to each other, and that scientific men are not necessarily irreligious or anti-Christian, is the object of Mr. Tabrum's book. He shows that there is no real opposition between Religion and Science,—that by a galaxy of scientists this statement is regarded as the very reverse of true; and that, instead of being agnostic, irreligious, anti-Christian, and atheistic, the vast majority of scientific men are eminently religious, and in many cases conspicuous for their earnest Christian faith,—men like Volta, Ampère, Pasteur, Secchi, Mendel, Röntgen, Perry, Windle, Britten, Burke, Crommelin (all Catholics), Faraday, Kelvin, Maxwell, Newcomb, Henry, Stokes, Le Conte, Max-Müller, Lyell, Herschel, and so forth.

Two direct questions were asked of and answered by the distinguished men whose letters are published in the volume under consideration: "1. Is there any real conflict between the facts of science and the fundamentals of Christianity? 2. Has it been your experience to find men of science irreligious and anti-Christian?" In almost every case, the replies to both questions are frankly and emphatically in the negative. Let us quote a few of many striking passages which we have noted in these letters,—none of which, we are assured, has been edited.

"There are innumerable mysteries in nature," writes Sir Robert Ball, the famous astronomer, "which can never be accounted for by the operations with which Science makes us familiar, but which demand the intervention of some Higher Power than anything man's intellect can comprehend." Prof. Thomson, an eminent scientific writer, says: "My own convic-

tion is that the so-called opposition between Science and Religion is wholly due to confusion of thought." Dr. Cavers, professor of biology at Hartley University College, answers (in part): "As to the alleged 'conflict' between Science and Religion, I believe you will generally find that the Science which is pressed into service by agnostics and atheists is many, many years behind the times, and that these writers and lecturers have only a second-hand smattering of the biology of forty or fifty years ago. Science forges ahead pretty rapidly nowadays; and in regard to evolution, for example, many of Darwin's theories have fallen to the ground. . . . The man who ventures to dogmatize on such subjects can not be, and is not, taken seriously in the world of scientific experts; while those who take upon themselves to deny the existence of an intelligent First Cause (or to negative any of the other teachings of Christianity) can not possibly claim that they do so in the name of Science."

Mr. J. Butler Burke, the distinguished author and lecturer, has this to say in response to the inquiries: "The subject of religion is a deep and solemn one; and Science, such as we know it, particularly in its relation to the problems of life and mind, is still in its infancy; so that I am sure you will forgive me if I say that such contradictions as may be found between the truths of Revelation as we understand, or misunderstand, them and those of Science as we know them, may, after all, be found to be merely *apparent* and not *real* anomalies." Mr. Henry Mackintosh, professor of comparative anatomy in Dublin University, remarks: "The so-called conflicts are, as you quite rightly say, antagonisms between the theories of the theologians who do not know Science, and men of Science who do not know Religion." Dr. Augustus Waller, one of the ablest living physiologists, writes: "I certainly agree in your conclusion that between 'the established facts of Science and the fundamental teachings of Chris-

tianity' there is no real antagonism. I also agree that eminent men of Science are not, as a rule, irreligious or anti-Christian. Most men of Science realize the limited scope of positive Science, and recognize that the final problems of the universe are beyond its reach."

"What more cogent evidence of Christianity can you have than its existence?" asks Sir Edward Bradbrook, president of several learned societies. "It stands to-day as the religion which, in most civilized countries, represents that which has been found by the operation of natural laws to be best suited for the present circumstances of mankind. You are a Christian because you can not help it. Turn Mohammedan to-morrow—will you stop the spread of Christianity? Your individual renunciation of Christianity will be but a ripple on the wave. Civilized mankind holds to Christianity, and can not but do so till it can find something better. This, it seems to me, is a stronger evidence of Christianity than any of the loose-jointed arguments I find in evidential literature." Concluding a remarkably interesting letter, Prof. William Sollas, one of the greatest geologists of our time, writes: "The attacks on faith to which you allude seem to me behind the time; they are a product of the Victorian era, when the rapid growth of our knowledge concerning the mechanical universe completely outdistanced the progress in religion and philosophy. Already I fancy signs are to be discovered of a quickening impulse on these subjects, which may restore to the present century the hope that perhaps seemed wavering in the last." Finally—as our space is exhausted,—Sir William Preece, the well-known electrician, Fellow of the Royal Society, makes this declaration: "I have never come across a single fact in Science that is opposed to the teachings of the Christian religion."

Haeckel, Tyndall, Darwin, Huxley, etc., have all been stranded by the tide of opinion which is now flowing in another direction. Huxley was practically the

last of the prominent scientists whose teaching was antagonistic to Christianity. It is nonsense to talk about the conflict between Science and Religion. There can be no such antagonism, because the one deals with fact, which is temporal; the other, with truth, which is eternal. It is false to assert that the leading men of Science are all anti-Christian and irreligious. On the contrary, very many of them are conspicuous both for their moral character and simple devotion to Christianity.

A Dream Interpreted.

THE Parisian small boy is proverbially precocious, so that the following instance of shrewdness on the part of a gamin not yet in his teens is really less incredible than it may appear.

Denis Caucher, an artisan of the French capital, related to his wife, one morning at breakfast, a dream he had had during the night,—a strange dream that rather disquieted him. He had seen four rats approaching him. The first was big and fat, the second and third were very lean, and the fourth was blind. Madame Caucher was as helpless as her husband in discerning the significance of the dream, though she remarked that it sounded something like the dream of Pharaoh in the Bible.

In the meantime the Joseph who was to prove the interpreter for this latter-day Pharaoh — Jean-Baptiste Caucher, aged eleven — had been listening attentively, and suddenly surprised his parents by exclaiming:

"I know what the dream means! The big, fat rat is M. Dumont, the saloon-keeper down there on the corner, to whom you give so much money; the two lean rats mean mother and me; and the blind rat—that's you, father."

And the more Denis reflected on this interpretation, the firmer became his conviction that it was the true one.

Notes and Remarks.

Whether or not the Council of the Society of Biblical Archæology in England allows itself to be at all influenced by the findings and decisions of our own Biblical Commission at Rome we do not know; although, if it does, such action would not be a solitary instance of that imitation which is the sincerest flattery. In any case, at a recent conference of Anglican churchmen, a reverend member of the Council mentioned read a paper on "The Testimony of Ancient Tablets to the Credibility of Old-Testament Scriptures." He held that the recent discoveries of tablets in Babylonia confirmed in a remarkable way the historical accuracy of Biblical records. The Dean of Canterbury (Dr. Wace) said that the discoveries referred to went to show that the records, even of the earlier chapters of Genesis, were directly historical records. They were not merely a loose collection of historical facts scraped together, but they were written by inspired hands, which grouped in their proper order such events as were necessary to be known in order to illustrate the divine purpose.

Coming so soon after the Papal decree declaring that the Mosaic narrative of events chronicled in the Book of Genesis are to be accepted as recording historical facts, this Anglican pronouncement is at least interesting; and, as a word in favor of the Book that is being sadly shorn of its honor in many non-Catholic circles, the pronouncement is gratifying as well.

Speaking recently at St. Anselme, P. Q., on the lay apostolate, Bishop Roy remarked: "The union between clergy and laity must henceforth be closer and more intimate, since lay co-operation is absolutely necessary for the maintenance of the Faith. . . . We have reached a critical epoch in our history. God no longer, as of old, leads us by the hand.

Our enemies are many. They make use of every means to combat us. They go so far as to wish to close Catholic mouths and bid us keep silence. . . . Be on your guard! The genuine lay apostolate does not consist only in being a good Christian, in going to confession and Communion frequently: these are not patent signs of the Catholic apostolate. As there are heavy eaters who are likewise notably indolent, so there are persons who go to Communion often and yet will not make the least sacrifice for the Catholic Faith. To feed and nourish one's faith is necessary, but it is not everything: that faith must also be lived."

Wise words these, and applicable to many thousands far beyond the reach of the prelate's voice. The Church Militant in all lands needs, in our day especially, militant members, — Catholics who are ready to serve as good soldiers in the ranks of faith against infidelity, of Catholic organization against irreligion, of spiritual activity against worldly ease and sensuality.

A short time ago some newspapers of this country gave publicity to a tale of "intolerance and superstition" on the part of the Catholic people of Bisaccia, Italy, in driving forth certain emissaries of the Baptist sect residing in that town. The episode has served the newspaper purpose, and is, therefore, now ancient history; however, as it is sure to be embalmed in Protestant Sunday-school books, the facts had better be put on record. The persistence of the missionaries in odious methods and gratuitous insults finally exhausted the forbearance of the peasants, and in righteous indignation they drove the domines away, much in the same manner as Mormon evangelists are sometimes escorted from villages in the United States. No brother was burned at the stake or seriously injured, though stones are said to have been freely used to speed the parting guests. By order of the Italian Government, and with

a contingent of the military as protectors, they have since re-established themselves in Bisaccia, but their prospects of "converting" the town are not brightened. Their little experience has taught them that forbearance may sometimes cease to be a virtue; furthermore, that Italians, of all people, are not to be proselytized by violence.

The testing of a new fire-extinguisher, the invention of a French cleric, the Abbé Daney, at Bordeaux the other day, was made the occasion of a rather notable demonstration. As many as ten thousand persons were present at the test. The Archbishop's secretary, three hundred other ecclesiastics, scores of mayors of towns in Southwest France, and a large number of forest proprietors, formed part of the crowd, as of course did Bordeaux's whole fire department. A great cone-like pile of wood forty feet high was partly saturated with oil, partly covered with tar, and then set on fire. The flames rose to the height of a hundred feet, but the Abbé's invention completely extinguished them in two minutes. Another fire was successfully put out in three seconds. The officers of the fire department and other specialists pronounce the test to have been marvellous and quite conclusive, and add that Abbé Daney has revolutionized the methods of fire-fighting.

Though gratifying, it is not at all surprising to find the following outspoken denunciation of Socialism in the Chicago *Inter Ocean*. We have learned to expect sound sense and plain speech from Mr. Hinman, whose editorial page is one of the ablest and most readable of the many that we scan. It is a hopeful sign to see influential secular journals publishing articles like this:

The imbecility of trying to mix Christianity and Socialism is clear enough to the editor of the *Living Church*. And yet he does not go far enough, and prefers to pass over the fact that lies behind and gives form to all the other facts.

This is that Socialism—the Socialism that works and the only kind that counts to-day—Marxian Socialism—is not only non-Christian but anti-Christian in its underlying theory and in its fundamental principles. It cares nothing for Jesus of Nazareth except as certain of His sayings may be used as weapons against "Property." When it is spoken to of God, it asks: "Where is He? Speak of something that interests living men in this world." About another world and the life to come Socialism cares nothing and wishes to know nothing. Socialism is, in fact, with all its altruistic professions, the grossest materialism. Its chief merit in its own eyes is that it is strictly of the earth, earthy. Therefore when any Christian church or its pastor attempts, by mixing Socialism with Christianity, to reconcile Socialists to the Church, the only result is to stultify the preacher's Christian professions by making the church an arena for anti-Christian propaganda. And in the end the Socialists have only increased contempt for the preacher who is so used and for his Christian faith.

On the other hand, the Socialists themselves admire and applaud such illuminating treatment of the whole question as is found in Leo XIII.'s Encyclical, *Rerum Novarum* (1891), a document of which the chief organ of German Socialism, the *Vorwärts*, said: "In virtue of his office and in the fulness of his power, the Pope has surpassed the princes and governments of all civilized States, and has solved the Social Question."

Many good stories are scattered about the new Life of Cardinal Vaughan. Some of his experiences as a collector may serve as a specimen:

The last day of May I was minus 700 dollars [to found a "bourse" in honor of the Blessed Virgin for his missionary college], and knew not where to turn for it. I could not beg from the poor, and the Bishop tolerated begging from only the richer Catholics of the city. A man met me as I knew not which way to go, and gave me 200 dollars, saying he wished to become a special benefactor. In the evening I was minus 400 dollars. I went into Mr. Donohoe's bank to sit down. I told him my case: he had no sympathy for the work, and had given 250 dollars to please his wife. He said he would lend me 400 dollars. "But I can't lend them to the Blessed Virgin," said I, smiling. I told him I had not come with the intention of begging

of him,—he had given generously already. Finally I asked: "What interest do you require?"—"Never mind that," he answered.—"When do you want the principal back?"—"Never mind that, either," said he. And so that night Our Lady had her bourse completed.

I went up and down the country [Chili], preaching in the churches, begging alms of the faithful from door to door. One day, as I was walking along the street, a man came up to me and said in Spanish: "Are you the person who is begging for the establishment of a Missionary College in London?"—"Yes, I am," I replied.—"Then," he continued, "take this hundred dollars."—"Who are you," said I, "that I may put your name down in my book?"—"I am nobody," he replied; and away he went and I saw him no more. Another day I was begging from house to house, and I entered the home of a poor washerwoman. She gave me the coppers that were standing by her soapsuds. The next house I went into was that of a rich man. I asked him for alms, and he put his name down for £1000.

When the wise and witty editor of the *Bombay Examiner* desires to indulge a vein lighter than some formalists might consider congruous to his sacerdotal character, he is apt to father the responsibility of his humor on the Office Boy, or another convenient habitué of the editor's sanctum, the Philistine. The latter it is who is supposed to discourse as follows on an ever-timely subject:

There are five things which I consider already to be steadily-growing pests. They are as follows: centenaries, jubilees, memorials, statues, and telegrams of congratulation or condolence. In due time and season they are all excellent things. True, there is no special significance in the fact that Julius Cæsar was born exactly two thousand years ago, and not one thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine. But ever since Pythagoras there has been a mysterious charm and unanny influence in numbers; and so there would be no cause for surprise if exactly at the term of two thousand years all the surviving relations of Julius Cæsar should feel themselves stirred up to organize a family celebration. But several other things have happened in history besides the birth of Julius Cæsar; and there can be several round intervals of time between each of those events and now. If you take any day in any year, it is absolutely certain that something or other happened just twenty-

five years before, and fifty years before, and a hundred years before; and then you can multiply the hundreds *ad libitum* till you get back to Adam's time, whenever that may be. Therefore every moment in time is the silver jubilee of something, and the golden jubilee of something else, and the diamond jubilee of something else, and the radium jubilee of something else, and the centenary of something else, and the bicentenary or tercentenary, and so on, of something else. It is merely a question how many jubilees and centenaries we care to take up; for there is no limit to the possibilities of them. Now, of late years there has been such a plague of jubilees and centenaries of every conceivable thing that it threatens to become endemic.

Apropos of which we have merely to remark that, with the mercury at 92° in the shade, we prefer reading the foregoing than to discuss the philosophy and the utility of multiplied celebrations.

The spiritual favors recently granted by the Holy Father, at the request of the Archbishop of Cincinnati, to the Catholic deaf-mutes of this country and their benefactors, should do much to increase interest in an apostolate that has been sadly neglected. According to the Archbishop's petition, there must be, in the United States, at least 17,000 deaf-mutes of Catholic parentage. "Nearly all are losing the faith in non-Catholic schools and missions." The simple reason of this is that adequate provision for their care and instruction has not as yet been made. Catholic charity is all-embracing, and of course it is only by oversight that this class of unfortunates has hitherto been so much neglected.

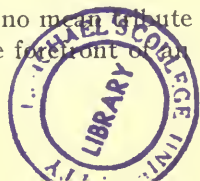
The following are the favors granted to deaf-mutes, their instructors and benefactors by Pope Pius:

1. The Apostolic Blessing to the members, inmates and benefactors of the "Ephpheta Mission for the Deaf" and of the "Ephpheta School for the Deaf," both in the city of Chicago.
2. The same to all the members of the association known as the Catholic Deaf-Mute Conference.
3. A plenary indulgence at the hour of death to all who die within the year during

which they have worked for the salvation of the deaf; also to those who during their lifetime have at least for one year, in schools or missions, labored for the same object. 4. To all the deaf who have enrolled themselves at a Catholic centre or mission for the deaf, a plenary indulgence at the hour of death, to be gained by any interior or exterior act of faith. 5. The eleventh Sunday after Pentecost, on which is read the Gospel of the cure of the deaf and dumb, is appointed as their patronal feast; and on that day the deaf, or any of their benefactors, may gain a plenary indulgence by going to confession and receiving Holy Communion. 6. These favors are extended also to deaf persons who have learned to speak or retain some use of their former speech. 7. An indulgence of 300 days to all who recite the following prayer:

Lord Jesus Christ, who, doing all things well, hast made the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak, graciously grant to these Thy beloved children, patience and steadfastness in the Faith; so that finally, full of merits, they may eternally hear and speak the divine praises. Who livest and reignest with God the Father in unity of the Holy Ghost, world without end. Amen.

That portion of Gladstone's career which Lord Morley's biography of the great Commoner leaves practically untouched—his religious life—is laid fairly bare in D. C. Lathbury's "Letters on Church and Religion of William Ewart Gladstone." The two volumes will prove of keenest interest to many an admirer of England's Grand Old Man of the nineteenth century; and, though Gladstone never became a Catholic, will be read with admiration by many spiritual subjects of Pius X. Mr. Lathbury declares in his preface that "Mr. Gladstone always wrote out of a full heart, and the subject nearest his heart was always religion. It is to this that he constantly returns, and returns with the evident conviction that his correspondent is as much interested in it as he is himself." This, of itself, is no mean tribute to a man who stood in the forefront of his age when



so-called Science affected to scoff at all that savored of Religion, and to look upon religious professions as symptoms of old fogysm or defective mentality.

Noting that Gladstone never entered into Newman's mind, Mr. Lathbury says:

That it should seem to any man that what he had to determine for himself was whether the Church of England was a church at all—whether, in order to be a church in the Catholic sense, it was not essential to be in communion with Rome,—never rose with Mr. Gladstone to the dignity of an arguable point. This inability had one great advantage: it sustained his conviction that the Church of England, by devious paths and with many reverses, would work her way to an ultimate victory. But it had its disadvantages also: it was fatal to his influence over his two chief friends when the eventful decision had to be made. It stood in the way of his forming any adequate or consistent estimate of Newman. It was a permanent element of weakness in his handling of the Roman controversy. And it led him at one time to distrust Pusey, because he steadily refused to take up an anti-Roman attitude which could only have multiplied secessions.

Gladstone's fame will suffer nothing from the publication of these letters, but will rather be enhanced by the light they throw on a great man's view of life's greatest question.

One of the disadvantages inseparably connected with advancing years is the certainty of seeing the witticisms, capital stories, pungent epigrams, striking repartees, and, generally, the "good things" that he enjoyed thirty or forty years ago, periodically served up with a present-day setting. The *Christian Herald* thus describes a familiar picture, the inspiration for which was derived from a story "as old as the hills":

One of the most striking cartoons in recent years, apropos of the attacks on the Bible, represents a church member visiting his pastor and laying down for his inspection what seems to be a much-mutilated copy of the Scriptures. The pastor looks at him in mild surprise, and then takes up the book and regards it with amazement. "Why," he says, "there is nothing here but the covers!"—"Well," replies his parishioner, "that is all you have left of the old book. First, you began by casting doubt

on the creation, and I tore that out; then Moses was a myth, and out went the Pentateuch. You told us the books that came next were simply Jewish history and folklore and fable—at least, so you said,—and out they went too; and so on with the Prophecies; and when you got to the Gospels, you threw so much doubt on them that they went with the rest. Now, here's nothing left but the bare boards, and I just want to ask you what you are going to do about them."

The appropriateness of the anecdote to present-day conditions possibly atones for its old age.

The Rev. Walter E. Bentley, rector of the Church of the Ascension, Brooklyn, N. Y., is reported to have said on a recent occasion: "We all feel that Protestantism is on its last legs. To use a slang expression, we have been sort of 'jollyng' the people along." In other words, cajoling simple folk into the delusion that Luther was not a monster and the Reformation not a myth. If correctly reported, what a dishonorable declaration this is for a Protestant minister to make! From "Who's Who in America" we learn that the Rev. Mr. Bentley is the founder and general secretary of the Actors' Church Alliance, and that he used to be an actor himself. Perhaps he would have done better to remain one. The right place for many ministers is the stage, where mimicry, personation and make-believe are in order.

According to the Rev. J. R. Cohu, an Anglican rector, who has just published a little book to inspire some warmth of devotion into the "intelligent average man," the Duke of Wellington was strongly opposed to education without religion. He is quoted by Mr. Cohu as saying: "Teach your children the Three R's, and leave out the great R of religion, and you will only produce a fourth R, Rascaldom, and get a nation of clever devils." It sounds like the Iron Duke, who once said to a near relative, on his becoming a Catholic: "Be a good one, sir! Stick to your colors!"



A Legend of Our Lady.

BY L. H.

ANNA had read of "Our Lady of Snow,"
A title that pleased her young heart;
And, filled with true zeal, to mamma she went,
Her wonderful lore to impart.

"O mamma, one day a long time ago—
Oh, no! I mean 'twas the night,—
Just in the summer there came a snow-storm,
And the ground, though in August, was white

"On only one spot in the city of Rome.
And, my! it was such a surprise!
But, mamma, 'twas Mary who sent the pure flakes
To raise people's thoughts to the skies.

"And they built in her honor a beautiful church,
And they named it 'Our Lady of Snow.'
And when I grow up and travel abroad,
That's one of the places I'll go.

"But wasn't it lovely the children of Rome
Had such a great privilege given—
To play in the snow in the hot summer time,—
And snow that was sent right from heaven?"

Sandy Joe.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

IX.—LARCHMONT.

PRESENTLY Mr. Harper rejoined
Father More in the study.

"Well, what did you think of the
window?" asked the priest.

"Beautiful!" was the answer,—“though
I must confess that my view of it was
not a critical one. I was too distracted
by the picture beneath—that lovely little
child. Who and what is she?"

"One of the city's waifs that has
happened to fall into the hands of a good
washerwoman, who brought her to me

for conditional baptism. What a pretty
little thing she is!"

"Then she does not belong to the
people who were with her?" asked the
gentleman, with interest.

"No," answered Father More. "The
old woman who claims her is, I under-
stand, in the hospital seriously ill; and
good Mrs. Bryan is caring for the child,
as you see, most zealously. Ah, the
beautiful charity of the poor, my friend!
It is like the charity of the good God—
unstinting, unquestioning. But to return
to the business that brought you here
this morning. What would you prefer
to make of Larchmont?"

"I—I really had not thought," replied
Mr. Harper. "But your little waif of this
morning suggests a purpose to me,—some
sort of a home for friendless little ones,
where they can have fresh air and freedom
and childhood's natural joys,—little
children who need tenderness and care
and mother-love; not an asylum or a
school or a hospital, but a *home*."

"I understand," said Father More. "It
would be a great and blessed charity."

"Then we'll start things at once," said
Mr. Harper. "I will go out to Larchmont
this afternoon and see about clearing the
ground. It has not been touched since—
since—" The speaker's voice broke, and
then he added with sudden passion:
"My God, Father, when I think of what
those ashes hold!"

"I know,—I know," said Father More,
sympathetically. "My dear friend, it will
be too hard—too painful for you. Let
me go in your place."

"If you could,—if you would, Father!"
was the relieved reply. "I am weak,
cowardly perhaps; but it would spare
me pain beyond words."

"You can trust me," said the priest,
simply. "I will keep the place 'holy

ground,' as you wish. I will go out there, if possible, at once, and take possession. That will keep off all intruders."

And so it happened that about four o'clock that afternoon Father More was making his way from the little wayside station of Clifton, along a white snowy road that, shadowed by arching pines, led up to the range of hills where, ten years ago, Philip Harper's wealth had made an earthly paradise for his beautiful bride. The house itself had been a modest rustic cottage, beautiful in its simplicity; but around it had stretched lawns and gardens and groves rich with almost tropic beauty and bloom; while, sweeping pure and fresh through all, came the breath from the sea that laved the white-beached shore not half a mile away.

Father More kept on his way, past a dozen or more "Queen Ann" cottages that, in all the glory of new paint and porticos, stood out at intervals along the road. Then all signs of life suddenly ended; the road grew rougher and wilder until it terminated at a stone wall that, broken only by an iron gateway guarded by a rustic lodge, stretched away on either side into forbidding distance.

"You can't get in, Mr.," piped a shrill voice, as Father More struggled with the rusty bolt and bars; and a small boy peered up from the thicket where he had been setting traps for the snowbirds. "You can't get in unless you shinny over the wall."

"I'm afraid my shinnying days are over," laughed the priest, good-humoredly.

"Old Jeff has got a key," continued Father More's informer; "but he won't give it to nobody."

"Well, I must have it," said Father More, decidedly. "I come from Mr. Harper. Who and where is old Jeff? I'll give you a quarter to take me to him."

"Come on, then," said the boy, willingly. "Tain't far, but he won't give it to no one,—I bet you that!"

He led on through the underbrush that had grown into a thicket about the wall,

until he struck another path that wound about the hillside to a little clearing, where a low-roofed cabin stood behind a snow-wreathed fence.

A grizzled old Negro shuffled to the door at Father More's summons, and listened doubtfully to his demands.

"You say you's a pahson, sah?" he asked, blinking up curiously at his visitor.

"No: a priest—the priest who married Mr. and Mrs. Harper, and their special friend. I am here at his request to see Larchmont; so give me the key, my good man."

"Yes, sah,—yes, pahson,—yes," answered old Jeff. "I can't, so to say, gib up de key, sah; but I'll take you, sah,—I take you ober de place. You see, pahson, de debbil goes round like a roaring lion, and I'm responsible fur dat key 'gin all his roaring. He bin a roaring and a roaring round Larchmont fur years."

"Oh, he has?" laughed Father More, as old Jeff took a rusty key from its nail and, putting on his hat, proceeded to act as guide to the ruined home. "We will soon put an end to that, my friend."

"You kin lay sperits, pahson?" asked old Jeff, eagerly. "I've heern dat some of your kind kin. You're wanted round here, den, shuah. My ole woman hez seen dem,—she hez de gift; and she seen dem plain.—You kite along dar!" said the old man to the small boy, who was listening with popping eyes. "Kite along dar to your bird-traps, Neddy Green! Dis talk ain't fur chillun like you."

"There's your quarter, my boy," said Father More, feeling that it would be just as well for Neddy to miss further details of Jeff's narrative.

"Jest lemme hear what Aunt Nance seen," said Neddy, eagerly. "Was it the burned baby, Jeff?"

"No, it warn't," answered the old man, indignantly. "Do you s'pose de good Masr is a-gwine to let innocents like dat go straying out ob de golden streets, chile? Dat dar baby is safe and shuah wif de Lord. When I tinks ob dat dar

baby being cinders and ashes, pahson, it stirs me up, shuah!"

"You worked at Larchmont then?" asked Father More; while Neddy, finding no interesting information was forthcoming, sped away back to his traps.

"Round de flower-beds and de garden paths," said old Jeff, with a nod. "Jest a keeping 'em nice, and free from de weeds and de bugs; fur dis 'ere rheumatism don't let me do much more. And Nance, she was laundress,—not fur de heavy work, but de little baby clothes and frills and laces. We didn't lib dar, sah, having our own little place dar in the bushes; but we was a working dar most ob de days. And dey was good to us,—Mr. Harper and Missus Nellie. Pahson" (Jeff shifted the stick demanded by his rheumatic leg to the other hand, and looked at his companion reflectively), "why de Lord sent de fires of tribbilation on good white folks like dat I can't see."

"None of us can see, my friend," said Father More. "We must only believe and trust."

"Dat's so, pahson,—dat's so. Dar shuah am no use a digging and scraping in de ways ob de Lord. But dat fire dat struck Larchmont was shuah torment let loose. It was de fall of de year and eberyting was dry as chips, ez de bad luck dat was looking round for work would hev it. I was down wif dis rheumatism bad,—couldn't lift my leg; and ole Nance was mouty porely too, wif the three days' ague. She come home dat night mouty cross and snappish. What wif de doings at de big house, and Missus Nellie being sick at de hospital, and Mr. Harper a looking arter her, de servants was a bossing like low-down white trash will.

"I don't go thar no more till Missus Nellie comes back,' Nance sez; an den she bust out agin de French nuss. 'Dat ar Lisette hez got a beau, and her fool head is turned,' sez Nance. 'I seen her a walking off wid him under de cedars when she orter been minding de baby. Missus Nellie will be sorry yet she trusted

a black-eyed, frizzle-headed snake in the gras wif dat chile.'

"And dat berry night, pahson, dem words of Nance come true, shuah. Jest nigh about two o'clock Nance woke me up; she was shaking from head to foot, and a pointing to de window dat was so red and bright I thought it was day. Lord! Lord! dar never warn't any day like that!

"It's the jedgment!' Nance began to shout,—'it's de jedgment light a burning, ole man. It's de fiery chariot swinging down from de skies. I hear Gabriel's horn a blowing! It's de jedgment come!'

"But I pushes her off and hobbles to de window. 'Dat ain't no jedgment!' I busts out. 'Dat's Larchmont ablaze from roof to ground.' And I was dat laid up wid rheumatism I couldn't stir a foot to help or save."

"But some of the servants were saved?" asked Father More.

"De cook and de two maids; but they slept over the kitchen. The hull front of the house was ablaze before any one seen it. And de coachman and de grooms, dat libbed ober de stable, couldn't do nothing to stop it. And, in de shouting and de fussing, dey said all de women folks was out, and de baby wif 'em, down to de lodge. Jim Casey, de stable boy, said arterwards he could have sworn he had seen dat nuss a running wif de chile in her arms. But he didn't; for dey was both burned to cinders dat night, ez everyone knows. And poor Missus Nellie never looked on the place since. Lord! Lord!" muttered old Jeff, as he reached the gate and proceeded to fumble with the rusty lock, "sech nice white folks ez dey was, too, to hev de fires of tribbilation strike 'em like that!"

And, with a hopeless shake of his grizzled head, Uncle Jeff led on through the opened gate into the ruined paradise beyond.

The Maze, as the winding walk had been called, was now a wild angle of snow-wreathed shrub and vine. Stone benches

had been placed here and there, inviting visitors to loiter in especially charming nooks, where the view widened into glimpses of shore and sea. Taking a sudden turn around the base of a granite fountain, the path opened on a picture that held Father More spellbound for a time with pity and horror, and fatherly sympathy for the woe of which it told. Great charred oaks lifted their bare boughs against the wintry sky, like grim battle-scarred sentinels guarding the desolation below, where, half veiled by the shrouding snow, lay the fire-swept wreck of Philip Harper's paradise. The huge chimney, that had been the heart and hearth of the happy home, stood alone, blackened and battered among the ruins. All around, beyond, stretched shining vistas of sea and shore, whose brightness and beauty seemed to mock the desolate scene. And as Father More thought of all the tender love and hope that lay buried under these ashes, his eyes filled with tears of tender pity.

"Thank God I came here in poor Harper's place! I do not wonder that he shrank from facing this. Ah, well, with Heaven's help we will change, bless, sanctify it,—turn all this desolation into light and life! We must get to work at once," he said aloud. "How would you like to take the job of clearing this ground, old man? You could get help, you know."

"Me, sah,—me clear dis here place?" Uncle Jeff's dim eyes rounded at the thought. "I—I couldn't, sah,—I couldn't, pahson. My ole Nance wouldn't let me meddle,—not—not unless you could lay her first."

"Lay who—what?" asked Father More.

"Her, sah," answered the old man in a cautious voice,—"*her* that is a roaming round here,—dat dar French nuss that was burned up and ain't got no grave fur to rest in."

"Tut! tut! That's all nonsense," said the priest, cheerily.

"No, sah,—no, pahson!" and old Jeff shook his head solemnly. "Tain't nonsense.

My ole Nance hez seen her twice,—seen her plain, pahson. I dussent meddle wif dem ashes while she's a walking,—I dassent, sah, indeed. You'll hev to get white folks ef you want to stir dese dead ashes here."

And against the final solemn shake of Uncle Jeff's grizzled head Father More felt there was no appeal.

"Well, if you won't, you won't, I suppose," he said good-humoredly; "so I will have to raise Larchmont from its ashes without you. And, with God's help, it will rise with the flowers of spring."

And, strong in this happy determination, Father More took his way back to town.

(To be continued.)

A National Bird.

It may surprise some to be told that Benjamin Franklin was in favor of adopting the turkey as the national bird of America. He declared that the eagle was cruel, solitary, and selfish; while the turkey, besides being a native of this country, was peaceable and social, although able to defend himself when attacked.

Many countries have favored the eagle. When Napoleon became ruler of France, he declared that only the eagle of the Roman legions could fitly represent the spirit of his people; and ordered that it supersede the cock, which had been the oldtime emblem of France. But after Napoleon's downfall, the pugnacious king of the barnyard again came into favor; and surely he typifies the French character better than the sullen eagle.

"APOSTLE SPOONS" are so called because the handles have figures of one of the Twelve Apostles on them. The silversmiths of the Middle Ages were very expert in making these quaint articles, and many specimens of their skill are still in existence, and eagerly sought for by collectors.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"The Spaniard at Home" is the title of a new book by Mrs. Mary F. Nixon-Roulet, soon to be published—and sure to be welcomed everywhere.

—In answer to numerous inquiries, we are happy to state that Father John Talbot Smith's excellent juvenile story, "The Boy who Looked Ahead," will appear in book form, with illustrations, early in November.

—"Ad Castitatem," by Francis Thompson, in the current *Dublin Review*, is certainly a fine poem: however, it would be no surprise to learn that more than one editor found it "unavailable" while the author was living.

—A literary memorial in honor of Gutenberg is about to be published in Germany. It takes the form of a fac-simile of his 42-line edition of the Bible, which contains nearly 1300 pages, some hundred of which are decorated with miniatures in color and gold. Three hundred copies will be available on paper, and twenty on parchment. A supplementary volume, concerning the history of this edition of the Bible, and containing reproductions of existing proof-sheets, is also to be issued.

—The peoples of Mexico and of the Southern Continent are glad that an adequate historical account of their literary production is to be given by the Rev. Charles Warren Currier, of Washington, D. C. Father Currier's "History of Religious Communities," and other books, prove that he has the industry and ability necessary for the success of the task which he has set himself. The author's prospectus, as set forth in the Bulletin of the Bureau of American Republics, shows matter and method for the proposed work. In England as well as in America there is a growing interest in Spanish letters; and students of the world's literature will no doubt welcome Father Currier's contribution as a guide to research.

—Among the latest additions to the series of "Little Books on Art," edited by Mr. Cyril Davenport and published by Methuen & Co., is "Christian Symbolism," by Mrs. Henry Jenner. To our mind it is one of the best volumes in the series, and by no means the least useful to art students and general readers. No one better qualified than Mrs. Jenner to explain Christian symbolism could have been found; and the editor and publishers of the "Little Handbooks" are to be congratulated on securing this Catholic lady for the present volume, as well as those on Christ and Our

Lady in art. She has studied her subject thoroughly, and writes "as one having authority." Indeed, it is not too much to say that this little book on Christian symbolism deserves to replace many voluminous and pretentious works of reference. The numerous illustrations which it contains, the bibliography, and the full index greatly enhance its interest and usefulness.

—The fifty-two chapters of "Heavenwards," by Mother Mary Loyola, edited by the Rev. Herbert Thurston, S. J., furnish excellent spiritual reading for every Sunday of the year. Like all the author's books, it is calculated to do great good among young readers, for whom it is especially intended. Mother Loyola quotes quite as well as she writes, and in every chapter will be found precious thoughts from the best authors, ancient and modern, the poets not excluded. The American edition of this book, issued by Messrs. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, is very creditably produced, and contains four illustrations which enhance its attractiveness. We hope the volume will have a wide sale wherever our language is spoken, and serve to make all of Mother Loyola's other books still better known.

—We welcome volume VI. of De Ponte's Meditations, the latest addition to Herder's Bibliotheca Ascetica Mystica, a series of select works, published under the patronage of the Cardinal Archbishop of Cologne, and edited by Father Lehmkühl, S. J. Having noticed at some length the other volumes of these admirable meditations, we need only say that the present concluding one deals with the mysteries of the Divinity, the perfections of God, and His benefits to mankind in the natural and supernatural order. In two appendixes, which everyone who uses these volumes will appreciate, are (1) short meditations suitable for the feasts of certain great saints; and (2) an arrangement of the contents of the whole work for every day of the year. There is also an index covering all the volumes. The Bibliotheca Ascetica Mystica was admirably planned, and every volume issued reflects the highest credit on all concerned in its production.

—The editor of a popular literary and political journal writes:

One tired reviewer, whose feeling will arouse many a sympathetic echo, asks why all novels could not appear anonymously for a time. He takes as an example, with more or less truth, that it matters little who wrote "The Wild Olive" other than it is by the author of "The Inner Shrine." If this were the custom, the writer adds, the world would have "a chance to recover from the gratification of

overmuch futile curiosity. An author might be judged by his fruits alone, irrespective of the color of his eyes, his precise location on the map, his prowess as chauffeur or golfer, whether he eats luncheon at twelve midnight, or runs his typewriter between 2 and 4 a. m. Then, perhaps, we should cultivate the true Greek understanding of progressive beauty, and know something about the art of our own day."

In the very same issue of his journal the editor tells "what prominent authors are doing this summer." All of them, by the way, are his own contributors. The novelists of whom mention is made will not feel complimented, we think. One is said to be sleeping in the open air at present; the vacation employments of another are the simple ones of the farm, "for which Mr. G. has never lost his love"; a third is in New York "hard at work on another novel," in spite of the heat; Mr. D. has given himself up to a holiday, and is trying his new yacht, whose attractions, we are told, are "a snug cabin and comfortable living, sleeping, and eating quarters"; I. B. is in his camp in the Adirondack Mountains. "The term camp," the editor informs us, "is a bit misleading in describing Mr. B.'s place, which is a permanent structure with every convenience for comfort." Yet another celebrity is "starting on a long-desired European trip." Plainly, the editor man ought to go somewhere himself.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Christian Symbolism." Mrs. Henry Jenner. 75 cts.
- "Heavenwards." Mother Mary Loyola. \$1.25.
- "De Ponte's Meditations." Vol. VI. \$1.80.
- "Handbook of Practical Economics." J. Schrijvers. \$1.35.
- "St. Francis de Sales: A Study of the Gentle Saint." Louise M. Stackpoole-Kenny. \$1.10.
- "The Laws of the King; or, Talks on the Commandments." A Religious of the Holy Child. 60 cts.
- "The Boys of St. Batt's." R. P. Garrold, S. J. 80 cts.
- "Sunlight and Shadow." P. M. Northcote. \$1.

- "Meditations for Each Day of the Month of June." Charles Santley. 60 cts.
- "Astronomical Essays." Rev. George V. Leahy, S. T. L. \$1.
- "Cardinal Mercier's Conferences." \$1.50.
- "The Beginnings of the Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes, A. D. 754-1073." Mgr. L. Duchesne, D. D. \$2.
- "A Compendium of Catechetical Instruction." Vols. I. and II. \$4.50.
- "A Private Retreat for Religious." Rev. Peter Geiermann, C. SS. R. \$1.50.
- "Life's Little Day." D. J. Scannell O'Neill. 25 cts.
- "So as by Fire." Jean Connor. \$1.25.
- "Brownie and I." Richard Aumerle. 85 cts.
- "The Formation of Character." Rev. Ernest Hull, S. J. 15 cts.
- "A Bunch of Girls." "Shan." 50 cts.
- "The First Great Canadian." Charles B. Reed. 2.
- "History of the Society of Jesus in North America." Thomas Hughes, S. J. Documents: Vol. I., Part II., \$4.50.
- "Buds and Blossoms." Rt. Rev. Charles H. Colton, D. D. \$1.25.
- "The Christ Child." M. C. Olivia Keiley. 75 cts.
- "The Sacrament of Duty." The Rev. Joseph McSorley, C. S. P. \$1.08.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bonds.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Anthony Pieké, of the diocese of Belleville; Rev. A. H. Huitink, diocese of Green Bay; and Rev. Henry Geron, S. J.

Brother Justinian, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Sister M. Augustine, of the Order of the Presentation; Sister M. of St. Columbanus, Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Sister M. Clotilde, Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. William C. Bold, Mr. James Smith, Mr. David Walsh, Mr. J. A. Brooks, Mrs. Mary O'Cavanagh, Mr. George Emery, Mrs. M. E. Doyle, Mr. William Irwin, Mrs. George Waddington, Mr. W. H. Henrichs, Mr. James Gorman, Mr. Henry Rau, Mr. A. J. Schuk, Mr. Charles Moresi, Mr. John White, Sr., Mr. Mark Leavy, Mr. John J. Sweeney, Mrs. Thomas Grady, Mr. S. V. Fulkerson, Mrs. C. A. Brown, Mr. George Doyle, Godfrey and Jacob Meyer, Mr. Thomas Syron, Mrs. Ellen Feehan, and Miss Amelia Holth.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)



THE ASSUMPTION
(TITIAN.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 13, 1910.

NO. 7

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

The Assumption.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

"THROUGH the blest air she fled to Him,
How glad!" a mother sighed.

"The space seemed long that led to Him,—
The space seems long and wide.

"The mysteries of faith to me
Are dark till life is done;
But here I see no mystery,—
For I have lost a son."

Our Lady's Greater Feasts.

THE ASSUMPTION.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.



ING DAVID gave great joy to the people of Israel the day he transferred the Ark of the Covenant from the house of Obedom to the Tabernacle which he had erected for its reception near to his own palace on the heights of his new capital, Jerusalem. The King himself took part in the event with enthusiastic fervor; a concourse of warriors formed a guard of honor; more than eight hundred priests and levites, robed in white linen, assembled to fulfil their part in the sacred function; and a mighty throng of the ancients of Israel and of the people of the land, gathered together from all sides, were there to swell the ranks of the great procession.

In due order the assembly moved onward toward the city. The people rent the air with shouts of joy; levites, skilled in music, drew sweet melodies from psalter and harp; the crash of cymbals, and the loud tones of the trumpets sounded by the priests in front of the Ark, contributed to "the joyful noise" which David had decreed should "resound on high." Thus, amid jubilant cries from the vast crowd, and the strains of music and sacred song, the Ark, swathed in its purple coverings, was borne along on the shoulders of appointed priests, high above the surrounding crowds,—mystic symbol of the ever-present God, the watchful guardian of His chosen people.

Among the throng of levites are the chief singers in the service of the Tabernacle. Their voices are soon heard in glad acclaim, as they intone a hymn of praise which the King—who "set singers before the altar, and by their voices... made sweet melody"—had composed in honor of this eventful day. That psalm, it is reasonably believed, is still sung in the Divine Office of the Christian Church: the joyous *Domini est terra*,—"The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof."

At length the city gate is reached, and the hymn changes in character. "Lift up your gates, O ye princes; and be ye lifted up, O eternal gates; and the King of Glory shall enter in." Thus cry the chorus of singers. From within, one single voice chants the interrogation: "Who is this King of Glory?"—"The Lord who is strong and mighty: the Lord mighty in battle," is the loud response. Yet once

again the question is repeated from within: "Who is this King of Glory?" The answer rises toward heaven in triumphant chorus: "The Lord of hosts, He is the King of Glory." Then the gates are opened, and the glad concourse sweeps through into the city and onward to the Tabernacle on the hill. Where the Ark should rest, there would God manifest His presence in the cloud over the golden propitiatory; therefore did King and people rejoice with a great joy, because God was deigning to dwell once more among them, in order to receive their daily solemn service of sacrifice and praise.

The scene just described was prophetic of the glorious Ascension of our Blessed Lord, when, leading in His train a host of redeemed souls, He passed in triumph through the gates of His heavenly city,—“that Jerusalem which is above.” Fittingly, on that festival, therefore, does the Church make use in her liturgy of the psalm sung by the levites of old, calling upon the princes of heaven to welcome the Lord of Glory on His solemn entry into His celestial kingdom.

But it may be regarded in a secondary sense as applicable to the triumph of the dearest and most perfect of His creatures—His Mother. After her Son's Ascension, she was left in this world to console and strengthen the infant Church. But the time had come when the divine decree summoned her from earth. Her exile was to come to an end; she was to be once more united with her Beloved One, and that forever, in bliss that should know no end.

Since the fall, Adam's descendants had been condemned to submit to that stern decree: "Dust thou art, and into dust thou shalt return." "In Adam all die," says St. Paul. The Blessed Mother, therefore, was not exempt from the universal law; yet death came to her in unusual guise. Immaculate from the first instant of her existence, death had no terrors for her; it came not in punishment, but rather as a boon for which she sighed; for it was

the means by which she was to be united forever with her Son and her God in His heavenly kingdom.

There were many reasons why it was fitting that Mary should pass away from this world by death. The first was this. Her Son, the second Adam, had submitted to death, that He might win life for men; His Mother, of all creatures most conformed to His example, must therefore imitate Him by dying. Another reason is to be found in the fact that she was given to mankind by Our Lord on the Cross to be their true Mother. Now, a mother's chief duties toward her children are to nourish, educate and protect. Mary nourishes her spiritual children by the graces she wins for them; she educates by her example, teaching them constant obedience to God's will; she protects them in life and in death. One prominent virtue which she teaches us is a glad conformity with the decree which calls upon all of us to submit to death; her most potent protection is that afforded to us in that dread hour.

The destined time arrived, then, when the Immaculate Virgin Mother was to leave this land of exile for the courts of heaven. Tradition tells that St. Peter and most of his colleagues, the Apostles, together with many of their disciples, watched around her couch at that last hour; and when the pure spirit had fled they bore the sacred body of that beloved Mother to the tomb prepared for its reception near the Garden of Gethsemani, and there laid it to rest. For three days angelic voices were heard chanting songs of joy and gladness at that tomb. One Apostle, St. Thomas, had been absent from Jerusalem; and, arriving after the burial, grieved much that he had lost the privilege of beholding for the last time, in company with his brethren, the features of her whom all revered and loved next only to their Divine Master Himself. To console him, the tomb was opened, that he might look upon and venerate the sacred remains; but it was found to be empty.

Heavenly odors filled it, indeed; but no trace was left of Mary's virginal body.

What, then, had taken place? Something foreshadowed ages before by the carrying up of the Ark to Jerusalem, with all the pomp and circumstance of David's solemn procession. In a very real sense she was the Ark of God. The Ark of old was formed of incorruptible wood; the Mother whose pure bosom had been the dwelling-place of God's Only-Begotten Son was always free from the taint of corruption wrought by Adam's transgression. The material Ark was overlaid both within and without with pure gold; Mary's interior life was resplendent with every virtue. Of her the psalmist sings: "The glory of the King's daughter is within in golden borders, clothed round about with varieties." Her life in the eyes of men, moreover, was a perfect example of holiness; she was "the Queen . . . in gilded clothing."

That 23d psalm, applied by the Church to Christ's glorious Ascension, may be fittingly adapted, as we have said, to Mary's entry into the courts of heaven. For as she had been in closest union with her Son on earth, conformed with Him in every virtue, she was to become conformed with Him also in His triumph after death. God would not suffer His "holy One to see corruption" in the tomb. After three days He would raise her to immortal life, and His angels would bear her to realms of bliss.

How far more magnificent that progress than the transfer of the material Ark of old! In place of David, King of the earthly Jerusalem, the "Prince of the kings of the earth" is foremost in welcoming her to the tabernacle prepared for her. No guard of honor composed of mere earthly warriors, however noble and distinguished, is worthy to escort her: hosts of radiant angels fill the expanse of heaven to do her honor. In place of the feeble strains of earthly melodies from human lips, the canticles of heaven resound, poured forth by angelic voices. Instead

of harp and psaltery and golden cymbal, are heard celestial harmonies of ravishing sweetness.

"Lift up your gates, O ye princes; and be ye lifted up, O eternal gates!" Such is the triumphant hymn of cohorts of angels soaring up from earth. They bear a far more precious burden than the priests who bore the Ark,—the Mother Immaculate, who gave to the Son of God His human body.

"Who is this that cometh up from the desert, flowing with delights?" cry the guardians of the golden ramparts of heaven. We may imagine the joyful response: "This is Mary, full of grace, and blessed among women. This is she whom all generations shall call blessed." Then, addressing her whom they bear aloft, they exclaim in accents of deepest reverence: "How beautiful art thou! . . . How beautiful art thou! Thou art all fair, . . . and there is not a spot in thee." "The King shall greatly desire thy beauty."

How loving and how joyful the welcome of the Eternal King! "Arise, make haste, my love, my dove, my beautiful one, and come. For winter is now past; the rain is over and gone; the flowers have appeared. . . . Show me thy face, let thy voice sound in my ears; for thy voice is sweet, and thy face comely." Then on, through the eternal gates the glittering concourse passes, even to the throne of the Great King. "And a throne was set for the King's mother, and she sat on his right hand." Thence she never ceases to petition her Divine Son for us, her erring children.

The festival of the glorious Assumption into heaven of the Mother of God is, as might well be expected, of ancient origin. It was kept in Jerusalem as early as the fifth century. Ancient records testify that before the seventh century it was observed in Rome. It was the custom to celebrate the fifteenth day of August in the Eternal City by a solemn procession in honor of the Blessed Virgin; this custom dates from the time of Pope St.

Sergius (687-701); it lasted for nearly a thousand years. The 15th of August, however, was not universally adopted for the celebration of the feast: in the East and in Gaul it was at one time kept in January.

As the Assumption is regarded as the most solemn of all Our Lady's festivals, since it celebrates the culminating point of her glory and greatness, it is preceded, like feasts of the highest rank, by a vigil and fast, and followed by an octave.

A glance at the liturgy shows that the antiphons for the Offices of Vespers and Lauds are proper to the feast. The last three only are taken from Holy Scripture, the others being specially composed for the festival. A translation may here be given of these antiphons.

1. "Mary is taken up into heaven, the angels rejoice, and bless God with songs of praise."

2. "The Virgin Mary is taken up into the bridal chamber of heaven, where the King of kings sitteth on His starry throne."

3. "We run after the odor of thine ointments. The maidens have loved thee exceedingly." (The virtues of Mary attract earnest souls, just as a sweet perfume delights the senses.)

4. "Blessed art thou, O daughter, by the Lord! For by thee we have partaken of the Fruit of Life."

5. "Fair and beautiful art thou, O daughter of Jerusalem; terrible as an army in battle array!"

Chapter and hymn at each of the two Offices are those common to most feasts of Our Lady. The versicle and response are proper:

V. "The Holy Mother of God is lifted up on high."

R. "Above the choirs of angels to the heavenly kingdom."

The antiphon for the *Magnificat* is very striking: "Virgin most prudent, whither goest thou, rosy as the dawn? Daughter of Sion, all beautiful and sweet art thou; fair as the moon, chosen as the sun."

The liturgy of the Mass is also proper

to this feast. The Introit is a song of triumphant joy: "Let us all rejoice in the Lord, celebrating a festival day in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary, for whose Assumption the angels rejoice and give praise to the Son of God." The psalm attached to it is that in which the Incarnation is foretold: "My heart hath uttered a good word: I speak my works to the King." It is the bridal song of the union of the divine and human nature in the birth of Christ; fittingly, therefore, does it form part of the liturgy of this feast, since Mary was the means whereby that sublime union was accomplished.

The Collect asks for mercy toward sinners, through Mary's intercession: "Pardon, we beseech Thee, O Lord, the sins of Thy servants; that we, who are not able to please Thee by our deeds, may be saved by the intercession of the Mother of Thy Son." It may seem somewhat strange that no immediate reference is made to the Assumption. The fact is that the chief prayer of the day was originally that said in Rome at the commencement of the procession once customary there. It runs as follows: "It behoves us to honor, O Lord, the solemnity of this day, whereon the Holy Mother of God suffered temporal death; yet she could not be held by the bonds of death, who of her own flesh brought forth Our Lord, Thy Son Incarnate."

The Epistle is a passage from Ecclesiasticus, prophetic of the graces which should shine in the soul of the Immaculate Virgin and her consequent exaltation: "In all things I sought rest, and I shall abide in the inheritance of the Lord. . . . He that made me rested in my tabernacle. . . . And so was I established in Sion, and in the holy city likewise I rested, and my power was in Jerusalem." The words recall the circumstances already alluded to, of the triumphant carrying of the Ark to David's city; they were literally fulfilled in the assumption of Our Lady to the realms of bliss. The text goes on to compare Mary with the cedar,

the cypress, a palm tree, a rose plant in Jericho, a fair olive tree, a plane tree by the water. Her example is likened to the sweet odors of cinnamon, balsam, and myrrh.

The Gradual is from the 44th psalm, which supplies the Introit. It sings of the perfections of Mary which led the King of kings to choose her for His bride. "Hearken, O daughter, and see, and incline thine ear; for the King hath greatly desired thy beauty," are the concluding words of this magnificent anthem. The Alleluia verse speaks of joy in heaven: "Alleluia! Mary is assumed into heaven. The host of angels rejoiceth."

The Gospel seems at first sight to have little bearing upon the feast. It relates the visit of Our Lord to the house of the sisters Martha and Mary, and the different way in which each entertained Him. Mary is praised for having chosen the better part, in sitting at the feet of Jesus and listening to His teaching. The two sisters represent the active and contemplative life. Our Lady combined both in a perfect degree; she ministered to His wants like Martha; and, like that other Mary, listened to His words, "pondering them in her heart." It is true of her that she "hath chosen the better part." She has received her reward already, in body as well as in soul, for her perfect acceptance of God's will.

The Offertory speaks again of the joy of the angels, so often alluded to on this glad day. The Communion verse expresses the gladness of the Church in the reunion of Mother and Son, in reward of Mary's fidelity: "Mary hath chosen for herself the better part, which shall not be taken from her for ever."

This great festival, while it gladdens our hearts because of the glimpses it gives us of the glory of our Mother and Queen, speaks to us in accents of encouragement and consolation. During this earthly pilgrimage, sorrows and troubles will press upon us; but if, like her, we unite our little sufferings with those of Christ our

Lord, they become changed by the power of His Cross into blessings. Sometimes, it may be, we grow faint and weary with the struggle against sin; if we but call upon our Heavenly Advocate, she will gain fresh strength for us. To her we trust for that precious grace of final perseverance. Our fidelity will be rewarded one day, in the measure which God shall see fit, by a share in Mary's bliss. One day, if only we be faithful, those jewelled gates of heaven—those "eternal gates"—will roll back for us; and for us, sinners though we may have been in the past, the angels will "rejoice, and give praise to the Son of God."

The Procession in "Little Italy."

BY E. M. WALKER.

IT played ten beautiful tunes. So highly polished was the case that a shortsighted or unobservant person might almost have supposed it to be real rose-wood. And yet the owner of this high-class piano organ could not sell it. It stood against the wall in his tiny room, taking up far more than its fair share of space; and he tried to look at it as seldom as possible, because the very sight of the organ made him feel homesick and miserable. You must know that the doctors at the hospital had forbidden him to take it out again, under penalty of another attack of rheumatic fever; and when one has been used to an adventurous tramping of the streets, it is very hard indeed to have to stop at home.

There was no choice, however, for Bernardo now. He sat in the open doorway, very stiff and hot and uncomfortable, bearing up as well as he could against the moist, sultry July weather, and longing for the clearer atmosphere and drier heat of his native land.

Presently Giulia, his wife, came and sat down on the step beside him. She glanced compassionately at his poor twisted hands,

"Ah!" sighed Bernardo. "It is hard to grow old and have nothing to look forward to. If only Luigi had lived, he would be a big lad now, and quite able to push the organ. We had only one child, and he was taken away from us."

"If he had lived, he might not have been able to help us: he might only have been a care," replied Giulia, thoughtfully. "One never knows."

They sat silent for a moment, then Giulia said:

"Next week is the Madonna's procession. Perhaps she will take pity on us."

"You ask her, then," said the man. "She doesn't attend to me." After a pause, he added: "And how are we to get on till next week? There is nothing more we can sell."

"That is true," agreed his wife.

He hesitated.

"Yes, there is one thing," he murmured: "your fine dress that you wear on Sundays; that would fetch something."

"O Bernardo, I must keep that!" she whispered, distressed.

"You could slip out early to Mass in your old clothes," he objected. "Anything does for that. If God is what you say, He understands, surely."

Bernardo spoke fretfully. He was naturally inclined to be sceptical, and poverty and ill health had not served to strengthen his faith.

"I want my dress for the procession," declared Giulia, with unwonted firmness. "I have never once missed walking in it for fifteen years."

"Take the sheets off the bed and sell them, then," said Bernardo. "They're the last pair, but one can sleep without sheets."

"I can spare one," observed his wife; "the other I need for the procession."

"Again the procession! But what is the good of a sheet? Are you mad?"

"My friend, the little lamp is broken and there is no money to buy another: we can not spare even a copper toward candles or flags; but a nice white shining

sheet hanging out of a window,—it is not much, certainly; but it is better than nothing, and Our Lady will see that we have done our best."

"Wife," said Bernardo, "I can understand going without food oneself to feed those who are poorer still, but you are arranging that we should starve ourselves for a mere sentiment. It is stupid."

"Ah, my Bernardo, do you remember that week when we lived on crusts and water, and all because I could not bring myself to part with the wedding ring you gave me long ago?"

"It was very silly, but I loved you for it," admitted Bernardo. "And it came right in the end. Well, you must do as you please,—you always do, though."

The Sunday within the Octave of the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel dawned bright and sunny, and the inhabitants of the Italian Quarter were astir early; for it was the great day of the year to them. It is a strange locality, that restricted corner of huge, murky London which goes by the name of "Little Italy," and which lies between the Farringdon Road and the Clerkenwell Road. Here, in this haunt of piano-organ grinders, ice-cream vendors, and mosaic workers, you come upon types from every part of Italy. The majority are, on the whole, honest, industrious, ingenious workers; but many, it is to be feared, fall within the class of mendicants and vagabonds. Here, members of Nihilist secret societies jostle up against Franciscan Tertiaries, passing the time of day pleasantly when they meet; for have not all the same brown skin and dark eyes? And do not all share the same sense of exile, though they may know nothing of one another's hidden life.

Giulia had hung out the white sheet; but, the window being very narrow, she had been obliged to fold it in three. On the window-sill she had placed a tin mug, with a strip of blessed palm in it and two red paper roses. Really, it looked very effective. Bernardo sat on a chair in the

doorway, so that he could command the street, signalling every now and then with his long, thin arms to the old peasant woman with the fortune-telling love-birds across the way.

The procession was not to start till half-past three, but Giulia had been ready since two o'clock. She was very picturesque in her bright blue skirt and short bodice all covered with tinsel. Over her dark hair fell a brilliant yellow handkerchief, and her full white sleeves of homespun linen she had starched and ironed herself. She ought by right to have worn a long gold chain and pendant earrings. These, alas! were missing. Long ago they had found their way to the pawn shop. Still, the rest of the costume was complete, and Giulia looked almost beautiful. She would have been quite beautiful only that, like most Italian women as years go by, she had grown a little too stout. It had been a struggle to get the dress to meet.

Be that as it may, she walked proudly in her place among her countrywomen, just behind the banner of Our Lady of Mount Carmel; and ever as she went she murmured: "*Madonna del Carmine, prega per noi.*" Then the band in front struck up, and she joined in the singing with her clear, vibrating Italian voice:

O bella mia speranza
Dolce amor mio, Maria,
Tu sei la vita mia,
La pace mia sei tu.

In questo mar del mondo
Tu sei l'amica stella,
Che puoi la navicella
Dell' alma mia salvar.

Undeniably, it was a fine procession. There were four bands and innumerable banners, and a beautiful statue of the Blessed Mother of God borne shoulder-high. The spotless white surplices of the acolytes and altar boys were succeeded by the bright blue cloaks of the Children of Mary and the flowing red robes of the men's Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament. In and out of the narrow, hilly, roughly-paved streets wound the long

procession, passing along the Clerkenwell Road, and then turning up Eyre Street Hill and into Great Bath Street, until it had made the whole round of the Italian Quarter and regained the starting point—the Church of St. Peter in Hatton Garden. And almost everywhere, no matter how crowded the court, how dark the alley, the home had been cleaned up for the occasion; the strings of onions and nets of garlic had been laid aside, and at least some attempt made at decoration. As if by magic, the dingy, sordid streets had been transformed into a sort of fairyland, and everywhere one saw triumphal arches and garlands of flowers and fluttering draperies and colored lamps.

Bernardo was by no means a religious man, but he, too, was infected by the prevailing enthusiasm. He whispered a prayer as the procession passed, and thought how pretty his wife looked.

When the last detachment of the men of the parish, walking bareheaded, had disappeared round the corner, the street was almost deserted; for everyone made a rush in the direction of the church. Then it was that Bernardo noticed a stranger standing in front of his door. He, too, was an Italian; but he was tall and thin, pale and melancholy-looking, a very different type of man from Bernardo; and he was dressed like a gentleman.

"A pretty sight!" he murmured, speaking in Italian and looking at Bernardo.

"Magnificent, Signor! Nowhere else in London would it be possible. These people have no eye for color. It needs us Italians to arrange a thing like that."

The newcomer smiled.

"You are not going to follow?" he asked.

"Alas, no, Signor! My poor legs are too stiff. This cursed climate!"

"Ah, friend, we all have our troubles!"

"Perhaps," said Bernardo, doubtfully.

What troubles indeed could he have,—this well-groomed gentleman in a fine black coat? *He* did not look as if he had ever had to live on crusts and water, and

it seemed very unlikely that any of his belongings were in pawn.

Meanwhile the stranger continued looking at Bernardo.

"I should like to come inside," he said. "May I,—for the sake of old times, you know? I was brought up in this quarter."

"Indeed! Please do come in, Signor. I am honored."

The stranger crossed the threshold, and was accommodated with a wooden chair. He had to balance himself on it with precaution, because it possessed only three legs. When he was seated, he glanced all round him with interest. In spite of the obscurity, the exceeding bareness of the room was only too apparent.

"You don't rent the whole house, of course?" he remarked.

"Oh, no, Signor! Only this kitchen and a little room behind. Upstairs are other tenants,—unsatisfactory, rowdy people,—Neapolitans."

"You have a piano organ, I see."

"Yes, I have an organ, but it is no use to me. I am too ill to take it out any more, and it is too heavy for my wife, and we lost our only child, our Luigi. We might hire a boy, to be sure. But there! it would not be worth while. Times are bad, Signor. These people are unmusical, and they are getting worse. Why, there are streets and streets now where we are not even allowed to play. They are forever after money, or else they want to sleep, and it seems a tune distracts them."

"Well, if it is of no use to you, you ought to sell your organ. But perhaps you do not like to part with it. I can understand that."

"I would part with it fast enough, Signor, if I could only find a purchaser. But who would buy a piano organ nowadays? I fear the time is gone by for them. And, to speak the truth, mine is rather old-fashioned."

"What would you take for it?"

"It cost me sixteen pounds," replied Bernardo, suddenly cautious; "but I would take four."

Only the other day he had been told that he would be lucky if he got fifteen shillings for the organ, but he did not think it necessary to mention this.

"Done!" said his new friend. "I will give you ten pounds for it. It is at least five times as much as it is worth."

Bernardo opened his eyes wide. He wondered if there were a catch somewhere.

"You needn't be afraid," observed the stranger. "I am prepared to pay cash down." (He drew out his purse.) "Here are two sovereigns. It is all the money I have about me at the moment. But I will come to-morrow night and bring you the balance, and arrange to have the organ fetched away."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Bernardo, whose quick Southern nature did not allow him to be cautious for long. "It is too good to be true. Giulia will say that it is the Madonna. Perhaps she is right."

"Very likely," said the stranger. "Is Giulia your wife?"

"Yes, Signor."

"I had a wife once, but she died long ago, while I was still a poor man. I have been very lonely since."

"I am sorry," said Bernardo.

The stranger sat hugging his knees with his hands, his melancholy eyes fixed on Bernardo. It was at once sad and soothing to him to sit there in the dark little room, with the narrow doorway to his left, and outside the hot July sunshine falling on the strings of paper flowers that hung across the street. He was not naturally a communicative man, but the familiar surroundings and the company of a compatriot broke through his habitual reserve.

"I shall be glad to have an organ," he mused. "I have an ice-cream barrow and a scissor-grinding machine and a chestnut roaster—oh, and other things too! I keep them all in an empty attic at the top of my house; and when the rooms downstairs seem too grand and too desolate, I go to the attic and try to get back to the past. Every now and then, too, I come and wander round the quarter where I lived

as a boy. To-day it was the Sunday of the procession, so I came."

"I am glad you came," said Bernardo. "It has been a good day for us."

"I am glad, too. To do others a good turn, to try and make them happy,—that is all that is left when one is quite alone."

"Since you came, I am happy," said Bernardo, simply.

The stranger looked at him enviously.

"That is well," he said. "Good-bye! I will come again to-morrow and bring you the eight pounds; then I shall hope to see your wife. My name is Salvatori,—perhaps you have heard of me."

Bernardo shook his head.

"Never mind. I am a rich man, and I own the second biggest restaurant in London; though I started with a hired barrow, two pennyworth of cracked eggs, a gallon of milk, and a lump of ice,—ice-cream, you know."

"You've had wonderful luck."

"Wonderful, indeed!" echoed Salvatori, half sarcastically. "Yet, for all that, I wish it were to begin over again."

"Oh, why?" cried Bernardo, rather incredulously.

"Why!—why! How can I tell? Why does one feel homesick?"

"Because one wants the sunshine," answered Bernardo, gravely.

When, half an hour later, Giulia returned, she met with an excited greeting:

"Quick, wife!" cried Bernardo. "Go out and buy some macaroni and a bit of ham to boil with it. And we'll have some strong *stracchino* cheese and some figs and a bottle of chianti; for while you've been out, Madonna has sent me some money and I mean to keep the *festa*."

"My poor Bernardo, you are crazy!"

"Oh, no, I am not crazy! There are eight pounds more coming to-morrow—for the organ, you know."

"Just hear him!" cried Giulia, lifting her hands.

All the same, it was true. The sight of the two sovereigns finally convinced her.

There was singing and dancing till late

that night in the Italian Quarter; and much throwing of *confetti* and playing of *morra*, a queer, noisy game, in which one uses both one's eyes and all one's fingers. Fairy lamps gleamed before every humble statue and picture of the Madonna and the dear Bambino, whose kind, indulgent eyes smiled down tolerantly on all the innocent and childlike fun. Even Ugo, the Nihilist, forgot his bloodthirsty schemes for the moment, and sat smoking his curved reed pipe, at peace with all the world.

Bernardo and Giulia kept the *festa* in sober fashion. When they had finished their evening meal, they sat together in the gathering dusk, the husband's hand resting in the wife's, and they talked. Bernardo admitted that there might be something in prayer, after all. Then he said:

"To have so much money and yet not be contented! Why, he could take the ship to Italy to-morrow if he wanted to. But he buys chestnut roasters and scissor-grinding machines, and sits among them and feels lonely—lonely! Who can understand it?"

"I can understand it quite well," replied Giulia, her dark eyes very gentle. "You are as blind as a bat, Bernardo. How should a big house satisfy any one? Men's hearts are not so made. Let us say a prayer for the poor Signor before we go to bed. When he comes to-morrow, he will know that I understand him, and then he will feel better."

Not two miles distant, a man was sitting alone in an attic at the top of his grand mansion, his arms resting on an old ice-cream barrow. Presently his head fell forward and he closed his eyes. Sleep came to him, and dreams; and he was back again, a ragged boy, threading the narrow streets of "Little Italy." Thus to Salvatori also the *festa* brought its moments of brief happiness.

REPUTATION is what men and women think of us; character is what God and the angels know of us.

Lady Day in Ireland.

BY P. J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

THROUGH the long August day, mantled blue
 with a sky of Our Lady,
 They are there at the well from the dawn
 till the sea birds go home;
 And the trees bending down with broad leaves
 offer spots that are shady,
 Where the heart is at rest, sighing prayers
 till the shadows are come.

The brown beads and the crucifix pass in pro-
 cession through fingers
 That are pale as the snow or are hardened
 from labor and pain.

In each *Ave* they whisper the deep Celtic tender-
 ness lingers,
 Like a sweet phrase in song that is echoed and
 echoed again.

Marching down the white road with the sun in
 the noon of his splendor
 Are the children, with joy in the blue of their
 innocent eyes;

In their hearts is a song, breaking forth into
 words that are tender,
 Unto her with the gold of the stars and the
 blue of the skies.

In the still summer air there's a chorus of min-
 strelsy breaking,
 There are flashes of gold with a flutter and
 waving of wings:

Mary's birds are they, come with the dawn, all
 the green woods forsaking,
 Every heart in them breaking for love with
 the message it brings.

Through the calm August day, with Our Lady's
 blue sky far above them,
 And beyond the grey mountains where slum-
 bers the Irish green sea,

There they speak to her, weep while they pray
 to her, beg her to love them,
 Till beyond the bright stars where their home
 and their treasure shall be.

Marly-le-Roi: Its Memories and Charms.

BY M. BARRY O'DELANY.

(CONCLUSION.)

ANOTHER curious coincidence is
 called to mind by the arms of
 Saint Thibault. They show that his mother,
 Mathilde de Châteaufort, was grand-
 daughter of Isabelle de Courtenay, from
 whose race the Latin emperors of Con-
 stantinople were descended; so that
 Baldwin II., who gave the Crown of
 Thorns to Saint Louis, was of the same
 blood as Saint Thibault of Marly, and
 was, indeed, through the De Courtenays,
 himself related to the King of France.
 It is, therefore, appropriate in every
 way that there should be relics of the
 Passion at Marly-le-Roi, and that they
 should be preserved upon the altar of
 Saint Louis.

Speaking of this altar, it is interesting
 to remember that the origin of the royal
 arms of Saint Louis—three fleurs-de-lis—
 can be traced back to the days when
 Clovis and his saintly wife, Clotilde, lived
 in the Castle of Montjoye. This historic
 castle was built by Clovis, on the borders
 of the forest of Marly, to commemorate
 his victory of Conflans, won close by.
 The name given to the castle by the
 chroniclers of the time is "Mons Gaudii,"
 or Mount of Joy. It was built upon a
 hill, at the base of which was a valley
 called "Gaudium in Valle," or Joy in the
 Valley, which became in course of time
 Joyenval. And it was in this valley that
 the holy "Hermit of Jouvenal" lived.
 Queen Clotilde often assisted at his Mass,
 celebrated in a little chapel dedicated to
 Saint Denis; and it was at his suggestion
 that Clovis replaced the pagan emblems
 on his standard with a bed of lilies, which
 was eventually altered to three lilies, in
 honor of the Adorable Trinity. This was
 the origin of the famous Oriflamme of
 France, the royal standard, which was
 first taken into battle from the above-

COLERIDGE described conscience "as
 the court of equity established by God
 in man."

mentioned little Chapel of Saint Denis, and later on from the Abbey of Saint Denis, with shouts of "Montjoye!—Saint Denis!"

When the old Chapel of Saint Denis fell to ruin, the stately Abbey de Prémontrés was erected upon its site, in commemoration of these historic souvenirs. But the abbey was partly destroyed by the English during the Hundred Years' War; and the French themselves completed the work of destruction during the Revolution. A fountain, known as "La Fontaine des Lis," and also as "La Fontaine de Sainte Clotilde," stands to this very day close to the site of the ancient abbey. A relic of the holy Queen is kept in Marly church,—the shrine representing a bed of lilies.

Marly derives its name from the Latin word *marla*, a sort of clay found in the neighborhood. The first official mention of it appears in a time-discolored parchment that was found in the binding of an old book belonging to the Abbey of Saint Germain des Prés. This parchment, written from Bougival, and dated April 25, 697, speaks of some land in Marly which Waldromar, Abbot of Saint Germain des Prés, exchanged with a nobleman named Adalric. As early as 1085 mention is made of one Hervé de Montmorency, who was "Sire de Marly." It was then divided into two estates—namely, Marly-le-Castle and Marly-le-Bourg, or Marly Castle and Marly Village.

But its real renown dates from the latter portion of the reign of Louis XIV. Then it was that that monarch, fatigued by the affairs of State, sought a quiet spot where he could find refuge from the pomp and etiquette he had himself established at Versailles. After many excursions in the surrounding country, his choice fell at length upon a narrow valley, between two steep hills, near the village of Marly. He at once purchased Marly-le-Castle, and soon after Marly-le-Bourg was added to the royal possessions; the owner, the Comte de Pontchartrain, re-

ceiving the estate of Neauphle-le-Châtel in exchange.

It was not the King's original intention, however, that his retreat at Marly should be anything more than a small hermitage,—"*un rien*," as Saint-Simon tells us in his "*Mémoires*." But his love of pomp and ceremony soon made Louis abandon all his modest plans; with the result that Marly became the rival of Versailles, from point of view of magnificence, and its superior in taste and elegance. Courtiers vied with one another for the honor of being invited to Marly, and "*tout courtisan désirait être de Marly*" was a favorite saying of the time. To be of Versailles was simply to be of the court; but to be of Marly was equivalent to being numbered among the intimates of royalty. While a guest at Marly, Racine wrote to Boileau: "The King is very free and kind here. One might say that at Versailles he belongs entirely to business, and that here he belongs to himself and his own pleasures."

The accounts of the lightning-like transformation of Marly into Marly-le-Roi, or the King's Marly, read like the exploits of some genius of the Arabian Nights, or fairy queen. Palaces, groves, velvety lawns, and gleaming statues rose "as if from the stroke of the enchanter's wand," where hills or wild waste land had been before. The impatience of the King to see his wishes carried out was equalled only by the rapidity with which his plans were executed. No expense was spared in the erection of the wonderful palace, of which only a few ivy-grown and crumbling walls remain to-day; nor was anything left undone that could enhance its beauty. A hill obstructed the view of the silver Seine, and of the Château of Saint Germaine-en-Laye, where Louis XIV. was born, and where James II. (who often visited the King at Marly) lived while in exile; and the offending hill was promptly levelled to the ground. Full-grown trees were brought from all parts of France and planted at Marly; changing, in a few

days, sheets of water into forests where the light could hardly penetrate. Thousands of these trees died on the spot, only to be immediately replaced by others; while the forests already existing were as quickly transformed into glassy lakes or leaping fountains. "Millions," says Saint-Simon, "were thus wasted to force nature,—or, it would not be too much to say, billions."

Madame de Maintenon, "the grave wife who ruled the ruler in his latter years," deeply deplored this wild extravagance, especially as it was indulged in at a moment when there was much privation and misery of every kind amongst the poor of France. In a letter dated July 19, 1698, she wrote from Marly to Cardinal de Noailles, then Archbishop of Paris: "I have displeased in a conversation on buildings, and have made the King angry without any result. They are again building a pavilion here, at a cost of 100,000 pounds. Marly will soon be another Versailles. There is nothing left to do but to pray and suffer."

Yet Louis had much confidence in hismorganatic wife, and had a very high opinion of her good sense, and indeed sought her counsel and advice on most occasions. "*Qu'en pense votre solidité?*" was his usual way of asking for her view of whatever question happened to be uppermost at the moment. But Marly was his hobby, and not even Madame de Maintenon could turn him from it. The King's Marly was destined to ride over every obstacle till its day of doom, when it should fall, never to rise again, with the dynasty to which it owed its glory and renown.

The far-famed Palace of Marly-le-Roi was designed by Mansard, the King's architect, the devices on the walls being executed by the no less celebrated Lebrun. It was composed of thirteen pavilions, each a palace in itself. The central and largest, where the King resided, was intended to represent the sun. On either side of it were six smaller pavilions, alle-

gorical of the twelve stages of the sun; while the signs of the zodiac, and other emblems bearing on the glories of the sun, appeared in frescoes on the walls. The groves and alleys of the immense park, in the midst of which the palace stood, were lined with lime trees, and each had its own sculptured god. But perhaps the most remarkable feature of all was the quantity and profuseness of the water; the basins and fountains alone holding about 77,805 gallons. This enormous supply was conveyed to the royal park by means of the gigantic aqueduct at Marly-le-Machine, which had been constructed by the Chevalier Cunod to bring water to Versailles, but was eventually practically monopolized by the King for Marly. It gave as much as 1,302,000 gallons of water in twenty-four hours; which, however, was not sufficient to feed all the reservoirs. After a day and a night of ceaseless pumping, the basins would show only three inches of water. When it had played into all the basins, the water flowed into the vast *abrevoir*, or horse pond, which is one of the few remaining vestiges of the fallen château that still bear witness to its former grace and grandeur.

Among the magnificent statues that once ornamented the *abrevoir* were two marble groups by Couston, representing rearing horses being tamed,—one by a Frenchman, and the other by an American. They were rescued at the outbreak of the Revolution, when the Château of Marly was levelled to the ground, and stand to-day at the entrance to the Champs Elysées. The winged horses, bearing Fame blowing a trumpet, that are now at the entrance to the Tuileries Gardens, also once adorned the *abrevoir*. But the vast majority of the statues and ornamental fountains were destroyed. The extent of the work of devastation may be inferred from the fact that the Revolutionists extracted no less than 1,335,726 pounds of lead, bronze, and tin, from the ruined statues and waterworks alone.

The forest of Marly covers over eight miles of ground, and is, in many respects, the same now as it was in the days of "le Roi Soleil." Here the heir of France played with his mates, "Desired" and "Well-Beloved"; and here, too, Saint-Simon paced "with prudent tongue and still more prudent ear"; and here Marie Leczinska, the saintly wife of Louis XV., "mourned through long years of worse than widowhood," to quote B. Parkes-Belloc, in "La Belle France." The same writer thus sums up the past and present of once royal Marly:

To these dark groves a royal footstep came,
And all the woods awoke. Huge stems were felled
To let in vistas of the winding Seine,
While midway on the hill the walls arose
Of the King's house; and round about his own
Were twelve pavilions set, zodiacal
Unto the King's, which was the central sun.

.
Marly-le-Roi

Is utterly desolate now; and not a trace
Of the pavilion of the central sun,
Nor of the other twelve—zodiacal—
Exists above the soil.

Before the establishment of the opera in France, ballet dancing was the favorite amusement of the court,—a sort of pantomimical dance being formed on proverbs. Louis XIV. himself was a frequent performer on such occasions. A record of a *ballet des proverbes dansé par le roi*, in 1654, is still extant. One day, however, when Louis assisted at a performance of *Britannicus*, he was struck by the verse beginning:

Par tout ambition, pour vertu singulière,
Il excelle à conduire un char dans le carrière,
A disputer des prix indignes de ses mains,
A se donner lui-même en spectacle aux Romains.

Louis took the lines deeply to heart, applied them to himself, and never danced upon the stage again. But he retained his fondness for the theatre up to the last, nevertheless; and the theatre at Marly was in keeping with its princely surroundings. The spot where it stood is known as the Place de la Comédie, and also as the Théâtre de la Nature; it is in the very depths of the forest, and not far from

the ruins of the château. Open-air performances are now enacted on the site of the old theatre, the first Paris artists taking part in the representations.

But although "le Roi Soleil" gave up ballet dancing eventually, as being beneath his dignity, he could be humble enough in other ways when there was anything to be gained by it. Thus, in 1709, when, owing to the ruinous expenses of his foreign wars, he was reduced to the last extremity for lack of ready money, no banker could be found willing to lend him any. The celebrated Jewish financier, Samuel Bernard, was appealed to, but in vain. The King was in despair. The Minister Desmarts, however, still hoped. "Samuel is vain," he said to his royal master. "If your Majesty will only flatter him a little, we'll have him." Shortly after Desmarts summoned the Jew to Marly-le-Roi, on the pretext of having some business to transact with him. But scarcely was Bernard seated in the Minister's cabinet, when the doors of the apartment were thrown open and the King of France entered. He saluted Samuel with a sweet and gracious smile, and inquired after his family in a most engaging way. Then, while Samuel almost prostrated himself before him, he added kindly: "By the way, you are just the man to have never seen Marly. Come with me and I will show it to you myself."

The delighted Hebrew needed no second bidding, and then and there made the tour of Marly with the proudest sovereign of the day for his guide. The King walked by his side, spoke only to him, took him everywhere, and showed him everything; while the astonished courtiers whispered amongst themselves, unable to understand such extraordinary condescension. When the King retired, Bernard went back to Desmarts; and that wily Minister, wishing to strike the iron while it was hot, again broached the subject of the loan; and this time Samuel did not even think of refusing. "I would prefer to risk ruining myself," he exclaimed, "than leave for

a moment in embarrassment a prince who has overwhelmed me with honors!" So Louis got the money. But he had to stoop for it first; which shows that "le Roi Soleil" did not differ so very much from ordinary mortals, after all.

Victorien Sardou wrote many of his plays at Marly, in his picturesque residence, once the château of a minister of Louis XV.; and the inhabitants of Marly, in gratitude for the services he had rendered to the town, erected a memorial to him in the Hôtel de Ville. It is ornamented with fresco reproductions of two pictures by Martin, which hung in Sardou's drawing-room, and which were views of Marly before and during the reign of Louis XIV. Victorien Sardou's tomb is by far the most imposing in the quiet little cemetery of Marly.

It was at Marly-le-Roi also that Alexander Dumas—the famous son of a famous father—lived for years, and where his widow still lives. The house, "Le Champ-fleur," was left to him by M. de Leuven, author of "Le Postillon de Longumeau," who was a great admirer of his literary talents.

"Le Roi Soleil" is only a name and a memory at Marly now. But the sun, that asks no earthly monarch's leave to rise or set, still shines through the spreading branches of its stately woods, and slants upon the ruined walls and crumbling fountains that tell of its glorious but long perished past. And who that thinks upon those bygone glories, and contrasts them with the present desolation and decay of royal Marly, can help recalling the solemn words that once echoed through Saint Denis' vaulted aisles, and sounded clarion-like above the gorgeous catafalque on which the King of France lay dead,—the words of the sonorous-voiced Massillon: "*Dieu seul est grand!*"

In human affairs, all the truly great powers are forces so quiet and move so close to the ground that their existence is often unsuspected,—*D. G. Phillips.*

The Flaw in the Title.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXXII.

WHEN the day for the meeting came, no one would have supposed, from the appearance of the Manor or its inhabitants, that anything of vital importance was occurring there. Sylvester, who saw all the members of the family assembled in the library at the appointed hour, was apparently as calm and composed as upon any ordinary morning; and, in truth, the signs of growing age and infirmity—"the heavy fine imposed on length of days"—had been occasioned far less by the business of that morning than by the blow that had preceded it.

John Watkin, who had taken his place in the smoking car coming out from town, was amazed when he met Angela Roscoe upon the platform at the station. He advanced eagerly to shake hands with her,—the more gratified by the encounter from the fact that for days previously she had kept herself entirely out of his way. He had not had so much as a glimpse of her; and had received but one brief note, in which she had informed him that it was better to leave the matter of their future entirely in *status quo* for the present, since other affairs just then required all her attention. She ended, however, by giving him the assurance that later, if he were still in the same mind, she would be glad to entertain his proposal.

When he saw her upon the platform, it never occurred to him to associate her with the business on which he had been summoned to the Manor, and of which he had heard with the deepest concern and regret.

"You are not, by any chance," he said, "bound in my direction?"

"Yes, I am," Angela replied, with an inscrutable smile,—"*if your destination be Birmingham Manor.*"

Watkin wondered, and it flashed into his mind that she had chosen a singularly unpropitious time if she wished to confer again with Rebecca Flaherty. But he would not for worlds have suggested such an idea. He merely said:

"Why, strangely enough, I'm bound there, too!" And then he added, involuntarily: "How well you are looking!"

He was struck, in fact, by the improvement in her appearance. She was handsomely, even richly dressed; and she had the knack of wearing her clothes well. Her whole aspect was unaccountably transformed. She was rejuvenated, in the sense that the harsh lines of her face had relaxed, her eyes shone, her lips smiled. Hers was more than ever an attractive personality, and more than ever it attracted John Watkin.

But their interview was short. For, though they drove up together in the carriage from the Manor, they were accompanied by the lawyers; with both of whom, somewhat to Watkin's surprise, Angela seemed already acquainted. To them, moreover, she addressed most of her conversation, which was bright, sparkling, and that of a woman who had mixed freely with the world.

It was only when all were assembled in the library that John Watkin, with actual bewilderment and a sharp sense of pain, became aware that Angela Roscoe had been shown into the room; that she was, therefore, in some way connected with the business under discussion; and that he and she were apparently in opposite camps. For Angela sat calm and smiling beside that lawyer who, Watkin knew, represented the claimant.

Perhaps upon no one present did the revelations which were made fall with greater force than upon John Watkin. Apart from his sympathy with the Birminghams, he perceived at once how his introduction of Angela must now appear to the family at the Manor; and it also occurred to him, with a growing resentment, that Angela had deliberately made

use of him to further her own schemes. He learned, too, with intense surprise, that she was the widow of a Birmingham, and that her father had been the tutor whose disappearance had so mystified the previous generation. Then he began in his slow fashion to piece out a chain of retrospection,—Angela's unusual interest in the Manor, and her ability to supply details to his description thereof, which he had attributed, at the time, to her powers of imagination.

But from these considerations, of special interest to himself, he could not help turning presently to observe, with interest and admiration, the demeanor of the other actors in the drama. Phyllis, whose pure, lovely face was set off so admirably by the simple mourning garb, her eyes sweet and serious, sat and watched the course of affairs, so vitally important to herself, with her accustomed serenity. Of himself, as Watkin was uncomfortably conscious, she had taken no notice whatever, after her first ceremonious bow; and the man of affairs writhed under the idea that she despised him. He let his eyes pass on to Petronilla, gentle and tranquil as the moonbeams that fall in quiet places; and Mrs. Mark, following the progress of affairs with keen attention; and Mark himself, whose jovial countenance was so subdued and saddened; and Amy, who, despite her sorrow and its visible effects upon her, could not help giving vent to her indignation in defiant glances cast upon Angela, and in an occasional hasty exclamation.

But, next to Phyllis, the interest of the scene, to Watkin's mind, settled upon Sylvester, who in his old age, and after the heavy bereavement he had suffered, was thus called upon to give up the honors and dignities and much of the wealth he had enjoyed. To Watkin, his attitude was, as the latter expressed it to himself, magnificent. Simply and inflexibly just, he refused to take advantage of any quibbles of the law, or even pretexts for delay. He even outstripped

Angela and her legal adviser, in the demand that everything should be done to establish the claim which, he had been convinced, was valid.

"It was never my desire," he said calmly, "to possess myself of the inheritance of another. At the time of my uncle's disappearance, every effort was made to discover his whereabouts. These attempts were renewed at various intervals, and especially when I succeeded to the Manor, as my solicitor here can testify. I again set in motion all such machinery as might bring to light my uncle or his heirs, if such were in existence. I think," he added, turning to his lawyer, "that you can support me in this assertion."

The lawyer warmly replied that every possible step had indeed been taken, and with an almost Quixotic eagerness, to further such results. The care that the missing man had taken to cover up his traces had, each time, defeated those attempts.

"For some years past," continued Sylvester, "I have been the recipient of anonymous communications which took the form of a simple warning. Only recently did I discover their author."

He did not so much as glance at Angela, nor in any way implicate the woman, whose attitude just then was one of mental defiance to the whole assembled company,—to Amy, who openly showed her dislike and distrust of her in the glances which she threw from time to time in her direction; to Phyllis, whose attitude of calm serenity somehow aggravated her; to the others, who were all, as was inevitable, against her in their secret thoughts; to Sylvester, though he stood out so stoutly for the justice of her son's claim; and to Watkin, who never so much as glanced in her direction, and whose condition of mind she could guess.

Angela, however, took the initiative, and remarked calmly:

"Do not hesitate, my dear sir, to say that I was the author of those warnings."

Sylvester bowed gravely, and everyone else in the room turned an involuntary glance upon her, save John Watkin. He looked down at the floor, with a fierce anger burning in his heart toward her, who had been thus conspiring against his closest friend without permitting him an inkling of her design; while he had believed her so harmless, so inoffensive. "Then I the more deceived!" was the burden of his thoughts, though he did not express them poetically; and this leaven of self was mingled, it must be owned, with generous indignation at her plotting against the venerable head of the Manor and his dead friend.

Possibly he was less than just to Angela, who, after all, had in view a justifiable end—the re-establishment of her son in the inheritance that his father had lost,—even if her means were somewhat questionable. Perhaps if she had been acquainted with the true nature of the Birmingham's, she might long before, and without so much circumlocution, have appealed at once to their sense of justice; in which case she would have assuredly found in them generous advocates of her son's claim. But a long experience of life, overshadowed by fear and concealment, had caused distrust to become ingrained in her heart, with a strong antipathy to the rich and powerful, and a belief that she had no chance against them; so that she had chosen craft as her most ready and reliable weapon.

In the woman's nature there, nevertheless, remained ingredients that enabled her to appreciate at their full value Sylvester's attitude, and that which, as she now conjectured, would have been likewise that of Grenville. While it occasioned her a slight sensation that was almost remorse, it also afforded her a curious satisfaction. She had so long identified herself with the Birminghams, and lived as it were mentally in the shadow of their greatness, that whatever tended to exalt them was peculiarly grateful to her. This was one of the many inconsistencies of her character:

another of which was the giving a religious education to her son while she herself had practically lost her faith.

After Angela had admitted the authorship of the letters and had mentioned their contents, and Sylvester had explained that each time he had made, through his lawyer, renewed efforts to find the writer of them, the attorneys proceeded to business. Nor was this of long duration, since the Birmingham lawyer had been busy upon the case, and in communication with the opposing attorney, ever since Angela's visit to Sylvester. The chain of evidence was practically complete; and Angela related, with unconscious dramatic effect, how the documents attesting the claim had been threatened with destruction when she had sent Rebecca with them to the New World, to be delivered to a devoted cousin (always known as her brother). The latter had been instructed to take the first steps in the proceedings which had now been instituted. But by an untoward happening he had failed to find Rebecca, and had taken sick and died in a hospital. Then followed that long search, and the strange chance by which the woman had been at last located at Birmingham Manor and as the wife of an old retainer of the family.

Rebecca, so Angela explained, had been aware that she had in her possession something of extreme value, about which she was bidden to observe secrecy; but had, of course no knowledge of its actual nature, much less that it was associated with the dwelling to which she had come on her marriage with Flaherty. She had suffered, in fact, much anxiety of mind because of the mysterious charge which had been laid upon her by that imperious woman on the other side of the water, who had terrified her with threats of what would happen if the box were mislaid or fell into the wrong hands. Faithful, though timorous and unenterprising, Rebecca had found herself lost in the whirlpool of a great city; but had clung to the box until she was finally traced by Angela,

and had, with immense relief, given it into the latter's hands.

In all those years Angela had execrated herself for having allowed any one else but herself to cross the ocean with those precious papers. At the time when she had talked with Watkin at the Hoboken Ferry, and had heard that old Williams was still surviving, she had momentarily resolved to proceed straight to the Manor, and with his help seek to establish her claim, irrespective of the papers. This project she had afterward abandoned as likely to prove futile, and had continued, instead, her apparently hopeless quest.

That explanation regarding Rebecca, it may be observed in passing, was a relief to Phyllis, since nobody likes to think of conspirators in the household; nor that the shy and quiet Mrs. Flaherty, the wife of a trusted retainer, was one of them. She glanced at John Watkin, and colored faintly as she met his eye; for she had just been asking herself if he, too, could be exonerated from the charge of complicity in Angela Roscoe's schemes.

But the surprises of that day, which to most of those in that room had been many and great, were not yet ended. One after another they had been introduced with a curiously dramatic effect. And not the least of them was yet to come.

(To be continued.)

THERE must be a hidden and especial malice in gluttony. Else why are fasting and abstinence—two correctives of gluttony—so much in honor and so universally recommended and commanded in the Church? Counting three weeks in Advent, seven in Lent, and three Ember days four times a year [with several special vigils], we have, without mentioning fifty-two Fridays, thirteen weeks, or one-fourth of the year, devoted to a practical warfare on gluttony. No other vice meets with such systematic, uncompromising resistance.—*Rev. John H. Stapleton.*

The "Christophorus."

AS an illustration of the progress of the Church in South America, a recent traveller refers to the renewed efforts which are being made for the conversion of the Indian tribes of the continent, and for the re-establishment of the missions which in less troubled times existed in many remote districts. Interest in this apostolic work is lively, and is becoming more and more general among the white races of South America. It was high time to take steps to protect the Indians from the evil influences of traders and rubber-hunters.

"A Traveller" makes special mention of a steamer, fitted up as a floating mission church, which has been placed on the Amazon for the use of the priests in charge of the Indian missions. When the construction of this missionary steamer, appropriately named *Christophorus*, was first begun, a correspondent of our own sent us the following notice of the region where it was to be employed, and of the native tribes for whose benefit the work was undertaken.

* * *

The Bishop of Pará and of the valley of the Amazon is constructing a steamer destined to be used in the missions along the Amazon River. His priests will be constantly moving back and forth through the immense territory on the banks of that great river, bearing the light of the Gospel and the aids of religion to the Christian and pagan populations, that up to the present have been living and dying in almost complete abandonment.

The diocese of Pará embraces all the territory known as Amazonia, including the province of Pará. The diocese is nearly six times the size of France; but, according to official figures, the population amounts to only 339,453 souls. To evangelize this vast district, the Bishop has only eighty-five priests. Hence the great majority of the population scattered over

the valley of the Amazon is deprived of religious aids. It was for the purpose of remedying so sad a state of affairs that the idea of establishing a floating church was adopted.

The Amazon, the king of rivers, which advances majestically through an immense valley of from two thousand to two thousand five hundred miles in length, receiving in its course the contribution of a hundred tributaries, appeals to the imagination of the poet and the artist by the majesty of its flow, the beauty and variety of its scenery, by the solitude of its isles, and the mysterious charm of its virgin forests.

Science and commerce, in their turn, are beginning to lay open the natural riches of this Amazonian basin, which some day or other will easily support a hundred million of inhabitants. It would require a prophet, said Agassiz, to foretell the future that is in store for a region richer and more fertile than the celebrated valleys of the Nile, the Ganges, and the Euphrates; and which will one day furnish to humanity unexpected resources, and occupy in history a more conspicuous place than that of the valleys where the human race had its cradle. After having traversed Amazonia, the celebrated Humboldt was of the same opinion. He declared that this region was destined to become the centre of the world's commerce.

At the present day people have just begun to know of the many natural products that grow here spontaneously, with only the slightest pretence at cultivation, by rude and unskilled workmen,—by a population almost nomadic, with hardly any moral or intellectual education, and not far removed from barbarism. If the Amazon already has a certain weight in the scale of the industry and commerce of the world, what will it be when its "vegetable gold," caoutchouc (of which Amazonia furnishes two-thirds of the amount now used), and the other products with which it enriches the markets of Europe and America, shall have been

increased by the labors of an intelligent, frugal, and industrious people? What will it be when its spices and pharmaceutical substances are brought into use; when its essences, dye-woods, medicinal barks, oils, gums, resins, textile fibres, rare plants, precious woods, and a thousand other products, shall be drawn from this fertile soil by steady and well-directed labor?

Unfortunately, the people that live in this beautiful country are plunged in ignorance, and are isolated from the rest of the world. Every year, at low-water time, the Christian population emigrates toward other rivers, on whose banks they set up their huts as the Arabs do their tents. Every day they plunge into the forest in search of caoutchouc and other natural products. Whole villages and parishes are thus deserted; and meantime the cottages become the abodes of serpents and wild beasts. In the more remote wildernesses, where the caoutchouc trees flourish, there is not a church, school, market-place, or any other indication of civilized life and social improvement.

Such is the sad condition of affairs in Amazonia. A people living a wandering life, left to themselves, without instruction of any kind, and not more than half civilized at best, can never raise their country to the condition of prosperity of which it is capable.

A floating church seems to the Bishop the one practical means of evangelizing these tribes and providing them with the necessary religious aids. "The work will be placed," he writes, "in the hands of the most competent builders. They must bear in mind that the steamer is to be devoted solely to religious purposes. The upper deck will be used almost exclusively as the nave of the church, and it will be as richly ornamented as possible. As the cedars of Libanus served in the construction of the famous Temple of Solomon, so those precious woods which abound in the valley of the Amazon will be made to enhance the beauty of the sacred enclosure. The altar, with its

tabernacle where the Blessed Sacrament is to repose, will stand at the stern. The new 'naval basilica' will have its pulpit, its baptismal fonts, and its organ. It is to be 120 by 30 feet, and will be called *Christophorus*, or the Christ-bearer."

**

Let us hope that the reign of peace now being enjoyed by most of the countries of South America may be of long duration; that the progress of the Church may continue and increase in every one; and that the long-neglected Indians of remote districts may all be converted, and provided with necessary religious aids.

English Rationalists and their Work.

FOR the past ten or fifteen years the Rationalist propaganda in England has been one of the most active and most effective agencies in forming the mental character and shaping the practical beliefs of a very large proportion of England's population. In the course of the three and a half centuries and more that have elapsed since Protestantism sprang into being, that essentially disintegrating system has consistently worked itself out into so many and so contradictory creeds that nowadays untold numbers of the mass of the people are ready material for the infidel and the agnostic. Religious indifference, with its fallacious watchword, "One religion is as good as another," is in reality only a stepping-stone to Rationalism, which carries that principle to its logical conclusion,—that all religions are equally worthless.

Among the means now employed to disseminate Rationalist opinions broadcast among the British classes and masses are: public and private lectures, the use of the public press, and above all the printing and distribution of cheap books and pamphlets. For more than three decades now the National Secular Society, of which Bradlaugh was the great leader, has carried on a campaign of public

lectures and debates. It used to publish a penny weekly, the *National Reformer*, which advocated "Atheism, Republicanism, and Malthusianism"; or, as a caustic critic once translated it, "No God, no king, and as few people as possible."

While these methods are still in operation, however, a far more effective method has in very recent years been added thereto. Mr. Leslie Toke has this to say of it:

The great newspapers of England, which, like the international news agencies, are largely owned or edited by Jews, Freemasons, sceptics, or rationalizing dissenters, form means ready to hand for the discrediting of Christianity. Whether or not the great influence of the public press be deliberately used by those who control it for that purpose, it is, of course, in the nature of things, impossible to say. Probably what is happening is no more than what was pointed out by Mr. Belloc in his recent "censored article"; the public demand for, and the newspaper supply of, heterodoxy, react on and increase each other. But certainly the supply is there, whether it be from the pen of a Jewish foreign correspondent of the *Times*, or a "New Theology" correspondent of the *Daily News*, or a Freemason journalist on the staff of any of the halfpenny papers, or one of the free-thinking writers who flood the cheap magazines. The prominently-placed, large-type stories of "scandals" in foreign convents or remote parishes, with the contradictions either ignored or inserted only in an obscure place; the deliberate suppression of the truth about the Church in France; the absurd clamor aroused by the Encyclical *Pascendi*; the prominence accorded to the anti-religious utterances of foreign statesmen,—all these are instances of the assistance afforded by a commercial press and readily used by a multitude of, freethinking journalists for the creation of a Rationalist public opinion.

Still more important, more far-reaching, and more permanently pernicious than either the platform or the newspaper propaganda is the organized dissemination of cheap but readable books and pamphlets that attack the very foundations of Christianity. While there are from half a dozen to half a score of societies and not a few publishers devoted to this work, the "Rationalist Press Association" is the most representative and the most considerable of them all. Beginning in

1899 with 65 members and 29 subscribers, and an income of \$1100, it possessed in 1908 1490 members and 119 subscribers, while its income had increased to \$6000.

The most notable production of this anti-Christian publishing company is its series of "Cheap Reprints." These are substantial, well-printed volumes, at sixpence each, containing standard works by well-known authors, such as Huxley, Renan, John Stuart Mill, F. W. Newman, and Ernst Haeckel. Within the past eight years a million and three-quarters of these sixpenny publications have been sold or distributed.

While the Catholic Truth Society of England is doing splendid work as an offset to this flood of demoralizing and destructive literature, there is need of still more energy, and especially of still more encouragement, in the purchase of C. T. S. publications by Catholics generally. By far the greater number of these pamphlets, brochures, and bound volumes are quite as well adapted to American as to British readers; and perhaps the need for antidotes to Rationalistic literature is not less urgent on this side of the Atlantic than on the other. In any case, there is abundant cause for stocking our bookshelves with a good supply of the timely and interesting publications of the English Catholic Truth Society. Let us append a partial list of them:

"Science and Scientists," by the Rev. J. Gerard, S. J.; "Science or Romance?" "Evolutionary Philosophy and Common Sense," by the same; "Thoughts for Freethinkers," by the Very Rev. Canon Barry; "The Prospects of Catholicism," "Freemasons in France," by the same; "Miracles," by C. Kegan Paul, M. A.; "Positivism," by the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J.; "Faith and Reason," by the Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S. J.; "The Age of the Sun: an Argument against Darwinism," by the Rev. Aloysius J. Cortie, S. J.; "The Analogy between the Mysteries of Nature and of Grace," by Cardinal Newman; etc.

Notes and Remarks.

The smug satisfaction with which the average American is wont to regard his native land as the unquestionable superior, in most if not all respects, of every other country, occasionally receives a shaking-up as salutary as it is unpleasant. The Austrian Government, which some months ago issued a warning to intending emigrants to America, telling them of undesirable conditions prevailing in the South, now attacks conditions in Western Pennsylvania and West Virginia; and the Austrian vice-consul at Pittsburg intimates that emigration to the United States may be prohibited by law until conditions improve.

Whether or not a desire to check the emigration that is becoming a serious drain upon its population be at the bottom of Austria's action, it is certain that, as a leading secular journal admits, "conditions in many of the mining and milling districts of this great land of freedom and opportunity are sadly out of keeping with its reputation. They are, in fact, in the respects pointed out by the vice-consul, highly discreditable to our social and economic policy. The frequency of accidents, the difficulty of securing compensation for injuries, and the housing conditions are the chief points named."

Patriotism is a good thing, so is intelligent optimism; but increased energy in effecting needed social reforms is preferable to vainglorious pronouncements that we are the greatest people on earth. If Austria's plain talk leads to active amelioration of the conditions it complains of, we shall have good cause to thank her vice-consul at Pittsburg.

We are accustomed in this country, when seeking for an example of commendable Catholic organization and activity, to point to Belgium or to the German Centre Party. There seems to be good reason for mentioning Holland as well.

The Dutch Catholics number a little less than 2,000,000, or about one-third the population of the Netherlands; yet the statistics of the Dutch Catholic press disclose these notable facts: there are 15¹ daily papers, several of them equal in every respect to the leading secular journals. There are 31 papers published twice or thrice a week. The weeklies number 76, and the monthlies and quarterlies—ranging from the modest annals to theological, scientific and literary reviews—number 52. The Catholics of Holland have evidently taken to heart and followed the advice so often given by Pius IX., Leo XIII., and our present Holy Father—to cultivate the apostolate of the press.

Apropos of police supervision and restraint of sundry amusements and other activities of urban life, the *Chicago Tribune* observes:

What censorship really aims at is not difficult to state; and, given sensible control, it will accomplish unquestionable public good without infringing upon any of that reasonable freedom which the American people demand. Censorship is founded on the power for evil arising out of the law of suggestion operating upon the immature mind or the abnormal nervous system. Roughly speaking, it concerns itself with suggestions of violence and suggestions of sensuality, made in circumstances likely to attract the immature and the subnormal. Places like the five-cent and ten-cent theatres require supervision from this point of view; and there are special instances where censorship may be applied reasonably to the regular theatres, as has been recently illustrated. Even the self-assumed censorship of library administrators may be approved within these limits, though the suppression of books bought by general taxation may approach the danger line.

That line may, however, according to the *Tribune*, be drawn pretty distinctly. The age of the reader, for instance, is one of the chief factors of decision and one of the easiest to determine. "But a negative principle," continues the editorial from which we quote, "should be laid down plainly as to the circulation of all works of religious, philosophical, political, or

social intention. The library censor should keep his hands off these." The principle thus stated is of the broadest, and action in accordance therewith might easily make the library the depository of works altogether subversive of moral and social polity. So far as Catholic libraries are concerned, the Roman Index and the general principles on which its action is based are, of course, sufficient to safeguard liberty and repress license.

A recent test of the ideals of children given in the public schools of Ghent, Belgium, shows, as might have been anticipated, that "as children grow from early childhood they lose their idealism." "In many cases," continues a review of the results, "a religious aspiration seems to be lacking, and a more materialistic or worldly spirit asserts itself." To the credit of human nature, the child is idealistic; but the utter dissipation in later years of what we call the dreams of childhood is so common that it is considered normal. The imaginative boy of twelve entertains a vivid prospect of virtue and greatness, only to have it blighted in a short time by contact with the rude realities of life. At first the aspirant would be "a hero in the strife"; but, by a series of modifications, the hero degenerates into an athlete or a broncho-buster. The due preservation and development of the ideals of the child, which will make their realization possible, is one of the unrecognized problems of present-day education.

On the occasion of the recent annual general assembly of the Work of Auxiliary Chapels in the archdiocese of Paris, M. Etienne Lamy, of the French Academy, gave a masterly exposition of the condition of the Church in France during the Concordat and under the Separation régime. In opposition to the "professors of inertia," who do nothing but groan over the ruin effected, the eminent Academician gave for watchword, "Courage, and no vain repining!" The Archbishop

spoke in the same sense. "No doubt," he declared, "injustice remains injustice, and the Church will always protest against the Law of Separation. We should not, however, confine ourselves to sterile regrets." That Parisian Catholics have done something else than bewail the past is clear from the results already obtained by this Work of Auxiliary Chapels. Since Jan. 1, 1907, twenty-one new parishes have been established, with new edifices in sixteen of them; two other churches have been rebuilt; and twenty religious centres have been either opened or re-organized,—that is, fifty-nine churches or chapels, in addition to the old parish churches, have been placed at the disposition of the faithful in Paris. Out of the evil of anti-clerical persecution, Providence has, as usual, known how to extract good; and the condition of the Church in France is shown to be by no means so desperate as is very commonly supposed.

The answer of so eminent a scientist as Prof. J. A. Ewing, Fellow of the Royal Society, to the objection, so often made by unbelievers, that miracles are impossible, is worth quoting. In a lecture delivered in Tokio, Japan, while filling the chair of mechanical engineering in the Imperial University, he said:

The orderly uniformities of Nature, which it is the business of Science to discern, and which in our blindness we call laws, must not be supposed to carry the force of necessary truths. We have no right to assume that the generalized result of our limited experience will be found free from exception in the light of a wider knowledge. While we strive to bring apparent exceptions within the circle of scientific order, we shall be abusing the authority of Science if we asserted that no real exceptions could occur. Extensive as we find the reign of law to be, we can not logically conclude that interference has not happened in the past and may not happen again in the future.

In an interesting letter to the editor of *Good Work*, a Sister on the Japanese mission gives these statistics concerning the Church in the "Land of the Rising

Sun": Population of Japan, 45,265,900; Catholics, 62,694; churches or chapels, 217; bishops, 4; missionaries de la Société des Missions Étrangères, 119; native priests, 33; catechists, 416; seminaries, 3; communities of men, 8; religious, 93; communities of women, 30; nuns, 389; schools, 33; pupils, 5902; workshops, 20; apprentices, 475; hospitals, homes, etc, 17.

As will be noticed, the proportion of Catholics to the whole population of Japan is as yet very small; but the grains of mustard seed now being sown by our zealous missionaries will undoubtedly grow to wide-branched trees even within the present century.

The address of Judge M. J. Wade, of Iowa, at the Commencement exercises of Creighton University, must have been worth hearing and worth while publishing in full. As yet we have seen only the following extract from it:

Sociologists and statesmen are to-day pleading with the people to go "back to the farm," to the soil,—“back to the simple life.” I join with them in their appeal; but if I were coining a rallying cry for the American people, it would be, “Back to God,—back to the God of our fathers; back to the God who guided Columbus across the stormy waste of waters; back to the God who gave strength and courage to the Pilgrims who landed upon the rocky New England shores; back to the God to whom Washington prayed as his soldiers starved in that long cold winter at Valley Forge; back to the God to whom Lincoln bowed in humility as he saved the life of the nation; back to the God whose lavish hand enriched our mines with wealth untold; back to the God who gave fertility to those boundless prairies; back to the God who shaped the rugged mountains and moulded the valleys; back to the God whose fingers marked the way in which flow the rivers and streams as they sing onward to the sea.”

Preaching on the occasion of the dedication of St. Oswald's Church, Sheffield, the Protestant Archbishop of York said: “None can deprive us, who belong to the ancient Church of England, of the responsibility which has been ours for centuries,—that it rests upon us, in a way that it rests

upon no others, to see that in every generation of our national life there should be the witness given to the unchanging faith of Jesus Christ.” Whereupon the London *Tablet* remarks:

If St. Oswald were to come back to the scene of his former labors and to get into conversation with the Anglican Archbishop, we may suppose he would ask whether the Archbishop had journeyed to Rome to receive the pallium or had accepted it from the hands of a Papal Legate in this country. And when the Archbishop had been obliged to explain that he had never received, and could never hope to receive, that instrument of jurisdiction and symbol of unity with, and obedience to, the Holy See—what would St. Oswald say?

The editor of the New York *Freeman's Journal* thinks the saint would be very likely to say in stern voice something which, translated into American street vernacular, would be one short word, applied to a person who pretends to be what he knows he is not.

While the press of the country is discussing feasible engineering methods of raising the battleship *Maine* from the mud of Havana harbor, we learn that, through some unexplained error, the appropriation made by Congress for the preliminary work of the raising was improperly made, and may never be available. It goes without saying that a very large number of Americans will consider this fact an additional reason for believing that there does not now—and never has—existed any genuine purpose on the part of our Government to have the wreck brought to the surface. The New York *Sun* puts the matter thus succinctly:

It is impossible to conceal the fact that throughout the whole country there are suspicions and fears engendered by the manner in which the wreck of the *Maine* has been treated. For many citizens, the only reasonable explanation of the unidentified but powerful influences which have kept the water over the hull of the vessel is the dread with which the disclosure of the sunken ship is looked forward to by somebody or several somebodies. On no other theory can the ridiculous talk about the technical questions involved be reconciled with common-

sense; in no other way can the reluctance of the Government to undertake this work be understood. And every day of opposition to an action demanded by patriotism and international comity strengthens the opinion or suspicion that the Government of the United States has good reason for wishing to leave the *Maine* mystery on the bottom of Havana harbor.

To the average man on the street the question looks simple enough: if our Government really believes that the *Maine* was destroyed by an explosion arranged from without, the work of raising the hull would have been effected long ago.

That American education is not what it has been cracked up to be must be evident to any one who looks for results. Where are our masters of thought and of art? They are born, no doubt, at least a score of them every decade of years; some of them are even discovered, but very few if any are developed. Shakespeare, much as we reverence him, was neither divine nor humanly favored to any great extent. At least once in half a century a rival to him should appear. In an article on "Learning" in a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. John Jay Chapman shows how our educational effort has been perverted by science and business. The *Literary Digest*, summarizing this writer's observations, thus states the case:

We have neglected or rejected tradition and the artistic and intellectual triumphs of the past, unmindful of all that centuries of the best human thought can teach us; forgetting that we are the heirs of all the ages; oblivious of the fact that "all teaching is merely a way of acquainting the learner with the body of existing traditions."

Commenting on the refusal of the (French) "Catholic Association of Canadian Youth" to accept a Masonic lodge's contribution to the Dollard monument, the *Action Sociale* says: "Freemasons of our race are renegades. The term French-Canadian connotes Catholicism. Now, any one who, despite the prohibition of the Holy See, becomes initiated into the ranks of Freemasonry effaces himself from the

ranks of the Catholic Church. While the stigma of Masonry is stamped on his forehead we can not recognize him as one of us; he has snapped the chain that bound us; he has broken with the religious past and the glory we held in common until the epoch of his apostasy. He despises all that still clings to the most intimate fibres of our heart, disregards and contemns the deepest sentiments of our souls. As the representative of the C. A. C. Y. has well said, we should be derelict to our duty if, in the name of a solidarity that does not really exist, and of a tolerance ill-understood, we should compromise our position by the acceptance of the contribution." The point is decidedly well taken. Catholics may well 'fear the Masons, even bearing gifts.'

In reference to the ancient origin of the festival of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, a learned contributor to our present number states that it was kept in Jerusalem as early as the fifth century. It is interesting to learn from another source that a calendar preserved in the Abbey of St. Andrew at Villeneuve (near Avignon), dated as being of the year 390, contains this entry:

Die XV. Augusti, Assumptio Sanctæ Mariæ.

The fact of the festival's having established its place in the Roman Calendar in the fourth century shows how general belief in the Assumption must have been at an earlier date.

The question asked in *Much Ado about Nothing*, "Can the world buy such a jewel?" may now be answered in the affirmative. In Part XII. of a work on "The Mineral Kingdom," by Dr. Reinhard, is a notice of M. Verneuil's new method of preparing artificial rubies from ammonia-alum, with addition of chrome-alum,—a process now carried out on a commercial scale in France and Germany. More recently he has succeeded in producing a blue corundum, identical with sapphire.



On Assumption Day.

AS the sun o'er misty shrouds,
When he walketh on the clouds;
Or as when the moon doth rise,
And adorneth all the skies;
As the golden stars of night
To this earth send down their light;
Or as when a single star
More than others shineth far;
Or as when the lily flower
Riseth 'mid the vernal bower,—
Thus along the Milky Way
Went Mary on Assumption Day.

How King John was Outwitted.

BY J. E. G.

KING JOHN was the most rapacious as well as the most extravagant of all the English sovereigns. He incurred enormous debts, which he could pay only by unjustly taxing his poorer subjects and depriving the richer ones of their possessions. On a certain occasion, being, as he generally was, in great need of funds, he resolved upon confiscating the property of the abbey of Canterbury, then the wealthiest in all England.

Accordingly he set out to visit the abbey. The abbot, hearing of his arrival, immediately guessed the object of the visit; for seldom if ever did the King come to Canterbury through compliment. The monarch was received with every demonstration of respect and loyalty. He remained all day, and when about to depart requested a private interview with the abbot.

"If reports be true," said the King,

"you are possessed of immense wealth, while I, your sovereign, am poor, unable to meet the many exigencies of the times; and, Father Abbot, as you are well aware, the laws of our realm deem him guilty of high treason who is better off than his sovereign. Therefore, I bid you henceforth hold your property as belonging to King John of England."

At these haughty, imperious words the poor abbot shrank back in profound sorrow. It was as he had conjectured: the purport of this visit was to deprive the monks of all that they possessed. The religious made no answer, for he was unable to speak, but hid his face in his hands. The King looked on silently; and, though of a hard heart, he was moved at the thought of the sorrow his announcement had brought upon the abbot. After a few moments' silence he once more addressed him:

"In consideration of your holy character, I will propound to you three questions, which if correctly answered will restore to you your monastery. First, you must tell me what I am worth when clothed in royal robes, with my crown upon my head; secondly, how long it would take me to go around the world; and lastly, of what I am thinking. Set to reflecting, then; and I promise that if you give a satisfactory answer to these questions, you and yours will be left unmolested."

Of course the abbot was still more bewildered by this strange proposition. How could he tell the King of what he was thinking? But the emergency was great, and he would undertake anything to avert the threatened calamity. So he begged his Majesty to allow him a certain number of days for reflection. The King granted three days, and smilingly took his departure, feeling sure that he would not be outwitted.

Next morning the abbot started out on horseback, and visited the wisest men of England, seeking for information in regard to the King's questions. But all in vain. Everybody laughed when told of the story, and thought the whole affair a mere jest; so the poor abbot had to return to his monastery without the slightest satisfactory result. Only two days more, and the King would come to confiscate the property of the monastery. The case was hopeless, still the abbot continued to think and to pray.

As he was going through the garden, utterly dejected, he was met by a lay-Brother, who asked him the cause of his sadness. The abbot told him what the King had required, adding that all his efforts to solve the puzzling questions had been in vain.

"My dear superior," said the Brother, "I have been told I greatly resemble you in personal appearance; so if you will but exchange habits with me, I assure you that I shall be able to settle everything. Leave all to me."

The abbot, though greatly surprised, was rejoiced at this announcement; and, giving the Brother his habit, anxiously awaited the King's visit, to see what would be the result. The Brother was known to be a man of keen intelligence and quick wit.

On the following day when the King appeared, he was received by the lay-Brother in the habit of the abbot.

"Well," said the King, "now as to my first question: What am I worth when clothed in royal robes, my crown upon my head?"

"Your Majesty, our Divine Lord was valued at thirty pieces of silver; so, as He died for your redemption, I'll put you down at twenty-nine."

The King laughed good-naturedly. "And my second: How long would it take me to go around the world?"

"If your Majesty will rise with the sun, and follow directly in its course, it will take you twenty-four hours."

The sovereign was amazed. "I have you this time!" he thought. "Of what am I now thinking?"

"Your Majesty is at this moment thinking that I am the Rt. Rev. Abbot of Canterbury." So saying he threw off his assumed habit, and introduced himself as a lay-Brother of the monastery.

King John was completely outdone. He had never expected this. But he had to keep his word, and the monastery was spared.

Sandy Joe.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

X.—A TRYING DAY.

SANDY JOE had found the day a trying one indeed. The gay season was at its height, and frogs and turtles and terrapin were in constant demand. Business was so brisk that "La Vielle," her head tied up in a yellow handkerchief, came down to help, and stewed and stirred and scolded and snapped as only she could.

But, oh, the wonderful things those crooked old fingers concocted over the little charcoal stove! Parley Voo was "not in it" when La Vielle took a hand. Such ragouts, such patés, such frilled and curlycued marvels of pastry as Joe bore off in his covered basket for luncheons and suppers at homes, where the honest Irish cooks vowed they would not touch the "ould Frenchman's varmints."

"It's the boy, ma'am, with the snake pies," announced one of these newly-arrived maids, as Joe appeared with his basket; and all the lady's laughing explanations could not change this opinion. La Vielle's wonderful pastry was really "snake pie."

On this particular day "snake pie" had been in great demand. There had been four luncheons in different parts of the town, at which the crisp, delicate pastry shells, with their rich, delicious filling, had delighted the guests. Cheery

and strong as Joe was, he was tramping back from his last errand a little tired and discouraged. Poor and wretched as Gran's hovel had been, the loss of it had left him homeless; he missed Jackie and her pretty prattle; he missed even the fierce old woman who had been so long a part of his young life.

It had taken all his first week's wages to pay Mrs. Bryan for Jackie's needs.

"Sure it's not for myself I'm wanting the money, Joe; but the poor darling's feet are bare, and she hasn't a warm, decent rag to her back. It's with the good Sisters she ought to be this minute. They would clothe and care for her."

"No," said Joe, resolutely,—“no, Mrs. Bryan. You must keep her. I can pay up.”

And, though Joe had “paid up,” the cares of a family man weighed somewhat heavily upon him as he tramped along in his worn shoes, his ragged jacket open to the wind, and his torn hat pulled down over his mop of sandy hair. In fact, he felt so “down and out” this evening that he dodged around his own windy corner hurriedly, unwilling to risk any critical remarks on his clothes or calling by his former mates. So, turning down a narrow side street, that was little more than a passageway to the rear of a long line of warehouses, Joe was speeding back with his white basket to old Parley Voo, when a low, gasping cry caught his ear. It was followed by a voice that made him stop short and listen.

“Oh, you would, would you? Squeal, you little rat,—squeal if you can! I’ve got you! I said I would. I’ve got you where nobody can hear, and I’m going to learn you what it is to ‘snitch’ on me.”

“Murder!” came the hoarse, choked little cry,—“m-u-r-der!”

But there was no need to say more. Sandy Joe had dropped his basket, his blue eyes blazing with honest fury, and sprang into the dark, narrow alley, where big Bill Butler had little Micky Fay on the ground, belaboring him with all his might.

“Let up there!” cried Joe, pitching recklessly into the fray “You big, mean bully, let up, I say! Do you want to kill that boy!”

And at the unexpected but well-directed blow from Joe's sturdy fist, big Bill lost his grip on his struggling little victim and staggered back for a moment, only to turn with redoubled fury on this new antagonist.

“It's you, is it?” he snarled, with a wicked oath as he recognized Joe. “You're a backing him, are you? Come on, then,—come on!”

And, though Bill was a heavy weight that few of his own age dared to tackle, Joe did come on boldly, and in a moment the two boys were clinched in a fierce struggle, while little Micky scrambled to his feet and wildly cheered his champion in the unequal fight.

“Give it to him, Joe! He got fifteen dollars of your money. I seen him. Give it to him, Joe!”

But Joe did not hear: he was too busy struggling against a cruel grip too fierce for his young strength. Choked, gasping, blinded with his own blood, he felt himself going down, down, with Bully Bill's oaths and curses in his failing ear, when suddenly a commanding voice rose over the black chaos that was engulfing him.

“Shame, shame! Stop this at once, boys! Shame on you to fight in this brutal way! Oh, it's you, Bill Butler! You had better run now before I call the police!”

Sandy Joe was suddenly released at the sound of that clear voice. Bully Bill flung him to the ground, and darted away from the stern eyes of one who knew him for the young street savage that he was.

Father More (for it was the pastor of St. Martin's, returning from a sick call, who had interrupted the unequal battle) stood looking on rather severely as Joe, still dazed and blinded, staggered to his feet.

“I'm going to break up this brutal sort of business,” said the priest. “I don't

object to a boyish tussle once in a while, but to go at each other in murderous fury like this is simply training for the gallows," he said sternly.

Poor Joe was past defence or even reply. All things, including the grave, kind speaker, were whirling in a dizzy maze around him. Leaning against the rough wall, smudging his ragged jacket sleeve over his aching brow, with a closed eye and a bleeding nose, Sandy Joe looked deserving of all that Father More could say.

But an eager little witness had caught the last words and burst forth excitedly:

"He ain't going to no gallows, Father. Nobody could send Sandy Joe to the gallows 'cause he was fighting for me. Bully Bill was a choking and beating me, and I thought was going to kill me, when Joe come along and pitched in to make him stop."

"Oh, that alters the case!" said Father More, who knew Bully Bill's reputation well enough to accept this testimony without question. "You must stand by the friend that stood by you, Micky, and take him home. He is pretty well used up in your cause."

"I don't know where he lives," said Micky, whose acquaintance with Sandy Joe had been altogether on business lines until this afternoon.

"Where is your home, my boy?" asked the priest, kindly.

"Ain't got no home," answered Joe huskily; feeling, in his dull bewilderment, that this grave, authoritative gentleman must be some judge or magistrate of the law. "Ain't got nothing nor nobody now." And there was a catch in his voice that went straight to the good priest's heart.

"Suppose you come with me, then? And we'll do something for that eye and nose," he said kindly. "You can come along too, Micky, if you like."

Micky did "like" decidedly. One or two errands to the pastoral residence had been so pleasantly concluded with apples and gingerbread that he needed

no second invitation to accompany Joe, who was still too dazed from his late pummelling to distinguish between ministers of the law and of the Gospel. With a vague idea that he was being taken somewhere to answer for this disturbance of the peace, Joe stumbled along beside Father More through the darkening streets; while Micky, wiser in priestly ways, poured eager and detailed information into the fatherly ear.

"Bill Butler snatched all my papers this evening; and when I ran away, he dodged in the alley and caught me where nobody could see, and he choked me and beat me, and I reckon he would have killed me if Joe hadn't come along and pitched into him like he did."

"Bill Butler is a very bad boy, I know," said Father More.

"He's the worstest in town," said Micky, excitedly. "My, you ought to have heard him lying the other day 'bout his sister Julia Ann, and how she had the measles. And he ain't got no sister Julia Ann at all; and she never had no measles. And the man gave him fifteen dollars to get her clothes and a doctor; and it was all meant for Sandy Joe and Jackie, I know."

"Jackie," the queer little name? Where had Father More heard it before? His busy days were so crowded with the sorrows and sins and troubles of the great parish, that stretched into highways and byways that such good shepherds must tread, that Father More had only a vague remembrance of the name.

While Micky chattered on, he led the boys into the quieter streets, where the spire of St. Martin's rose in the misty twilight, and the big old-fashioned rectory stood looking rather grey and grim in the gathering gloom. Joe drew back as they reached the cross-crowned iron gateway.

"Let me off, Mister," he said with a little catch in his throat that was as near as Sandy Joe ever came to a sob or a cry. "I—I ain't ever been pinched before, and—and—" again the speaker choked up.

"Pinched!" echoed Father More, cheerily. "My dear boy, this is not a 'pinch.' Did you take me for a policeman?" he laughed.

"Oh, no!" said little Micky.—"Joe, Father More is a priest.—But he don't know nothing about priests, Father," continued Micky, apologetically. "He don't know nothing at all."

"I see he doesn't," said Father More, laying a reassuring hand on Joe's shoulder. "Well, we must teach him something to-night, Micky."

And the teaching proved one of the pleasantest experiences of Joe's rough life. The grey grim old house opened warm and bright and firelit to take him in; he was put in the hands of a nice, motherly old woman in white cap and kerchief,—Father More explaining the situation in a few words.

"Och, the poor lad! it's kilt entirely he is!" said the good housekeeper, sympathetically. "Never mind, my dear! I've had six boys of my own, and I've mended many a sore head before this."

And so effectual was the mending that in less than half an hour Joe's eye was open again, his nose reduced to its normal size; and, with his wits in working order, he was sitting up at a set table in Mrs. Mullan's cheery kitchen, and doing full justice to a supper that seemed a hungry boy's dream. No frills and fancy fixings here. Good Mrs. Mullan's "six boys" had taught her better than that,—fried ham and eggs, and plenty of them; a hot potato cake, flaky and brown; coffee, made milky and sweet as boys like it; apple sauce, gingerbread, and doughnuts thick with sugar and spice. And Micky told again the story of the fight. Mrs. Mullan's motherly wrath rose against the "murthering blackguard"; and Joe realized at last how Bill Butler had cheated him and poor little Jackie out of the generous lady's gift.

After supper Father More called the boys up into his study. Tall bookcases lined the walls; there was a shaded lamp

on the centre table; the soft coal fire burning in the open grate filled the room with a ruddy glow. Joe stared for a moment at the grave, handsome face clearly outlined now by the cheery light, and burst forth:

"Oh, I know you now, Mister! You're the Christmas preacher that told us about the angels."

"He ain't no preacher," interposed Micky, in a shocked voice. "You ought to say 'Father,' Joe Darnley."

Father More laughed softly:

"Yes, it was I who told about the angels last Christmas, Joe. So you were there, and you had never heard of angels before?"

"No, Father,—not that kind of angels," answered Joe, breathlessly; "not the kind that comes down out of the sky and takes care of us. It was fine. I never forgot it. And it's true, Father; isn't it?" There was in Joe's tone the wistful note of one who had felt the hard knocks of a false world. "You wouldn't stand up there and give us boys lies, I know."

"No, I wouldn't give you lies," said Father More, simply; while little Catholic Micky stood aghast at Joe's question. "It is all true."

"I am glad to know it," replied Joe, drawing a long breath of relief,—"I'm mighty glad to hear it. I was afraid maybe it might be like Santa Claus or fairies or something; and, though I don't ask no angel watching me, I'd like to think they were looking after a little girl I know."

"And they are, you may be sure; and looking after you, too, my boy." And Father More, who had risen from his armchair, laid his hand kindly on Joe's shoulder. "I'd like to talk to you more about them, but I have an engagement with an old friend who ought to be here now. Did you have a good supper?"

"Fine!" answered Joe, enthusiastically. "That potato cake was great!"

"Come again then, and I'll see that you get some more; and if Micky will

bring you to the children's Mass Sunday, you will hear some more true talk about the angels. Will you come?"

"Yes, Father," answered Joe, whose Sundays were his own, and hung rather heavy on him these homeless days. "I'd like to come first-rate."

"It's a bargain, then," said Father More, as he extended a hand to each of his young guests in a farewell clasp. "And it's up to you, Micky, to help the angels and bring Joe to church. I'll keep my eyes open for you both. So good-night now, boys,—good-night! For here comes my other visitor."

And the boys scrambled through the hall door that had just opened to admit a gentleman in a fur-lined overcoat, whom keen-eyed Micky recognized at a glance.

"Gee!" he gasped, catching his companion's arm. "That's him, Joe!"

"Who?" asked Joe, whose eyes were still a little the worse for his late encounter.

"*Him!*" said Micky,—"*the man that Bully Bill done out of your fifteen dollars. It's him, sure! Let's go back and tell him, Joe.*"

"What for?" asked Joe, grimly. "You don't suppose he's a going to give it to me again, do you? Bet your life he isn't. Just my luck, so let it go. I'm in a bad fix as it is. I've lost my basket and my napkin, and—geewhillikins!" Joe stopped short and began to dive into his torn jacket. "Now I'm done for, sure!" he concluded in despair.

"What's the matter?" asked Micky.

"I've lost the money the lady paid me for the last stuff,—five whole dollars. Old Parley Voo will jail me for it, sure!"

(To be continued.)

IN an old song the words rang, "Have courage, my boy, to say 'No.'" It is surprising what that little word of two letters can do. It can disarm the tempter himself and scatter a host of his followers. The little word "No," repeated, if need be, without explanation, is a weapon that always conquers.

The Friend of Man.

When Adam was driven out of Paradise, all the animals that had formerly delighted to follow him fled at his approach. In deep sorrow, he sat down upon a stone and covered his face with his hands. Soon he heard a rustling in the bushes, and felt a soft tongue gently trying to lick his face. He looked up and met the liquid eyes of a dog, brimming over with affection and compassion for his fallen master. And Adam was comforted; for he found there was still one creature that forsook him not, but preferred his company to a life of wild liberty. And ever since the dog has been of all animals "the friend of man."

There is frequent mention of dogs in the Bible. Of the one that accompanied young Tobias and the Angel Raphael it is said: "Then the dog, which had been with them in the way, ran before and . . . showed his joy by his fawning and wagging his tail." In pictures of the birth of our Saviour the adoring Shepherds are often represented with their dog; and there is a tradition in Spain that it was called *Metampo*,—a name (*Tampo*, "for short") often given to dogs in that country.

I can not think how anybody can ill treat so faithful and loving a companion. Especially a dog's love for children should claim a return from all children's hearts. The other day, in making a call, I saw a very large dog lying full-length upon the doorstep. He was a Saint Bernard, and a splendid fellow; his mistress was a tiny maid of five years, who had been sent to the house with a message, and the dog followed her. "Come, Léo!" said the little girl when she was ready to go. The huge creature rose in an instant and obeyed, as if he had no will of his own. And yet he could have felled her with his paw—I might have said he could have eaten her at one mouthful; but he was content to do her bidding, baby as she was, because he loved her; and anybody that dared to molest her would have fared badly.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The Rev. William Humphrey, S. J., who died last month in Rome, will be remembered as the author of "Mary Magnifying God," "Urbis et Orbis," "His Divine Majesty," "The One Mediator," "Conscience and Law," and other able works. He was a convert from Scottish Episcopalianism.

—A child's life of St. Francis by the late Sophie Jewett, of Wellesley College, has just been issued by Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. It contains numerous illustrations from photographs, and some reproductions of paintings by the early Italian masters. "God's Troubadour" is the title of this charming book for young Protestant readers.

—Mr. Edward J. O'Brien has collected, and published through the Ball Publishing Co., the essays of Francis Thompson. The volume is introduced by a biographical appreciation, and takes its title from the first essay, though this is not generally considered the best of the lot. "Renegade Poet, and Other Essays," will have many appreciative readers on both sides of the Atlantic.

—A very rare edition in English of "The Confessions of St. Augustine," dated 1620, offered for sale by Mr. B. Dobell, London, is dedicated "To the most glorious, perpetually, and all-immaculate Virgin Mary, the most blessed Mother of God." The title-page runs: "The Confessions of the incomparable Doctour S. Avgvstine, translated into English, together with a large preface, which it will much import to be read over first; that so the booke itselfe may both profit and please the reader more."

—Number 34 of the Gaelic League Pamphlets, published by Cahil & Co., Dublin, deals with "Facts about the Irish Language and the Irish Language Movement." The work has been compiled by Mary Hayden for the benefit of the Irish Home-goers; it will also be of interest to many who can not join in pilgrimages to the Old Sod, likewise to students of the Gaelic experiment. After making whatever allowance may be thought necessary for the selection of facts that serve the purpose intended and for patriotic exaggeration not intended, the pamphlet still affords argument for the cause.

—"The Two Kings," a new play by Mary T. Robertson (Benziger Brothers), is a serio-comedy of some merit. The story is a romantic one of the Far East, wrought out with directness and a degree of strength. The dialogue is natural, but in no instance does it lose its dignity by

approaching the vulgarity now so common in dramatic composition. The interest, however, depends upon the plot, which, by masterly complication and management, would have afforded opportunity for effective characterization. The play is entirely wholesome without any savor of goody-goodiness. Available dramas of this kind are much in demand, and the present one may be recommended to clubs of amateurs in dramatics.

—Of the pamphlet by the Rev. John F. Noll, of Huntington, Ind., entitled "The Parochial School Why," we may say that it is much better than its name. The abundance and variety of reasons set forth and facts and testimonies quoted ought to be encouraging to Catholic and convincing to non-Catholic readers. Defenders of our parochial principle and system will find this pamphlet a valuable aid in that it furnishes striking facts concerning the comparative results of educational efforts in religious and secular schools.

—No. 30 of the excellent series of "Educational Briefs," issued by the reverend superintendent of parish schools, Philadelphia, is "The International" (The Ferrer Case, The Motive Force), two papers contributed to the *Dublin Review* by Mr. Hilaire Belloc, M. P., of whom a brief biographical sketch (containing a ludicrous misprint) is afforded. The inside cover-pages of this important pamphlet might have been utilized by printing a complete list of "Educational Briefs," few of which, we have reason to think, are as well known to Catholic readers, especially teachers, as they deserve to be. No opportunity of making such important publications better known should be lost. We should think that any one reading the present Brief would wish to be possessed of the complete series.

—"Our Lord's Last Will and Testament: Thoughts on Foreign Missions," adapted from the German by a member of St. Joseph's Society, Mill Hill, London, and published in this country by Benziger Brothers, is a book that deserves wide circulation among Catholics. "It is hoped," says the brief preface, "that it may help to foster the interest and increase the support of Foreign Missions among Catholics in the United Kingdom, and make them realize the importance and urgency of the work of the propagation of the Faith." This simple, earnest appeal, made in the name of Christ and in behalf of the non-Christian world, applies with full force to the United States. Would that it might reach every

member of the clergy and laity! First it is shown that Our Lord's last will and testament was the Apostolic commission, "Going, therefore, teach all nations"; that the Apostles understood and accepted this mission to convert the world as their life-and-death duty; and that the Church has at all times regarded mission work as one of her supreme obligations. But, notwithstanding the effort and sacrifice of Catholic missionaries, persevering through nineteen centuries, that last will of Christ is still far from being fully executed. As many as one billion souls—two-thirds of the people of the world—are still in darkness and in the shadow of death, thirty millions of them dying every year without Christian baptism. Hence the imperative duty incumbent to-day upon the Church, and in some manner upon every member of the Church. The objections sometimes regarded as plausible against the practical support of foreign missions are refuted, in the little book before us, in a manner that ought to satisfy any one. But, as the author makes clear, such support is lacking, not so much from want of generosity as in consequence of a wrong view, all too common even among priests,—the view which regards the foreign mission as a foreign rather than as a domestic concern. "Our Lord's Last Will and Testament" is well calculated not only to correct this wrong notion but to promote enthusiasm for missionary endeavor.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Christian Symbolism." Mrs. Henry Jenner. 75 cts.
- "Heavenwards." Mother Mary Loyola. \$1.25.
- "De Ponte's Meditations." Vol. VI. \$1.80.
- "Handbook of Practical Economics." J. Schrijvers. \$1.35.
- "St. Francis de Sales: A Study of the Gentle Saint." Louise M. Stackpoole-Kenny. \$1.10.
- "The Laws of the King; or, Talks on the Commandments." A Religious of the Holy Child. 60 cts.

- "The Boys of St. Batt's." R. P. Garrold, S. J. 80 cts.
- "Sunlight and Shadow." P. M. Northcote. \$1.
- "Meditations for Each Day of the Month of June." Charles Santley. 60 cts.
- "Astronomical Essays." Rev. George V. Leahy, S. T. L. \$1.
- "Cardinal Mercier's Conferences." \$1.50.
- "The Beginnings of the Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes, A. D. 754-1073." Mgr. L. Duchesne, D. D. \$2.
- "A Compendium of Catechetical Instruction." Vols. I. and II. \$4.50.
- "A Private Retreat for Religious." Rev. Peter Geiermann, C. SS. R. \$1.50.
- "Life's Little Day." D. J. Scannell O'Neill. 25 cts.
- "So as by Fire." Jean Connor. \$1.25.
- "Brownie and I." Richard Aumerle. 85 cts.
- "The Formation of Character." Rev. Ernest Hull, S. J. 15 cts.
- "A Bunch of Girls." "Shan." 50 cts.
- "The First Great Canadian." Charles B. Reed. \$2.
- "History of the Society of Jesus in North America." Thomas Hughes, S. J. Documents: Vol. I., Part II., \$4.50.
- "Buds and Blossoms." Rt. Rev. Charles H. Colton, D. D. \$1.25.
- "The Sacrament of Duty." The Rev. Joseph McSorley, C. S. P. \$1.08.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Edward Dunne, bishop of Dallas; Rev. Claude Genis, of the archdiocese of St. Paul; Rev. Joseph Ascheri, diocese of Newark; Rev. Peter McPhee, diocese of Fargo; Rev. E. C. O'Connell, diocese of Hartford; Rev. N. J. Kelly, archdiocese of Cincinnati; and Rev. Francis Weinmann, O. S. B.

Sister Mary Alphonsus, of the Sisters of Charity; and Sister M. Agnesita Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. George D. Pyne, Miss Florence Whitney, Mr. John Sinnott, Mr. William Anglim, Mrs. Susan Burns, Mr. Charles B. Wieght, Mary T. Hughes, Mr. Christopher Riggs, Mrs. Anastasia Wheelihan, Mr. Richard Gannon, Mrs. M. J. Kirchner, Mr. John T. Tracy, Miss Elizabeth Bosset, Mrs. Catherine Tully, Mr. G. C. Bayer, Mr. Fenton Quigley, Mrs. Louis Perotti, Mr. Patrick Truhey, Anna D. Stille, and Mr. William Latta.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BESSD. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 20, 1910.

NO. 8

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

Our Lady's Dying.

BY THE REV. HUGH F. BLUNT.

PETER from Rome and mighty Paul,
John and the holy Apostles all,
Came at the Master's loving call,
To see Our Lady die.

This is the story handed down:
When came they unto the Holy Town,
Our Lady lay in her winding-gown,
To watch her hour draw nigh.

Out from the sky an angel throng
Fluttered to earth with joyful song,
And bare her soul, awaiting long,
Unto the Saviour's hands.

Peter from Rome and mighty Paul,
John and the holy Apostles all,
Bare her out by the city wall,
While sang the angel bands.

Out in the Lord's Gethsemane,
Red with the blood of His agony,
Deep in the shade of an olive tree,
They made Our Lady's tomb.

There, when the grave was closed and sealed,
Peter and all devoutly kneeled,
While three days long sweet music pealed
Above Our Lady's room.

Peter from Rome and mighty Paul,
John and the holy Apostles' all,
When angel voices had ceased to call,
Unclosed Our Lady's door.

Wonderful thing! Our Lady fair
Was left not for corruption there;
The Maid was gone, and perfume rare
Was all the grave-clothes bore.

Ah, they, I ween, had scant surprise
To know that God in Paradise
Could wait not for His Love to rise
Until the Day of Dread!

So, Peter from Rome and mighty Paul,
John, and ye holy Apostles all,
Bid her, who was saved from our parents' fall,
Be at our dying bed.

A Primitive Sodality.



HERE is a touching account given, in the quaint chronicles of the past, of the first Congregation, or Sodality, of Our Lady amongst the aborigines of North America. This was established amongst the Hurons, who in many respects are one of the most interesting of the tribes. An early writer, Father Sagard, observes that they might be said to represent aristocracy amongst the copper-colored inhabitants of the wilderness. They were for the most part sedentary, inhabiting their beautiful country on the shores of the Georgian Bay and thereabouts, and made some attempt at rude fortifications around their dwellings. Their history is intertwined with the most romantic and thrilling episodes of the Northland. Amongst them labored some of the most remarkable of the missionaries, such as Fathers Brébeuf, Lallemant and Daniel, all three suffering martyrdom in their cause.

That many of those Huron neophytes became fervent Christians, and passed from the shadows of their dense forests to the glory of Paradise, seems beyond

question. Their devotion to the Mother of God runs, like a luminous thread, through the missionary annals and the standard which they set up for their Sodality might well bring a blush to the cheeks of many a white Christian. Only those were admitted whose lives were absolutely exemplary, and who, by conspicuous virtue, were rendered worthy of the honor; and the faults which excluded them are likewise deserving of attention—negligence at public prayers, failure to infuse the spirit of God into their families, uncontrolled anger, detraction, or the spreading of reports likely to create disunion. The savages set themselves with the greatest diligence to become eligible for the dignity of "Servants of Mary," which they believed was an actual passport to life eternal. Hence the number of sodalists, which had been very small at first, increased with surprising rapidity.

Their mode of procedure was as follows. On Sundays and festivals they assembled at dawn; and, as they could not recite the Office of the Blessed Virgin, they said the Rosary, in two choirs—one of men and one of women,—the latter being in the majority; for the chronicler observes that there as elsewhere women were "the devout sex." The meeting lasted an hour. At the end of each decade there was a silence for meditation; or a few words of exhortation were spoken either by the missionary or by the prefect of the Congregation, who was well and wisely chosen by themselves. The fame of that first prefect has gone down through the centuries as a man of "rare virtue and full of holy zeal." His little exhortations, which have also been preserved, might be used with profit by any one, so simple, sound and direct are they.

At the end of the first decade he bade all to pray with the utmost devotion, remembering that Mary saw them. At the end of the second, he declared that genuine devotion to Mary consisted in the horror entertained for sin, by which

sign might be recognized her true children. At the end of the third, he reminded them that it would be most consoling to the Blessed Virgin if, on leaving the chapel, they kept the remembrance of her, and said frequently during the day, "Holy Virgin, I wish to serve thee." And his final exhortation was: "My brethren, it is when you are tempted that the Holy Virgin sees those who love and honor her. Say to her in the moment of trial, 'Holy Virgin, it is thy Son Jesus whom I love more than this temptation.' If the temptation continues, you must still continue to say, 'Whosoever loves sin does not love Jesus.'"

That first meeting at the dawn was but the preparation for Mass, which was said about sunrise, and at which many received Holy Communion. They also sang various parts of the Mass, such as the *Gloria*, *Crêdo*, *Pater Noster*, besides hymns and canticles. Toward nightfall, they assembled for Benediction, when were sung the Litany of Jesus or the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, with some motets, in the Huron tongue, in honor of the Blessed Sacrament.

The aim of these poor Indians was to lead irreproachable lives, and so merit the benediction of Heaven; and they gave most extraordinary proofs of their sincerity. Thus the forgiveness of injuries, which to the savage nature was so intolerable, and which, in their infidel state, would have been considered a mark of weakness and puerility, began to be practised to an almost heroic degree. A mother, for instance, who saw her only son beaten by an angry woman until he was covered with blood and grievously wounded, went in haste to the missionary, while every natural inclination moved her to revenge. "Father," she said, "I beg of you to come with me to the chapel of Mary. My heart is full of anger, but you have taught us that the Blessed Virgin loves those who are gentle. You told us that she saw her only Son crucified; that she wept in her sorrow, but that her tears spoke to God

as well as her words; and that at the same time she pardoned His enemies. I weep for the injury that has been done to my son. But I want my tears to be like those of Mary, and I forgive with my whole heart her who has offended me."

Coming out of the chapel, she met the aunt of the injured child, who was hastening with some others to avenge the deed. But to her the mother said: "You forget that you are a Child of Mary, and that the vengeance of a good Christian is to forgive injuries. Go and find the Father, that he may cure your mind." And this admonition the aunt obeyed.

A mother whose dearly loved daughter lay at the point of death addressed the following touching plaint to the Blessed Virgin: "Holy Virgin, I used to be inconsolable when I beheld one of my dear ones die. But since I am your daughter, and I know that to please you I must will what God wills, I am content to see my dear daughter die; and I need no other consolation than that you are my Mother and I am your daughter; and I wish to say to the Lord Jesus that whatever He does is good."

This same sublime faith and philosophy enabled the Indians to die courageously, their most ardent desire being to obtain a happy death. A young woman of thirty, named Magdalen Adorons, who was a member of the Sodality, was stricken with pleurisy, which gave no hope of recovery. Despite the agonizing pain, she hastened to the chapel of Our Lady, and there made her confession with tears and sobs. The Father who heard her declared afterward that he was never so touched in his life. Kneeling, she heard a whole Mass through, though in mortal suffering. "I can do no more," she said, going out of the chapel; "but, since I must die, I wish to die honoring the Blessed Virgin." One of the Fathers, going to see her later, found her saying her Rosary. "My sister," said he, "be content to speak to God in your heart, and to ask Him to have mercy on you." "Yes, indeed," she answered, "I ask Him

that continually; for I think of Him all the time."

During the whole course of her illness, she never sought any relief for her body: all her thoughts were of her soul. "Even," says the missionary, "when we questioned her as to her illness, she would say: 'Father, do not trouble yourself about this poor, perishing body, which will soon decay. But speak to me of God, for that alone consoles me.'"

As she lay thus dying her mother was also dying in another bed in the same room, so that the young woman was able constantly to encourage her to bear her pain patiently and lovingly, and to look forward with joy to the moment of death. The mother assured the missionaries that her saintly daughter never ceased to pray to God; and that on one occasion, after having repeated over and over the prayer, "Jesus, have mercy on me and bring me to heaven at the moment of my death!" she suddenly exclaimed: "Behold, Jesus has had mercy on me! Oh, but Thou art beautiful, my good Jesus! I thank Thee for having had mercy on me. Bring me to heaven, since I am going to die."

One of the Fathers who came in, seeing that her death was approaching, put into her hands a crucifix, suggesting some short prayers. The dying heroine did not, however, content herself with so little, but continued to apostrophize Jesus Crucified in such a manner as to draw tears from the eyes of the missionary. "It is, then," she cried, "for a poor wretch like me that Thou, the Master of our lives, didst allow Thyself to be crucified in the manner that I see! It was my sins, O Jesus, which tore Thy flesh. O wretched sin and miserable sinner! Cursed sins, which have made such cruel wounds in the feet and hands of my Jesus!.."

It would be impossible even to glance here at the numerous examples of the most exalted virtue practised by these poor children of the forest. Their simplicity and humility, their lively faith and ardent charity, cause the high civiliza-

tion to which we have attained to appear poor and mean.

The sodalists instituted a custom of making a weekly present to the Mother of their love. On Sundays, they presented her with as many beads or grains of porcelain (which were "the pearls of those countries") as they had said Rosaries during the preceding days. These usually amounted to seven or eight hundred. Their devotion often prompted them to make these offerings into collars, wrought in their kind of embroidery, where, the purple beads mingling with the white, they wrote what they desired to do in honor of the Queen of Heaven.

They also made up, out of their gifts, a little fund with which they assisted the poor. "We helped them," says the author of the Relation, "in the augmentation of this humble treasure; having applied thereto the alms that came from France, and, amongst others, those from the House of the Professed in Paris." He further relates that "the good Huron" sodalists assembled shortly after to give expression to their gratitude, which, according to their custom, took the form of a collar, where, in black porcelain on a ground of white, were inscribed the words, "*Ave Maria, gratia plena.*" They requested him to write upon a sheet of bark, which with them took the place of paper, the following touching letter to their distant benefactors:

"It is only a year ago that our minds were opened and we began to love Mary, Mother of Jesus. It was then that we learned how whole congregations are formed to honor her from the depths of the heart, which does not lie when it says, 'Yes, Mother of Jesus, I wish to honor thee.' . . . We have recited in the space of two moons as many Rosaries as there are beads of porcelain on this collar. A black bead is worth two white ones. Offer her this collar and say that we wish to honor her."

"Pray for us when you say your Beads, and we will pray for you when we say

ours. We are brothers, since the Mother of Jesus is our Mother as well as yours. She loves us, we wish to love her. That is what we have asked Echon [Father Chaumonot] to write for us; for we know how to speak, but we do not know how to write."

The pious Huron sodalists also made a beautiful scarf of porcelain, which they offered to the Blessed Virgin, with the following prayer:

"Receive, O Queen of Heaven, this present which is offered you by your Huron servants. It is a collar full of mystery. It is composed of our finest pearls. It is animated and enriched by our voices and by the salutation which the Angel Gabriel made long ago. We have nothing more precious in our possession, nothing more holy in our hearts, to be presented to you, and to obtain heaven by your means."

Better than Gold.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.

THEY lingered at the gate. Last words took long to say, and the night was beautiful.

"You enjoy our walks, Lena?" he asked. "You are not bored by my dreams of the future?"

"I could listen forever, David. Your interests are mine."

"For your sake I should like to be great—rich."

"I don't care about greatness or riches," laughed Lena. "I'm so happy as I am, David; and I sometimes feel a chill at my heart when I think of your leaving me to study and become distinguished."

"That will not be for a long time, Lena. I could never attain to greatness in a chemist's shop."

"But a doctor with a first-rate degree soon comes to it. Once you are a full-fledged M. D. all London will be at your feet, I know."

He laughed and pressed her hand.

"You give me courage and hope, sweet-heart! But the shop holds me for the present, and perhaps my dreams of greatness may remain dreams till the end of the chapter."

Lena's heart grew heavy.

"He only lacks the opportunity a little money would give him!" she thought sadly. "If Aunt Selina—but no: he's proud. He'd never accept even if—"

A nightingale trilled forth in a belt of trees close by. Another answered sweetly, and soon the night was filled with melody.

"The birds are singing good luck to you," the girl said softly. "Aren't they delicious?"

"Heavenly! They make one forget the cares of life, Lena."

"The dear things! And now we must pray hard that help may come to you from somewhere soon."

"But, Lena, is it right to pray for so purely material a want?" he asked. "It always seems somewhat wrong to me to storm Heaven for things of that kind."

"Our Lord taught us to pray for our 'daily needs,' and some of His great miracles were to supply some material want. Think of the wine at the marriage of Cana."

"Wise little woman,—yes."

"If we pray, always ready to take what comes, submissively as from His hand and bowing to His will, we may ask for anything, temporal or spiritual. But," with a sudden, bright blush, "I needn't preach: you know that as well as I do. So good-night! You have a long but lovely walk before you. Good-night!"

When, a little later, Lena entered the parlor, her mother looked up quickly.

"My dear Lena, I've such news!"

"News, mother? How wonderful!"

"Aunt Selina has sent for you. She is in London, and is to take you everywhere. It's splendid!"

"I can't go, mother," Lena stammered.

"Please send Chris."

"Selina wants you. She thinks a great

deal of appearance, and Chris is plain. She admires your photograph."

"O Mother, why did you send it?"

"My dear, it is my duty to do all I can for my children. Aunt Selina is a rich widow. My income, you know, is very small."

"But think of the expense of a visit to London, mother!"

"Your aunt does not like country clothes. You are to take nothing from here, and everything is to be paid. For six months you are to be as her daughter and go into the best society. Then, if you please, you may stay on as her heiress or come home. That, I feel sure, you will never do, once you have tasted the sweets of prosperity."

"That is, if I become thoroughly worldly and forget—"

"Your religion will keep you from that,—if you go to Mass and say your prayers well and regularly."

"But, mother, my heart is here!" She burst into tears.

"Really, Lena, you are very childish."

"I—was so happy! O mother, I can not go! David and I—"

"It will be hard to leave David. As boy and girl you have been fond of each other. But he has to get on. And after you've had a good time, seen the world and come back, he'll still be in Malvern. And, indeed, Lena, it is only right that you should sacrifice your own pleasure a little for the sake of your mother and sister. If you please your aunt, she will settle a good yearly sum upon me and you and Chris."

"But I may not please her. She may dislike me, mother."

"That is not probable, my pet! But if so strange a thing should occur, you must come home; and I'll never reproach you,—never say a word to make you feel that I am sorry or disappointed; and we'll go on again just as though Aunt Selina had never made her splendid offer."

"To leave home!" murmured Lena.

"O mother, my heart will break."

"I had no idea you were so foolish and selfish. To please yourself, you'd stay on here, and lose this opportunity of helping your mother and providing for your delicate sister."

"Mother, I'll go,—I—"

Mrs. Bretherton put her arms round the sobbing Lena.

"I thought my little girl would not shrink from making this sacrifice for the sake of those she loves," she said. "And, after all, dear, it will not be so very difficult. The time will fly, and soon we'll all be together again."

"And—and you'll write, dearie, every day?" sobbed Lena. "And tell me everything,—how David is looking and how—"

"There are to be no letters, dear!" Mrs. Bretherton looked away. "That is the one hard condition."

"No letters?" Lena turned pale. "Mother, how cruel! I really can't go!"

"But, Lena, think. It is only for six months. And nothing much happens here in six months. Everything goes on just the same. And then, if you please Aunt Selina, she will make you her heiress. You could then help David. He longs to be a doctor. If you were well off you could—"

"You don't know David. He is ambitious. But if he becomes a doctor, it will be through his own exertions. He would not take Aunt Selina's money."

"I understand. He's a splendid fellow. But surely he's not likely to forget you in six months?"

"Forget!" Lena crimsoned and her eyes flashed. "David would not forget me were I absent for twenty years."

"Then I wouldn't make such a fuss about a little visit to London. You'll learn much there, that will make you fit to be his wife by and by."

Lena sprang up, smiling.

"That's true, mother! I'm only a lass. But I'll see David about the matter. He shall decide."

Next morning, having opened the shop, David Galbraith drew forth his books,

and settled himself behind the counter for a good hour's work. His elbows on the desk, his head bent low, he did not hear the door open, nor was he conscious of the presence of any one in the shop till a sweet laugh startled and filled him with joy.

"Asleep, David?" cried Lena, merrily.

"Dreaming of you! You often come between me and my books, Lena."

"Heavy, dull things,—no wonder."

"They mean much to us both, sweet-heart! But why are you in Malvern so early?"

"To see you, David, and ask your advice." And, seating herself on a high chair beside the counter, she poured forth the story of Aunt Selina's invitation.

For a moment David made no remark. He looked grave, and his honest eyes were full of pain. Then, taking the girl's small hand in his big, strong grasp, he said sadly:

"The conditions are hard, love! But they are worth giving in to for the sake of the future. Decidedly you must go, and I will work like a Trojan. When must you go?"

"To-morrow." Lena's sweet face was bathed in tears. "O David, how shall I bear it?"

"Bravely, and so will I. It is a trial. But think what it may do for us all! Your mother has been in pretty deep waters lately. It is your duty to help and save her, if you can."

"David, you are good! I feel strong now,—certain that it is right that I should go."

"Of course you do. And now good-bye to books and shop for the present! Here comes my young assistant. I may walk to Hanley Swan with you, if you are good."

At Cherry Orchard Farm the lovers said farewell. David watched the slim figure pass on down the road, his eyes misty, his heart full of pain. He had spoken bravely, and encouraged the girl to do what he thought right. But in doing so he had suffered deeply. Till her return,

life would indeed be dreary. And, then, she was so young, so beautiful! After a month in fashionable London, praised, admired, made much of, how would he, a half-educated country boy, appear in her eyes?

"No matter: she must go," he said to himself. "And, unless I am sadly mistaken, she will be true. God bless and keep you, Lena!"

Before the end of the week Lena was in a whirl of gayety. She had gone to London depressed and down-hearted, feeling sure that, no matter what happened, she would be miserable. The six months in Grosvenor Square would seem like years. Till she returned to her home and her beloved David she would know neither peace nor happiness. Then one morning at Mass she took herself severely to task. She had come to London in obedience to her mother's wishes: therefore it was God's will that she should do so. And, such being the case, it was her duty to be cheerful; and, making the best of everything, to be bright and kindly to her aunt and everyone she met. Comforted and strengthened by this good resolution, the girl's spirits rose, and very soon she was thoroughly enjoying her new life.

"She'll do me credit when I teach her to think more of the world. At present she is countrified and devout," thought Aunt Selina. "By and by she'll say fewer prayers, and, with my help, make a brilliant marriage. Thank goodness, I nipped that folly with the Malvern chemist in the bud! Six months hence Lena will laugh at her old ideas and be grateful that she escaped him."

But, although Lena wore a smiling face as, exquisitely dressed, she followed her aunt from one entertainment to another, her thoughts were often far away. The spirit of the world touched her very lightly. True to her Faith, strong in her belief in God's goodness and in her trust in her absent lover, she prayed every day long and fervently. The early morning always

found her at Mass. When an opportunity occurred, she slipped off to Benediction.

Her piety filled her worldly aunt with wonder.

"I always heard Catholics were odd people," she said one day. "But I fancied only those in convents went to church as you do. It's respectable to go on Sundays; but on weekdays, wet or fine, seems rather absurd."

"We expect—hope that God will be good and merciful to us every day," Lena answered gravely. "Why should we do Him homage only once a week?"

"Oh, time is short and we are busy with many social obligations!"

"Yes, but when we are old and lonely, Aunt, who will comfort us, if not God?"

"When one has friends and money one can never be lonely. You talk absurdly, Lena. Religion only bores me."

"I'm sorry for that, Auntie; for religion—true religion—is better than friends—better than anything."

"Take care that your absurd ideas don't spoil your life."

"I trust not, Auntie. I am not uneasy."

"No. You look happy, child."

"I *am* happy, and, thanks to you, enjoying myself very much."

And, indeed, this was true. The time went quickly and pleasantly. From her aunt's remarks she knew that her mother and sister were well, and with all her heart she hoped and prayed that David was the same.

The six months were drawing to a close; and, as she counted the days, the girl's soul was full of joy. Soon she would be free. Soon, her mission accomplished, she would be flying homeward; and Aunt Selina, who liked her, would, she felt quite sure, help her mother in a substantial way. The thought of this brought the color to her face. Her eyes grew bright, her step light. Her happy confidence that all would be well made her lovely with a loveliness that was very attractive; and, watching and admiring her day after day, Lord Antrobus fell

deeply in love with her. One evening, to her surprise, he asked her to be his wife. Sadly, because she hated giving pain, she refused his offer with quiet decision. To marry him was impossible, she told him. He must put all thought of her out of his mind. Deeply grieved, Lord Antrobus unfolded his woes to her aunt. And then for Lena the day of reckoning came.

"I love David,—have promised to be his wife," she answered quietly, when Aunt Selina remonstrated with her for her folly. "I can not marry another."

"Then, why did you come here?"

Lena looked up in surprise.

"Because you invited me, and mother wished me to come, Aunt Selina."

"You came on false pretences."

"Oh, no! You knew of my engagement."

"I did not believe you would keep to it, if something better turned up. I had no intention, I assure you, of making much of the future wife of a Malvern chemist."

"David is a noble fellow, Aunt Selina. His mother was poor, and to provide for her he had to go into a chemist's shop. But he will get on; he is studying."

Mrs. Watson laughed contemptuously.

"You foolish girl! He'll be a poor nobody all his life; and you—"

"I would rather be poor with David than rich—"

"Enough! I can not listen to such nonsense. You and I part now. Tomorrow you must return to Hanley Swan."

Lena's heart gave a bound of joy and her eyes shone. Then she felt a sudden pang of remorse. If her aunt were angry her mother might suffer.

"Aunt Selina," she stammered, "you have been very kind—and—but, oh, please don't be angry with mother!"

"I wash my hands of you all. You will live and die a pauper."

"No matter," said Lena, with a smile. "I'll have love, Aunt Selina."

"We'll argue no more. I have done with you and your mother." And, so saying, she swept out of the room.

Half laughing, half crying, her heart throbbing tumultuously, Lena stepped out of the train at Malvern next day. David was waiting for her on the platform; and, on seeing his dear face once more, her sorrows and misgivings were all forgotten.

"My dear one," he cried, her hand in his, "how good it is to see you again! Welcome a hundred times!"

"O David, I—I could cry with joy! But, alas! I'm a useless creature. I've angered Aunt Selina and have been sent home in disgrace."

"Never mind, sweetheart! We don't want Aunt Selina."

"But her money, David? Because I wouldn't do what she wanted, we are not—any one of us—ever to have a shilling."

"No matter. You did what was right. Your mother sees that, and soon I'll get on. Lena, I've great news to tell you. I'm off next week to study in Edinburgh. Our prayers have been answered, dearest, in a wonderful manner!"

"O David! How? Has a fairy god-mother come to the rescue?"

"Neither a fairy nor a godmother, Lena; but an uncle—a hard-working, dear old man—not rich but comfortable. He wishes me to live with him for a while, go to the University and become an M. D. He will pay all expenses."

"How splendid! Oh, thank God! Now you are on the highroad to greatness."

"Then I may go, Lena? I have your permission?"

"My permission?"

"Sweetheart, without your approval—"

"You have it, David. I could dance for joy. You dear old fellow, this is the opportunity of your life!"

Twenty years later, a woman bent with age, pale, heavy-eyed and weary, sat in a shabby room in Crawford Street.

"I sent for him. I wonder if he will come," she muttered. "Probably not. It's a poor address, and he won't know my name. Sir David Galbraith is not likely to go where there are no fat fees to be had."

A motor dashed up to the hall door; a firm step was heard on the stair, and the great specialist, with whose name all London was well acquainted, entered the room. He was a tall, broad-shouldered man; and as the pale, sad woman met the kindly glance of his searching eyes, she felt suddenly confident that here was a doctor who would ease her suffering, make her life worth living.

Sir David greeted her gently, and laid his fingers on her wrist. In a glance he took in the whole room—its scanty furniture, its air of poverty and neglect.

"You are lonely?" he remarked. "Have you no friend who—"

"Friend!" she repeated bitterly. "Not one. I was once wealthy, Sir David; and then, as I spent money right and left, people fawned upon me. But now, since speculation, bad investments and folly have played havoc with my fortune, I am—deserted. It was good of you to come to me."

"I am glad to come. But surely, amongst those to whom you were kind, some one must still care for you?"

"Not one!"

"Care and love would work wonders."

"Two things I can never hope for."

He looked at her long and earnestly.

"I can, if you are willing, supply you with both."

The woman stared, her lips twitching.

"You undertake much, Sir David."

"But, please God, not more than I can accomplish."

"Neither genius nor money could purchase love."

"No; for it is higher, nobler, better than either. Mrs. Watson, I have been hearing of you for years from one who has longed to show you the affection she felt for you. But you had disappeared. She could find no trace of you."

"Who" (she grew red, then pale) "can that strange person be?"

"My wife, the most loving woman in the world,—your niece, Lena Bretherton, for many years Lena Galbraith."

"Lena? The girl I despised for her religion and her fidelity? Then are you the man to whom she was true?"

He bowed and smiled.

"Yes: I am the chemist you thought so little of, and I am proud to acknowledge it. I worked night and day. The struggle was a hard one. But, with God's help and my wife's love, prayers and encouragement, I surmounted all difficulties, and am making way in my profession. Lena's position, I may say, is now somewhat worthy of her."

"It is like a fairy-tale. And if Lena will come" (in a choking voice), "I shall be very glad to see her."

"She will be with you within an hour. And" (rising) "soon she will show you what love can do."

One afternoon, some three weeks later, Sir David Galbraith met his wife upon the stairs of his handsome house in Harley Street.

"Well, sweetheart," he said, kissing her tenderly, "what news of your aunt?"

"The best, David. She grows stronger and happier every day. She remarked quite gaily this morning that really Catholics were better and nicer people than she had ever imagined."

"Poor old soul! Will she ever come to the truth, I wonder?"

"I hope so. She has long talks with Father Langdale, and asks mother some searching questions. It was a blessed day for her, David, when you went to her, poor thing!"

"Say rather when she lost her fortune. 'Sweet are the uses of adversity,' mine own!"

"Yes, and the true Faith,—a firm hold on our holy religion,—a gift for which we can never thank God enough, David."

"Never! For, in truth, dear one, it is far above all earthly treasure,—in every way better than gold."

WOMAN wholly chaste is everywhere safe. An impure spirit can not breathe the air that environs her.—*Spalding.*

Of One Held Dear.

BY S. M. B.

WITH all the land aflower
 Beneath God's flawless bell of summer blue,
 When life was sweetest, fairest,
 Replete with blessings rarest,
 An arrow from Death's quiver flew,
 Piercing a loyal heart and true.
 In sad, untimely hour.
 Now, nevermore,
 In Winter's rime or Summer's languorous hum,
 Through the long day or starry night, will come
 To hearts bereft and sore
 The friend whom we deplore.
 Now rests that weary brain,
 From toil set free and pain;
 From willing fingers falls the busy pen;
 And, ah! forever fled
 The soul attuned to mirth
 E'en from its birth,
 The charm, the winsome grace
 That dwelt in form and face.
 But, mourning hearts, be still,
 Naught murmuring 'neath Heaven's will;
 E'en though on earth not e'er again
 She'll weave the matchless verse,
 And Mary's praise rehearse,
 That Mother-Maid has won a heart's release
 For paths of peace.
 With smile and tear
 Doth pass the pageant of each rolling year;
 Gay Spring and golden Summer, soon to fade,
 And Autumn in her regal hues arrayed,
 White Winter clad in stainless snow,—
 All these will come and go,
 But nevermore her happy glance shall know.
 Again in budding Spring
 The thrush will sing,
 The oriole his wooing notes let fall
 In plaintive call;
 But other ears than hers will list his song,
 The river's marge along.
 For, while sweet Summer flies
 And birdsong dies,
 She listens to the music of the skies;
 Her beauty-loving soul has found its rest
 On God's own breast.

The Lake Poets and their Beauty Cult.

BY THE REV. T. J. JENKINS.

IN the northwest corner of Westmoreland and Cumberland counties in England, between Morecambe Bay and Solway Firth, and bordering on Scotland, there lies a little region, scarcely more than thirty miles long and twenty-five miles wide. It is the now famous Lakeland, where, seventy-five years ago, sprang into being the School of Lake Poets, inspired by spiritual views of nature and the revival among non-Catholics of devotion to the Virgin-Mother. This charming bit of country, distant only a few hours of railroad travel northwest from London, was discovered in 1769 by the poet Thomas Gray; and his published notes of the excursion, "Tour in the Lakes," attracted general attention on the part of the lettered toward the mountainous northern district.

The enthusiasm of Gray gained upon his hearers. An opposite infatuation turned public opinion to the right-about; there grew a passion for the "magnificent horrors." Macaulay lays aside his epigrammatic pen to pencil playfully the disillusion of the tourist, who loses his admiration for sublime scenery in the solid fear of missing his supper and a soft bed; and perhaps, on the morrow, of being poniarded by a bandit in a lonely defile. But to-day nothing is easier than to penetrate these fastnesses, aforesaid haunted by nameless terrors. Two railways conduct you to the Lakes and their capitals: Keswick, the town of blue tiles dotting the dale between Derwentwater and Skiddaw, majestic in its robe of ermine; Kendal, the gray old burg, beside the picturesque ruins of an historic chateau; Furness Abbey's lordly remains, and the charming hamlets of lesser importance, embroidering the limpid sheets of water with the embowered cottages — Windermere, Ambleside, Hawkshead, Coniston.

The only bugbear in the voyage to the Lakes is the helm-wind, which is as characteristic of this latitude as the mistral is of Provence, and as frankly detestable. It blows from the North Sea across the desolate sandy reaches of the east coast, sweeps over the Pennines, the backbone of North Britain, and rages like a hurricane over the whole Borderlands. The unwary visitor who alights near the "break" between spring and summer, is sure to encounter the storm-fiend, whose breath sends a mortal shiver under the heaviest winter wraps, and carries terror in its wake on sea.

Toward September or October is the season when the fairy Alps don their unequalled splendor. The blue clematis and the digitalis rose, which were full blown and luxuriant two months earlier, have indeed faded, but the Lakelands reserve a last universal adornment for the autumn. 'Tis the favorite season of the mosses, so lovingly described by that fine spirit, smitten with the charms of this lettered retreat—John Ruskin.

Though a later acquisition to the new School of Poets, Ruskin, by his passionate eloquence, irrepressible in its lofty swing and power, struck its dominant note. He laid the spiritual basis of theology as the point of departure, whence sprang the harmony of all the fine arts in their concordant interpretation of beauty, binding in one supreme octave the visible and the invisible,—Nature with man, man with the Creator; the ascension

Through Nature up to Nature's God.

But we anticipate, and may do well to follow in the train of the writer, who develops this theme in his article in the *Mois Littéraire et Pittoresque*.^{*} Ruskin retired in the autumn to admire the Lakes. Southey preferred the winter, and Wordsworth loved their every successive season. It is to the latter, the real bard and geographer of the School and its cottage colleges, that we owe the true idea of it all.

Imagine an immense wheel whose hub is the Mount Scawfell, and whose spokes are the nine or ten vales which diverge from this centre to wind among the imposing granite ramparts. The wheel is not geometric, but charming withal in its prevailing tint of azure, the lambent blue of still, sky-mirroring waters, set like jewels between green verges in each particular valley.

On the south lies Windermere, "the noblest sheet of water in all England," long and waxing broad as it winds nearly to the sea-line. Eastwaite Water is the Coniston Lake, clothed in wooded shores and dotted with islets of beauty. Follow the spokes of the wheel, and you find to the west, in a basin of abrupt cliffs, Lake Wastdale, narrow and solitary in its bare rocks and waters. Lake Emersdale, with its wild shores, flows by a runlet into the Irish Sea; and Loweswater is guarded, at one extremity, by an imposing group of jagged crests. Stalking westward into the sweet and fertile vale of Lorton, we discover Derwentwater, "queen of the Lakes," dominated toward the sea by the fantastic summits of Borrowdale, whence we reach Lake Bassenthwaite. Lastly, to the east, brood Grasmere, the tiniest and most enchanting of them all; and Ulleswater, whose widespread, fretted shores force comparison with the Lake of Four Cantons, between Lucerne and Brunnen.

This fresh-water sea, shaped roughly like the letter Z, smaller than Windermere, but broader-bosomed than any of the Lakeland sisters, is folded in the arms of majestic mountains, all rife with historical and legendary lore. No legend is more tender than the story connected with the cascade, Aira Force, the most celebrated waterfall in the counties. Wordsworth immortalized it in his poem, "The Somnambulist"; but it is in the picturesque version of the guides that the tale is invested with its tenderest glamour.

Once on a time was a noble cavalier who loved the fairest maiden of the land, the daughter of the proud house of

^{*} Jean Vézère, in the *Mois* for April, 1910.

Greystoke. To show his valor and prove him worthy of her hand and fortune, he sped forth, according to the custom of the valiant in the Middle Ages, to fight the infidel, succor the widow, and defend the orphan. He multiplied his deeds of prowess until he gathered great renown. But his years of absence grew apace; and his sad betrothed, though rejoicing in his courage, heeded the repeated stories of her paladin's lingering over-long to succor other women, and her faith in him began to wane. But the knight did come to his own at last; and, arriving at night, sought out the solitary ravine where grew the broad oak whose leaves had heard their mutual vows.

Alas! the long anguish had sapped the maiden's health. Her sleep was fitful, and she became a sleep-walker, seeking in her nightly wanderings the very ravine, shaded by the spreading oak, whose leaves she plucked and scattered in the foaming torrent. By the pale light of the moon, the cavalier recognized his betrothed bending forward over the cascade. In his ardor to reassure himself of her reality, he stretched out his hands to touch her. "My sweetheart is dead," moans he, "and this her ghost has come back to meet me!" The touch awakens her, and, shrieking, she falls into the abyss and is swallowed up in the raging waters. He plunges into the torrent, seizes her form, and by superhuman effort finally rescues her from the maddening waves. On opening her eyes, she recognized her lover's anguished glance, smiled radiantly,

And, dying from his own embrace,
She felt that he was true.

But tragedy fits not these cultured wilds. The swing and rhythm of the idyll better match their poetic moods. The mountains furnish forth no spectres of the terrible and sublime. Neither Sir Walter's tale of the avalanche, with its tragic engulfment of the lovers, nor his episode of the hapless tourist who fell into the ravines of the Helvellyn in 1805, is so characteristic of the pacific wilder-

ness as the ballad of the bland rhymster, content to admire the proud heights from afar.

After Gray's discovery of the poets' pleasance, others of his ilk were to succeed him, not only fired with his enthusiasm, but carrying it into effect,—living there and chanting its praises. There is not a single dissentient voice in this remarkable return to the loving study of Nature as God's creature, leading forever back to its Author. The essential note is piety, inspired not by Nature's charms only, but pre-eminently by the beauties the poets discovered in their own souls, corresponding to the doctrine of the Church, embodied in the great marvel of nature and grace—our sweet Lady. Who fitter than these to heed the appeal, "Sing for us again and again before this Maiden's bed the tender idylls of the play"?

Wordsworth knew his Lakeland, and chose successively there his three homes, living at Grasmere for fifteen years, at Dove Cottage and the Rydal Mount. "A whole book," writes his French admirer, "could be written of extracts from his works, photographing every striking beauty, and a thousand illustrative details of this exhaustless land of poesy."

Quite near Cockermouth, Wordsworth's birthplace, is the scene of his little poem "Nun's Well":

O'er the brink and round the limestone cell
Of whose pure spring . . .
A tender spirit broods; the pensive shade
Of ritual honors to this fountain paid
By hooded votaresses with saintly cheer;
Albeit, oft the Virgin-Mother mild
Looked down with pity upon eyes beguiled
Into the shedding of "too soft a tear."

Robert Southey, though not so amiable or so exclusive a lover of his adopted countryside at Keswick, was the best-read of the Lake minstrels, and passionately smitten with old lore in book and manuscript. His works are, incredible as it appears, more voluminous than Scott's. Without excepting Ruskin, he was also the greatest traveller. Born at Bristol of poor parents, and educated at Oxford

solely by the generous favor of one of his uncles, an English chaplain at Lisbon, in later life Southey passed several years with his benefactor. He utilized his sojourn in Portugal and Spain by consuming his days in the study of the Romance languages, and in close research in the old monastic libraries. It was in Spain that he collected the national romances of the Cid Campeador, which he translated later into his English poems.

Having married and retired with his family to Keswick, by the shores of beautiful Derwentwater, he, indeed, was not destined to reap worldly fortune. Intense literary labor was his life-work for forty years, winter and summer, which he spent almost exclusively in Lakeland. Singularly enough, he shared not the common enthusiasm for its summer season. "The snow," he declares deliberately, "far from concealing the hills in one monotonous mantle, does but multiply as it diversifies their aspects. It brings their inequalities into better relief, serves to magnify their massive proportions; and, as the twilight falls, the level rays of the sinking wintry sun reflect the more vividly their exquisite tints of saffron, amethyst and rose. Who shall describe the new charms of the lake shores! A snowy fleece or sumptuous vesture of hoarfrost clothes anew the piled-up rocks and the branches of the evergreens; the tips of the heather are powdered with diamonds; the reeds by the lake shore glisten like crystal chandeliers. And when one skims a bit of ice over the frozen bosom of the lake, how it shivers into fragments, with silvery shrieks that resemble nothing so much as a nestful of piping chaffinches!"

A violent partisan, in early life, of the principles of the French Revolution, whose drama of Wat Tyler is "ridiculous," and whose epic, Joan of Arc, is "extravagant," Southey threatened to be an American and a "Socialist" in our forests of the Susquehanna river; but, outliving these utterly subversive ideas, he became a monarchist, and, like Wordsworth, "a

sincerely religious man." If the reader does not discover this in the successive Arabian, Welsh and Hindoo epics, he will certainly do so in "Roderic, Last of the Goths." As to Catholic and Marian sympathies, permit the quotation from his Portuguese "Yeruti and Monna," a tale of the Paraguay missions. He prefaces it thus:

"One day the Indian mother of Yeruti and Monna recalls to their mind the coming of the ministers of the Great Spirit from across the world of waters to the Redman, describes a portion of their teaching, and excites a desire in the children to meet the ministers."

They served a Maid more beautiful than tongue
Could tell or heart conceive. Of human race,
All heavenly as that Virgin was, she sprang;
But, for her beauty and celestial grace,
Being one in whose pure elements no trace
Had e'er inhered of sin or mortal stain,
The highest heaven was now her dwelling-place;
There as a Queen divine she held her reign,
And there in endless joy forever would remain.

Her feet upon the crescent moon were set;
And, moving in their order round her head,
The stars compose her sparkling coronet.
There, at her breast, the Virgin-Mother fed
A Babe Divine, who was to judge the dead,
Such power the Spirit gave this awful Child.
Severe He was, and in His anger dread;
Yet always at His Mother's will grew mild,
So well did He obey that Maiden undefiled.

Then the practical convert shows her children how the Catholic missionaries, despising all earthly rewards, live the hard life of their proselytes, expecting their guerdon in heaven:

For, trusting in this heavenly Maiden's grace,
It was for them a joyful thing to die,
As men who went to have their happy place
With her, and with that Holy Child on high,
In fields of bliss above the starry sky,
In glory, at the Virgin-Mother's feet;
And all who kept their lessons faithfully
An everlasting guerdon there would meet,
When death had led their souls to that celestial
seat.

Southey the poet is not so attractive as Southey the man and Christian. "Though," says our French mentor of the Lakeland, "he would fain eke out a live-

lihood for his own, he cared for the family of his bereaved brother-in-law, the hapless, distinguished Samuel T. Coleridge." They collaborated together in the "Lyric Ballads"; but all know the music of the "Hymn at Sunrise" and "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" as Southey's own.

Let De Quincey, who was something of a Lake-Poet himself, and first met Coleridge at Bridgewater in 1807, describe his first impressions of the man, whom Wordsworth portrayed in a single line:

The brooding poet with the heavenly eyes.

"I noticed a man under a gateway near the inn at Bridgewater. His eyes were large and soft in their expression, and it was by a peculiar appearance of haze or dimness, which mixed their light, that I recognized my object. This was Coleridge. I examined him steadily for a moment or more, and it struck me that he neither saw myself nor any object in the street. He was in a deep reverie; for I had dismounted. . . and advanced close to him before he seemed apparently conscious of my presence. The sound of my voice announcing my name awoke him. He stared, and for a moment seemed at a loss to understand my purpose or his own situation; for he repeated rapidly a number of words which had no relation to either of us. There was in his manner simple perplexity and an apparent difficulty in recovering his position among daylight realities. This over, he received me graciously."*

If now we knew naught of Coleridge's religious sentiments except what he ordained should pass as his Epitaph and his Lullaby, we should see those two marks of a Christian poet—namely, belief in a petition made for prayers for the dead, and piety toward the Queen of Beauty:

Stop, Christian passer-by! Stop, child of God!
And read with gentle breast. Beneath this sod
A poet lies, or that which once seemed he;
Oh, lift a thought for S. T. C.,
That he who many a year, with toil of breath,

Found death in life, may here find life in death.
Mercy, for praise; to be forgiven, for fame,
He hoped and asked through Christ. Do thou
the same.

On finding a print, in a German inn, of the Infant Jesus slumbering in His cradle, rocked by two angels, whilst Mary sings:

Sleep, sweet Babe! My cares beguiling,
Mother sits beside Thee, smiling:
Sleep, my Darling, tenderly!
If Thou sleep not, Mother mourneth,
Singing as her wheel she turneth;
"Come, soft slumber, balmily!" *

We surely should have had much more from the impressible poet, regarding both the religion of Catholics and especially of his sentiments of their cult of the Blessed Virgin, if it had not been for an unhappy adventure of Coleridge in Italy. His earlier strictures on Bonaparte, as a writer in the *English Morning Post*, caused that tyrant to order his arrest if he could be caught on the Continent. "He came back through Italy; and at Rome saw Allston, the American painter. It was on this occasion that he was warned of the order of Bonaparte to arrest him; and, hastening to Leghorn with a passport furnished him by the Pope, was carried out to sea by an American captain. . . . At sea, however, they were chased by a French vessel, which so alarmed the American that he compelled Coleridge to throw his papers overboard, by which all the fruits of his literary labors in Rome were lost."

It may interest the student to learn that Coleridge's philosophy is more prized in America than at home. Some of his works, notably the "Aids to Reflection," have formed many of our studious young men's minds in our State universities and colleges. And this mainly on account of his adventure just related, and possibly because he was head and front of the Susquehanna community scheme, planned in union with the young and erratic Southey.

Let the Rydal Mount Cottage of Wordsworth be our last station of the Poets' levée. Gladstone's Poet Laureate, John

* "Homes and Haunts of British Poets," by William Howitt, p. 415.

* Quoted by Mrs. Jameson, "Legends of the Madonna,"

Ruskin, presiding, the host recites his version of the "Prioress' Tale," from Chaucer, who but echoes Dante's closing hymn, "Vergine Madre."

Thou Maid and Mother, daughter of thy Son,
Thou Wel of mercy, sinful soules cure. . .

Let Percy Bysshe Shelley, resuscitated by Francis Thompson, and who was "one time at the Lakes on a pilgrimage to Southey," defend his own orthodoxy by his hymn:

THE POET'S PETITION FOR HIS SONG.

Seraph of heaven, too gentle to be human,
Veiling beneath that radiant form of woman
All that is insupportable in thee,
Of light and love and immortality!
Sweet Benediction in the eternal curse!
Veil'd Glory in this lampless universe!
Thou Moon beyond the clouds! Thou living Form
Among the dead! Thou Star above the storm!
Thou Wonder and thou Beauty and thou Terror!
Thou Harmony of Nature's art! Thou Mirror
In whom, as in the splendor of the sun,
All shapes look glorious which thou gazest on!
See where she stands! A mortal shape endued
With love and life and light and deity;
The motion which may change but can not die;
An image of some bright eternity;
A shadow of some golden dream; a splendor
Leaving the third sphere pilotless.*

"Ah, delicious Lakeland!" concludes our Jean Vézère, of the *Mois*, "aureoled with the high, sweet memories of so many geniuses, whose souls have been ravished by its beauties, and translated them in the glowing numbers right here,—*here* where their footsteps are scarcely obliterated. In the 'solemn close' of twilight, what time the wraith-mists clamber, noiseless, the mountain flanks, we evoke the spirit-muse of the Hills of Eden, the Virgin spotless and serene, who guided the pencil of Ruskin, inspired the song of Wordsworth and Coleridge, the rhapsodies of Southey and Shelley":

Brighter than eastern skies, at daybreak strewn
With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon
Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast:
Thine image falls to earth.

* As the Third Sphere or Heaven, in Dante's scheme of creation, was named from the orbit of Venus, this probably points to Our Lady supplanting the pagan deal in the worship of Beauty.—T. J. J.

The Flaw in the Title.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXXIII.

DURING that family conference which preceded the formal meeting with Angela and the lawyers, Amy had taken a resolution which she carried out with characteristic energy. She invited Phyllis to accompany her to the station, which both had hitherto avoided, since it was a painful reminder of Grenville, who had come and gone almost daily by that route. And, moreover, they had shrunk from being exposed to the curiosity of those who were frequently gathered about the platform. Phyllis was not a little astonished at the request, but had complied therewith, without even asking a question.

The two had driven along the familiar road in a silence that was full of unspoken sympathy for each other, and of keen and poignant recollection. Each was recalling all the innumerable things that crowd upon the heart and mind when Death has come to impart something of its significance, its infinitude, even to what is trivial.

Suddenly Amy remarked in a low voice, that the coachman might not hear:

"It's really cruel to take the Manor from that old man."

"But," said Phyllis, "he couldn't keep it, dear, under the circumstances."

"It would be very hard to make me believe," continued Amy, "that anybody else has a right to the property. It doesn't seem to matter so much to any one else but him, now that Grenville is gone—"

There her voice broke; she turned away, and little more was said during the remainder of the drive through the calm, cool air, which had no sympathy with human woes. But Phyllis was conscious of a dull ache in her heart,—a sudden feeling of passionate revolt at the thought of being called upon to give up the Manor into the hands of strangers. The dearest

spot on earth she had called it, and so it now appeared. Its every nook and corner, the very ground upon which it stood, the lawn and garden, each separate tree that had guarded the place through generations, arose, like familiar figures, to pluck at the heartstrings.

At the station, at Amy's suggestion, Phyllis remained in the carriage, while the former, springing out, shrouded in her widow's weeds, entered the telegraph office, where she remained for a few moments. She made no mention, on returning to the carriage, of what she had done there, nor did Phyllis inquire. Consequently, the drive homeward was even more silent than the other.

Just as they arrived at the Manor door, however, Amy declared with a vigor that was almost startling:

"I am not going to see the Manor taken from Sylvester Birmingham without a fight for it."

Phyllis looked at her wonderingly. She believed that the widow meant to contest the claim. But how could that be done? Certainly not with Sylvester's consent, if the claim was just. It was, therefore, Amy who furnished one of the surprises when for the last time the subject was under formal discussion.

How solemn the library looked as that strange company were assembled there, and for such a purpose! The silence was oppressive as the lawyers conferred together, taking Sylvester occasionally into their councils; the members of the family in deep mourning garb, and the men of law poring over their documents, while Angela Roscoe sat upright and still, as some figure of Fate, her black eyes sparkling, her lips firmly set and unsmiling.

"It will not be necessary to go any further into the merits of the case," said the cold, clear voice of Sylvester, breaking upon the stillness. "My solicitor informs me that the claim made in favor of the grandson of the late Henry Birmingham is proved beyond a doubt, and the identity of the claimant clearly established.

In that case, neither I nor any one of my family will offer the slightest opposition to the proper establishment of that claim."

The pause that followed was charged with emotion, and was interrupted in a manner that was almost sensational. A telegram was brought into the room and handed to Mrs. Grenville, who, as she took it from the salver, allowed her light blue eyes to roam round the room, and to rest now on one, now on another of those present. Having opened and read it, she passed it to Phyllis, who sat, deathly pale and trembling, forgetting her own feelings in the intensity of her sympathy with her uncle. The old man, who seemed to be invested with a peculiar dignity and nobility, was the central figure of the scene. His late affliction, and this new blow that had fallen, were as the culminating strokes of Fate in the ancient tragedies.

The young girl read the telegram with a bewildered air, scarcely knowing to what it referred, till Amy, taking it from her hand, arose and advanced to where Sylvester was sitting.

"Mr. Birmingham," she said, "I think you had better read that, and put these people wise about its contents."

The old man read it; and, without any comment, passed it to his attorney, asking him to read it aloud. The latter did so, in a slow, impassive voice, that gave emphasis to every syllable:

"Buy out the whole concern in your name, and adjust things afterward.

"GILBERT J. VALENTINE."

"This, as you perceive," said the lawyer, "is an offer of purchase on behalf of Mrs. Grenville Birmingham."

Again there was a strange and almost ominous silence in the room, while Amy's eyes were fixed imploringly upon Sylvester. The latter's gaze rested upon his hands, as they lay crossed upon his knee. John Watkin, whose attention had been fixed upon him, now stole an involuntary glance at Angela. She was visibly agitated, her eyes glowing, her face pale. She bent eagerly forward, half rising from her

place, as if about to speak. But it was Sylvester's voice that once more broke upon the stillness.

"To me," he said, "it seems quite impossible that such an offer can be made or accepted."

But Amy was upon her feet in an instant, her eyes full of fire, her voice quivering with emotion.

"You have no right, father, to say that!" she cried. "For my sake and for Grenville's, you will have to accept the offer,—that is," she added, with a propitiatory glance at Angela, "if the opposing parties are willing, as I think they are likely to be."

Once more Angela put a strong restraint upon herself, and so suppressed the speech that rose to her lips.

Sylvester looked up at Amy, with a face that had softened at her appeal, and that expressed something of doubt and hesitation; then he said slowly:

"At this stage of the proceedings, at least, such a proposal can not be properly entertained. Perhaps later—I do not know. We have met here now to establish the claim of Henry Birmingham's grandson, and to cause its full recognition by the family. Let us accomplish that object, and then we shall see what may be the wishes of those interested."

He glanced at Angela as he spoke, courteously inclining his head toward her, as if to intimate that such details lay in her hands; and she, with a slight movement of acquiescence, sank back into her chair, as if relieved. She had lived so long a time in the atmosphere of doubt and struggle that she now felt Sylvester's absolute integrity and sense of justice almost oppressive. Whatever her sentiments—and they included, just then, a wonder as to what her son would wish in this juncture,—she thought it better to accept the momentary truce, and let the matter rest in abeyance.

She heard Sylvester say to the lawyer, in an undertone:

"Even were such a course of action

advisable or proper, I do not think the Manor could be alienated, nor would I wish to see it pass from the direct line of Birmingham."

"Very likely you are right," replied the attorney. "But there might easily be an adjustment, for the present, through this offer; the Manor being secured to the claimant by a reversionary interest."

While they were thus speaking Angela was handed a card upon which a line was pencilled. Having read it, she said to Sylvester:

"With your permission, I shall now introduce the heir at law."

"I shall be glad to make his acquaintance," Sylvester answered courteously. "Do I understand that he has arrived?"

"Yes: he is in the drawing-room."

The servant was dispatched to bring that painfully interesting visitor; and during the interval that elapsed there was profound emotion on the part of all present, though in greater or less degree. Mark Birmingham was, in fact, so overcome by the whole affair that he could scarcely speak at all. His wife was comparatively tranquil. She was wealthy in her own right, and Mark had long since received his younger brother's share; for the Manor and its appurtenances had, in each successive generation, gone to the eldest son. This arrangement had been acquiesced in, to prevent the place from being sold or falling into the hand of strangers. To those more directly interested, of course the moment was a breathless one. All were eager, apart from all other considerations, to see the man who should in future represent their old and honored family.

A step was heard in the hall, and all eyes were turned toward the door where the heir-apparent was to appear. What was the general surprise to hear, as if in accompaniment to that first step, another one, which shuffled and dragged; and also a voice cracked and automaton like! As the door slowly opened, there was visible the quaint and aged figure of

Williams. How he had got there, or for what reason, no one could tell. According to his fashion, he overlooked the crowd of eager faces that were staring at him; and, making his way by an instinct to Sylvester, cried:

"It's him,—it's Master Harry that's come home!"

The speaker's face was radiant, and his utterance was almost choked with joy.

Sylvester, in bewilderment, looked past him to the open door, where Phyllis and Aunt Petronilla, involuntarily clasping hands in their mutual excitement, had already discerned the dark and eager countenance of Harry Brent.

The young man advanced somewhat uncertainly into the room, surprised at the solemn assembly; for his mother, in bidding him to come thither, had not explained the circumstances. He stood still an instant, looking from the keen, spectacled faces of the lawyers to that of his mother, and thence to Sylvester. Phyllis he did not at once perceive, as she sat in the shadow. It seemed to astonish him most of all to see his mother thus seated in this solemn conclave, even though he had been aware that she had summoned him to the Manor on important business, saying to him, enigmatically:

"Your affair with Miss Phyllis Peniston, about which you have been so despairing, will take, I believe, a different complexion for the future; and as for that haughty old man who dared to speak of you so insultingly, and to refuse his consent to your suit, he may now be only too glad that you should renew that proposal."

Her son had not understood at the time what all this portended, and had presumed that it was merely the exaggeration of an idolizing mother, who had hoped to persuade Sylvester with those vague allusions to future good prospects and to influential connections with which she had kept alive Henry's self-esteem during childhood and youth. Angela had not permitted him to see how deep the pang

with which she had discovered that his affections were so completely centred upon another at the very time when she had hoped to enjoy his undivided society. But she had given him her full sympathy, and induced John Watkin to bring him to the Manor. She had agonized over his suffering, and been roused to fiery indignation when she heard of the contempt with which Sylvester had rejected his suit. She had promised him at the time that circumstances would be made to change without delay, and had endeavored with all the vehemence of her nature to hurry on matters with her lawyer. She had also paid her memorable visit to Sylvester while still smarting over the treatment which her son had received. She never for an instant doubted that Phyllis would now accept with joy a proposal which would make her mistress of the Manor, and that Sylvester would recognize in such a marriage the best arrangement possible.

No one, however, was more utterly amazed than the young man when Angela, arising from her place, with an impressive grace and dignity which even at that moment all present were forced to admire, took her son by the hand and led him forward to Sylvester.

"Permit me," she said, "to present to you Henry Brent Birmingham, the grandson of your late uncle."

Clinging to his side, and adding no little to his bewilderment, was the old man Williams, tears of joy streaming down his aged face, while he murmured over and over the name of Master Harry. Aunt Petronilla then, with a gasp, recognized the resemblance which had puzzled both her and her brother. Mark sprang to his feet, his face deadly pale as he exclaimed, with quivering lips:

"Why did we not see it before? It's the dead come to life!"

As for Phyllis, she sat still in her corner, feeling as though a heavy weight had fallen upon her heart. She could not analyze her own sensations; but deep in her consciousness, unjust and unworthy though

she knew it to be, was a distinct resentment toward this young man,—he who, having sought her hand, had been so haughtily rejected by Sylvester, but who was now the prospective owner of the Manor, about to supplant the dead Grenville and the living Sylvester.

Amy, who had been staring with all her might, could not repress an exclamation: "If it isn't the young man from Rome!"

Sylvester arose from his chair to do honor to the heir of their ancient name.

"Allow me," he said, "to bid you welcome to Birmingham Manor, which is now your own."

He extended his hand, at the same time gazing with a genuine emotion into the young man's face, and remarked:

"Only that age has dimmed my sight, I must have traced that resemblance, which haunted me from my first meeting with you. For, in fact, my dear young kinsman, you bear your title deeds to the property in your face."

Angela, standing back a pace or two, watched them both curiously; and, with a beating heart, observed how Williams hung upon her son and gazed at him with a kind of adoration, believing that the long-dead grandfather had come back.

To Harry Birmingham, as he was to be thenceforth known, the whole matter seemed so like a dream—a fantastic and improbable dream—that he could scarcely control his thoughts. He expected that he should awake to find himself once more the poor and obscure young man who had gone through life cheered only by some vague expectations on the part of his mother.

It was after that singular scene was over, and the group there assembled had dispersed, after having talked the matter over in all its bearings, and given as cordial a welcome as possible to the prospective heir, that two explanations took place. The one was between Phyllis and her new kinsman, and the other between Angela and John Watkin.

(To be continued.)

"Catholicism and the Future."

AN article of exceptional interest and remarkable ability, by Father Robert Hugh Benson, appears under the above title in the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly*,—a magazine ever readable because never illustrated, and always distinguishable for scholarship and fine uncommercialism. "Catholicism and the Future" is the fifth of a series of papers dealing with contemporary views of religion. Father Benson is a prolific writer, but we doubt if he has ever given us anything better than this comparatively short article, which is certain to command wide attention. The spirit in which it is written affords this assurance. The object of the paper is, not to convict the "modern thinker" of narrowness and unfairness, but rather to relieve his mind of misconceptions caused by losing sight of the significance of certain great facts. In every paragraph the article makes for "sweet reasonableness," and on this account will be read by thousands who would otherwise ignore it. The time has happily come when something more than the power to excel in the use of strong language is demanded of all polemics.

Instead of attempting to give a summary of this very notable article, we shall do better to quote some of its more striking passages,— "certain enormous facts," to which the "modern thinker" is blind, or which he fails to take into account. Father Benson says:

When men in France like Brunetière, Coppée, Huysmans, Retté, and Paul Bourget, come forward from agnosticism or infidelity; when Pasteur, perhaps the most widely known scientist of his day, declares that his researches have left him with the faith of the Breton peasant, and that further researches, he doubts not, would leave him with the faith of the Breton peasant's wife; when, in Great Britain, an Irish Protestant professor of biology, a professor of Greek at Glasgow, and perhaps the greatest judge on the bench, in the very height of maturity and of their reputation, deliberately make their submission to Rome; when, within the last few months, the Lutheran professor of

history at Halle follows their example; when two of those who are called "the three cleverest men in London" not only defend Catholicism, but defend it with the ardor of Preaching Friars; when, in spite of three centuries of Protestantism, enforced until recently by the law of the land, the Catholic party in the English Parliament once more has the balance of power, as also it holds it in Germany, when, as is notorious, the "man-in-the-street" publicly declares that if he had any religion at all it would be the Catholic religion; when a Papal Legate elicits in the streets of Protestant London a devotion and an hostility that are alike the envy of all modern "leaders of religious thought," and sails up the Rhine into Cologne to the thunder of guns and the pealing of bells,—when this kind of thing is happening everywhere; when the only successful missions in the East are the Catholic missions; the only teachers who can meet the Oriental ascetics, the Catholic ascetics,—surely it is a very strange moment at which to assume that the religion of the future is to be some kind of ethical Pantheism!

Arguing that man has a heart as well as a head, that his heart continually puts him in touch with facts which transcend, though they need not contradict, mere reason; and that to neglect the evidence of the heart is to rule an eye-witness out of court because he happens not to be a philosopher or a trained detective, Father Benson has this strong paragraph:

A second criticism of "modern religious thought" is that it attempts to restrict to terms of a part of human nature that which is the affair of the whole of human nature; it tends to reject all evidence which is not the direct object of the intellect in its narrowest sense. Mr. Arthur Balfour, in his "Foundations of Belief," put the truth about the matter in a single sentence, to the effect that any system of religion which was small enough for our intellectual capacity could not be large enough for our spiritual needs. Professor Romanes traces the beginning of his return from materialism to Christianity to the discovery of that same truth. He had always rejected, he tells us, the evidence of the heart in his search for religious truth, until he reflected that without the evidence of the heart no truth worth knowing can be discovered at all. The historian can not interpret events rightly unless he is keenly and emotionally interested in them; the sociologist can not interpret events adequately unless he personally knows something of passion; and, more than all this, the very finest instincts of the human race, by which the greatest truths

are arrived at—the principle of the sacrifice of the strong in the cause of the weak, for instance; all art, all poetry (and these are as objective as anything else), chivalry, and the rest,—all these things, with their exceedingly solid results in a thousand directions, could never have come into existence, much less have been formulated and classified, unless the heart had been followed, not only as well as the head, but sometimes even in apparent and transient contradiction to the head.

Passing on to consider the signs of the future; Father Benson touches upon the effect of Catholicism on the family, the service to the claims of the Church rendered by "Comparative Religion," and concludes with these stirring words on Catholicism's power of recuperation:

Not only is it the sole religion which has arisen in the East and has dominated the West, and now once more is reconquering the East; but it is also the one religion that has been proclaimed as dead, over and over again, and yet somehow has always reappeared. Once "the world groaned to find itself Arian"; now Arius is enshrined in the text-books, and the Creed of Athanasius is repeated by living men. Once Gnosticism trampled on the ancient faith everywhere: now not one man in a hundred could write five lines on what it was that the Gnostics believed. Once the Turks overran Africa and Spain and threatened Christendom itself: now the nations trained by Christianity are wondering how they can best dispose of Constantinople. Nero thought he had crucified Christianity in Peter: now Peter sits on Nero's seat. Once Elizabeth disembowelled every seminary priest she could lay hands on, and established Protestantism in Ireland: now Westminster Cathedral draws immeasurably larger congregations than Westminster Abbey, where Elizabeth lies buried; and Catholic Irishmen are dictating in an English Parliament how the children in English schools are to be educated....

Is there any other society in the world, secular or sacred, that has passed through such vicissitudes with such a burden on its shoulders, and survived? For it is a burden which she can not shift. She can not, at least, "recast her theology" and drop unpopular or unfashionable dogmas (as can all sects which claim merely human authority), and still live. Yet who can doubt that she is more of a force to-day than all the most accommodating denominations around her? She has lived, too, in the tumultuous rush of Western life, not in the patient lethargy of the East. She has struggled, not only with enemies in her gate, but with her

own children in her own house. She has been betrayed over and over again by the treachery or wickedness or cowardice of her own rulers; she has been exiled from nearly every country which she had nursed into maturity; she has been stripped of all her treasures in nearly every one of her lands; she has finally seen her supreme Sovereign on earth driven to take refuge in his own house by the children of the men whom she raised to honor. And yet on her secular side she has seen every kingdom of Europe rise and fall and rise again; she has seen a republic give birth to a monarchy or an empire, and an empire yield to a republic; she has seen every dynasty fall except her own; she has seen, in religious affairs, every "modern" sect—whose one claim to efficiency lies in its modernity—fail to keep pace with herself, who has the centuries on her shoulders; and she remains to-day the one single sacred and secular commonwealth which has faced the revolutions and the whirling religions of the West and has survived, with a continuity so unshaken that not one of her enemies can dispute it, and an authority which they can only resent; she reigns even in this day of her "discredit" over more hearts than any other earthly sovereign, and more heads than any philosopher of the schools...

I called this characteristic of hers *Recuperation*. I call it now *Resurrection*; for this is the "sign of the Prophet Jonas" to which her Divine Founder appealed. And yet our "modern religious thinkers" are dreaming in their armchairs of another "creed"!

We have hesitated to quote at such great length from so comparatively short a paper, but our hope is that a yet larger number of readers all over the world may thus be secured for it. "Catholicism and the Future" is an article that, as we have said, makes for "sweet reasonableness"; it is calculated to remove mountains of prejudice, to fortify Catholics in their faith, to rouse the interest of Protestants and to convince them that the claims of the Church on their allegiance are as well-grounded as they are urgent and unalterable; and, furthermore, to persuade the Modernist, of whatever shade of belief, that, as Newman says, "either the Catholic religion is verily the coming of the unseen world into this, or there is nothing positive, nothing dogmatic, nothing real in any of our notions as to whence we come and whither we go."

Notes and Remarks.

A study of the status of the Church in the United States at the present time would disclose facts which we venture to say would be surprising to most people. Few persons, even among the observant and well-informed, have any idea of some mighty changes that are taking place in this New World of ours. For instance, who would not find it hard to believe that there are now more—many more—Polish Catholics in the archdiocese of Chicago alone than Catholics of all nationalities in the two dioceses of Indianapolis and Fort Wayne—the whole State of Indiana,—though the former diocese was created in 1834, when there was not a score of Polish families in the whole country? The Catholic population of New England has increased to such an extent within recent years that New Ireland is the name now sometimes applied to what used to be called the Land of the Puritans. Twenty-five years hence, New Poland may be an even more appropriate designation for Illinois and Indiana. We hear of a Polish parish just established in the latter State, which counts 460 families at the very start; and its parochial school will open with 500 children. The Poles are nothing if not prolific. If they can only be preserved from the evil influence of Socialism, their descendants are sure to form the chief element in the Catholic population of the United States in the second half of the present century.

While it should not be necessary, it is probably advisable, to warn our readers that the ordinary press dispatches regarding the religious question in Spain are to be read nowadays with a purposely suspicious rather than an open mind. At most, one may be justified in crediting the overt steps reported as having actually been taken by either the Vatican or the Spanish Government. In view of the unquestionably anti-Catholic prejudices of

the powers controlling the various press agencies, it is the part of wisdom to disbelieve altogether reports reflecting on the Vatican's intentions, animus, purposed action, motives, etc. The coloring given to all such matters by the sensational and inimical press has, in a hundred and one instances of late years—notably in the Ferrer case,—been clearly shown to be utterly false. Journals anxious to propitiate their Catholic readers while denouncing the action of the Papal court are insisting, we notice, on the distinction between Catholicism and Clericalism, and between Pope Pius X. and his Spanish Cardinals. Apropos of this trick, the following statement of a Montreal Freemason is illuminative: "The distinction between Catholicism and Clericalism is purely official, subtle, and for platform purposes; but here, among ourselves, let the truth be openly declared: Catholicism and Clericalism are one and the same."

The police authorities of Berlin have issued an ordinance placing restrictions on reckless aviators, five of whom were dashed to pieces last month in Germany. All spectacular flying is prohibited, unless the owners of the airships give notification three days in advance of intended flights, and the operators of the machines are provided with an aviator's certificate. Flying over towns and villages is forbidden under any circumstances. It was high time to put a check on what, to many airmen, is an utterly reckless pursuit. Not only their own danger, but the risk to life and to the property of earthmen was to be considered. Think what might happen if a machine charged with petrol were to fall on a large tenement house filled with people, or amongst a crowd in the open. The example of Germany is likely to be followed soon in England and the United States; for the accidents to aeroplanes and airships in both countries are becoming more and more frequent. Something surely ought to be done to place aviation on a sound footing,

so that it may progress—if by any chance there should be a future for it—along scientific lines, and not merely develop into a display of reckless daring by devil-may-care mechanics for the amusement of excitement-loving mobs.

While the statement that the Church itself is the most vital agency for the unification of Christendom would excite no remark as coming from a Catholic, and would be only surprising if made by an observant agnostic, it is somewhat extraordinary as the declaration of the president of the Wesleyan Reform Union in recent session at Manchester, England. No other church, he said, had the machinery, the wealth, the tradition and the ability to unite all the forces of the Christian Church. The president's eulogy was, of course, not unqualified; he added: "If that great power could be moved to meet the needs of humanity as we see them, Christ's coming would be realized by the present generation." The press dispatches state that the utterance was received with significant silence; but surely such a declaration itself in such an assembly was still more significant as a religious sign of the times.

In an article on "Preaching the Word of God," contributed to the current number of the *American Ecclesiastical Review* by the Very Rev. D. J. Kennedy, O. P., it is stated that when the famous Père Monsabré was appointed to give the Lenten conferences in Notre Dame, "some of the brethren in the convent where he was living asked him what subjects he intended to treat, and he surprised them greatly by announcing: 'I am going to preach on the *Credo*!' They attempted to dissuade him, representing that dogmatic subjects would not afford an opportunity to display his talents; that the dispositions of his hearers demanded something more enlivening, more up-to-date, as it were; that there were lighter and more attractive

subjects which could be chosen with perfect propriety and treated with profit to his hearers."

If this statement be correct, and if the sentiment expressed was general among French preachers at the time, one need not be surprised at the spiritual destitution of so many people in France at the present day,—or at certain other things needless to be specified. The article referred to contains nothing so striking, as the words quoted,—if we except Père Monsabré's reply to them. He said to his advisers: "The people need instruction: I believe they are famishing from the want of solid food, and I am convinced that they will come to hear the old doctrines of the Church explained in a language suited to our times."

How well the great Dominican preacher understood the supreme need of the age! There was never a time in the history of the Church, broadly speaking, when the necessity of thorough instruction in the fundamental truths of Christianity was more urgent than at the present day. "To think of forming the rising generation to piety without first laying a solid foundation of instruction is merely to build upon sand." The average preacher supposes in his hearers a knowledge of the truths of faith which in innumerable cases is non-existent. The masses are indeed enervated from lack of solid food, though surfeited with all kinds of devotional tidbits.

Discussing in the *Month* "Some Obstacles to Peace," the Rev. Joseph Keating felicitously quotes a trio of Cardinals—Gibbons, Logue, and Vaughan—who in a public appeal advocated a permanent tribunal of arbitration, "as a rational substitute among English-speaking races for a resort to the bloody arbitrament of war." Said the Cardinals:

Others may base their appeal upon motives which touch your worldly interests, your prosperity, your world-wide influence and authority in the affairs of men. The Church recognizes the legitimate force of such motives in the

natural order, and blesses whatever tends to the real progress and elevation of the human race. But our main ground of appeal rests upon the known character and will of the Prince of Peace, the living Founder, the divine Head of Christendom. It was He who declared that love of the brotherhood is a second Commandment like unto the first. It was He who announced to the people the praise and reward of those who seek after peace and pursue it.

"The peace of the world," tersely concludes Father Keating, "can only be secured, not by Socialism, which is universal tyranny, nor by Hervéism, which is universal anarchy, but by practical Christianity, which is universal brotherhood, the establishment on earth of the Kingdom of Christ."

A whole nation is in deep sorrow when Death snatches the crown from its ruler. Far more general is that sorrow when a man dies who did not, strictly speaking, belong to only one nation, but whose influence extended everywhere. Dr. Robert Koch must be enumerated among the great benefactors of mankind. As some one has well said, science and humanity have lost in him one of the greatest lights of all times. He began his life-work equipped with the most inadequate means. It was by the extreme economy of his wife that he was enabled to procure his first microscope.

To study the causes of diseases did not satisfy Dr. Koch. As physician and friend of humanity, he exerted his powers to prevent disease and to cure it. His public sanitary regulations prevented the spread of destructive epidemics; and his improved methods of treatment brought about conditions for the well-being of mankind such as the history of medicine had never before witnessed.

"It is as one of the founders of the modern science of bacteriology," says a writer in the *Athenæum*, "that Koch's name will live. In order to prove his theory that infectious disease is the work of malignant bacteria, he shrank from no toil, and travelled to one plague-centre after another at the risk of his life. Thus

at different times he visited South Africa to obtain the bacillus of rinderpest, Central Africa for that of sleeping sickness, and Bombay for that of bubonic plague; while he lived in Toulon through an outbreak of Asiatic cholera in order to perfect his knowledge of the comma bacillus. . . . The debt of science to him is very great, and he has put into the hands of future generations a weapon for the combat of disease of immense and far-reaching efficiency. In the Temple of Fame Koch's place should be by the side of Pasteur."

It is impossible to study Cardinal Vaughan's "Life" without feeling that he must have been very near to saintship. The two volumes contain many chapters of absorbing interest; but we confess to have lingered longest over the one entitled "Characteristics," in which his biographer relates many anecdotes illustrative of the holy prelate's unworldliness, piety, and self-sacrifice. His habitual attitude toward the world is shown in the following extract from a letter to a near kinsman who had suffered a sudden reverse of fortune:

I am very glad that you and N. take your misfortune so calmly and patiently. A great temporal trial is certainly intended by God to be used by us for a spiritual gain. You will, therefore, I am sure, try to put it to the best account. It matters little whether we are rich or poor, prosperous or unfortunate in this world, provided we are "minting money" for heaven by the practice of patience, resignation, honesty, and the love of God. Life is soon over; it is just worth what it will fetch in the next world. Nor do cheerfulness and content depend upon riches. God bless you! And let me hear from you soon again.

The Cardinal may be said to have prayed without ceasing, so fixed had become his habit of prayer. A friend who knew him well thus refers to a journey made with him from Genoa to Rome:

We were spending the night in the train and had been fortunate enough to secure a compartment to ourselves. He bade me turn in on one side of the carriage, and he made as though to do so himself on the other. After some hours—possibly when we were at Pisa—I was awakened

by some shunting operations on the line. I opened my eyes, but there was very little light in the carriage; for the Cardinal had drawn the cover over the lamp as we were leaving Genoa. When, however, my eyes had become accustomed to the darkness, I saw the form of the Cardinal kneeling on the floor of the carriage, and I am persuaded that he took no rest at all. . . .

To the Mother-General of the Sisters of Nazareth, who had sent him a sum of money which she hoped he would use to fit up his two small, ill-furnished and uncarpeted rooms, the Cardinal wrote: "I am obliged for your letter, prayers, and good wishes. The bank-note I will keep for the present; but I hope to spend nothing on my room, and will use it in another way. . . . I am sorry to hear you have been so constantly on the cross. If we were entirely supernatural, perhaps I should be saying that I am very pleased to hear of it. Certainly there is nothing better on earth than the Holy Will and the Cross of Christ. . . . Please do not send me any more money."

After the Cardinal's death, his executors found in his desk a small bag of gold, with a label on which he had written, "To be returned to Nazareth House." He had been unwilling, says his biographer, to hurt the feelings of the nuns by sending the money back at the time, and yet did not want to spend it on himself. He knew that when he was dead they would understand. Among his papers was found a memorandum referring to this money: "In my small tin box there will be found several sums of money which I never considered my own, but had the use of. In the box are seventy or eighty sovereigns to be restored to Nazareth House, with my affectionate regards and blessing. The rest of the money can go to charitable purposes."

Mr. Snead-Cox has done a real service in making Cardinal Vaughan better known to the world, and has produced a biography in which every reader will find interest and edification.



The Legend of Santa Casilda.*

I.

THERE once reigned in Toledo a king whose name was Almenon, and with whom the Christian King of Castile, Don Fernando the Great, was on terms of friendship.

King Almenon had a daughter named Casilda, who was beautiful and very tender-hearted. A Christian slave told the little girl that the Nazarenes (for so the Moors called the Christians) loved their God, their king, their parents, and all their relatives. The slave said also that the Nazarenes never lost their mother, because even if they were deprived of her who bore them, they had another Mother whose name was Mary, and who was their patroness through life, and their consoler at the hour of death.

Years passed by, and Casilda grew in stature, in beauty, and in virtue. Her mother died, and she envied the lot of the Nazarene orphans.

Beyond the walls of the beautiful garden that surrounded the palace of the King was a gloomy prison, in which many Christian captives were confined, hungry and loaded with chains. One day Casilda happened to be walking in her father's garden when she heard the lamentations of the poor captives. The young princess wept bitterly for them, and returned to the palace, her heart filled with sadness.

At the palace door Casilda met her father, and, kneeling before him, she said:

"Father!—O my father! in the prison beyond the gardens a multitude of captives lament. Take off their chains and let them return to the land of the Nazarenes, where dear ones are waiting for them."

* Translated and adapted for THE AVE MARIA, from the Spanish of D. Antonio de Trueba.

In the depth of his heart the Moor blessed his daughter because she was good, and he loved her with a most tender love. She was his only child, and the living image of the beloved wife whose loss he had been mourning for over a year. But still, being a Mussulman and a king, he considered himself obliged to punish the boldness of Casilda's request; for to express compassion for Christian captives, and to ask for their liberty, was a crime which the Prophet* decreed should be punished with death. Therefore, he concealed the feelings of his soul, and in an angry voice said to his daughter:

"Begone, false believer!—begone! I will have your tongue cut out and your body cast into the flames; for such is the punishment decreed against those that plead for the Nazarenes."

The young princess once more threw herself on her knees, and begged his pardon by the memory of her mother—of the queen whose death Almenon was still mourning.

The King felt his eyes blinded with tears; and, pressing his daughter to his heart, he forgave her, saying:

"Be careful, my child, not to speak again in favor of the Christians, nor even to feel compassion for them, because I shall have no mercy on you. Our great Prophet has written: 'The believer that will not exterminate the unbelievers shall be exterminated.'"

II.

The birds were singing their sweetest carols, the flowers were opening, and the soft morning breeze was bearing the perfume of the gardens to the palace of the Moorish King. Casilda was very sad as she made her appearance at the window to seek for some distraction from her melancholy thoughts. The gardens looked so

* Mahomet, is so called by his followers

beautiful that she could not resist their charm, and she went out to walk through the fragrant shades.

As she went along, a beautiful butterfly flew from flower to flower; and Casilda followed it, without being able to catch it. Finally she came to a strong wall, over which the butterfly flew, leaving the princess tired and disappointed.

Behind this strong wall Casilda heard the sorrowful lamentations of the poor Nazarenes; and charity and compassion once more took possession of her heart.

The princess returned to the palace, and, taking food and money, she retraced her steps to the prison. The money was to win the favor of the guards, and the food was for the captives. Casilda had both food and money carefully concealed in the skirt of her dress, when, in turning the corner of a path between the rose-beds, she met her father, who also had come out to seek distraction from the gloomy thoughts that oppressed him.

"What are you doing here so early, light of my eyes?" said the King.

Casilda hung her head, and turned as red as the roses that were stirred by the gentle morning breeze.

The King, however, did not notice her embarrassment.

"Let us stroll on together," he said. "But what have you wrapped up in the skirt of your dress?"

Casilda, from the bottom of her heart, invoked the Mother of the Nazarenes, and tried to speak.

Almenon impatiently took hold of her dress, and a shower of roses fell upon the ground.

The princess turned as pale as the lilies in the royal garden; the light of her eyes went out, and blood gushed from between her lips, reddening the row of pearls which God had placed in her mouth. The heart of the King was nearly broken with sorrow at seeing the condition of his beloved daughter; and he knew that Death would claim her as his own, if relief did not come quickly.

III.

The skill of the physicians of Toledo was of no avail to restore health to the princess; and then Almenon summoned the most celebrated doctors of Seville and Cordova, but also without success.

"I will bestow my kingdom and my treasures on him that will save my daughter!" exclaimed the afflicted monarch, when Casilda seemed about to die.

But no one succeeded in gaining his kingdom and his treasures; for the blood continued to flow from the mouth of the princess, and she was sinking hour by hour.

"My daughter is dying!" wrote the King of Toledo to the King of Castile. "If in your dominions there is one that can save her, send him to my court at once, I beg you; and I will bestow upon him my kingdom, my treasures, and even my daughter."

Throughout the kingdoms of Castile and Leon heralds announced that the Moorish King of Toledo offered, to any one that would restore health to his daughter, his kingdom and his treasures, and even the daughter herself.

Whereupon a physician hailing from Judea presented himself to the King of Castile, and offered to restore the princess to health.

Such was the wisdom displayed in the words of this man, and so great the faith inspired by the goodness beaming from his countenance, that the King of Castile did not hesitate to give him letters to Almenon, assuring him that the bearer would save the life of the princess.

Hardly had the physician from Judea touched the forehead of the maiden, when the blood ceased to flow, and the color of the rose began to reappear on her pale cheeks.

"Take my kingdom!" cried Almenon, beside himself with joy and astonishment, and weeping with gratitude.

"I have no need of thy wealth or thy kingdom," answered the physician.

"Take my greatest treasure!" continued

the King, pointing to his daughter. "I will keep my word."

And the physician, making a sign of acceptance, held out his hand to Casilda, and said:

"There are some purifying waters at a distance from here, which must complete the cure."

And next day the princess set foot on the land of the Nazarenes, accompanied by the mysterious physician.

IV.

Casilda and her companion kept on travelling until they came to the borders of a beautiful lake. Then he took some of the water in the hollow of his hand, and, pouring it over her forehead, said, in softest tones:

"I baptize thee in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

The princess felt an indescribable happiness, like that which the Nazarene slave told her was enjoyed by the blessed in Paradise. She raised her eyes to heaven, and exclaimed:

"Who are you, O friend, O wonderful physician?"

And the physician answered in a voice of ravishing melody:

"I am St. James, the Apostle of Him who restored life and health to the daughter of Jairus; who said, 'Whosoever shall have left house or brothers or sisters or father or mother or wife or children or lands, for My Name's sake, shall receive a hundredfold, and shall possess life everlasting.' They are His own words."

Then he disappeared.

On the banks of the beautiful lake, which is now called San Vicente, in the territory of Briviesca, there is a poor hermitage, wherein the daughter of the Moorish King of Toledo passed the remainder of her life in solitude and prayer. She is venerated by the faithful under the name of Santa Casilda.

Sandy Joe.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XI.—TRIED AND TRUE.

"O Joe, you haven't lost the money!" gasped Micky, in sympathetic dismay.

"Yes, I have," answered Joe, grimly; and he showed his jacket, rent from sleeve to pocket. "It was in there."

"Look again, Joe," said Micky, breathless at this crowning disaster. "It might be stuck somewhere."

"Ain't no place to stick," replied Joe. "That was all the pocket I had. And it was a good one: I sewed it myself."

"I bet Bill Butler jerked it out!" cried Micky. "Let's go tell Officer Ryan."

"What's the good?" asked Joe. "He can't do nothing. I got in a fight, and tore my jacket and lost my money. Cops ain't going to bother about that. It's Parley Voo I'm thinking of. Five dollars! Geewhiz! he nearly had a fit because the last boy he had got away with sixty cents. Five dollars!"

There was a moment's silence. Micky felt that the situation was tragic beyond his reach. Five dollars! His wildest business imagination had never soared so high.

"You oughtn't to carry such a lot of money around, Joe," he said at last.

"Why oughtn't I?" asked Joe, who was in no mood for criticism. "It's C. O. D. with old Parley Voo for his victuals. You can't levy on them, if they are eaten up. My, but he'll be busting mad, and La Vielle will just tear things up. Shouldn't wonder if they had me locked up." And Joe sank down on a water plug near by, and stared gloomily into the surrounding darkness.

A sudden gleam flashed into little Catholic Micky's head.

"Let's go back and tell Father More. Maybe he will help you out."

"Help me out?" echoed Joe. "What would he help me out for?"

"Oh, because—because he'd be sorry."

"No," said Joe, rousing into his own self again. "I ain't going to no preacher, to whine and cry like—like a baby girl. I'm going to stand up to my luck, Micky. I've got to go back and face old Parley Voo's."

"What for?" asked Micky, sharply. "Why have you got to go back and be pinched perhaps for losing the money?"

Joe stared silently at the little speaker for a moment. There was a quick wit, after all, in Micky's towy head. Why go back? There was nothing to hold him to the dark cot under Parley Voo's counter, or to La Vielle, with her snapping eyes and her sharp tongue.

"If I was scared of trouble like that, I'd skip," continued Joe's small counsellor.

"Parley Voo would set the cops after me," answered Joe. "He said the next boy that stole from him he'd jail him sure; and he'd think I *stole*." The young voice trembled at the word.

"I'd let him think it," said Micky. "I'd skip this town, Joe. You ain't got no one to care."

No one to care! The words rang out sharply through the darkness into which Joe was staring. No one to care! He could skip off from the blame and the shame and the danger, and scramble for himself in safety and freedom, as boys like Sandy Joe always can. He thought of old Parley Voo and La Vielle, and their miserly count of pennies and dimes, and felt their wrath would be without mercy at his escape. Yes, he could skip off, in the darkness, sneak a ride on the freight cars in the station, and strike out for himself in another town. There were plenty of ways a sharp boy could make money, Sandy Joe knew. Ah! the darkness was very heavy around poor Joe just now,—darkness in which many a boy makes his first misstep into the downward way; and, as Micky said, there was "no one to care." "No one"? Joe suddenly caught his breath with something like a sob.

"Yes, there *is*, Micky Fay," he blurted

out. "There *is* some one to care. There's Jackie. I can't go back on Jackie. I told her I'd stick by her, and I will. If I'd skip off from this town, they'd put her in the asylum and break her poor little heart. Not that it ain't a good place, but Gran has made her so scared of it that it would kill her outright. And she is so happy and respectable with Mrs. Bryan. And they've had her christened Monica Mary, and she's getting on fine. I've got to stand by Jackie no matter what happens. I'll go back to Parley Voo and tell him, and I'll work out the five dollars, and he can blow till he busts," said Joe, desperately.

"My, but you've got the sand!" said Micky Fay.

"It ain't 'sand': it's—it's 'Jackie,'" answered Joe. "She ain't got no one but me and that angel the preacher told us about; and I'm not going to shirk my end of the job, sure. So let's get along."

And Joe rose from his seat on the water plug, straightened his square shoulders and started out to meet his fate; while little Micky scurried away to his own home to tell his evening's adventure to a sympathetic family. And Joe, homeless, friendless, fatherless, strode on bravely through the darkness, in which as yet there was no ray of heaven's light,—in which his simple, faithful love for little Jackie was the only guiding star. For her he was facing harsh blame, punishment, perhaps disgrace, from which his honest young soul shrank. What judgment old Parley Voo would pass on him he dared not think; for he was the last of a series of boys that had roused the old man's wrath; and his culminating fury would be sure to burst to-night.

A soft yearning came into his heart to see Jackie before the judgment fell; to set himself right with good Mrs. Bryan; to find the pity and sympathy that was all this humble friend had to give. So he turned into the old familiar ways for a brief visit to Squatter Town before he encountered Parley Voo.

The night was dark, and the long street, with its far-scattered lights, was a lonely climb for Joe's bruised and stiffened limbs. Was it only ten nights ago he had taken it so blithely with "Dutchy's" sausages in his pocket and Jackie picka-back on his shoulder? It seemed almost a year, so heavily had life's cares weighed upon Sandy Joe since then. But the light shone bright in Mrs. Bryan's window, and at his knock the door swung open on a cheery scene.

Work was over for the day; the snowy, ironed clothes were packed away in their big hampers to be called for; and Mrs. Bryan was seated, in her splint rocker, taking a well-earned rest, Baby Ann nestling happily in her motherly arms. The lamp burned bright on the red-covered table where Molly and Nora were studying their to-morrow's lessons; while Pat was initiating Jackie into the mysteries of the alphabet on the painted blocks that had been his Sunday-school Christmas gift two years before.

But books and blocks were alike dropped when Joe appeared in the doorway, and all the children sprang forward in glad greeting.

"Oh, but he is hurt! Joe is hurt! What has happened to you, dear?" was the changed chorus as the bandaged hero was drawn into the room. And, seated by the cheery fire, he told his troubles to a circle of breathless listeners.

"Glory be to God, did any one ever hear the like?" said Mrs. Bryan, giving voice to the general dismay. "Sure the Lord's hand will fall on that young villain yet. To be robbing and killing decent boys on the public street!"

"O Joe,—my Joe!" sobbed Jackie. "Did he hurt you very much, Joe?"

"And to take all the money the lady sent for Jackie's clothes!" cried Molly and Nora.

"Whist now with your 'Jackie'!" reproved their mother. "Didn't I tell you it was to be Monica Mary from this time out? Sure and it's the bad luck has

struck you hard this day, Joe, and you just after paying all your hard-earned money for Jackie—I mean Monica Mary. Monica darling, show Joe your pretty new shoes and the little red frock Molly is making for you."

"And I will pay for all somehow," said Joe, as he met the shining gaze of the upturned eyes. "I'll square up with old Parley Voo if I have to skin frogs all night for it."

And, strangely cheered by this view of his family responsibilities, Joe was ready to listen to all the news of Squatter Town. There was a new baby at the Muldoons, Ellie Monaghan was down with a fever, and the doctor had reported that "Gran" was weakening every day.

"And never a glimmer of sense in her since she was taken away!" sighed Mrs. Bryan, shaking her head. "I'm thinking it's not long she'll trouble any one. God help her! And that reminds me! There was a man here to-day asking for her, Joe; and, though I didn't like the looks of him, I thought there might be an insurance or something coming to her, and I spoke to him kindly. When he heard the old woman was in the hospital he asked several questions."

"What about?" said Joe, with interest.

"If she had children or grandchildren, and where they were, and I said I couldn't tell. God forgive me if it was a lie! But I knew Monica Mary was neither child nor grandchild, and where you were I couldn't say. I didn't like his looks, and there was a queer foreign twist to his tongue. And Jackie—I mean Monica Mary—didn't like his looks either. She was all shaking when he patted her head and asked her name. You didn't like him either; did you, darling?"

"No," answered Jackie, who was seated on the braided hearth-rug at Mrs. Bryan's feet. "He looked like my old bad-dream man."

"Oh, he did?" said Joe, with a smile. "I thought that bad-dream man had gone long ago."

"He did, but he came back last night," replied Jackie, shaking her brown head.

"Indeed he did," said Mrs. Bryan. "She woke us all up in the dead of night, crying and screaming."

"That's her old baby trick," said Joe, tenderly. "So the bad-dream man came again; did he, Jackie? Did the good dreams come too? My, such dreams as Jackie used to have! Tell Mrs. Bryan about them, Jackie,—about the flowers and the trees, and the nice old black man riding you around on his shoulder, and the lady that used to sing you asleep in her arms."

"I don't dream those good things any more," said Jackie, sadly. "I guess I'm too big now. But the bad-dream man came last night, and I—I couldn't talk or cry or call anybody, and—and—" The child sprang to her feet, and, shuddering and sobbing, flung her arms about Mrs. Bryan's neck. "Oh, don't let me dream it again, Mrs. Bryan!—don't let me dream it again!"

"Sure you won't, darling!" soothed that good mother tenderly. "It was the bit of raisin bread you had for supper last night that made you uneasy. There! there, avourneen! I'll sprinkle the bed with holy water to-night, and never a bad dream will come near you after that. Whist now! Sure it's the wise little head she has for such a bit of a creature, scarce seven years old,—the wise little head!"

"Gee, but you're good to her!" said Joe, gratefully. "And I'm going to pay you for it. I'm a going to stick right by Jackie and pay for it, sure."

"May God bless you, Joe! You are doing the best, I know. But whisper, lad!" Mrs. Bryan put down the sleeping Baby Ann on the bit of ragged carpet, and motioned Joe to step back with her to the shelves that served as dresser and china closet. "Whist now! Say nothing to nobody, but I don't want you to get into trouble with that old Frenchman. I've a little money in this drawer here, that I've been saving up for the dark

days that come to all of us." And she shook out a shower of dimes and quarters on a china plate. "Count out what you want, my lad, and take it to Parley Voo."

"Oh, I can't,—I can't! It's too much," said Joe, breathlessly,—"it's too much, Mrs. Bryan!"

"Not a bit!" laughed the good woman. "Sure you'll pay it back every cent, I know, lad. Take it, Joe; and God bless you!"

"Oh, I don't just know how to thank you, Mrs. Bryan!" said Joe in a choked voice, as the true friend bundled up the silver in a bit of cloth and pressed it into his hand. "I came very near skipping the town to-night."

"And be branded as a thief forever!" said the good woman. "You're too brave a lad for that, Joe. You did right to stand to your bad luck like a man."

"Oh, I will,—I will!" said Joe, eagerly. "And I'll never forget you, Mrs. Bryan. I'll stand by you and Jackie, and never, never forget!"

And, with this resolve warming his grateful young heart, Joe bade the Bryan household good-bye and set off cheerily to his post again.

(To be continued.)

Olive Trees.

Olive trees are extremely long-lived. There are some in Syria which are known to be more than four hundred years old. They are still in a flourishing condition, and bid fair to bear good fruit for hundreds of years to come. The Syrians have learned much from Europeans. Formerly their olive trees were not expected to produce fruit oftener than once in three years; but, with improved methods of culture, they now bear each season. In ancient times the olives were thrashed from the trees with sticks; but now the Syrians pick them by hand, thereby preserving their trees and also improving the quality of the fruit.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Messrs. Duffield & Co.'s list of books for the autumn includes "Heroic Spain," by E. Boyle O'Reilly. One chapter of this volume has already been published in THE AVE MARIA.

—A new edition of the "Life of Jean François Millet," by Julia Cartwright, with several illustrations, and a fac-simile letter from Millet never before published, has just been issued by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein, London.

—Among the latest publications of Messrs. Burns & Oates we are pleased to note a new book by the Abbot Gasquet—"The Order of the Visitation: Its Spirit and Growth in England." It contains numerous illustrations.

—"The Spirit of St. Francis de Sales," by Jean Pierre Camus, Bishop of Belley, with a preface by his Grace the Archbishop of Westminster, forms a new volume of the Library of St. Francis de Sales, published by Messrs. Burns & Oates. These books merit a cordial welcome, not only from those choice souls whose spiritual culture finds unfailing delight in the written word of their beloved saint, but from the general reader, whose determining motive in the purchase of books is curiosity rather than spirituality, the desire to read something new rather than a longing for what is profitable.

—The latest publications of the Australian Catholic Truth Society (Melbourne) are: "Ferrer the Anarchist: The Facts of His Life and Trial," by the Rev. M. H. MacInerny, O. P.; and "Marriage," by the Rev. John Charnock, S. J. This latter pamphlet is divided into six sections, as follows: Selection of a Life Partner (Choose a Catholic, Choose a Virtuous Catholic), Company-Keeping, Marriage as a Sacrament, Marriage Laws, Husband and Wife, Parents and Elder Children. The publications of the Australian C. T. S. now number one hundred and two. They ought to be widely circulated, and—they ought all to be stitched with thread instead of wire.

—The American agent for the "Life of Cardinal Vaughan," by Mr. J. G. Snead-Cox, is Mr. B. Herder. It is in two handsome, large volumes, and contains a number of fine illustrations. (Price, \$7.) The work was reviewed at length in our pages by Mr. Wilfrid Robinson, F. R. Hist. S., on its first appearance in London; and the Catholic press generally has since published lengthy and appreciative notices of it. We are gratified to observe also how favorably this biography of a Catholic prelate has been received by the secular press of England. The

Saturday Review, the *Morning Post*, *Truth*, the *Spectator*, etc., all speak in the highest terms of it, at the same time paying cordial tributes to the memory of Cardinal Vaughan. Says the *Morning Post*: "As we follow him to his death at Mill Hill, we are conscious of a growing conviction that his name will shine with greater lustre as generation follows generation."

—"The Reunion of Christendom" is a privately printed pamphlet by the Rev. Joseph G. Lannert, of Bedford, Ind., showing in brief, logical manner that true Christian unity is possible only by the submission of all Christians to the authority and teaching of Christ's Church. The line of reasoning is that universal captivity "unto the obedience of Christ" is the only hope divided Christians can ever entertain of being united in one body and one spirit; that the philosophy of Christian unity is an infallible Church; the sole basis of this unity, the Divinity of Christ; and finally that the one means is the Roman Pontiff, the authorized head and shepherd of Christ's fold. After establishing these truths, the stock difficulties are cleared away in short order. The author's treatment of his subject, however, is so summary that the sequence in the reasoning may not always be obvious enough for the average mind; and perhaps the style is a trifle too heavy for popular purpose.

—The poems ascribed to Cynewulf, the Anglo-Saxon poet, have been collected in one volume and translated and edited by Mr. Charles W. Kennedy. (G. Routledge & Sons, publishers.) Next to nothing is known of Cynewulf, and it is doubtful if he was the author of "The Andreas," "Guthlac," "Dream of the Rood," and "Phœnix"; however, the personal passages in the poems of the authorship of which there can be no question show him to have been of a deeply religious nature, a sensitive and wistful spirit. Perhaps the most striking example of the fervor of this oldtime poet's imagination, according to a writer in the *Academy*, is to be found in the third section of his "Christ," which deals with the Last Judgment, "where he gives us a picture which has the breadth and color of a Tintoretto in verse in Mr. Kennedy's fine translation: 'Then shall the heavens crash, the steadfast stars and radiant shall fall. The sun shall be turned dark unto the hue of blood, which gleamed so brightly over the ancient world unto the sons of men. The very moon, that in the night of old shed her light on men, shall sink from her station;

so also shall the stars fade from heaven, through the fierce air, smitten with storms. . . . The dusky flame shall flare on those undone by sin, and fire shall devour golden jewels, the olden treasure of the kings of the land.' A magnificent pendant to this are the sea-pictures in 'Andreas'; and the 'Phoenix' is the most artistic poem in the Anglo-Saxon language."

—It will be a painful surprise to many Catholic readers to learn that the late Frederick William Maitland, of whom Mr. H. A. L. Fisher has just published a biographical sketch, was an agnostic. Students of the Middle Ages more especially are under many obligations to this able and eminently fair-minded historian, who seems to have been as modest as he was learned, and no less amiable than gifted. A writer in the *Athenæum* says of him:

He was of so simple and winning a personality that no one could be near him and fail to love him; and none of his friends can be the same as if they had not known him. There was something so humble in all his brilliance and erudition, something so tender and almost wistful in his manner, that he could not but touch the depths in those who had to do with him. The long-borne knowledge of his doom, the acute pain, possibly, also, the lack of any hope from beyond (for he was a convinced and unwavering agnostic)—these may have in part contributed to that charm, half beautiful, half pathetic, which hung about him. Whatever the cause, there it was. . . . They honored the scholar-artist and revered the courageous assailant of time-worn legal and historical prejudices; they loved the man.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Christian Symbolism." Mrs. Henry Jenner. \$1.
 "Heavenwards." Mother Mary Loyola. \$1.25.
 "De Ponte's Meditations." Vol. VI. \$1.80.
 "Handbook of Practical Economics." J. Schrijvers. \$1.35.
 "St. Francis de Sales: A Study of the Gentle Saint." Louise M. Stackpoole-Kenny. \$1.10.
 "The Laws of the King; or, Talks on the Commandments." A Religious of the Holy Child. 60 cts.
 "Cardinal Mercier's Conferences." \$1.50.

- "The Boys of St. Batt's." R. P. Garrold, S. J. 80 cts.
 "Meditations for Each Day of the Month of June." Charles Santley. 60 cts.
 "Astronomical Essays." Rev. George V. Leahy, S. T. L. \$1.
 "Sunlight and Shadow." P. M. Northcote. \$1.
 "The Beginnings of the Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes, A. D. 754-1073." Mgr. L. Duchesne, D. D. \$2.
 "A Compendium of Catechetical Instruction." Vols. I. and II. \$4.50.
 "A Private Retreat for Religious." Rev. Peter Geiermann, C. SS. R. \$1.50.
 "Life's Little Day." D. J. Scannell O'Neill. 25 cts.
 "So as by Fire." Jean Connor. \$1.25.
 "Brownie and I." Richard Aumèrle. 85 cts.
 "The Formation of Character." Rev. Ernest Hull, S. J. 15 cts.
 "A Bunch of Girls." "Shan." 50 cts.
 "The First Great Canadian." Charles B. Reed. \$2.
 "History of the Society of Jesus in North America." Thomas Hughes, S. J. Documents: Vol. I., Part II., \$4.50.
 "Buds and Blossoms." Rt. Rev. Charles H. Colton, D. D. \$1.25.
 "The Christ Child." M. C. Olivia Keiley. 75 cts.
 "The Sacrament of Duty." The Rev. Joseph McSorley, C. S. P. \$1.08.
 "The Light of His Countenance." Jerome Harte. \$1.25.
 "Bible Stories Told to Toddlers." 90 cts.
 "The Childhood of Christ According to the Canonical Gospels." Rev. A. Durand, S. J. \$1.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Celestine Nurnberg, of the diocese of Newark; and Rev. C. B. Lechtenberg, archdiocese of Dubuque.

Sister M. Stanislaus, of the Sisters of Mercy; Sister M. Felecia, Sisters of Notre Dame; and Sister M. Benigna, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. H. J. Heislein, Mrs. M. F. Hoeffner, Mr. Michael Corrigan, Mr. Edward Aschmann, Mr. Francis J. McDermott, Mr. F. A. Ilges, Mr. James Sheehy, Mr. Francis Kissel, Miss Sarah Gorman, Mr. Henry Lang, Mrs. C. B. Turner, and Mr. John P. Russell.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 27, 1910.

NO. 9

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

Sunset Hymn.

(*Lucis Creator Optime.*)

BY ST. GREGORY.

BLEST Maker of the light,
Who gav'st the days their birth,
Who with a burst of glory bright
Didst call creation forth;
Who morn to eve didst join,
And bidst us call them "Day";
Now dismal chaos lowers again,
To Thee we weep and pray.
Let not the burthened soul,
In folds of sin self-wound,
Self-blinded to the heavenly goal,
An outcast dark be found.
Oh, let us sin no more,
But cleanse each deadly stain,
And stand and knock at Heaven's high door,
Till life's bright crown we gain.
This grant us, Father kind,
And Thou Co-equal Son,
And Holy Ghost, with Both enshrined,
Eternal Three in One.

A Militant Christian.

BY BEN HURST.

THERE died recently in Vienna a man around whose bier princes, prelates, and paupers assembled in common mourning; whose funeral was so magnificent a manifestation of respect for his achievements that the world's attention was aroused, and in remote lands people asked themselves: "Who was this Lueger, Bürgermeister of Vienna, that his death is proclaimed at once

a city's loss, a nation's loss, and the Church's loss?"

Lueger was simply a Catholic layman whose convictions drove him to action. He did battle for justice' sake,—championed the weak, assisted the needy, rallied the lax and timid under the banner of Christ. No saint was he, this relentless smiter of corruption; no learned theologian, this keen exploiter of men's moods; no academic consultor of ways and means, this adventurous climber who stepped now right, now left, till he reached the summit of his ambition and proceeded to realize his dreams of benevolence. Once enthroned in the seat of power, the Civic Chair, he spurned his ladders, drew off from some, repudiated others, made compacts with new friends and old enemies, but always bent low to seize the hands of the humble and to lift them up.

Lueger has been called a demagogue; but nobody denies that his influence was potent for good, that his agitation culminated in an apotheosis of charity. Some have styled him a belated Crusader with a self-imposed mission of chasing the foes of Christendom from a Christian capital; but these forget that Lueger's strenuousness was chiefly directed to solace want and ameliorate the workingman's lot. That the sweater and spoliator were of Jewish extraction does not prove that Lueger hated the Jews as such. He has himself repeatedly declared that he warred not on religion but on vice. Certainly he gave as short shrift to the corrupt Christian as to the corrupt Jew. He held that the faculties God had given him were best

devoted to the relief of his fellow-believers. He saw them oppressed, and determined to deliver them. So he set himself to win the popular prestige that would ensure his return to office. The masses loved him and trusted him.

Few public men have been so idolized as Lueger. All the qualities for leadership were his,—genius, the fascination of personal beauty, the gift of spontaneous oratory, the persuasive force of an ever-living enthusiasm. Let us see what a man thus constituted, when actuated by Catholic belief, could do for morality, for material progress, for national aims, for solidarity in faith and works of mercy.

During his thirteen years of mayoralty, Lueger restored the custom of the city dignitaries' official attendance at Sunday worship; he rehabilitated ancient religious processions and pilgrimages, routing the scoffers with their own weapons of contempt and sarcasm; he transformed the capital, introducing every modern improvement, regulating its disordered finances, and extending its area; he augmented the number of schools, churches, hospitals, and museums; he consolidated a puissant political party, combining the toilers with the great ones of the land into a phalanx behind the throne, with his famous watchword of "Christians, unite!"

From the moment when Lueger first ousted the Semite capitalists that ruled the Municipality of Vienna, till he fell in mortal disease, he knew no rest. The mere registration of his works as a practical humanitarian would make long and tedious reading. Theatres, railway stations, state buildings, orphan asylums, Homes, fountains, parks,—nothing was overlooked or neglected. There was no false modesty about the man who is accused of allowing his name to be carved on almost every public monument in Vienna. "The fellows say it was my doing," he would retort, laughing; "and it appears I am responsible for some renovation; so let them write what they will, provided the work is done properly."

He rejoiced frankly in his achievements; and, spurred on by success, attempted ever more and weightier tasks. He revelled in his popularity, which he wisely considered as a most useful asset for the furtherance of his plans. The sterling virtues of integrity and industry which distinguished him secured the allegiance of upright men of all creeds, and the devoted support of Catholics. The traders, artisans, small shopkeepers, whom he taught to lift up their heads and compete bravely with their opulent rivals, were the instruments which served for his re-christianizing of the Austrian capital. He gave back to the masses the sense of dignity which they had lost. He initiated them into their political rights and duties, breaking down the barriers that the cult of materialism had put between them and the Crown.

Preachers of Socialistic and cosmopolitan doctrines retreated before Lueger's active propaganda for Church and Fatherland. We can safely ascribe the lasting influence of this remarkable man over the multitude to their knowledge that he shared their simple faith. From boyhood he had practised his religion unostentatiously; but his fearless, whole-hearted spirit made impossible either tepidity or indifference. He fortified his soul by diligent reading of the Bible, and never swerved from the path he had taken up in defence of his coreligionists. But he disliked discussions of creed, and considered the casual mention of sacred subjects a profanation. Reverence for the name of the Deity was one of his noted characteristics. "We are not here to argue on my superstitious credulity or your pretence of free-thought," he thundered at his Semite or atheistic opponents; "but to find out what has been done with the money of the people!"

His opponents were easily routed; for in their ranks was no Lueger. Men of science, technicians, financiers who laid bare in clear exposition the risks and weak spots in his projects, were vanquished by

the force of an eloquence that carried all before it. In the Municipal Council as in the Reichstag his dominant personality swayed the assembly. Flashes of wit alternated with sharp argument, and when he had recourse to bathos he was irresistible. Often he affected to turn the laugh against himself by developing to ridicule the objections of his critics; but he finally managed to win his point, seldom abating a jot of his demands. His wonderful ascendancy was shown in the strict discipline entertained among his partisans, who never considered him a despot. Lueger's unmarried state left him free of family cares, and this was another advantage. He had no use for wealth and could devote himself exclusively to the wants of the community. He never relaxed his efforts, and never showed weariness. On one occasion he electrified Parliament by making his appearance when he was supposed to be on a sick bed. This was toward the end of his life, when stress and preoccupation had told on his massive frame.

The bare facts of Karl Lueger's rise to power are in themselves noteworthy, even had he accomplished none of the works that send his name down to posterity. He began life a poor boy, son of a servant and a charwoman, both of whom were exemplary Christians. In his infancy he was hampered by a defect of speech, but this was soon overcome. Educated mainly by his own efforts with some slender support from his family, he adopted the law as his profession. He had every prospect of a steady career; but the sight of social discrepancies, and in particular the shameful exploitation of the civic purse by a Jewish oligarchy that confronted him in Vienna, made him dissatisfied with the narrow outlook of mere personal aggrandizement and drove him to the public tribune. "When I am mayor, I will change all that," he would say in jest to his comrades, discussing some glaring scandal; and with an iron will he set himself to reach the goal. Here was the post, he had

decided, which would give into his hands the power of effecting administrative reforms greater than any dependent on a political appointment. He felt that the time had come to storm the citadel, and that he was called to lead the assault.

Scathing denunciation was his first weapon, and he used it mercilessly. The violent methods of Lueger alienated for a time the adherents of the cause he wished to serve. Such bold reclamations on the part of an obscure agitator were unpalatable to the Upper Clergy. His intolerance of the existing state of things shocked their forbearance; his swift action, their apathy; his temerity, their caution. Like that other great tribune Daniel O'Connell, he relied mainly on the mass of the clergy and the people. These rallied around him, confident in his rectitude, reliant on his success. More than once, however, he had to retire. Lueger tasted all the bitterness of defeat and knew the mortification of forced withdrawal from the arena. Chosen three times by the citizens, he had to retire because the Kaiser refused to ratify the choice. When returned a fourth time with an overwhelming majority, he had to content himself with the vice-mayorality. A fifth time, in 1897, Lueger was elected and enthroned in the seat of honor, from which he was never to descend during his lifetime.

Now began the strenuous labors in varied fields which made the man of eloquence a man of action. The bolts of invective which had annihilated his antagonists were laid by. What was called Lueger's strong clerical tendency was not manifested in a marked degree until the occasion of the Pope's Jubilee in 1888, when he organized festival celebrations on so magnificent a scale that even the records of imperial coronations were surpassed. The enthusiasm with which the people caught up his spirit proved how truly he had gauged their sentiments, and how readily would their latent loyalty to the Holy See blossom

forth, once restrictions were removed. The reign of "priest terrorism" now foretold by his opponents resolved itself into an era of fecund labor, mutual aid, and moral regeneration. His optimism communicated itself to his fellow-burgers, and the mite of millions was at his disposal. Lueger did not shrink from financial speculation, and his aggregation of small sums enabled him to plunge forward boldly in the execution of the enterprises he had long since evolved from the busy recesses of his fertile brain.

Seldom has it been given to mortal man to witness such glorious fruits of his labors. His power in Parliament was sufficient to control legislation and extend to Austria much of what he had conferred on Vienna. He understood the limitations of the masses and knew how to conciliate their religious and political views. "So long as I live," he had promised the Emperor Franz-Josef, "anarchy will never dare lift its head in Vienna." The workers saw in Lueger their best friend; for he identified himself with them, and applauded their toil while assisting their undeserved penury. As time went on, the bellicose tone that had disedified became calmer, the audacity that had inspired mistrust became a reassuring self-reliance; the agitatory methods, no longer needful, were almost laid aside. It took, however, years of long endeavor, and the completion of monumental edifices dedicated to worship or the welfare of the public, to remove the prejudices of those who had feared less the former system of corruption than the fierce war Lueger had waged against it.

It was impossible for a reformer of this calibre to occupy a secondary position anywhere; so from Municipal Councillor he at once sprang to candidacy for the post of mayor, and from membership to leadership of the Christian Socialist Party. He became also the first social figure in the capital. Foreign potentates or notable statesmen were honored by being entertained by the democratic Bürgermeister. His presence at a reunion gave it the stamp

of success. But he was a rare figure at mere fashionable gatherings. "Our Karl" preferred the simple pleasures of the humble folk, from whom he liked to remember he had sprung. "*Gruess' Gott!*" was the homely greeting which cheered the toilers on his passage, with a smile that was like a ray of sunshine. Well might he commend the dignity of work, who was himself the hardest worker in the city. He had striven for the seat of honor not to rest in idle pomp, or revel in the triumph of gratified ambition. He had arrived for reform, and feared not to wield the broom vigorously. Little by little, opponents were silenced, friends were multiplied, and all united finally to acknowledge his great services to the city.

The erection of the St. Charles Borromeo fountain in honor of Lueger's sixtieth birthday was a general tribute. He had a lively devotion to his patron saint, whose picture hung above his bed, together with a copy of one of Raphael's Madonnas. Karl is a favorite name among Viennese at the present day. Lueger conferred it often when invited to stand sponsor. He seldom refused any such invitation, and would make great personal sacrifices rather than disappoint those who counted on his presence to adorn their family feast. During his term of office he was chief guest at thirteen hundred and forty-two golden weddings, at the baptism of countless twins; and as distributor of school and college prizes he was indefatigable. At deathbeds, too, he was a familiar figure and none knew better how to instil courage and resignation. When his own hour came—sooner than he had anticipated,—his first care was to receive Holy Viaticum, and then he turned again to the work which had absorbed his lifetime. He inquired eagerly after doings in Parliament and in the Municipality, giving directions about the business in progress and sending inspiring messages to his followers. His interest in the Home for Waifs and in the passage of a law for the regulation of the salaries of female

teachers necessitated a full report being given him during what was almost his last day of consciousness. So selfless was this true humanitarian that those who came to inquire about his illness went away without having been able to mention it, so insistent and peremptory were the patient's demands and behests on current business. No wonder that when the great bell of St. Stephen's rang out to tell the weeping crowds outside the Rathaus that their best friend had departed, one wish reigned supreme: to honor adequately by the most solemn of funeral rites the man who had been a benefactor to his nation.

How marvellously had Dr. Karl Lueger succeeded in uniting the highest and the lowest in the land was seen when princes of the blood, statesmen, church dignitaries, and savants mingled with the lowly crowd that thronged around his coffin. Over half a million mourners walked behind the bier of this earnest, ardent worker, this truly great Catholic. The mounds of fresh violets formed of small bunches gathered by poor women as their last tribute, and especially the monumental wreaths deposited by the great ones of the earth, would have less appealed to Lueger, however, than the oath taken at his grave by his disciples to follow his teachings and to work unremittingly for the advance of Faith and Fatherland.

The college students, who had guarded by alternate detachments the mortuary chamber, will have found food for thought gazing on the lifeless figure, with the rosary entwined in the fingers to which it was no stranger, and reflecting on the mighty spirit whose influence would long survive. The man who lay before them had carried out an extraordinary revolution during the thirty years that his mastermind had overshadowed social and political life in Austria. He had in a manner rehabilitated religion, and proved that it was the first factor not only in the civilization of a people but a powerful motor force for their material progress. This had been done by no tepid advocacy of

the cause of God, but by an activity that amounted almost to violence. The evils resultant on apathy could be swept away only by drastic remedies, and Karl Lueger was the healer who did not hesitate to attack and denounce. In later days, when his triumph was assured, when the Christian Socialists were a power in the state, his acrimony softened and his sarcasm was modified. The victor could afford, without yielding an inch of the conquered territory, to be merciful to the vanquished.

The Church, to which he had rendered such incalculable services, imparted to his matured mind a gentle spirit of charity which extended alike to Jew and Gentile. He never abused his influence over the masses. As he refilled the churches of Vienna with worshippers he could have led the people to combat; but no provocation, and no injustice excited him to forget the law of the land. He fought at the hustings; and this fight, however intense, never degenerated on the part of his adherents into acts of violence. He kept them well in hand, and repaid their obedience by whole-souled devotion to their interests. Their lives were made higher and brighter in every way open to him. The festive processions of children, the garlands of living flowers that lined the streets in summer, the luminous fountains, the daily military concerts, all the simple joys of the humble folk were extended by Lueger's lavish hand. "Give them their bit of pleasure," he would say to the hesitant Councillors. "They earn it harder than we do."

This reformer, whose like is not seen twice in a century, had perhaps one weakness: it was for the love of the people around him. When honors fell thick on him and he was courted as a celebrity and a genius the affection of his dear Viennese still lay nearest to his heart. That he possessed it to an unparalleled degree was well seen during his illness, when from earliest dawn began the procession of inquirers at the Rathaus

on the Bürgermeister's condition. The reticence of the doctors sometimes led to angry demonstrations against them from the thousands massed outside watching for news. Every little turn for the better was eagerly welcomed, and pathetic little messages were constantly sent up by the crowd. "Tell him we are here."—"Does he know they are praying for him in the Stefanskirche?"—"Make him keep up heart, for he is badly wanted yet a while."

Late into the nights the approaches were blocked, and it was with difficulty that the messengers of the Kaiser or the Nunico gained a passage to the door of the Rathaus. The number of letters containing advice, and the packages of remedial stuffs, from all parts of the Empire, had to be specially dealt with. Lueger wished that each of his kind friends should be thanked. A salve prepared by a peasant woman of Moravia, pronounced harmless by the doctors, was put aside for future use, and she was informed of the fact. The head cook at the imperial palace invented a special soup extract to be assimilated in pills; and a lady versed in the confection of dainties, hearing that the patient had a difficulty in taking food, combined a mixture of meat juice and fruit, under the form of dessert ices, that would nourish without cloying the palate.

Hundreds of postcards with his portrait and the facsimile of his autograph were sent, at the dying man's request, to those who had wired or written for news. He was troubled for the people who, in spite of the ceaseless rain, thronged the Lichtenfels Gasse long after midnight, to watch the light in his window. Often he reminded the doctors that a favorable bulletin could be issued, so that the poor folk might disperse and return to their homes. As soon as a bulletin was given it was snatched from hand to hand, and in many cases one man with a stentorian voice was begged to read it aloud. Anxiety and impatience grew so violent at times that a cordon of police had to be installed to

keep order. There were shouts of "Give out the bulletin!" with which the medical council had repeatedly to comply.

Upstairs, the moribund lay in the room where he had spent least of his time from the day when he entered the Rathaus. Too often, returning late at night after presiding at three or more assemblies, he did not even undress, but threw himself on a sofa for a few hours' rest in order to be ready for early morning work. Facing his bed was a portrait of Pius X., a gift from the Sovereign Pontiff himself; and beneath it a picture of St. Anthony of Padua, to whom Lueger had a tender devotion.

However humbly he may have judged his merits, the dying man must have assuredly looked back with a deep gratitude to God on the crowded events of his life, and rejoiced in the fulfilment of so many daring schemes. He had put Catholic doctrine once more in the foremost place on the school curriculum of the Empire, confirmed a new Christian party in power, and led to completion most of his youthful designs in the field of practical charity. Now, in front of the struggle with death, rendered more severe by a splendid constitution and a herculean frame, he could prepare calmly for the dread passage.

He entreated permission to receive visitors whenever he found himself able to entertain them. When advised to rest as much as possible, he rebelled. "If I have still some time to spin out on earth, why should it be wasted? Work can only benefit me. Condemn me to utter inactivity and you sign my death-warrant."

A Sister read aloud to him from the newspapers, and he made his wonted lucid remarks on current events. He ordered that the sittings of the Municipal Council should not be deferred. He complained to a Councillor that no business communications reached him, and inquired lengthily on the march of events. He regretted keenly being absent from the Requiem Mass for the patriot Andreas

Höfer, and gave instructions to the deputy, Professor Schoeffer, on the election campaign in the Tyrol. It was he himself who dictated the telegram of thanks to the Holy Father for the special blessing and kind message of hope for his recovery received through the Nuncio.

Alas! the strong hand and the resourceful brain are gone, and the Christian Socialists are now left to themselves. May they never wander from the path laid down by their great leader, and may the fruit of Lueger's labors ever appear in the attitude of his faithful followers! Thus only can Austria remain a truly Christian State, worthy of her traditions.

Père Ferrand's Charity.

A BRETON STORY.

BY B. L. F.

NOEMI! Noemi! Just listen, my dear! Here is the very thing we want. For sale, La Houssaye,—a small farm near Parçay. Only three thousand francs!"

As he spoke, Père Ferrand laid down his newspaper and looked with a beaming smile at his better-half, who sat knitting busily in the opposite chimney corner.

Madame Ferrand uttered a cry of rapture as she glanced up over her spectacles. She was a little woman, with smooth grey hair neatly parted under an immaculate white cap, a black gown, and a large blue apron that almost entirely covered the skirt.

"The very price we wanted to give," continued Monsieur Ferrand. "I know the place well. The Jamains had it for three years before they went to live with their married daughter."

"And will there be room for ducks and hens and rabbits?" asked Madame Ferrand, eagerly.

"To be sure,—to be sure; and some to spare. Don't you be afraid, old woman. There will be plenty of room for all your pets."

The "old woman" wiped her spectacles! Surely it was all too good to be true. For years it had been their dream to retire from work and spend their remaining days on a small farm in the country; and often on a winter's evening, when the lamp was lighted in the cosy kitchen, the old couple had sat by the open hearth, picturing the delights of the farm that should one day be theirs. And now the dream seemed about to be realized. No wonder that the little woman's needles flew with increased velocity as they kept time with her excited fancy.

How delightful it would be to wander out of a summer morning, while the dew still lay thick upon the grass, and, releasing the imprisoned hens, watch them crowd around her, clucking loudly for their breakfast! And how pleasant in the cool of the evening, armed with an appetizing cabbage leaf, to tempt the shy little rabbits from their hiding-place and see them nibble the dainty morsel, while their bright eyes watched her warily, and the long silky ears moved rapidly to and fro!

At this point in her daydreams her husband's voice broke in.

"We mustn't lose this chance, my dear!" he was saying. "Such a golden opportunity doesn't occur every day. As to the price, we can manage it, I think. Two thousand francs in the bank," he counted, checking off the figures on his finger-tips; "five hundred or so in my breast pocket, and five hundred we lent to Pinguet the cobbler nearly a year ago."

"Oh!" gasped his wife. "But supposing he won't pay us back?"

"I will see to that," Père Ferrand asserted confidently. "I will go to him myself to-morrow morning. You, my dear, are much too soft-hearted. You would believe any story he told you, and come back without a penny."

So early the next morning Père Ferrand set out for the shoemaker's shop, firmly resolved to secure the rather considerable sum he had lent Pinguet. He found the cobbler seated by the window with

a small curly-headed child on each knee.

"Good-morning, Pinguet!" he said, entering the dingy shop. "I have come over to ask you for those five hundred francs I lent you several months ago. My wife and I have decided to buy the farm of La Houssaye, which happens to be going cheap just now."

The cobbler, a tall, pale-faced man, rose, and, putting down the children, bade them run off to their mother; then he turned to his visitor.

"Ah, Monsieur, I have not forgotten the debt I owe you! It has weighed heavily on my mind. But, indeed, I can not possibly pay it back. This is the slack season of the year, and for the last three weeks I have not done a stroke of work. Ah, Monsieur, you can see for yourself the sore straits to which we are reduced! Even the few good bits of furniture are all gone,—gone to the pawnshop," he added in a lower voice.

Père Ferrand began to feel strangely uncomfortable as he gazed round at the bare walls and naked floor, that proved so clearly the truth of the cobbler's words. But he steeled his heart with the thought of the farm.

"And yet I must have my money," he insisted in a louder voice. "I won't leave the shop until I have it, you must manage it somehow."

The cobbler passed his hand wearily across his forehead.

"You can sell my tools, Monsieur. They are all we have; though God knows what is to become of us if our only means of subsistence is taken from us."

Monsieur Ferrand sighed heavily, for he was really as kind-hearted as his wife.

"Look here!" he said, after a short silence. "Why don't you ask your brother to help you? He has a good piece of land, I believe, and no family."

The cobbler's pale face flushed to a dusky red.

"My brother!" he cried vehemently. "I would rather starve than ask him for a penny. I went to him when we first fell

into trouble; but he refused to listen to me, and turned me out of his house as though I had been a beggar."

"Well, then, what about your wife?" Monsieur Ferrand pursued all the more irritably because he felt an uncomfortable sensation in the region of the heart. "Why doesn't she do something toward the support of her family?"

"My wife!" repeated the cobbler. "God bless her! For the last three weeks we have been living on what she earns. But she is not able to do much. Our baby is only a few weeks old, and needs constant attention. Madame is in the next room, Monsieur, if you would like to see her."

With a perplexed frown wrinkling his usual serene countenance, Père Ferrand rose and opened the door pointed out to him. Before a table heaped with neatly cut squares of paper sat a pleasant-faced woman working busily. With wonderful dexterity she was folding and gumming the sheets lying stacked on her right hand, and piling them up ready for use on her left. She looked up and smiled as her visitor entered,—without, however, pausing in her work.

"Are these paper bags that you are making?" he inquired, watching her with interest.

"Yes, Monsieur," she replied, placing another bag on one of the unfinished heaps.

"And how much do you get for your work?"

"Seven sous a thousand," said the woman, as her fingers flew on folding and gumming, gumming and folding, in quick succession.

Père Ferrand stared incredulously.

"Seven sous a thousand! Impossible! Why, that would be less than a sou a hundred! Surely no one would think of paying so little!"

"It is the price, Monsieur; and glad I am to get it. These last weeks we have been living on the money I earn. I have been poor all my life, Monsieur, and one gets accustomed to everything,—but never quite so poor as at present. For myself

I do not care; but when the children cry because they are hungry, and one has nothing to give them! O Monsieur, you do not know what it is to be so poor!"

Père Ferrand was silent as he thought of his neat little kitchen at home, of his well-stored cellar, and of the many dainties in his broad cupboard; and he felt a sudden intense pity for this poor woman who worked so hard that she might earn a few paltry sous before nightfall.

After a moment's hesitation, he returned to the husband.

"Look here, Pinguet!" he said. "How is it that you are so wretchedly poor? I know a shoemaker in D. who keeps his wife and children comfortably on what he earns."

The cobbler slowly put down some tools he had taken up.

"Monsieur, you see it is this way. The cobbler in D. has a large stock of ready-made boots and shoes which he orders from the factory and sells at a small profit to the villagers. When he has no mending to do, this brings him in a little money; but when I started my shop I was unable to afford the extra expense. I should have required another five hundred francs at least."

"Five hundred francs!" Père Ferrand repeated thoughtfully; then from his breast pocket he drew out a well-worn pocketbook, and extracted a bank-note for five hundred francs.

"See here, my friend!" he continued. "Take this; go to L. and get a complete stock of the articles you require. That little wife of yours is the pluckiest creature I have ever seen. Good-morning!"

And while the cobbler still stood staring at the magic slip of paper before him, Monsieur Ferrand was walking rapidly toward his home. For the first few minutes the old man felt a thrill of keenest pleasure, while he pictured to himself the happiness he had left behind him; but as he drew nearer to his abode, his step began to lag. He remembered how confidently he had promised to bring back the money

he had lent. What would his wife say when she heard of his impulsive generosity?

He found the object of his thoughts in the kitchen, singing in the fulness of her joy an old Breton lullaby.

"Well?" she said, hastening to meet him. "Have you brought the money?"

Père Ferrand shook his head.

"I suppose I must tell you about it," he said, sinking into a chair with the air of a criminal about to be condemned; then, plucking up heart, he related the whole story from beginning to end.

"And so," said his wife, affecting an indignation she was far from feeling, "you not only have *not* brought back the money we lent, but have given away another five hundred, and, with those five hundred, all chance of our dear little farm?"

"Yes," acknowledged her husband, with a groan. "That's about it, my dear!"

"Oh, you wicked, wicked man!" said Madame Ferrand; then she rose up from her seat, with moist eyes, and, slipping behind her husband's chair, dropped a tender, forgiving kiss on the top of his bald head.

Some minutes later Père Ferrand was busy adding up some belated accounts when he heard a sound of scratching and scraping in the direction of the cellar.

"What are you up to little wife?" he called out.

"Tidying the cellar," came the muffled answer. "There are some potatoes and some apples down here that won't keep very long. Wouldn't it be a good thing to get rid of them?"

"Certainly,—certainly!" said her husband, with a knowing smile, as he once more proceeded to cast up a refractory column.

Nor did he evince any further signs of attention when his wife emerged from the cellar, and, throwing a kerchief over her head, started off in the direction of the shoemaker's shop, with several very large bundles protruding from under her blue apron.

A few weeks later the cobbler's shop

had taken on quite a different appearance. Rows of ready-made boots of all sizes lined the front window, and the shoemaker himself was working busily at a pile of shoes waiting to be mended, when a man hastily entered by the open door.

"Monsieur Pinguet," he said hurriedly, "your brother is dying and wishes to see you at once."

For an instant the shoemaker hesitated, as he remembered how cruelly his brother had behaved toward him. Then his better self gained the mastery; and, hastily telling the news to his wife, he took up his hat and set out for the station.

Half an hour later he arrived at his brother's house, where an old servant came out to meet him.

"The master died half an hour ago," he announced, "and the notary is waiting to speak to Monsieur in the sitting-room."

The notary was a man of few words.

"Your brother, Monsieur Pinguet," he said, "died without making a will. You, as the next of kin, will therefore inherit everything he possessed. This house and property are now yours. There is also a small farm called La Houssaye which my deceased client was anxious to sell; and about twenty thousand francs, of which I will render you an account at some more fitting moment. I have the honor to wish you a very good morning!"

The next day Père Ferrand and his wife were sitting down to their evening meal when the door opened and the cobbler appeared on the threshold.

"Good evening, friends!" he said. "I have run over to bring you this letter. I am unable to stay as I have a great deal to see to! My brother died most unexpectedly yesterday morning."

"Well, I never!" gasped Madame Ferrand as their visitor vanished. "He might have stayed a bit! What can he have brought!"

With curious fingers she opened the large business looking envelope and drew out the paper it contained. "I can't make it out," she said, turning to her husband. "You read it, Robert."

Taking the paper from his wife Père Ferrand read as follows:

"I, Joseph Pinguet, hereby make over to Monsieur Ferrand in payment of a long-standing debt, the farm of La Housaye, with the grounds and live stock belonging to it."

"Robert!" cried the little woman. "Can it mean that we shall have the farm, after all?"

"Yes," replied her husband, in a dazed sort of way.

"And the ducks and hens and rabbits?" she added in a rising crescendo. "Robert, let us thank God for all His goodness. Surely He has blessed your charity."

And two large tears of unutterable happiness rolled down the wrinkled cheeks.

Queen-Mother.

BY MERCEDES.

☉ SWEETEST Queen! how like the gentle rain
Thy favors fall upon our thirsting souls,
Twice blessed in thy love, which, when we gain,
We win the love of Him who love controls!
We claim the King, and claim thee too, I ween,
Our Mother-Queen!

O fair, dear Queen! thou help for all our needs,
Who would not crave thy love so pure and deep?

Who would not follow where thy kind eye leads?
Whose frozen heart could fail to melt and weep?

Thou moonlight-glow of God, thou ray serene!
Our Mother-Queen!

We stand outside the door! Thy tender touch
Will be the golden sceptre of the King.
It lifts us up. 'Tis Mercy, claiming much
From Him who reigns where throbbing choirs
sing;

Thou glorious Esther, pleading all unseen!
Our Mother-Queen!

Our Mother-Queen! Oh, when this life is done,
And all our loves and joys are dead and cold,
We, tired children, as our race is run,
Must lift our weary hearts to love untold.—
To thee, the last strong hope on which to lean,
Our Mother-Queen!

The Old Missions of California.

BY GEORGE WHARTON JAMES.

I.—THE STEPS THAT LED TO THEIR FOUNDATION.

AMERICA has comparatively few ancient historic monuments; and of those she has, it is astonishing how many are connected with the work of the missionaries of the Cross. Among the most important of these are the old Franciscan missions of California. To many well-informed Americans these buildings stand isolated and alone, unconnected with any others, and unassociated with any great world-movement. Yet, properly to understand them, one should at least take a broad, general survey of the efforts at world-evangelization undertaken by the various Orders of the Church,—efforts which received special impetus soon after the discovery of America.

When the conquistadores began the full exploration of the vast continent that Columbus had so wonderfully made known to the world, the members of the various religious Orders were seized with a passionate desire to carry the Gospel and to convey the blessings of the Church to the aboriginal people these explorations were constantly revealing. The mission activities of this epoch were tremendous. With a rapidity that is amazing as we now contemplate it, the various people of Mexico, Peru, Central and South America, were brought under the control of the Church. And the buildings everywhere erected for the worship of God were the legitimate forerunners of the old Franciscan buildings in California.

Among other sections where mission activity was evident were New Mexico, Arizona, Texas, and, finally, the Peninsula, or Baja (Lower) California,—that arm of land reaching down from near San Diego and shutting off the Pacific Ocean, on the west, from the Gulf of California,

originally known as the Sea of Cortés. In this sea pearls were discovered, and as early as 1615 an expedition set forth to collect these valuables. But it was not until 1683 that an expedition, under Admiral Isidro Otondo—who was determined to establish a permanent settlement on the Peninsula,—was organized, in which was a religious of the Jesuit Order whose influence was destined to make history in that territory.

Three Jesuit priests were sent with Otondo, but it is to Eusebio Francisco Kino that particular reference is made. With a fervor and zeal allied to that of St. Paul, he sought the conversion of the Indians; and when, in 1685, he was called back to work on the mainland, he took with him a love for these benighted savages that was never quenched so long as he lived. Indeed, he promised them that, if possible, and allowed to do so by his superiors, he would personally return to them. He succeeded in interesting another Jesuit, as energetic, devoted and determined as himself—Father Juan Maria Salvatierra; and these two worked indefatigably for ten years before they secured official consent to their plans. Then, without calling upon the government either for soldiers or funds, these two brave hearts began to agitate and plead for the work to which they felt so urgently called. They were the original founders of the Pious Fund, which of late years has been the subject of arbitration between the two great nations of Mexico and the United States.

In October, 1697, impatient to get to work among the Indians, Salvatierra crossed the Gulf, hunted for a permanent location, found and established Loreto, and thus started the Jesuit establishments of Baja California. In eleven years the one mission had grown to six; and after Salvatierra's death his co-worker and successor, Juan Ugarte, added seven more, which were increased by two by the official "visitor," Ecchevarri. During the years 1733 to 1752 no new foundations were

made; then activity again began; and in that year, in 1759, and 1767, missions were established bringing the sum total up to eighteen.

Then, one year later, came the astounding, crushing, terrible edict of King Charles III. of Spain, banishing the Jesuits from the whole of his dominions. Without warning, with no time for preparation, while engaged in their everyday avocations, with the suddenness of an earthquake, and with an equally paralyzing effect upon mind and soul, every Jesuit priest on the Peninsula was ordered to leave his mission and retire to a certain spot, from whence he would be deported to Corsica, that island in the Mediterranean which was afterward to give a Napoleon to the world. On his arrival there, he was handed a letter, in which he was "promised a yearly allowance of one hundred dollars, coupled with the conditions that none should return to America under any pretext; that none should correspond with any Spanish subject, including their relatives; and that none should criticise the decree which doomed them to banishment without charge or trial. By a refinement of despotism, it was added that the allowance for support would be withdrawn from all, if any member of the Order should write in its vindication against the action of the Spanish monarch."

Here, then, were the Peninsula missions robbed of their pastors. The Indians were as sheep without a shepherd. King Charles should have prepared for this. He ordered that the Franciscans, who were still in his favor, should take charge of the work of the Jesuits and carry it on; but, owing to the suddenness of the blow, it was found impossible to secure the necessary Franciscans to accompany the soldiers who were sent to enforce the order against the Jesuits. These soldiers were immediately from Europe, and knew no more of Indians or of any administrative work than a set of wild coyotes; yet for several months they had complete charge of all

affairs, spiritual as well as temporal, at all the missions of the Peninsula. Does it require any great intellect to imagine what occurred? Is it needful to enlarge upon the demoralization that necessarily would transpire when bands of licentious soldiery, incompletely officered, were placed in charge of groups of Indians where women and young girls formed a large portion of the families?

There is no question whatever, in my own mind, that it was this ill-advised step that sowed the seed of the final extinction of the Peninsula missions. For nearly a year these demoralizing conditions existed. When at last, in obedience to King Charles' order, the Franciscan priests arrived, the soldiers refused to give up the control of the temporal affairs of the Indians, and, as a matter of course, strenuously resented any interference of the Fathers with whatever course of life they chose to live, no matter how evil or corrupting it was to the morals or general welfare of the Indians. The effect upon the aborigines of this antagonism between the two bands of newcomers can readily be appreciated. They paid little heed to the spiritual teachings of the Fathers, and thus lost the benefit of the discipline under which they had been placed by the Jesuits, and, although the Viceroy Galvez shortly restored the old method of administration, and gave to the Franciscans the same authority that had been exercised by the Jesuits, the evil had already been accomplished.

The Father who was appointed to be the superintendent or president of the missions of the Peninsula was Junipero Serra, the man destined of God to be the pioneer of pioneers in the great Golden State of California, and the founder of the first of the chain of missions which now reaches from San Diego to Sonoma, a distance of nearly seven hundred miles, approximately near to the coast of the Pacific Ocean. It is well, before the story of the founding of the missions in Alta California is told, that something be said

of this man Serra, his qualities and qualifications, as well as of the reasons that led to the order to extend the missions from Lower into Upper California.

Serra was essentially an enthusiast. He believed implicitly in his God, his Church, his call, and that he must do with his might whatsoever his hand found to do. To him enthusiasm was an imperative duty. *En Theos*—in God, or God in—meant simply that urge of the Divine within him; or that, as he lived and moved and had his being in the Divine, he must absorb and give out to the fullest extent of that divine energy. From the time he entered the Franciscan Order in his native Mallorca, his life had been not only exemplary in the highest degree, but intense and earnest far beyond that of most religious men. Called to a missionary career, he had entered upon it with the same whole-souled enthusiasm that he had manifested in everything else he had done; so that, after his arrival at the College of San Fernando in Mexico, and his superiors had tried and tested him in labors arduous, abundant and dangerous, it was with unanimous voice that they settled upon him when King Charles' order demanded of them that they send missionaries, under a suitable and competent superintendent, to take charge of the Peninsula missions. There is no tribute to the worth of a man so great as the unanimous call of his fellows to an elevated and honorable position; and the more arduous and responsible the labors, the greater the instinctive honor and respect accorded the one who is found equal to them.

The King had decided upon greater naval activities for Spain; and, as a consequence, determined to plant colonies in Alta California, explored and charted by Cabrillo in 1542, and by Viscaïno in 1596. Colonists would be sent from Mexico, under the protection of small bands of soldiers; and they were to be established at points on the bays of San Diego and Monterey, both of which had been fully

described by the early navigators. The Franciscan Fathers, under Serra, were to have charge of the spiritual needs of the colonists; and, equally important work, they were to establish missions for the Christianization of the Indians. Here, then, was the task laid out for Serra. It was soon found that to perform it properly, he must be relieved from all responsibility of the Peninsula missions.

Fortunately, shortly before this time the Dominicans, in holy zeal to emulate the missionary endeavors of both Jesuits and Franciscans, had petitioned that they be allowed to work on the Peninsula; and the King had issued orders that the former missions of the Jesuits be divided between them and the Franciscans. The Viceroy of New Spain, the Marquis de Croix, was unwilling to decide this matter, and sent the Royal Inspector General, José de Galvez, to make a report on it. Galvez was emphatic in opposition to the plan and so De Croix reported to the King. But the Dominicans insisted; and, on the King's issuing a fresh order, the Franciscans finally decided, with the consent of the Viceroy, to enter into an agreement to abandon the Peninsula entirely to the Dominicans, and confine their labors to the establishment and conducting of the new missions in Alta California. The Dominicans, however, were required to establish missions at suitable intervals on the Peninsula from the most northern mission already established, to that of San Diego, which was to be the most southerly of the new missions of the Franciscans. This agreement in due time was confirmed by the King and his council; and there exists to-day in the records at Santa Barbara a certified copy of the rules and regulations drawn up at this time for the conduct of both the old and new missions under the control of both Dominicans and Franciscans.

Henceforth, therefore, Serra's energies are to be directed to Alta California alone; and thither we shall accompany him.

The Flaw in the Title.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXXIV.

PHYLLIS came out upon the lawn, with the intention of escorting Aunt Petronilla home. The latter, subdued and broken, was in the act of saying a few gentle words to the young man who had so unexpectedly become a part and parcel of life at the Manor.

When Phyllis came down the steps, Harry Brent made an involuntary movement toward her; and Petronilla quietly passed on her way. At that moment she regretted the relationship between these two,—regretted that her niece was not free to marry the new master of the Manor, and in that way obviate the necessity for radical and distressing changes. It was evident that he loved Phyllis; and that, in Rome at least, she had appeared sufficiently well disposed toward him to make it seem possible that she might ultimately become his wife.

It was sunset—a tender and solemn sunset—when those two young people were left standing together under the ancestral trees, and in those wonderfully changed conditions.

"Miss Penniston," began Harry, with an added deference, an added humility in his manner,—“or, if this wonderful thing be true, may I call you ‘Phyllis’?”

"There can be no objection, since it now appears that we are cousins," replied Phyllis; and, despite her efforts at cordiality, to the young man's ardent ears her tone sounded icy cold.

The word gave Harry a shock. That was not at all the relationship in which he wished to stand in regard to this exquisite creature, whose delicate, clear-cut face was turned toward him with so distant and aloof an expression.

"I would like you to believe something," this new Birmingham began; and as he spoke Phyllis traced in his face, with

almost bewildering distinctness, his resemblance to many of their line. "I want you to understand that all that time in Rome, and when I came here recently with Watkin, I knew absolutely nothing of these affairs."

Phyllis, on a sudden impulse, asked two questions which caused the young man to frown impatiently; for what could be the girl's interest in that prosaic city man?

"Did Mr. Watkin know? Did he bring you here on purpose?"

After a moment's hesitation, the other answered:

"I don't really know, but I rather fancy not."

It was his sense of justice that made him add that latter clause; and he was rewarded by seeing the look of relief on the fair face, and hearing a more friendly tone in the voice that said:

"As regards yourself, I never thought of that part of the subject."

"And yet," persisted Harry, "it might have appeared strange, and it certainly would have been strange, if I had been so much in your society, and had talked so freely to you of all sorts of things, and yet had never given a hint of anything so vital to us both."

Phyllis reflected.

"Yes," she said, "I suppose it would have been strange. It never occurred to me, I have had so many other things to think of lately. And of course it does not matter at all."

"Oh, yes, it matters very much," replied Harry, "that you should believe I was acting in any other than a straightforward manner. And I need not tell you what your good opinion means to me."

"A cousin's opinion!" Phyllis said, trying to speak lightly; and remembering suddenly, with a pang at the heart, how she had jested with Grenville on the same topic that evening at Uncle Mark's, when they were all so gay and happy. It seemed to her intolerable that another man, a strange man—even if he were a Birmingham,—should usurp that title of

cousin which had always been associated with Grenville. Nor did she fail to perceive the impatient gesture with which Harry waved aside her suggestion.

"It will take some time," she added, in a quiet, lifeless voice, "to get accustomed to new conditions; and, as our mourning is so very recent, nothing else seems to matter much now."

"I know!" cried the young man, impulsively. "And I can not tell you how sorry I was to think of that splendid life being so suddenly cut off. Understanding how you must all feel, I should not venture to allude to anything that has passed between us only that I wish you to realize what is uppermost in my mind, and which matters much more to me than anything else."

"Since you have spoken on that subject," said Phyllis, firmly, "I must tell you at once that everything of that kind had better be forgotten between us. It seems to me it was all a mistake, and late happenings would make it altogether impossible."

Nor would she listen to the wild, impassioned remonstrances with which the young man strove to overcome her resolution. Perhaps Phyllis found it easier now to speak thus because of the slight hardness toward him which was uppermost just then in her gentle nature, and also because he was no longer the poor and obscure young man whom she would have found it more difficult to reject.

"What has changed—what has come between us?" Harry cried in bewilderment.

"The forbidden degrees of kindred, for one thing," Phyllis answered with a smile, and perhaps ever so little maliciously. And, as she spoke, she knew with astonishing certainty that she had never been at all in love with this good-looking and attractive young man, who could now restore to her all that she was on the point of losing.

"But at least," said Harry Birmingham, in dismay, "when I was learning to love you so deeply you were my friend."

"And so I shall always be!" answered Phyllis, with the first touch of real cordiality in her tone. "And I am sorry if you ever expected or hoped for more."

There was something of finality, not only in her words but in her whole tone and manner, that impressed the unlucky suitor with a sensation akin to despair, and caused him to refuse Sylvester's invitation, which he had first resolved to accept, of waiting for a later train. He hoped, of course, that he might be enabled later to overcome Phyllis' coldness; also to overleap that new barrier of the forbidden degrees of kindred; but he had wisely concluded that it was better not to press matters at that time.

Meanwhile a strange and somewhat stormy interview was taking place between Angela Roscoe (or, as she was in future to be known, Mrs. Birmingham) and John Watkin, on the platform of the railway station. The latter had been pacing up and down there, his collar turned up to his ears (for there was a chill in the air), and his hands in his pockets. He had found no opportunity of making any explanation to Sylvester or to Phyllis as to his connection with Angela and his ignorance of her designs, and he was chafing under the coldness and formality which he had fancied had been in their manner toward him.

Angela suddenly came up behind him, and, accommodating her pace to his, began to walk up and down likewise. Her keen eyes noted the stern, almost menacing look upon the man's face; and at first he seemed disposed not to speak at all. Still it was he who broke the silence.

"I suppose," he said, "you realize the position in which you have placed me with my friends at the Manor?"

"Your friends?" she said mockingly. "But was I, then, my good Mr. Watkin, to forego the claim of my son, to give up the whole purpose of my life, in order that you should retain the esteem of your friends at the Manor?"

"You have acted unjustifiably," the

man said, "in making me a cat's-paw to further your designs."

"And what of your offers of help, my good John?" Angela said, withering him with her scorn. "Am I to believe they were counterfeit coin, good only till one tried to pass them? Yet you expressed your willingness to help a lonely woman struggling against the world, and one whom you professed to love."

"If you had told me openly how matters stood!" Watkin protested.

"And what guarantee should I have had of your silence?" she argued.

"Grenville Birmingham was my friend."

"But not mine," Angela cried fiercely. "And even if he had been, and there were a thousand of them, I would sacrifice them all for my son."

"And I," remarked John Watkin, dryly, "was included in your holocaust."

"What a thing is a man's heart?" Angela exclaimed bitterly. "What a poor, paltry thing when opposed to his vanity, his self-love! It is to you of more importance that you stand well with those people up yonder, and especially, I suppose, with that snow image who has also enchanted my son!"

In these last words there was a note of intense bitterness, and also of something like genuine distress, that touched Watkin, as that which is genuine usually does. He cast a relenting glance at Angela, who instantly followed up her advantage.

"The heart of a mother," she said, "will sacrifice so much for her child! And, after all, I have not done you so much wrong, my friend. Just that one little introduction to Miss Penniston!"

"And the introduction of your son to the Manor," added Watkin, who had been surprised, and had heard with something of a shock that the new claimant to the Manor was also an aspirant for the favor of Phyllis.

"But I shall make it right for you," said Angela, earnestly: "I shall tell them everything, and explain how I was forced to deceive you. Only do not take away

your friendship from me. It has been so precious. And I shall be more lonely than ever if Miss Penniston smiles upon my son's suit."

John Watkin still wavered; but, in truth, his heart was as the heart of a child—so big, so guileless and so tender.

"You may not be so much to blame as I thought at first," he conceded. "Women never look at things in the same way that we do."

"And you will forgive me?" said Angela. "You will not spoil my happiness by being angry, you dear, generous soul!"

This appeal of the astute Angela, who had already gained so strong an influence over him, could not be withstood. Before the second carriage came down from the Manor, Watkin had not only forgiven her, but was urging her more strongly than ever to marry him without delay.

"And perhaps I will, you dear, dear man!" Angela responded. "But not until all is settled. And in the meantime I will make them understand up there that you were quite innocent."

For the definite idea was in her mind all the time: "It will be better for my son that I should marry and be out of his way; and I might do worse than choose this blundering John, who is so honest and so faithful."

As the train was half an hour late, she told him, in her impetuous, dramatic language, all the story of her life: how she had left her peaceful home in Brittany, and gone out more than once into the world to earn a livelihood for herself, and to be enabled to educate her son and bring him up in the position for which he was destined. Her struggles, her trials, the various means of earning a living which she had attempted, would in themselves have furnished an interesting volume. She told of the wrong and the treachery and the deceit which she had encountered in so many quarters, and of her ultimate success and the small legacy which had been left to her by an old woman to whom she had acted as companion. She told

him of the Birminghams, the father to whom her father had been so entirely devoted, and to whom her boy bore so remarkable a resemblance; and of the son whom she had married. She gave many singular details of the first struggles and concealments, and of the morbid desire of those two men—her husband and her father-in-law—to keep secret their identity, and to allow their claim upon the Manor to lapse rather than reopen the affair. She also told of her own mother, an Irish girl, who had come over as governess to a neighboring family and whom her father, late in life, had married. In fact, she supplied all the missing links to that story which Watkin had first heard from the lips of Phyllis, and which were so closely connected with the mystery of the ghost hall—upon which, however, she could throw no light. With its sights and sounds, it was destined to remain a mystery to the end, and to puzzle successive generations as it had puzzled those already departed and those still in life.

Angela suddenly diverted from the subject which Watkin had found of such absorbing interest, to exclaim gleefully:

"Oh, there is one thing I must not forget! To visit Tommy and his mother, and to give them rewards,—oh, yes, rewards which shall surpass their hopes! And the old woman, too, from whom we managed to extract the name of Flaherty."

She laughed heartily at the recollection; and Watkin, on his part, became so interested in the adventurous Tommy that he offered to take him into his office.

"And you will find him of the greatest utility," Angela said. "He has a very genius for being quick, and, to use a slang phrase, for 'catching on' to things."

Just then her face brightened and her whole personality seemed to irradiate tenderness; for she had just seen her son alighting from the carriage.

"But it is strange, though," she said, standing still and looking at him, "that he did not stay there longer. I thought he was going to wait for a later train.

Surely the snow-image has not been cruel to him!"

She pursued her reflections, apparently indifferent to the proximity of Watkin; and he, so singular is human nature, could not help exulting at the thought. For, after all, who was this newcomer, or any man, that he should reach upward to that star which John Watkin preferred to regard as at an inaccessible height?

(To be continued.)

The Coming Event in Montreal.

THE twenty-first Eucharistic Congress, which is to be held in Montreal from September the 6th to the 11th, promises to be one of the most imposing demonstrations in the ecclesiastical annals of our continent. It will be presided over by the Cardinal Legate of the Holy Father, Mgr. Vannutelli, and will be attended by numberless prelates and priests from almost every portion of the Catholic world. Amongst the most familiar names which have been mentioned are those of Cardinals Gibbons and Logue; Archbishops Farley, O'Connell, Ireland, Glennon; Howley, of Newfoundland; Bourne, of Westminster; Bishops Heylen, of Namur, Belgium, president of the Permanent Committee of International Congresses; Touch  t, of Orleans, France; Maes, of Kentucky, who is president of the Committee; Clancy, of Sligo, Ireland; and nearly all the Canadian archbishops and bishops. Many of these prelates will preach and all will pontificate during their stay in Montreal; for there will be daily Masses and Benedictions in the various churches.

The laity will be well represented. Most of the cities of the United States and Canada are sending important delegations. The Duke of Norfolk and Lord Clifford, of Cudleigh, both actively interested in religious and educational matters, will be amongst a numerous deputation from England; and prominent members of the

French, Spanish, Austrian and Italian nobility have announced their intention to be present. Delegations of workingmen and of labor unions are coming from many places, and representatives of almost every Catholic organization in the world will be numbered in that vast assemblage of all classes and conditions, all races and tongues.

The Holy Father has appointed to attend upon the Cardinal Legate Mgr. Prince Ferdinand de Croy, of Vienna; and Mgr. Santa Tampieri, of the Secretariate of State; also, as Grand Chamberlain of the Cape and Sword, Mr. Thomas Kelly, of New York city. The latter gentleman, so active in Catholic affairs, has followed in the footsteps of his public-spirited and zealous father, the late Eugene Kelly, who, with his no less estimable wife—who, by the way, was a niece of Archbishop Hughes,—made themselves, in their day and generation, conspicuous in every good work. In addition to Mr. Kelly, the same honor has been conferred upon M. le Moyne de Martigny, a descendant of one of the most illustrious pioneer families of New France.

The public events of this memorable occasion will begin on the 3d prox., with the reception at the wharf, by leading citizens, of his Eminence the Cardinal Legate, to whom an address of welcome will be presented by Mayor Guerin; then will follow the solemn opening of the Congress on the 6th at St. James' Cathedral, when Cardinal Vannutelli will pontificate; the Midnight Mass at Notre Dame, exclusively for men; the Pontifical Mass at St. Patrick's, the historic mother-church of the Irish in Montreal, at which the Legate will be present, and Archbishop Glennon, of St. Louis, will preach; the civic reception at the City Hall to the visitors; the illumination of the city; the Pontifical Mass in the open air on Mt. Royal; the Congress will close with a solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament at the cathedral.

The course of the procession will be

chiefly through the French and Catholic portion of the town, starting from Notre Dame, and having the repository in Mt. Royal Park, which is upon the mountain, and the deposition of the Blessed Sacrament at the historic Hôtel Dieu. The Cardinal Legate will carry the Sacred Host, attended by the Chamberlains of the Cape and Sword, knights of different orders, Papal Zouaves, the Mayor of Montreal, federal and provincial Ministers, federal and provincial Members of Parliament, the Bar, City Council, University professors, members of the Nocturnal Adoration Society, Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament. In addition to these the various religious communities of men, the Catholic societies (Knights of Columbus, League of the Sacred Heart, St. Vincent de Paul Society, Third Orders of St. Francis and St. Dominic, labor organizations, La Jeunesse Catholique), sanctuary boys, clergy, delegates, and finally the bishops. Members of the Catholic Club of New York will form part of the guard of honor.

Every day there will be numberless Masses said by the visiting prelates and priests, since even in private houses facilities will be offered for the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice. There will also be Benediction every afternoon. The sessions of the Congress, both in French and English, promise to be of the deepest and most varied interest; and the addresses made and papers read will cover the whole range of Eucharistic subjects, religious and doctrinal, theological and ethical, historical and social. So numerous are the names of the speakers and writers in the French section that it would be impossible to mention them here; but it is safe to say that men and women, priests and laymen, comprise some of the most distinguished specialists on a variety of subjects, and personages who are of international reputation. Of the laymen, many will be anxious, for instance, to hear the famous Dr. Boissarie, of Lourdes, and M. Veuillot, of the *Univers*. The

clergy, besides many distinguished Canadians and members of the various religious Orders, include the famous Dr. Lepicier, of the Propaganda; Mgr. Taurenti, also of Rome; the Abbé Boucquerel, of Paris; and Father Boutée, S. J., Director General of the Apostleship of Prayer.

In the English section, the majority of the names are familiar to the readers of THE AVE MARIA,—Bishop McDonald, of Victoria, B. C.; Mgr. Lynch, of Syracuse, N. Y.; the Very Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., president of the University of Notre Dame, Indiana; the Very Rev. Father Doyle, C. S. P., rector of the Apostolic Mission House, Washington; Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J.; the Rev. L. A. Lambert, of Scottsville, N. Y.; the Rev. R. Buckler, O. P., of Woodchester, England; etc.

The laymen will include Dr. James Walsh, of Fordham University, the eminent authority on historical and medico-religious subjects; Mr. Dudley Baxter, of Southsea, England; and Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, of the *New World*, Chicago. The women will be represented by Mother Loyola, of York, England, that beloved author whom so many will be anxious to hear and to know; and Miss Anna T. Sadlier.

Some of the sessions will be open to all; some are for the clergy, or exclusively for men or for women. They will be held at public halls or in religious houses. The various pastors of the city, ably assisted by Jesuits, Redemptorists, Oblates and Franciscans, have vied with one another in their active and zealous work for the Congress. Father Gerald McShane, S. S., of St. Patrick's, as general secretary, has done wonders. Amongst the enterprises of which he has been a foremost promoter is that of presenting the venerable *True Witness*, in a new dress, as the *Montreal Tribune*, and making it the official English-speaking organ of the Congress. It may be remarked that the *Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament*, published by the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, will

also issue a special number of that magazine.

The work of preparation has been altogether effective and thorough, and for months past has occupied the attention of Catholic Montreal entire. All its most prominent citizens have given their time and attention to the task, the richest vying with the poorest to that great end. The League of the Sacred Heart, through its organ, the *Canadian Messenger*, organized a crusade of flowers, which has been warmly entered into by every part of Canada and elsewhere. The direction of this part of the programme has been in the competent hands of Lady Hingston, who, in conjunction with the able and devoted sister of the Mayor, Miss Guerin, had headed the remarkable work done by the English-speaking women of Montreal. Under Madame Auguste Choquette, the French ladies have shown equal devotion and accomplished equally fine results.

Now, the object of all that has been done and of the celebration itself is to extend the Eucharistic reign of Jesus Christ, and to establish more solidly than ever in the hearts of the faithful that sublime devotion which shone luminously through the darkest ages of the Church. In the reconstructed world of to-day, it is destined to play a still more important part in that herculean task undertaken by Pius X., of "restoring all things in Christ." To that end, a veritable crusade has been inaugurated by Father Eymard and his devoted band of apostles; and in promoting the dominion of the Christ of the Tabernacle they are erecting the strongest possible bulwark against the waves of unbelief and social unrest and discontent which threaten to engulf the world at large.

In a passage of remarkable beauty, the eminent German scholar, Dr. Franz Lorinser, thus refers to the Sacrament of the Altar: "For the Eucharist is not only the greatest miracle of God's love, but it is the uttermost limit to which that love,

with all its omnipotent power, could extend. It is the living centre of all worship upon earth, the very crown and flower of the work of redemption, the aim and end of innumerable types and prophecies; and stands, therefore, in nearest and farthest relation with each and every constituent portion of Catholic belief."

It has been beautifully shown, in various articles and public utterances relative to the Congress, that this Eucharistic worship has been notably present through the whole course of Canadian history; and nowhere more so than in Marianopolis, the chosen city of Mary, the splendid metropolis which has grown up in the shadow of Mt. Royal. Its very birth was commemorated by the Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament at the moment when the primal settlers put foot upon her shore; and there was erected a temporary altar, at which Father Vimont, the Jesuit missionary, said Mass, and which was beautifully decorated by Madame Peltrie, Jeanne Mance, and their servant, Charlotte Barré. From that time forth there was a continual manifestation of that devotion on the part of all, from the Governor Maisonneuve down to the meanest of his soldiery; on the part of priest and colonist, of the cloistered nun of the Hôtel Dieu, and the uncloistered but no less devoted daughters of Marguerite Bourgeoys; its most perfect example being found in the person of Jeanne le Ber, who, after the manner of the anchorites of the Middle Ages, made herself a voluntary oblation to the Lord, and inclosed herself in a cell overlooking the sanctuary of Notre Dame de Pitié.

In an uninterrupted procession of holy personages that sacred tradition has been preserved, and has made of Villemarie perhaps the most Catholic city on the continent. Its very stones perpetuate memories of sanctity, heroism, and self-sacrifice. Its atmosphere is charged with Catholicity, and, as it may be hoped, will always remain so, despite the frantic

efforts of the enemy, already openly or insidiously displayed, to prevail against the Church of Christ. In that city, sanctified at its birth by the exemplary lives of its primal citizens and evangelizers, by its martyrs and its sainted ones, will presently be gathered that splendid array of leading Catholics from every part of Christendom. Such gatherings, apart from their spiritual object, have an eminent usefulness. They tend to dispel that localism or provincialism or nationalism that, in some form or another, does so destructive a work in the vineyard of the Lord; and to increase that union which in its every manifestation constitutes the greatest strength of the Catholic body. Moreover, they bring before the world the splendid spectacle of a large and distinguished portion of humanity loyal to its Faith, prepared to accept it in its entirety, and to bow before that great mystery, "the centre of the Divine on earth."

A Timely Topic.

AS the season for the resumption of university and college activities approaches, Catholic parents are again confronted with the question: 'To what particular educational institution shall I send my children?' So far as the younger children are concerned, the question need present no especial difficulty. Wherever parochial schools are in existence—and, thank Heaven! they exist in the vast majority of cities and towns throughout the country,—the answer is obvious. Wherever they do not exist, and the parents are not sufficiently dowered with this world's goods to allow the children's being sent to a Catholic boarding-school, academy or convent, the ordinary public school must, of course, be availed of; but when this is the case additional attention is requisite at home to the religious instruction and training of the boys and girls. In the absence of a Catholic atmosphere in the schoolroom, the atmosphere of the

home must be intensely Catholic enough to compensate for that lack.

In the case of boys and girls in their later teens, and more especially in that of boys, the selection of the college or university to which they shall be sent becomes a matter of more serious difficulty. Let us eliminate at once one element of the question by stating that we are not discussing the case of the Catholic young man or boy who, because of his parents' want of means, betakes himself for a secondary education to the State university. The consideration of quasi-necessity involved in such a case restricts the perfect freedom of action allowable to the parents whom we have especially in mind. Here again, however, exceptional safeguards to religious truth and morality are absolutely essential. Necessity indeed may often force a youth to take a dangerous pathway instead of a safe road; but his taking it renders it incumbent upon him to be more unceasingly circumspect and vigilant than would be obligatory on the safer highway.

And, now, what of the young men whose parents are sufficiently well-to-do to choose as they will among the different Catholic and non-Catholic colleges and universities? To begin with, it can not be denied that the interesting revelations, not to say the startling disclosures, made of recent months concerning the unchristian character of much of the teaching in non-Catholic (secular and State) universities add considerable weight to the oldtime objections against the attendance, at such universities, of our Catholic young men.

The sensational articles of Mr. Harold Bolce and the drastic comments of Bishop McFaul on the conditions disclosed in those articles have not at all been offset by the supercilious poohpoohing of the whole matter by several of the presidents of the institutions concerned. With no desire whatever to exaggerate the difficulty which impressionable young men will experience in preserving their Catholic

Faith intact, vigorous, and practical in an environment saturated with religious negation, indifferentism, rationalism, "New Thought," and the like noxious elements, it must be said that the Catholic father who exposes his son to such an environment is risking a very certain grave danger for a very uncertain, and an elsewhere attainable, good.

As the reasons for avoiding the non-Catholic educational institutions are stronger this year than heretofore, so the excuses for ignoring their Catholic competitors are steadily growing weaker. Catholic colleges and universities throughout the country are becoming from year to year better and better equipped for furnishing both a liberal and a technical education little, if at all, inferior to that supplied by the average secular institution. And dominating all such considerations is the eternal query, "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?"

A Fallacious Argument.

NOT a few of the admirers of Mr. Roosevelt are persuaded that he will be immortalized in history as one of the world's greatest statesmen. It is safe to say, however, that the time required to establish his fame will have shown that his communication to the World's Missionary Conference is not to be classed among wise counsels. The aim of the Conference is Christian unity, to which end the Sage of Oyster Bay thus encouraged the members:

Nothing like your proposed Conference has ever hitherto taken place. From many nations and from many churches your delegates gather on this great occasion, to initiate a movement which I not only hope but believe will be fraught with far-reaching good. For the first time in four centuries, Christians of every name come together, without renouncing their several convictions or sacrificing their several principles, to confer as to what common action may be taken in order to make their common Christianity not only known to, but a vital force

among, the two-thirds of the human race to whom, as yet, it is hardly even a name. . . . I believe that unity in a spirit of Christian brotherhood for such broad Christian work will tend, not to do away with differences of doctrine, but to prevent us from laying too much stress on these differences of doctrine. It is written in the Scriptures that "he that doeth My will shall know of the doctrine"; but the reverse of this proposition can not be found in Holy Writ. Emphasis is to be put upon "doing the will." If only we can make up our minds to work together with earnest sincerity for the common good, we shall find that doctrinal differences in no way interfere with our doing this work.

It is upon some platform of this kind, no doubt, that the Conference will work—and fail. We grant that the effort is sincere, but its radical weakness makes it hopeless. The editor of the *Lamp* throws a strong light upon the huge fallacy in Mr. Roosevelt's Scriptural argument, showing how this plan of unity sacrifices Christian truth, and how Protestants, from High Church Anglicans to Universalists and Unitarians, have neglected the very point on which the emphasis is laid. What evidence is there that Protestants "know the doctrine"—the result of doing the will of God? If endless speculation, division, contradiction and scepticism in religion be the marks of the doctrine of Christ, verily the sects "know the doctrine." Past experience has shown that unity based on many creeds is impossible; and the experience of the future will demonstrate that unity of action based upon no creed is likewise impossible. Effort at Christian unity can succeed only (as Protestants will perhaps ultimately understand) when founded upon belief in God's truth as taught by God's Church. But Mr. Roosevelt, the members of the World's Missionary Conference, and Protestants generally, have not yet read the lesson so clearly written in the four centuries of Protestantism, that "doctrinal differences" inevitably augment disagreement. When will our separated brethren learn to read history and the Scriptures with open mind?

Notes and Remarks.

One feature of the street car strike in Columbus, Ohio, is full of significance,—the sympathy of the police with the strikers. As many as thirty-two regular policemen refused to obey the orders of the mayor, who was compelled to call upon the governor of the State for the aid of the National Guard in quelling rioters. Until the arrival of the troops there was a reign of anarchy. Disorder increased and outrages multiplied. In such circumstances the lawless element of the population invariably comes to the front; employers, enraged by their losses, become more unrelenting; while strikers, deprived of the means of livelihood, their cause injured, are goaded to desperation. No thought is taken of the merits of the dispute that has arisen, the sole consideration of employers and employees being which side shall "win out." The paramount importance of restoring order appeals only to the authorities and such citizens as have the courage to give them support.

Industrial conflicts are sure to continue in this country; and the anarchistic spirit is spreading here, as the Columbus incident affords striking proof. How to obviate the causes of strikes is the question which all farseeing employers should now put to themselves. And sympathy with strikers on the part of the police in any large city is a contingency which only shortsighted mayors will in future refuse to entertain.

All accounts of the first Catholic Congress in England, held in Leeds at the end of July and the beginning of August, go to show that in every way it was a huge success. In the first place, the attendance was immense, and the enthusiasm general and intense from start to finish. The plans for this great gathering were wisely and carefully made, and nothing was left undone in carrying them out. The civic reception at Leeds, in itself a very notable

event; the opening sermon in the cathedral by Archbishop Bourne; the inaugural meeting, at which his Grace delivered an address on the lessons of the last half century to the Catholics of England, and the Bishop of Salford and Father Dowling, C. M., made stirring speeches; the Sunday services, including a Pontifical High Mass and a sermon by the Bishop of Northampton, High Mass and a sermon by the Bishop of Galloway in St. Patrick's, the largest church in Leeds; the mass meetings; the reception and conversazione on the closing day; the exhibition of art and antiquities; the sectional meetings, at which enthusiastic addresses were made, able papers read and discussed, interesting reports submitted and examined,—all was gratifying, admirable, memorable. No one who reads the reports of the Congress can doubt that England is on the verge of another great Catholic revival.

The self-assertion recently shown by some loyal Catholics in Spain seems likely to become contagious, and stone-throwing by anti-clericals in Italy and elsewhere to go out of fashion. These worthies are not accustomed to such resistance as they met with in their interference with the Corpus Domini procession at Santa Maria Liberatrice. At their subsequent indignation meetings they took resolutions to meet every public Catholic demonstration of faith with an imposing counter-demonstration. Whereupon the Catholic Roman associations have resolved upon these measures for protection: (1) The publication of a manifesto to the citizens; (2) The formation of vigilance committees for the defence of liberty of worship against anti-clerical attacks; (3) The participation of all the Catholic associations of Rome in the first solemn religious function that will take place in the city.

A committee of the associations presented these resolutions to the Prime Minister, declaring to him that if the authorities failed to do their duty it would

be done for them. The Minister, of course, assured the delegation of the support of the government. Should he fail to make good his promise, as former ministers have done, the riotous anti-clericals are likely to get a taste of militant Christianity that will restrain their ardor. This decision is, of course, badly belated; but we hope it may have the effect of convincing a handful of hoodlums that they can not with impunity any longer browbeat respectable citizens.

The fact has been well advertised by the ministers themselves that church-going among non-Catholics is becoming altogether unpopular. The *Woman's Home Companion*, curious to know the compelling motives of those who still "go to meeting," sent out a circular of inquiry to persons distinguished for faithful attendance. The replies offer reasons ranging all the way from a sense of obligation to the merest vanity. Ten very young men, true if not tried, believe that church attendance is a duty; by the majority of their elders, however, churchgoing is regarded as supererogatory. A lawyer remarks incidentally that perhaps he "should not be expected to go to church at all." A farmer's better-half replies: "I am the wife of a farmer living in a thinly settled section of the country. I go to church services held in a log shack, to hear sincere, if not always brilliant, sermons; to sing; to wear my best clothes, and to see other people." She does not indicate whether the order of her reasons is climax or anticlimax. Another lady presumes to give an "honest answer," not only for herself but for "thousands" of churchgoers. She says: "I have been reared to think that all well-bred people go to some church. It doesn't take very much time out of your Sunday—two hours or so,—and you leave an impression that you are distinctly high-toned and perfectly proper. No cold cream on hot flesh ever produced such soothing sen-

sation as this churchly application will to your soul. Now, Mr. Editor, that is the square, honest reason why thousands of people go to church. But if you are hunting for a 'true religious uplift,' you'll squirm and be afraid to publish this." The editor-man may have squirmed, but at heart he was courageous.

A canvas of Catholic reasons for attendance at church would prove monotonous in the extreme. Every Catholic intelligent enough to answer a question understands that he has a duty, under both the natural and the divine law, of worshipping God, which obligation has been definitely and authoritatively determined.

The late Florence Nightingale must be ranked among the greatest benefactors of humanity. Her labors in behalf of the sick and wounded British soldiers in the Crimea resulted in the organization of hospital work in the field, thus mitigating the horrors of war for all time. It is a mistake, of course, to refer to her as the first to establish training schools for nurses; for she herself was a graduate of such an institution in Germany. Her experience in the East had taught her the importance of trained nurses; and after her return to England she founded schools for them at St. Thomas' and King's College Hospitals. Her writings, and above all her example, have inspired thousands of her sex to engage in a work of charity sadly neglected after the so-called Reformation, especially in England. Despite feeble health and incessant labors, Miss Nightingale lived to be ninety years old. A clause in her will requested that her funeral should be private and simple.

The inconsistency of the French Government in persecuting priests and Sisters at home and honoring them abroad is a puzzle to many people. The drastic laws against religious Orders are still in force in France, and yet the Government continues to decorate members of them in

foreign countries. Gold and silver medals were lately bestowed upon Trappist, Lazarist, and Jesuit missionaries, and the superior of the Sisters of St. Joseph in Armenia. This inconsistency is only apparent. The prestige of the French Government in countries outside the family of nations is dependent in large measure upon Catholic missionaries. To protect and encourage them is a matter of policy. It would seem as if the rulers of France were well aware that persecuting them at home would result in swelling their number abroad. In any case there has been no falling off in recruits for foreign missions. Bands of priests and Sisters continue to embark at Marseilles for distant mission fields. However important their services to the French Government may be, there can be no question of their success in extending the Kingdom of God. No fewer than 191,601 children were baptized *in articulo mortis* by missionaries of one religious community in a single year in China and Japan alone.

Taking for text a certain lack which Fénelon described as "a confused sentiment of insufficiency, a desire after what we have not, a wish to find outside ourselves what we can not find within, a melancholy consciousness of a void in our hearts, a hunger and thirst after truth, a sincere disposition readily to believe ourselves deceived, and to think that we are in want of assistance to save ourselves from error,"—the editor of the *Missionary* thus discourses of Faith:

Faith is one thing as a law and quite another thing as a virtue. The law of faith binds our reason to God, conforming it to revealed truth as delivered to us by Holy Church. A priceless boon is this legal union of finite being to infinite being in the bonds of truth. But yet it is a law, and so it remains till it goes over the boundary line between conformity and love, generating affectionate loyalty, passing energetically into the practical concerns of life, changing them into divine things by the charm of divine motives, and winning holy love as an ally. We have been given God's ways of believing in

order that we may be elevated by love into God's ways of acting. Faith is not only a divine power of thought but also a divine power of act, ranging from the Easter duty of a half-hearted Catholic upward to the holiness of a saint in daily Communion.

This is a lesson which many a so-called practical Catholic needs to take seriously to heart. The "practical concerns of life"—our every action, the daily duties of our state in life, our pleasures and recreations, even those acts which we perform in common with mere animals, such as eating and sleeping,—all are made meritorious for eternal life if only we are in the state of grace and have purity of intention. On the other hand, though we possess the gift of faith, our most estimable actions, considered in themselves—the deeds that are apparently most virtuous,—are really devoid of all supernatural value if we who perform them lack sanctifying grace, or are actuated by other motives than God's honor and glory.

The cordial tributes paid to the memory of the late Bishop Dunne by the press of Texas, secular as well as religious, show the high regard in which he was held by all classes. In his energetic work he recognized no odds, least of all the hardships and privations; and the progress made by the diocese of Dallas during the seventeen years of his administration constitutes an imperishable monument to his zeal and devotedness. All his strength was generously lavished upon the arduous task to which Providence had called him, with the result that a great multitude has been blessed through his labor. That for many years he was more than half an invalid increases one's admiration of the man and his work. In many respects, as the *Morning Star* remarks, Bishop Dunne was more than an ordinary man,—“a great organizer, a splendid originator, a prelate of deep learning, of genial and courteous manners, and above all of true Godly piety and Heaven-inspired zeal. His humility was excessive, his charity

boundless. None who have known him and loved him can ever forget him.” And those who knew him intimately will testify that his private character was as amiable and blameless as his public life was efficient and exemplary.

“What is it that represses the killing instinct, the homicidal fury, in men living in Great Britain?” asks the *Cleveland Leader*, apropos of a recent murder in London, where such a crime, on account of its comparative infrequency, always causes a great sensation. “Climate can not account for it. Blood does not tell, in view of the great number of nationalities strongly represented in great centres. It must be fear of the sure and swift vengeance of the law. The certainty of justice holds in check the arm raised to strike down an enemy or kill for gain.”

Precisely. The reason why London, for instance, has fewer murders than many an American city one-tenth its size is because of our laxity in the enforcement of laws. Our supineness on this point is an indirect encouragement of the homicidal tendency for which of late years the United States has become notorious among civilized nations.

While the Catholic educationists rightly hold that all genuine morality must be based upon religion, and that ethical culture without such basis is apt to be more showy than solid, one may pay a tribute of respect to the insistence of the Japanese on the moral training of their young people. The Japanese Minister of Education, quoted in the *Japan Magazine* of Tokyo, declares that “ethical training is the kernel of education in children, and moral education is a sublime duty of education. Teachers, therefore, should not only impart a moral knowledge to children by means of text-books, but should also constantly direct their attention to the culture of moral qualities, affording practical guidance in accord-

ance with circumstances, and furnishing examples where desirable. In this way children should be trained in morality, and the object of education be accomplished."

Coming from the Orient, whose civilization is currently supposed to be considerably lower than the standard of the Western world, that statement is suggestive, also gratifying.

The providential mission of the Irish race is nowhere perhaps more strikingly shown than in Australia. Half a century ago it would have seemed ridiculous to refer to the Church in that country, Catholics were then so few, so poor, and so much despised. In 1839 Father Geoghegan, afterward Bishop of Adelaide, said Mass in an unroofed store. He was the only priest in the district, and there was no church, no school, no teacher. The number of Catholics was about 2073. To-day there are, in the territory then under Father Geoghegan, 4 dioceses, 282 priests, 1337 nuns, 77 teaching Brothers, 286 schools, 17 charitable institutions; and the Catholic population is estimated at 264,189. Archbishop Carr in a recent sermon declared that this record had been made by the poorest section of the community, by those who had to leave Ireland because of bad laws and famine. A glorious record it is, too.

One of the striking characteristics of American Socialists is their disingenuous repudiation of the basic principles of their system of social economy, as those principles are expounded by the system's most accredited writers. Within the past few months, for instance, we have seen Marx and Marxism disavowed by sundry self-styled Socialists whose letters have appeared in the *New York Sun* and other metropolitan journals. Yet John Spargo, the author of the first biography of Marx that has yet appeared in any language, declares: "'Socialism' and 'Marxism'

have become interchangeable as practically synonymous terms. In the great European countries where Socialism is a power politically, the movement is almost wholly dominated and inspired by the thought and deed of Marx. In the United States, where there is a growing Socialist movement which is generally recognized as being much bigger and stronger than its political manifestation, Socialism and Marxism are synonymous."

It will not do for American advocates of Socialism ostensibly to espouse, for the sake of ensuring recruits to their ranks, only such social reforms as are quite consistent with Christian ethics and polity. Converts to their economic creed should understand at the outset just to what utterly unchristian principles and utterly subversive doctrines they are committing themselves.

Curious advertisements sometimes find their way into Catholic papers, but we have never seen one to equal the following "want ad," which the *Providence Visitor* quotes from a recent issue of the *Churchman* (Protestant Episcopal):

WANTED—In each of three Eastern city parishes, an assistant. Must be moderate churchman, a gentleman, young and unmarried; at least a fairly good preacher, instinctively loyal, approximately truthful, relatively honest and sufficiently industrious. Might seem safe to assume above; but all three have had unfortunate experience with all the opposites. Salary ample; not the main consideration. Address "Rector," *Churchman* Office.

The gentle reader will make his own reflections.

In a paper on Socialism, read at the Catholic Congress in England, Mr. Hilaire Belloc declared that heresy is responsible for all present economic evils. If every man were a good Catholic, he said, there would be no social disorders. We should characterize this as hitting the nail on the head, which, by the way, Mr. Belloc has a habit of doing.



Little Deeds.

BY X. Y. Z.

NOT mighty deeds make up the sum
Of happiness below,
But little acts of kindness,
Which any child may show.

A merry sound to cheer the babe,
And tell a friend is near;
A word of ready sympathy
To dry the childish tear.

A glass of water kindly brought;
An offered easy-chair;
The turning of the window-blind,
That all may feel the air.

An early flower, unasked, bestowed;
A light and cautious tread;
A voice to gentlest whisper hushed,
To spare the aching head.

Oh, deeds like these, though little things,
Yet purest love disclose,
As fragrant perfume on the air
Reveals the hidden rose!

Our Heavenly Father loves to see
These precious fruits of love;
And if we only serve Him here,
We'll dwell with Him above.

Sandy Joe.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XII.—A NIGHT'S ADVENTURE.

OLD Parley Voo was in a great rage. Eight o'clock had struck from the gay little red and white clock above his counter, and Joe was still absent.

"It is as I said: he is gone like the rest, and with the five dollars of Madame Morel!" And the old Frenchman swore as only old Frenchmen can.

"It is not so late," said La Vielle, sharply. "The boy will come unless he

is robbed or murdered,—he will come. I have read his eyes: they laugh, they shine, there is truth in them; he will come, I say!"

"And I say he will *not!*" declared old Parley Voo. "Have I not had nine, ten of them,—rogues, rascals that they were? Have they not all—eight, nine, ten—run away like this? And with the five dollars of Madame Morel! *Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!* Why did I trust, why did I believe that boy? And this order for the little supper at the Romaine sharp! The Monsieur said at eleven, or he would not pay a sou."

"*Bien!* he will then," said La Vielle, with a nod. "Twenty francs it shall be, and no less, if I take it myself."

"You!" cried the old man. "You, blind, lame, one hundred years old that you are!"

"One hundred years old!" responded La Vielle, bristling like an angry cat. "One hundred! It is a lie,—it is a lie. *Quatre vingt*, and no more, no more; and worth ten of you, Pierre Paravue, at that. What did I say? Here is the boy now."

And the two old people forgot their quarrel and burst into a torrent of questions and reproaches as Joe appeared in the little shop. The cut on his head, the loss of his basket brought out a volley of French expletives; but the shower of silver coin he poured out on the counter exonerated him from further blame, and La Vielle was especially triumphant that it was as she had said.

"*Bien, bien*, did I not know that he would come? He has the good eye, blue and true as the sky,—blue and true. I will make him tisane, and he must lie down and rest before he goes out again into the dark and cold."

"Gee whiz! another order to-night!" said Joe, ruefully.

"Yes, yes; but you shall go in the car," said Parley Voo, eager now to retain this

model boy. "I will give you one, two tickets to go in the car; for it is, as La Vielle says, dark and cold. The order is sharp for eleven; until then you can rest, my good Joe,—until then you can rest."

La Vielle, always as good as her word, brought him a glass of tisane, sweet and spicy and warm; and then, stiff, sore and tired as he was after his late adventure, Joe was glad enough to tumble into his soft blanketed couch under the counter, where he was soon fast asleep.

And perhaps it was the tisane, but strange dreams came to the tired young sleeper. He was back again in Squatter Town, but the rough bank over which he and Jackie had scrambled so lightly rose steep and high as the walls of those great warehouses under whose grim shadow Bill Butler had almost 'knocked him out' this evening,—as steep and high as those great cliffs in the stereopticon views of Ireland that Tim Monaghan had taken him to see one night about a year ago,—far too steep and high for climb or reach of boyish feet. And in the very tiptop stood Jackie, looking down from the dizzy height with laughing face and outstretched arms; and she had on the white frilled dress he had seen in Gran's trunk, and the gold pins in it, and the soft little coat.

"Come up!" she called to him. "Come up, Joe! Dear Joe, come up!"

"I can't," he answered, looking at the sheer cliff on which the little white figure seemed poised so perilously. "Go back,—go back, Jackie. You'll fall."

But she only laughed down at him; and then he saw that two white hands were on her shoulders, and behind her stood the angel of whom the "preacher" had told him, keeping her from all harm.

He roused to find La Vielle shaking him from his pleasant slumbers.

"*Bien*, wake now: it is time; the order for la Romaine is ready. Monsieur Maurice Wynn is the name, and it will be twenty francs. Here are the car tickets. Take them and go, and wait for the money,"

added the old woman, sharply. "We know not this Monsieur Maurice Wynn. You have had your sleep now and you can wait. Come, start quick!"

And before he could collect his half-wakened wits, Joe found himself off with the late order, packed this time in a neat pasteboard box,—hurrying again into the wintry darkness.

But he hailed a car at the corner, and in its cheery light and warmth was soon his "sandy" self again, ready to face all ups and downs, no matter how hard or rough. It was not often that Joe indulged in a ride; nickels were far too scarce in his rugged life; so he proceeded to enjoy the unusual luxury accordingly. And the car was full to-night of people Joe did not often see: pretty ladies in gay gowns and wraps returning from concerts and theatres, good-looking men in fur-lined coats and shining hats.

Joe edged as far as he could into the corner, lest his box should touch the dainty white-cloaked girl at his side, who was chatting vivaciously with her escort.

"No, I'm not going to Pinehurst yet. Corinne writes that her cousin is there, and quite ill. You know her perhaps: the beautiful Mrs. Phil Harper that everybody was raving about last winter when they coaxed her to come out of her mourning. But it was too hard on her and she quite broke down. Corinne says she can not get over the loss of her baby girl. It was an awful thing. The house took fire while they were away, and the poor little baby was burned to death."

"Dreadful indeed!" said the gentleman, sympathetically. "And in these days of fire escapes and model fire engines!"

"Oh, but it was in the country,—far out in the country," went on the pretty speaker; "and the father and mother were away from home. So I suppose there was neither head nor help. Corinne says Phil can not speak of it to this day; but, though it sounds dreadful, it was a lucky thing for the Lamonts. The baby was their rich old aunt's godchild and name-

sake, and she had left it everything she had. If it had lived, Louis Lamont would not have had a cent. He and the old lady had quarrelled; and as papa, who knew her well, said, old Madame Jacqueline Valette was not the kind to forgive or forget."

"Madame Jacqueline!" repeated the gentleman, smiling. "A quaint name. I think I shall have to borrow it for my next story."

"Oh, don't!" said the young lady, breathlessly. "I forgot I was talking to a writer. Don't tell the story, for Heaven's sake, in print, please!"

"Certainly not," the gentleman replied quickly. "It was only the name that took my fancy—Jacqueline! Wouldn't you like to be called Jacqueline if you could be christened afresh?"

"No," laughed the girl gaily. "It wouldn't suit me at all, and I would not get it either. I should be Jackie or Jack to everyone, as you well know."

And then the car stopped at the Romaine corner; and Joe, who had been listening with charmed interest to the young lady's pretty prattle, had to get out. It was something altogether new to him, this glimpse of the gay world, where people wore fine clothes and fur-lined coats every day. But evidently they had their troubles too. To have a baby burned to death, that was tough indeed. Joe had always been afraid in the old days that something like that might happen to Jackie when he was out and Gran was stumbling about the rickety stove. Jackie! What was the name the gentleman had said that he liked? Jack—Jack—Jacqueline! That *did* sound pretty, sure; prettier than Monica Mary. Joe wished he had heard that name before the christening. Somehow it seemed to fit Jackie better,—to go with her soft brown eyes and waving hair.

Jacqueline! The pretty name lingered in Joe's thoughts as he turned into the glittering entrance of the Romaine, to which he had been directed; the "trades-

men" entrance door being closed for the night. He had taken orders to this great house before, but never so late as this. Two boys about his own age, in dapper blue uniforms bright with brass buttons, sat on the velvet-cushioned bench in the marble hall waiting for the stroke of twelve, when their time would be up.

It had been a long day; and, although their pockets were full of "tips" from the tenants and visitors at the Romaine, bell boys, in that swell establishment, had to bottle up all exuberant spirits, and got little chance for boyish fun. Ragged Joe, with his sandy hair and plastered head, and staring gaze at the bewildering splendor around him, seemed a fit subject for badgering.

"Hallo, carrot top! What have you got there?" said Bob Dean, superciliously.

"An order for supper—Mr. Maurice Wynn," answered Joe, briefly. "Where do I take it, Spider Legs?"

"Got you there, Bob!" laughed his companion, with a glance at the long, lean stretch of limbs encased in Bob's black stockings.

"You don't take it anywhere," replied the irate Bob. "You give it to me."

"Not much," said Joe calmly. "I've got my orders too, and they are C. O. D. Where's your boss, bubby? I'll talk to him. This grub was ordered at eleven sharp, and I've got no time to waste on you."

Another snicker from his companion told Bob he was getting the worst of this wordy encounter.

"You're a nice guy to be pushing into a respectable place like this," he said hotly. "Dogs and beggars are forbidden, you see."

"And dudes and monkeys on the job, I see, too," said Joe, with a good-humored grin. "If you want to keep on those buttons, you better stir yourself and tell me where to find Mr. Maurice Wynn. He's the sort to make things hot for you if this order isn't on time."

"Got you again, Bobby!" laughed the

more good-natured boy. "It's your shift; take him up."

"I won't," said Bobby, shortly and savagely. "Let him walk!"

"All right," answered Joe, cheerfully. "Which way, sonny boy?"

"Here," said Bobby, flinging up the door behind him and showing the fire escape mounting into the wintry darkness.

"How far up?" asked Joe, surveying the narrow, dizzy climb undismayed.

"Fifth floor," said Bobby, a wicked smile lighting his sickly face. "Just open the door and walk right in when you get there."

"Geewhillikins! He is gone, sure enough!" said Bob's mate, breathlessly. "He is a greeny. And where did you send him, Bob?"

"210," said Bobby,—"that grouchy chap that never tips a fellow."

"Mr. Louis Lamont," said the other. "Great golly, Bob Dean! What do you suppose he'll do?"

"Pitch the beggar down the fire escape and break his fool neck," answered Bob, savagely; little guessing the angels were leading Joe up that dizzy stair.

(To be continued.)

Curiosity Confounded.

The great French scientist, de la Condamine, is said to have had an uncontrollable curiosity for trifles as well as in serious matters. One day he went to call on his friend, Madame de Sévigné, the renowned letter-writer. He found her, as usual, seated at her desk, absorbed in her favorite occupation. She greeted him most cordially, but craved his permission to finish her letter, which must be sent by the first courier. "Certainly, Madame; I will await your leisure!" replied the scientist.

But presently, overcome by his habitual curiosity, he seated himself back of his hostess' chair, so as to read over her shoulder. A mirror hanging above the

desk revealed to the Marquise her guest's indiscretion. Without a pause, she continued her letter in these words: "I would tell you more, my dear friend, but Monsieur de la Condamine is back of my chair, reading every line I write." Scarcely had she penned this sentence when the old gentleman jumped to his feet and exclaimed: "Pardon me, Madame! I have not read a single word!"

Lovers of Trees.

Spaniards have a natural dislike for cutting down trees. This may account for the preservation of the big trees of California. When people from Spain pushed their way through Mexico and California two centuries ago, not a twig or sapling was sacrificed except for the purpose of making a path through the forests.

This feeling for sparing the trees continued until the "Americano" drove the Spanish from California, as the houses of stone and adobe there attest. The people from sunny Spain might have built houses of wood, as other pioneers did, but they would not. It is said that the true Spaniard will not cut down a tree even for the purpose of firewood, but picks up dead limbs from the ground, or removes them from the tree without injuring it.

The Sixth Sense.

It has always been maintained that carrier pigeons have a sixth sense—the sense of direction; and now learned people declare that bees have this sense in a still greater degree. Recently a bee-keeper in France released a number of homing pigeons and an equal number of bees eight miles from home, and the bees arrived several seconds before the birds. In order to make the experiment a trustworthy one, he dusted the bees with flour, so that they might be recognized by those who waited at the hive for them.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A manuscript copy of the *Horæ B. V. M.*, which is said to have been executed for Henry VIII., fetched 58*ol* at a recent book sale in London.

—The "Memories and Impressions" of Madame Helena Modjeska, the great Polish-American actress, promises to be one of the most popular books of the coming season.

—It is a pleasure to state, in answer to numerous inquiries, that the series of articles entitled "From the Kirk to the Catholic Church.—How a Presbyterian Minister became a Priest," lately concluded in *THE AVE MARIA*, will soon be published in pamphlet form by the Catholic Truth Society of Scotland.

—The first of a series of detective stories by Mr. G. K. Chesterton will be "The Innocence of Father Brown." They are to be first published in serial form. The author's hero is a gentle little parish priest who uses his knowledge of human nature gained in the exercise of his ministry to unravel mysterious crimes which have baffled the police.

—The Talmud, as a whole, is hard reading for all except Jews; however, many persons will doubtless be interested in a selection of tales and maxims from this commentary on the Jewish Law and Scriptures, by the Rev. Samuel Rapafort (George Routledge & Sons). There is much of wisdom, wit and humor in these extracts. Dating roughly from the return from the Captivity to the fourth century of the Christian era, the Talmud naturally embodies a great deal that seems new because in reality it is so very old. We read that among "the spoilers of life or life's pleasures are: (1) a saintly man who is a simpleton; (2) a woman that takes no pleasure in things womanly. [This last may be commended to the notice of Suffragists, and the first to divines who support them,' says the *Academy*.] Flies are conveyancers of disease. [Supposed to be a modern theory.] A wound or cut should never be left open to the air, or rather to what is in the air. Woman has better instinct in gauging the character of a stranger than man."

—From Jaffna, India, comes an interesting pamphlet entitled "An 'American Hindu' on Hinduism," a reprint, from the *Jaffna Catholic Guardian*, of a recent article by the Rev. S. G. Prakasar, O. M. I. The "American Hindu" is Mr. Myron M. Phelps, of New York city, who has been lecturing in Jaffna and elsewhere on the mysteries and glories of his adopted cult.

With endless palaver he has assured the susceptible natives of the superiority of Hinduism over Christianity and Christian civilization. Father Prakasar, himself a native of India, and consequently better informed about Hinduism and the Hindus than any novice from New York could possibly be, shows that the lecturer's notions of Hinduism are utterly false; that the "ideal" of that religion is anything but idealistic; that Mr. Phelps, in a word, is crassly ignorant both of Hinduism and of Christianity. According to reports, he was formerly a lawyer in Gotham. Why he abandoned his country and his profession to live and to lecture in India is not explained. His audiences are likely to be very slim where Father Prakasar's pamphlet is circulated. We shall carefully preserve our copy, in case the lecturer should ever return to this country on a missionary tour. What a fine figure he might have cut at that polytheistic symposium in Chicago known as the Parliament of Religions!

—We are glad to see a reprint by the International Catholic Truth Society of an exceptionally able, readable and useful pamphlet, by the Rev. Father Hull, S. J., entitled "What the Church Is and what She Teaches: A Short Guide for Inquiring Protestants." Having already had our say about this excellent publication, let us now quote the author's brief introduction and conclusion:

Clear ideas of Catholic doctrine rather than proofs—such is the aim of this little work. For unless the doctrine itself be presented in a reasonable light, the most convincing proofs will be thrown away. Again, clear ideas can often be expressed in a few words, whereas the real strength of a proof may be lost by compression. Moreover, the real difficulties felt against the Church are not generally due to want of proof so much as to want of correct information as to what the Church is and what she teaches. This tract has, therefore, been written with a view of enabling non-Catholic inquirers to obtain concise and correct information about our position and teaching. Those interested in its contents will have no difficulty in obtaining references to larger works by which to carry on their inquiries.

In conclusion, can the labor of examining the claims of the Catholic Church, or the trouble of submitting to them, be evaded by thinking that, after all, religion itself is very much a matter of taste; and, provided a man leads a good life, one religion is as good as another? The labor and the trouble may be evaded, but not the responsibility. If all religions were human inventions, one religion would be as good as another. But if Christ has instituted one, and not the rest, one religion is *not* as good as another; in fact, there can be only one good religion, and that the one instituted by Christ, taken in the way He instituted it.

—An English "friend" directs our attention to the following references to America and Americans made in a review of a recent work on "Schley, Samson, and Cervera" appearing

in a leading London newspaper; and he—surely not *she*—would like to know what we have to say about the references:

The United States of America, usually described by persons who call themselves American citizens as "God's own country," do not commend themselves to us in the light of ideal States. Politically they represent the democracy run to seed. From a human point of view they represent mankind in its worst and most degraded manifestations; and, considered from the point of view of literature and art, the United States as they now stand may justly be said to represent nothing at all. America has proved, on the whole, a dead failure. . . . They [the people of the United States] stand to-day, as one might expect, for a nation of mongrel-rascals who know nothing about truth, honor, decency, art, literature, or other minor affairs, and are simply given over to the worship of money, success, "smartness," and dime periodicals. . . . Their accent is an abomination; their grammar is the most frightful thing in the world; they have a contempt for the truth, and no manners. . . . A nation which can treat an admiral in the manner in which Schley has been treated is a dubious nation. It has no sense of shame on the one hand or of fairness or justice on the other. The victory was to Schley, but the credit, according to "God's own people," is so much to Samson (who was not present at the action) that Lieutenant-Commander James Parker, U. S. N., finds it necessary to write a book of three hundred pages in order to vindicate Schley against a charge of incompetence and unseamanlike conduct! The Americans ought always to be ashamed of themselves; but they ought particularly to be ashamed of themselves over this affair. We commend Lieutenant-Commander Parker's book to all persons who have doubts as to the obliquity and rottenness of the American official mind, and to the general flatness and dullness of the minds of the American people.

We have only to say to our friend on the other side that we consider these references to America and the Americans somewhat uncomplimentary. To the reviewer we would respectfully suggest that the next time he takes the pledge it be made to include all kinds of ink as well as all forms of alcohol.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Christian Symbolism." Mrs. Henry Jenner. \$1.

"Heavenwards." Mother Mary Loyola. \$1.25.

"De Ponte's Meditations." Vol. VI. \$1.80.

"Handbook of Practical Economics." J. Schrijvers. \$1.35.

"St. Francis de Sales! A Study of the Gentle Saint." Louise M. Stackpoole-Kenny. \$1.10.

"The Laws of the King; or, Talks on the Commandments." A Religious of the Holy Child. 60 cts.

"Cardinal Mercier's Conferences." \$1.50.

"The Boys of St. Batt's." R. P. Garrold, S. J. 80 cts.

"Meditations for Each Day of the Month of June." Charles Santley. 60 cts.

"Astronomical Essays." Rev. George V. Leahy, S. T. L. \$1.

"Sunlight and Shadow." P. M. Northcote. \$1.

"The Beginnings of the Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes, A. D. 754-1073." Mgr. L. Duchesne, D. D. \$2.

"A Compendium of Catechetical Instruction." Vols. I. and II. \$4.50.

"A Private Retreat for Religious." Rev. Peter Geiermann, C. SS. R. \$1.50.

"Life's Little Day." D. J. Scannell O'Neill. 25 cts.

"So as by Fire." Jean Connor. \$1.25.

"Brownie and I." Richard Aumerle. 85 cts.

"The Formation of Character." Rev. Ernest Hull, S. J. 15 cts.

"A Bunch of Girls." "Shan." 50 cts.

"The First Great Canadian." Charles B. Reed. \$2.

"History of the Society of Jesus in North America." Thomas Hughes, S. J. Documents: Vol. I., Part II., \$4.50.

"Buds and Blossoms." Rt. Rev. Charles H. Colton, D. D. \$1.25.

"The Christ Child." M. C. Olivia Keiley. 75 cts.

"The Sacrament of Duty." The Rev. Joseph McSorley, C. S. P. \$1.08.

"Bible Stories Told to Toddlers." 90 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. P. Lyons, of the diocese of Peoria; and Rev. Dominic Pozzoni, S. J.

Sister Martha, of the Sisters of Charity; Madame Onahan, R. S. H.; and Sister M. Florian, Sisters of the Holy Cross

Mr. J. F. Miller, Mr. Simon Yenn, Miss Elizabeth Mahoney, Mr. Edward Baxton, Mrs. Frances Feeney, Mr. Joseph Murdock, Miss Nora Ryan, Mrs. Magdalena Ebel, Mr. Charles Mincy, Mr. T. F. Curtin, Mr. Robert Rozier, Mrs. Alice Cowan, Mrs. A. Flaherty, and Mr. George Volk.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXXI. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 3, 1910.

NO. 10

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

The Rose of Galilee.

BY L. F. MURPHY.

WE shall behold them with our purer eyes,
These fair earth-flowers; but fairer, lovelier far
In that bright region where the blessed are,—
That promised flower-land of Hope that lies
Beyond the shining gardens of our skies.

There, never blossom lives to die,—nor star
Grows pale; for no dark shade of Death shall
mar

The sweet immortal blooms of Paradise.

There, will the lily her white leaves unfold,
And lift on high her virgin heart of gold

Unto the Lily Flower of Israel;

There, will the rose in blushing majesty,

Bow lowly beneath her queenlier spell,
The fair white Rose of olden Galilee.

A Royal Cardinal.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

REGINALD POLE, a possible king consort of England and a possible Pope, has recently been brought before the English reading public by M. Martin Haile, whose valuable biography* of a most attractive hero has met with due recognition from both Catholic and Protestant critics.

It would be difficult to resist, even at a distance of three hundred years, the winning charm of one whose sweetness of temper and brilliant conversation made

his company delightful, and who evidently possessed a real genius for making and keeping friends. To the natural advantages of a handsome person, an illustrious birth, and a mind at once thoughtful and receptive, he added other higher and more spiritual gifts, the result of a long course of self-training. He was disinterested, patient, absolutely true, and devoted heart and soul to the service of the Church. He lived in an age when laxity of morals was frequent even among churchmen; nevertheless, never a breath of scandal rested, ever so lightly, on the fair fame of the "angelic Cardinal." This great Englishman, who was at once a patriot, a student, and a man of prayer, stands out a commanding and attractive figure in the lurid atmosphere of the reign of Henry VIII.; and, although he lived away from England, he was, by right divine of his birth, the leader around whom centered the aspirations of the harassed and perplexed English Catholics.

Reginald Pole was born in 1500. His mother, Margaret Plantagenet, was the daughter of George, Duke of Clarence, brother of Edward IV.; and his father, Sir Richard Pole, was the friend and kinsman of Henry VII. Margaret's only brother, the young Earl of Warwick, as a possible claimant to the crown, had been cruelly executed by Henry VII., in order to pave the way for the marriage of his eldest son, Arthur, with the Infanta Katherine of Arragon.

The tender-hearted Katherine, when she realized that her queendom was the price of the innocent blood of an unoffend-

* "Life of Reginald Pole," by Martin Haile. Sir Isaac Putnam & Sons.

ing youth, spared no pains to atone, as far as lay in her power, for the crime committed by her father-in-law. Margaret Pole became her closest friend and governess of the heiress of England; and the latter's marriage with young Reginald seemed, in Katherine's eyes, an act of atonement as well as the means of insuring her daughter's happiness.

We gather from M. Martin Haile's narrative that the plan was popular in England, and approved of by the Holy See. It may be, indeed, that Reginald Pole's long delay in receiving the priesthood (he was ordained only in 1556) had its origin in the idea that it was well to keep him in reserve as a possible king consort. The hatred of Henry VIII. and Reginald's exile made the marriage impossible for many years. When at last Mary Tudor ascended the throne, although her English cousin was still free to marry her, the policy of her other cousin, Charles V., was actively at work to bring about her unpopular match with Philip II.

We can imagine how worthily Reginald Pole might have filled his place as king consort of England. He proved himself, in a narrower sphere, a wise and gentle ruler; and, although he lived for many years out of England, he kept in touch with his countrymen, who loved him for his personal charm and also for his descent from the great Plantagenets. But the real bent of his nature inclined him rather to a life of prayer and study, brightened by congenial companionship, than to the turmoil of politics. As a little boy, he was an apt pupil of the Carthusians of Sheen. The expenses of his education were undertaken by the King, Henry VIII., who, prompted by Katherine of Arragon, had restored to the Pole family the possessions of which they had been deprived.

At the age of nineteen, Reginald, with the King's consent, proceeded to the famous University of Padua to complete his course of studies. He was then a handsome youth, of commanding presence, unblemished life, sweet and generous

disposition and studious habits. At Padua he spent eight happy years, during which he made many friends; among them the future Cardinal Bembo, one of the famous poets and humanists of his day.

In 1527 Pole returned to England, where the King's divorce from Katherine of Arragon was already spoken of. The question had been started by Wolsey, from political motives. He wished the King to marry a royal princess, who might bring him a male heir and strengthen the position of his country. By a just retribution, Anne Boleyn, after outwitting Wolsey's plans, became the instrument of his ruin. Reginald Pole's opinion on the subject of the divorce was eagerly sought for by the King. He probably relied on the blind approval of one to whom he had proved himself a generous benefactor; and the archbishopric of York, vacant at Wolsey's death, was to be the reward of Pole's complacency. Reginald's relatives were eager that, in order to avoid greater evils, he should fall in with Henry's wishes. But, in spite of their arguments, Pole distinctly refused to approve the proposed divorce; and, in consequence, in 1532, he left England, where he was not to return for more than twenty years.

From Avignon, the Papal capital, he went to Carpentras, a sunny Provençal town, backed by the snow-capped Mont Ventoux. Here he was made welcome by Bishop Sadoletto, one of his best friends and warmest admirers. Although his elder by many years, Bishop Sadoletto recognized his younger guest's elevating influence. M. Martin Haile justly observes that "strength of character and intensity of purpose must have been clad in great sweetness of disposition and winning, persuasive charm, to have exercised so sudden and strong an influence upon those who came in contact with Reginald Pole, as happened time after time throughout his life."

The next years were spent by Pole between Padua and Venice; they were devoted to the studies in which he de-

lighted, and brightened by the companionship of a group of friends who shared his pursuits. They were, like himself, men of culture, whose blameless lives and deep passion for study harmonized with his tastes and habits. The only dark spot in his otherwise happy life was the anxious news that came to him from England. The King had broken with Rome, sent away Katherine, married Anne Boleyn, and was now ruthlessly punishing all those who opposed his will. At this juncture, the idea of marrying the heiress of England, Mary Tudor, to her Pole cousin is alluded to by Chapuys, the imperial envoy, who thus voiced the wishes of a large number of Englishmen. "The princess would not refuse," he adds; but Charles V. had other views, and the princess was virtually a prisoner in her father's hands.

Henry seems at all times to have had an uneasy feeling with regard to Reginald Pole. He could not send him to execution, as he did Fisher and More; but he was kept informed of his every movement by spies, and he once peremptorily requested his written opinion as to the two burning questions of Supremacy and Divorce. Reginald hesitated many months before complying with his cousin's request. But at last in 1536, he sent him his famous book, "*De Unitate Ecclesiæ*," in which he denounces Henry's crimes with much logic and literary power. There can not be two opinions as to the value of the work, to which an underlying note of yearning affection gives a pathetic touch. Whether it came at an opportune moment is another question. Its effects were disastrous as regarded Reginald's nearest relatives. His brother, Lord Montague; his cousin, Lord Exeter; his aged mother, Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, whom in happier days Henry VIII. acknowledged to be "the saintliest woman in England,"—all were sent to the Tower, and subsequently executed in defiance of the commonest rules of justice.

Reginald Pole, who, although he was still a layman, had been made a Cardinal

by Paul III. in 1536, and employed by him in important diplomatic missions at the courts of France and Austria, was at Capranica, near Rome, when news reached him of his mother's cruel death on Tower Hill, on May 27, 1541. He loved her tenderly and she, says his secretary, considered him as "her right eye" among her sons; but, at this crisis, he seems to have centred his thoughts on the final triumph of the soul that he loved rather than on its earthly sufferings. To the Cardinal of Burgos he wrote that he 'will never fear to call himself the son of a martyr'; and the Church, by raising Blessed Margaret Pole to her altars, has confirmed this judgment.

Paul III., who had a special affection and esteem for the "Cardinal of England," now made him governor of Viterbo, where Reginald's rule was marked by results that speak volumes for his executive ability. He combined energy with gentleness, and a strict sense of justice with unflinching patience. His mornings were devoted to study and his evenings to the society of a chosen band of friends; they shared his delight, he writes, "in the food that does not perish." Indeed, as years passed by, bringing the experience that is won by suffering, Pole's pure and noble soul seems to have been steadily drawn heavenward.

He was an excellent correspondent, and his letters to his friends give an insight into the thoughts that were uppermost in his mind. The welfare of the Church, the necessary reforms with which the approaching Council was to deal, the salvation of souls and the condition of his native land,—these things were ever before him. One of his most faithful correspondents was the celebrated Vittoria Colonna, a poetess and a holy as well as most learned woman, who, although she might have been his mother, confessed that she owed 'the health of her soul' to the English Cardinal. "His own conversation is always in heaven," she adds in a letter to a mutual friend. "He regards

and cares for the things of earth only for the good of his neighbor."

In 1542, Pole was sent by Paul III. to Trent, where the General Council was to assemble. But, its opening having been delayed, he returned there in 1545, and applied himself with his wonted earnestness to prepare the necessary changes in church discipline. These had become urgent, owing to the progress of heresy in Europe; and Reginald Pole, like the best and wisest churchman of his day, was anxious that the Pope should take the lead in the work of reform that circumstances now imperiously demanded.

The death of Henry VIII. in 1547 brought no improvement in religious matters in England, where the boy-king, Edward VI., was a mere puppet in the hands of his uncles. Reginald was now the royal boy's nearest male relative. He sent him a clearly-worded, eloquent and temperate letter; but it is doubtful whether it ever reached the young sovereign; and for the time being there seemed no hope of a change for the better in the religious conditions of the Kingdom.

If Reginald Pole was shut out from all influence in his native land, his reputation for learning, wisdom, and holiness seemed to fit him for a wider sphere of action; and at the Conclave that followed the death of Paul III. in 1549, the triple crown actually rested for a moment on the brow of the "angelic Cardinal," as he was often called. Thomas Goldwell, who, under Elizabeth, became Bishop of St. Asaph, acted during the Conclave as Pole's secretary; and he tells us how his patron, being the favorite candidate for the Papacy, with Cardinal Caraffa, received in the evening of December 4 the visit of two brother Cardinals, who informed him that, as he had the necessary number of votes, they wished to proclaim him then and there. Pole was the least ambitious of men. He accepted the responsibilities laid upon him only when he thought they were sent straight from God. In this case he owns that he prayed the

Cardinals to wait till next morning. They did so, with the result that Cardinal del Monte was elected under the name of Julius III. The new Pontiff always said that he had received the Papacy "from that holy man, Cardinal Pole"; but the latter's letters only express his unfeigned delight at renouncing the honor proposed to him.

Pole was not wanting in courage; but his was the quiet endurance that bears pain in silence rather than the spirit of enterprise that welcomes responsibilities, even when they are fraught with danger. But, although the dreaded office of the Supreme Pontificate had passed from him, he was about to enter upon the last and most laborious phase of his career: years of difficulties, labor and anxiety, gladdened by one immense joy—the reconciliation of England with the Church.

In 1553, Edward VI. died, leaving a kingdom distracted by political and religious quarrels. His eldest sister, Mary, the only daughter of the much-injured Katherine of Arragon, by her promptness, energy and wisdom, was able, in spite of the intrigues of her enemies, to take peaceful possession of her lawful inheritance. Reginald Pole's rightful place was by her side, if not as her consort, at least as her nearest English relative, her most trusted counsellor, who, having suffered for the same cause, was eminently fitted to assist her in the arduous task that lay before her. Yet many months elapsed before he was able to return to England.

M. Martin Haile gives a vivid picture of the intrigues that kept Pole away at a moment when his presence in Mary's council chamber might have been of the utmost value to the new sovereign. In these intrigues, Charles V., the Queen's nearest relative on her mother's side, played a prominent part. Mary herself instinctively longed for Pole's presence, and wept with joy at receiving his letters, saying they were the 'dearest and best letters she had received for many years.' But she had completely yielded to the

Emperor's influence; and it was only when her unpopular marriage with Philip II. had been celebrated that Reginald Pole was allowed to come to London as Papal Legate.

In this strange combat between the Queen's two cousins, says M. Martin Haile, "the Englishman was fighting in defence of the Queen and religion. The Spaniard apparently cared little for either, provided he could possess himself of Mary's Kingdom." Reginald Pole, although he was suspected by the Emperor of disapproving the Spanish alliance, seems to have kept silence on the subject; but he was too much of an Englishman not to realize the unpopularity of the marriage. From the moment, however, that Mary had taken this irrevocable step he accepted the fact as "an act of God's Providence," and was as loyal in his service of Philip as in that of the Queen.

On November 20, 1554, four months after the celebration of Mary's nuptials with the prince of Spain, Cardinal Pole landed in England, and the story of his arrival is the one bright spot of Mary Tudor's troubled reign. He was welcomed at Dover by a company of noblemen on horseback; and by the time he reached Gravesend his escort numbered over a thousand horsemen. Though he was then over fifty, his majestic presence, noble countenance, dignified and winning manner, fitted him to be the central figure of an impressive scene in London.

He was welcomed by Philip with stately courtesy, and by Mary with affectionate eagerness. The Cardinal and the Queen had not met for over twenty years, and memories at once sweet and poignant must have risen up before them when they remembered all that had passed since they last stood face to face. Blessed Margaret of Salisbury, Reginald's mother, had been Mary's governess and the friend of her girlhood; and to the training of this noble woman the Queen probably owed the steadfast fidelity to principle that had kept her blameless in a corrupt court.

On the 28th of November Pole explained his mission to the Lords and Commons; and two days later, at the request of both Houses, he absolved the people of England from schism and heresy. Mary Tudor's tears fell fast when, kneeling with the rest, she listened to the solemn Latin words that renewed her country's allegiance to the See of Peter. The sorrows of her desolate girlhood, the terrors and humiliations that had made her life a veritable martyrdom, were all forgotten in this hour of gladness. The happiness of Pope Julius III. was scarcely less supreme. When the news reached Rome, he fell on his knees, weeping tears of joy.

Cardinal Pole now set to work to reorganize the Church in England. The task was an arduous one; for to the difficulties that sprang from the religious anarchy that reigned throughout the country, were added the political intrigues, of which the Princess Elizabeth was the secret mover. Pole's tact and prudence, his clear sense of what his countrymen felt and understood, his absolute freedom from personal interest and party spirit, qualified him for the delicate mission that fell to his share. Although he had lived for so long away from England, he had kept closely in touch with English ways of thinking; and the excellent influence that he exercised over the bishops was fully proved a few years later.

Many other complex questions claimed the Legate's attention. He had to deal with the retention of church property by the great nobles, on whom Henry VIII. had bestowed the confiscated monasteries; and with the discipline that had to be enforced among the clergy. Besides these home matters, he was commissioned by the Pope to negotiate a treaty of peace between the Emperor and the King of France. Moreover, during his continual absences from England, King Philip committed the Queen to her cousin's special care. Disappointed in her hopes of an heir, and troubled with gloomy forebodings as to the future of her kingdom, Mary

relied on the Cardinal's gentle strength and disinterested devotion. In his letters to Philip, Reginald gives us an insight into the daily life of a much-tried and much-calumniated woman. He speaks of her as combining the active habits of Martha with Mary's contemplative spirit.

In addition to the weighty cares that his position in England entailed upon him, Cardinal Pole was called upon, during this last phase of his life, to endure a trial which, to one so delicately loyal, was peculiarly painful. Early in 1555, Cardinal Caraffa became Pope under the name of Paul IV. There had been, on various occasions, some difference of opinion between Pole and the Neapolitan prelate, whose want of tact and wisdom, hasty temper and stern methods were directly opposed to the "angelic Cardinal's" views and habits. Paul IV. was violently anti-Spanish. The year after his election, he quarrelled with King Philip, in spite of Pole's earnest endeavors to keep peace between them; and, as a natural consequence, he declared his intention, in 1557, of recalling his Legates from the King of Spain's dominions, not excepting England.

It would have been difficult to imagine a more ill-advised measure. The spiritual interests of the country, so lately reclaimed from schism, demanded Pole's presence; and any lessening of his power and influence must prove detrimental to the Church. The Queen protested against his removal; but the Pope was obstinate, and named a Franciscan monk, Father William Peto, Legate in his place. Besides the reason of his war with Spain, which would have militated as much against Peto as against Pole, the Pope had other motives for his conduct. He was prejudiced against the English Cardinal, and had listened to the tales of "malignant persons," who, says Pole's secretary, brought false reports to him.

At this crisis, Reginald Pole proved that he was not only a wise but a holy man. The indignation in England was

universal, and the Queen openly warned the Pope that he was actually destroying her work. But the Cardinal's letter to his chief is temperate and generous; and he nobly offers to help by every means in his power the person whom the Pope may appoint to take his place. Yet Pole knew that in Rome he was accused of heresy,—an accusation without any other foundation than his well-known aversion to violent measures; but he carefully abstained from justifying himself. That he acted thus from humility, not from fear, is proved by his respectful, yet fearless, defence of his friends, Marone and Priuli, who, at the same time and with the same injustice, were also charged with heresy.

In the end Mary Tudor's firmness prevailed, and Pole remained at his post; but the Pope's ill-advised action had considerably increased the difficulties of the part he had to fill during the last months of Mary's reign. The executions that marked these months were, says M. Martin Haile, a "political error." Cranmer, Latimer and Ridley were steeped in treason; they deserved death as traitors, but it was a mistake to execute them as heretics. These severe measures were the result of the influence of Mary's Spanish counsellors rather than of her own inclination; and Cardinal Pole had repeatedly advised milder methods.

Strange as it may seem to our modern notions, Reginald Pole was still in Minor Orders when he came to England. Only in March, 1556, was he ordained priest at Greenwich; and two days afterward he was consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury. Although he never resided for long together in his archiepiscopal city, he reorganized his diocese with the utmost care. During the following year—in July, 1557—Philip II. left England, never to return; and once more Pole found himself the Queen's chief counsellor and support. The Venetian Ambassador to England, Michiel, wrote home that on him "rests the active weight and government of the

Kingdom. . . . His learning and goodness are infinite," adds the writer. "He is both king and prince, though he exercises his authority as graciously and modestly as if he were the least in the Council."

Both Reginald Pole and Mary Tudor were fast nearing the land where the weary are at rest. In September, 1558, the Cardinal wrote to inform Philip that the Queen's health was breaking; but the Spaniard was now at the head of his father's vast dominions, and in no hurry to return to the island where he knew himself to be unpopular, and where his wife was dying. Pole was left alone to cheer and soothe his cousin, whose mental anxieties, even more than fever and dropsy, were wearing her out. But at the very end he himself was stricken by disease, and powerless to assist her. On November 14, 1558 (he was then lying ill at Lambeth Palace), he wrote to her for the last time. In this touching letter he alludes to "the casting away all cares of this world" that his condition suggested. But, ever mindful of the lonely woman whose confidence he possessed and whose secret sorrows he had fathomed, he begged her to "give credit" to the messages that his chaplain would bring her. We are left to imagine what those messages were.

The Queen and Cardinal were, however, soon to be reunited. On November 17 Mary Tudor quietly breathed her last, while Mass was being said in her room,—a peaceful end to a troubled life. The news was gently broken to the dying Cardinal at Lambeth Palace. He remained for some time in silent prayer; then he spoke to his friend, Bishop Goldwell, and to Priuli, his Italian secretary, of the ties of blood and friendship that had bound him to the Queen; how they had suffered and labored in the same cause. He alluded also to his fears as to the future of the country. After another long silence, he asked that Vespers might be said close to his bedside. "That sainted soul ever turned toward God," adds his

faithful secretary in a letter to the Doge of Venice; and toward evening, while the uplifting Latin words still echoed through the stilled room, he peacefully fell asleep.

"Thus," says M. Martin Haile, "died Mary Tudor and her faithful kinsman,—they in whose union Katherine of Arragon and Margaret Plantagenet had hoped to see the reversal of a wrong, the expiation of a crime, the joining of the white rose with the red in a happy union, which should continue the line of English kings for the peaceful wealth of a contented people."

God willed it otherwise. The coronet of king consort of England, like Peter's triple crown, passed before the eyes of Reginald Pole, but never touched his brow. Instead of these high dignities, he endured much suffering and an arduous mission, the results of which, so far as human estimate can tell, were short-lived. But the influence of a noble spirit extends farther and deeper than our shortsighted vision; and who knows how much of the heroic resistance of the Catholic bishops and priests under Elizabeth—a resistance that stands out in strong contrast to the weakness of the same episcopacy under Henry VIII.—was due to the spirit infused into the Church in England by the sweet, generous, holy and irresistibly winning Plantagenet Cardinal, whose tomb in Canterbury Cathedral bears this plain inscription, "*Depositum Cardinalis Poli*"?

THE purpose of God in creation is to be worked out, not in the doings of mankind in the mass, but in the life-histories of individual men. The discoveries of modern science serve only to confirm the words of Jesus, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And not one of them shall fall to the ground without your Father; but the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows!"

—Prof. Edmund T. Whittaker.

The Flaw in the Title.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXXV.

FINALLY, in the winding up of affairs which had resulted from the "flaw in the title," Henry Brent Birmingham became proprietor of the Manor, with all the property "thereunto appertaining"; while Sylvester received such apportionment as would have been his as a younger son, and a share similar to that which Mark and Petronilla had already received, and which was due to Phyllis. Amy was the recipient of what would have come to Grenville, together with the life insurance which he had so thoughtfully provided. She also received from her father the same small allowance as formerly, irrespective of the offer which he had made to purchase the Manor.

Therefore, it may be seen that no one was in an impoverished condition; though the change was in many ways very great for Sylvester, and the new condition of affairs grievously disappointing to Mrs. Grenville, who had so set her heart on the position of lady of the Manor. It was very plain that that idea had appealed to her father, since, in spite of his displeasure, he had made so liberal an offer in order to secure it for Amy. The offer could not be entertained in its entirety, firstly because the lawyers had decided that such was not in accordance with family traditions and the legal formalities by which they had been entrenched.

Moreover, Angela Roscoe Birmingham had offered the most strenuous opposition to such a plan. No money, she argued, could compensate her son for what he would lose in relinquishing the enviable distinction of being master of the Manor. And she had so worked upon him as to have thoroughly imbued him with the dignity of that title and with the wish for its possession. He was content, however, to forego that advantage for the moment,

and await the time—which could not be long delayed—when Sylvester should have passed from the scene. He was anxious also to act in such a manner as would meet with the fullest approval of Phyllis, and perhaps earn her affection, while being fully aware that the turn of his fortunes made him a desirable match for her from every point of view. It seemed to him that the entire Birmingham family must rejoice at a union which offered so satisfactory a solution of all difficulties. He found, however, that with Sylvester an insuperable objection remained, which, as he frankly said, must prevent him from giving his consent. This was the question of kinship. To him, intermarriage between blood relations had always appeared highly obnoxious.

Phyllis herself, as Harry discovered with surprise, was not in the least affected by the brilliant prospects which the new proprietor could offer her, nor even by the tempting prospect of remaining at the Manor and keeping those she loved around her. She was even conscious, despite her earnest efforts, of a slight sense of resentment against the young man who was unwittingly the cause of a domestic upheaval. Moreover, like her uncle, she had conscientious objections to the marriage of cousins, which would have weighed with her even if she had not other and still more cogent reasons for emphatically denying Harry Birmingham's suit. That suit he had urged with vehemence, despite the discouraging attitude of grave friendliness which Phyllis assumed, and her constant reminder of their relationship. Harry continued, nevertheless, during the summer that followed these vicissitudes, to play in her regard the rôle of moth to the candle, until an event occurred which definitely settled the matter.

It spoke well, however, for the young man's generosity of character that the refusal of Phyllis to marry him left him just as unwilling to press his claim with undue haste, or to disturb existing arrangements. He begged of Sylvester to agree

to the compromise suggested by the lawyer. By its terms, Mrs. Grenville, accepting to that extent her father's offer, would become lessee of the Manor for a term of five years. Sylvester pointed out the inadvisability of so young a man binding himself by such an arrangement, since it was highly probable that he would marry before very long. To which proposition Harry returned a strenuous denial, declaring that Phyllis' rejection of him had put all thoughts of matrimony out of his mind indefinitely. Sylvester, with the ghost of a smile on his pale face, had urged him to consider the subject in all its bearings, and not to enter, in a moment of disappointment, into engagements which he might afterward bitterly regret. The young man was much offended by Sylvester's incredulity; not understanding that the old man had reached a time of life when human constancy in such affairs seemed to him rather the exception than the rule. Nor did he deem it probable that a young, attractive and apparently impressionable man, in the very flower of youth, would condemn himself to perpetual mourning even for so exquisite a creature as Phyllis.

Sylvester also suggested to Harry that it would be best for him to take up his residence at the Manor, assuming its duties and responsibilities as soon as possible, with his mother as mistress of the house. To that latter suggestion Harry had replied, with some bitterness, that his mother had her own plans, which included a proximate marriage with John Watkin. That was a surprise, indeed, to Sylvester and to the whole Birmingham family, amongst whom Watkin had been restored almost, if not quite, to his former position as favorite. Phyllis had held out a little longer than the others against him. It was hard for her to forgive anything like disloyalty, especially to the dead. But after Angela's explanation, clear and succinct, which had completely exonerated the insurance broker from even a suspicion of treachery, he himself had paid a visit

to the Manor. And the interview which he had then held with Phyllis had been decisive, so far as she was concerned. Watkin's honest eyes, his manner and his bearing, his references to Grenville, and his treatment of the whole affair, had quite convinced the doubter. At parting from her, Watkin had remarked gravely:

"Perhaps you will allow me to say that there are few people whose good opinion I value more than yours." And, as a final argument, he had added: "Grenville would have understood and have believed in me."

"And so do I!" Phyllis said frankly, extending her hand. "The doubt was only momentary; and I, as well as every one here, will be glad to regard you always as Grenville's true and devoted friend."

Nor was her good opinion shaken even by the announcement of John Watkin's approaching marriage to the mother of the successful claimant. Upon that announcement she made no comment, but perhaps in her heart she could not help agreeing with the verdict which Mrs. Mark bluntly put into words:

"My dear, that clever woman just got round John Watkin. She made him help her in her schemes, and then decided to marry him."

"It's hardly fair, perhaps, to call them 'schemes,'" objected Phyllis, laughing; "for, after all, she was justified in trying to secure the property for her son, and, no doubt, thought she would have to fight against wealth and unscrupulosity with such weapons as she could command. And it must be owned that she shows herself unselfish in putting herself out of the way of benefiting by her son's good fortune."

For Phyllis, with her quick and sympathetic intuition, perceived the unselfishness for which Harry had not given his mother credit. He could not discern the fact that she was marrying, in great measure, to get herself out of his way and to leave him a clear field in his future career. He had been inordinately

vexed and distressed when the subject had been first mooted; for he was genuinely devoted to that mother, by whom he had been almost idolatrously worshipped; and it was possibly a shock to his vanity, apart from other considerations, that she should think of any one else. Moreover, he had not been at all attracted by Watkin, whom he regarded as a prosaic man of affairs, decidedly inferior to the woman whom he wished to marry, as well as to the position which she might now justly assume.

Angela, on her part, would willingly have put off, had that been possible, her engagement with John Watkin, when the astonishing fact had been brought home to her that Phyllis had refused to marry her son. It is always difficult for one woman to understand why another woman should reject a man to whom she herself is devoted. To Angela, it was simply incomprehensible how any girl could fail to love and admire one in whom, with more than ordinary maternal exaggeration, she found perfection; and more especially when he was in a position to offer her such rare advantages. The older woman felt deeply resentful toward the girl who had dared thus to disdain her son, and it added to those other grudges which she had against her. She was the more deeply mortified that she had been discriminating enough to find in Phyllis a suitable match for her Harry. Mingled curiously, with this indignation and this mortification, was a distinct sense of relief. To her, a daughter-in-law was at the best but a disagreeable necessity; and it soothed the bitter pain at her heart to think that she would possess her boy for some time longer.

"Had I but known," she said to herself, "I need not have been in haste to marry. My Watkin would have dangled for a long time yet at the bait. But it is too late now; and whatever is, is best."

It was partly through the influence of her son and partly through that of Watkin, who had in turn profited by his friendship

for Grenville to become a practical Catholic, that Angela returned during that summer to the practice and to something of the devotion of her youth. She banished, moreover, from her lips the evil sneer against things religious by which they had been so long defiled. Commenting interiorly on the change, and soliloquizing after her fashion, she said thoughtfully: "Many people are perverted by prosperity. With me it has been the other way. In adversity I grew hard and callous, and so nearly lost my faith."

She still kept the diary that she had carried with her in the change from the lodgings which had so long served her, and which she left with considerable regret. To the pages of the well-worn book, during that period of change and transition, she confided many strange thoughts, which can not be here transcribed, and which bore considerably upon those changes at the Manor, which were shortly to be followed by another and extremely important one. For it is noticeable that when Change makes its appearance in a household, conditions there rarely return to their former state. Like a kaleidoscope, it produces with the same materials a variety of results.

It was in the autumn that Phyllis announced her determination to those who were nearest and dearest to her. She broke the news first to Aunt Petronilla during an afternoon visit which she paid her, and in the course of a long and intimate talk. It was in that same little drawing-room to which her own presence and that of Grenville had lent, in their aunt's eyes, its chief charm. And as Aunt Petronilla sat in her high, straight-backed chair and listened, she felt that the brightness would soon have gone thence forever, and only the vacant places remain. Yet the news which Phyllis had to tell she received with a mixture of gladness and of sorrow, which corresponded to the constituent parts of her own nature. The tie between these two had been unusually close and intimate. It was now to be

broken. But Petronilla had the hero-heart which only strong faith, and hope in the promises of immortality can give; and she met this new trial with that fortitude which had nerved her for so many others.

At Phyllis' request, she walked back with her, to be present when the subject was broached to Sylvester.

"It will come very hard upon him," Petronilla said thoughtfully.

"Yet he will miss me less," Phyllis suggested, "than he would have done some time ago; for it seems providential that he should have found consolation, during these harrowing times, in the companionship of Amy."

"For Grenville's sake," murmured Aunt Petronilla.

"Partly," agreed Phyllis, "and partly for her own. She is so strong and self-reliant, and has such a warm, kind heart!"

"Yes, indeed," replied the old lady; "and she is so fresh and so original!"

"So I shall be leaving uncle in good hands," declared Phyllis. "Since Grenville's death Amy has been so devoted to him, and now they seem to understand each other perfectly."

"How strangely things turn out!" exclaimed Petronilla, who was thinking, as Phyllis no doubt was likewise doing, how prejudiced Sylvester had been at first against that daughter-in-law, whom he had merely tolerated for his son's sake.

As the two women entered the library, they found Sylvester in an armchair by the window, looking out upon the landscape, upon which were apparent the first evidences of decay; and at the sky, amid the general grayness of which were glowing orange tints shading into dull crimson. Something in his attitude smote upon Phyllis, and rendered harder the announcement which she had to make. Sylvester turned his head, and, seeing them, arose to greet his sister, and laid a caressing hand on Phyllis' shoulder. Next to Grenville, she had been dearest to him. She had seemed to unite in her own person so many

of those traits which the old man was proud to believe belonged to his race,—the honor of the men and the stainless whiteness of the womenkind, which, inherited through a long line of intensely Catholic ancestors, had seemed to be concentrated in Phyllis, with a delicacy, a refinement, a fastidiousness, as well as a strength and individuality which made Phyllis no mere copy of any other. Some one had said that she was the very spirit of the Manor. Perhaps it was only fitting that she should be going hence just when it was about to pass into the hands of strangers; for strangers they seemed, even though they bore the name of Birmingham.

To Sylvester it was a great blow, which only his lively faith and the fortitude that came of his deeply Christian character enabled him to bear with anything like equanimity, when Phyllis made her announcement, in her quiet voice, and with characteristic calmness.

"With your approbation and consent, Uncle," she said, as she drew her chair near to him, with Petronilla at her side as a support, "I have made up my mind to enter the convent at F."

"The convent!" Sylvester repeated blankly. "And a cloistered one!"

He relapsed into silence when he had said those words, as if his voice literally failed him. He bowed his head in his hands, and remained silent while wrestling with this fresh sacrifice, that he was called upon to offer.

Phyllis slipped down from her chair and knelt beside him, her face pale indeed, but with a certain radiance that came from the spirit within. Petronilla wept silently; though it was even more out of sympathy with what she knew her brother was enduring than from sorrow. For, despite the wrench which Phyllis' going would be to her, this decision of her niece seemed somehow as the fruition of her own life,—of those early hopes and dreams which, with her, had never passed the blossoming stage.

"What fortitude one needs," Sylvester

said at last, almost with a groan, "before one has reached the allotted span of life!" Then he laid his hand gently on the head that was bent beside him. "God's will be done, my dear!" he said quietly. "If you are very sure that you are called to the cloister, I would not oppose your choice by so much as a word." And he added, after a pause, and as if he had been marshalling his forces: "It is, in fact, a great honor and should be a great happiness to us all."

There was, nevertheless, a piteous look of anguish on the face that had grown so wan and emaciated since the late troubles. That was the human side in opposition to the supernatural. And it was to this that Phyllis, who had raised her head and was looking at him, now addressed herself.

"Life is so short," she said, "and there are so many partings that wring our hearts! But the great meeting time will be very joyful."

"Yes," he said, "when all the pain is over. If only we could realize that!"

"He has called His spouse to Libanus," murmured Petronilla, softly, "to repose amongst lilies, while the day declines and the shadows fall."

It was one of those scenes in life when the human and the superhuman meet and are brought into sharp contest. But where the Catholic spirit has been long uppermost the victory is sure, since faith gives strength for such emergencies. Never, perhaps, had those three been nearer together, in thought, in sentiment and in heart, than when one of them was thus called upon to tread her separate path and to leave the others sorrowing.

When Amy was informed she was almost indignant. Her early training had not prepared her to feel very enthusiastic over such a decision, and especially when the choice had been of a cloistered Order. The grimness of the grating, the fancied dreariness behind the bars, impressed her almost as painfully as if she had been still a Protestant. The night before her

departure, Phyllis and she had a farewell talk over the library fire,—“for the last time,” as the former declared.

"You must write to me," said Phyllis. "I scarcely know the rules yet regarding correspondence, but write as often as possible. I shall be just as much interested as ever in all the dear home news, from the sparrows out there in the trees to the ghost—our ghost—"

Singularly enough, she faltered as she said that word, and the tears, so long repressed, rushed into her eyes. All her life long, far back into merry childhood, she had been interested in that mystery, which she was now to leave behind her with all the rest.

"Well," Phyllis went on, brushing away her tears, and trying to speak cheerfully, "we have solved all the other mysteries, Amy; and, with the help of Angela Roscoe, no doubt some light will be thrown upon the ghost, especially if the new proprietor should sometime decide to pull down that part of the house."

"I wish to gracious he *would* pull it down; though it wouldn't do me much good. For by that time Harry will have taken the house and brought home his wife. But I often wake at night scared almost to death when I remember what I went through up there. It gives me cold chills to think that those things are probably going on all the time, whether anybody is around there or not. That step and the rustling skirts were the worst. I wish that hall was pulled down, right now," she repeated emphatically; "but it isn't any good to wish it. What a pity, Phyllis, you couldn't have married Harry Birmingham, whom everybody loves already, and made everything right, and saved your soul here among your own people?"

She sighed deeply as she spoke; and Phyllis, with a smile that had something new and tender in it, said softly:

"Amy dear, I could almost wish so myself, for all our sakes. For you don't know how it breaks my heart to give you

all up, and to leave the Manor. But it would be impossible for me to think of marriage. That mysterious something which calls me away from here is too strong to be resisted. It just calls and calls, and that is what vocation means. I feel now that I should never have fitted into ordinary life so as to make myself or other people happy."

But Amy, whose tears were flowing abundantly, cried in a stifled voice:

"Don't talk nonsense, Phyllis! You know as well as I do that you have the gift of making everyone around you happy."

"And as to the Manor," said Phyllis, "I hope it will not be pulled down or changed in any way; though it won't matter to me since I shall never see it again. But I shall like to fancy it just the same always." She gave a little cry and broke off. "I have loved it so much," she added presently, when she had overcome her emotion,—"every nook and corner of it! But loving even inanimate things too much in this world means certain heart-ache at some time of life. So it is as well to grasp the stinging mettle boldly, as I am doing, and be done with it."

"The Manor will never, never be the same without you!" sobbed Amy.

"Oh, well, dear," responded Phyllis, "you can always fancy a little bit of my heart and spirit here, and a portion of my thoughts! And you must not picture me as sad or gloomy. That is all romantic nonsense. It is a fearful wrench to go away; but I expect to be the most cheerful mortal in the world. Out of the convent, I should have been a round peg in a square hole."

That was the saddest day to them all, but especially to Sylvester and Petronilla, when Phyllis, amid the lamentations of all the servants, was driven away for the last time from the old familiar scenes. It seemed almost like death. Phyllis herself, during those last days, though suffering intensely in anticipation of the parting, had, nevertheless, about her a

happiness that fairly irradiated on all sides. It resembled in a certain way the perfect peace that falls upon closed eyelids in a coffin. She had already caught that habitual cheerfulness and serenity which the inhabitants of the cloister possess more than any others,—not because they have no trials, but because they have learned to surmount them, and to climb the heights to the pure air of the Mount of Vision. There was no bitterness even in those tears which she shed when, accompanied by Mrs. Mark and Petronilla, she turned to take a last look at the Manor which she of all others had so dearly loved.

(To be continued.)

The Old Missions of California.

BY GEORGE WHARTON JAMES.

II.—THE FOUNDING OF THE SAN DIEGO MISSION.

TO appreciate rightly the work of Padre Junipero Serra in the founding of the Alta California missions, it is imperative that we gain a reasonably clear comprehension of the conditions under which he labored. All his plans were made while he was in charge of the missions of the Peninsula. Indeed, not until he had been there some time did the order from the King come, through the viceroy, to Galvez that the missions were to be extended into Alta California.

As soon as this order was received, Galvez wished to confer with Serra in person, all their intercourse hitherto having been in writing. Accordingly, Serra journeyed to Galvez's headquarters, which were in the newly-established settlement of Santa Ana, south of Loreto. Here the two put their heads together and planned for the success of the Northern expeditions. The distance by land was not less than seven hundred miles, and by sea possibly a little farther. There were no steamers, no railways, not even any carriages or wagons. There was not a mile

of good road over any ground, except the levels; and the roads over the mountains were nothing but the trails of wild animals and Indians. When the long and waterless stretches of desert were reached, no one save the Indians knew where the springs and water-pockets were; and the Indians were uncertain to count upon, as they did not have the same regard for the Franciscans that they had for the Jesuits. Dangerous quicksands, marshes, and alkali stretches had to be crossed; and feed for the animals would often be scarce. There was no one to welcome the missionaries when they arrived. Indeed, they themselves could not know when they had actually arrived at any place suitable for their needs, until they had thoroughly investigated the conditions.

What unconscious history-makers they were about to become! And how absolutely they were the pioneers of all the pioneers that afterward flocked into the Golden State! How sublime these men were, and how heroic in their simple daring! For they knew little of the Indians they were going amongst. Viscaino's reports were not always of peace and welcome; for once the Indians had shown themselves openly hostile to the sailors who had gone ashore for fresh water, by shooting arrows at them. And what were the hardships they were going to encounter? They did not know; they could not know. Would food always be provided? They might be able to grow what they needed, or they might not; and they would be a thousand miles or more from their base of supplies if any emergency arose. Yet, with the same faith and trust exhibited by the birds and beasts—though by them exercised in consciousness,—they rested in the power and love of God, confident that He would never fail nor forsake them. How wonderful men become as soon as they realize their claim upon their Almighty Father! And how fears disappear when they learn to rest in His goodness and ability to care for His children!

At their conference, Galvez and Serra determined to send two vessels and two land expeditions,—one of the latter of which Serra himself was to accompany. In their urgent haste to forward the work, Serra and Galvez played a good-natured rivalry one against the other in loading into the vessels the supplies that were needed for the new missions. Of these it was decided to establish three as speedily as possible: one at San Diego, one at Monterey, and the other near the coast about midway between the two, and which Galvez desired should be named San Buenaventura. Using his authority Galvez called upon the various missions of the Peninsula for whatever they could spare of supplies, such as vestments, sacred vessels, etc., for the new establishments; and, as he had extinguished two missions by consolidating them with others, he found that he was able to supply the three new missions without calling for anything from Mexico.

On January 9, 1769, when Serra had sung High Mass in honor of San José, the patron saint under whose special care the whole expedition had been solemnly placed by Galvez; and when sailors, officers and missionaries had listened to an address given by Galvez, the *San Carlos* put out to sea, charged with the message fraught with so much importance to California—namely, the planting of the Cross at Monterey. On February 15 the second vessel, the *San Antonio*, followed; its captain bidden to make all possible speed, as the *San Carlos* was instructed to wait only twenty days for its arrival at San Diego before it proceeded on to Monterey.

A third vessel, the *San José*, was built on the Mexican coast by Galvez, and brought to the Peninsula with the intention that it should ply constantly between San Blas and San Diego; but on its initial trip it was lost, and never seen again. Padre José de Murguía was to have gone on the vessel; but he fell ill and was sent to Loreto to recover; and thus he was

pared to labor later for the salvation of the California Indians.

Of the two land expeditions, one was to go ahead and spy out the country, explore the road, and pacify hostile Indians through whose territory the parties would have to pass. It was placed in charge of Captain Fernando Rivera y Moncada, who had been the commander of the Loreto presidio. The military commander of the second section of the expedition was given to Gaspar de Portolá, captain of the dragoons and Governor of the Californias. He was, therefore, the ranking officer of Rivera.

On September 30, 1768, Rivera started from Santa Ana, calling at eight of the missions on the way, and collecting 46 horses, 140 mules, 64 pack-saddles, 28 leathern bags (all of which were ultimately to be replaced from Sonora); as well as sundry jugs of wine, brandy, sides of leather, *arrobas* of figs, flour, jerked beef, wheat, raisins, *puíole* (ground corn), bullock fat, biscuits, sugar, etc.,—this second category being regarded as gifts.

Portolá, with his companions, started from Loreto on March 9, 1769; leaving Father Serra to follow, as he wished to stop and collect various goods from the missions. They were to meet at or near the most northern of the Peninsula missions,—that of Santa Maria. It was the 5th of May before Serra reached the Governor, who awaited him at the appointed spot. Eight days later Serra was ahead at Velicató, where, on the 14th, he solemnly blessed a little *jacal* (or hut of upright poles), which had been built by the members of Rivera's division; and established the mission of San Fernando, with the intention that it should be not only a centre for the conversion of the Indians of the locality, but also a stopping-place for travellers between San Diego and the Peninsula missions. For it must not be forgotten that this was the only known land route to Alta California; and all supplies had to be conveyed from Mexico or Sonora, across the

Gulf, to one of the ports or missions on the Peninsula, and thence, by mule or burro, over this long and weary road to the more northerly establishments. This was the first and only mission established by the Franciscans in Lower California.

And now, after some interesting experiences with the Indians at the new missions, on the evening of Monday, May 15, the united second division of the expedition started for San Diego. For some time Padre Serra's leg had been troubling him, and now it became so inflamed that it seemed, when eighteen miles from Velicató, that he would have to be sent back. Portolá urged him to return, but the good Father's trust in God was so great that he would not listen to such a suggestion. The simple story of his being cured with a poultice placed upon his wounds by his muleteer has often been told, and well serves to illustrate the childlike faith of Serra in the Divine. It was such faith that enabled him later to "move mountains" in the shape of the great obstacles placed in the way of his work. It is such faith that the world of men and women need to-day,—faith in the spiritual powers of Him who is spirit, and who demands the worship of the spirit.

Day by day the party moved forward, celebrating Mass each morning, having more or less interesting experiences with the Indians, and one adventure, when forty of the Indians attacked the party and were repulsed by the soldiery. The men were all perfectly nude, a circumstance which Serra remarked with great surprise. The women, however, when they appeared, were decently clothed. For a month of journeying, Indians in varying numbers visited them almost daily; but as they neared San Diego they increased so greatly that he ceased to count them. Then the natives became rather too familiar, taking everything they could lay their hands on; and begging every article they saw, even to the Father's habit, and the Governor's leather jacket, waistcoat, breeches, and other clothing. A number of them pestered

Serra to let them have his spectacles; and finally, to please an especially anxious one, "whose actions seemed to signify that I should lend them to him to see what they were," he took them off and gave them to him. Then, he quaintly remarks, "God knows what it cost me to recover them, because he ran away with them. At last, after a thousand difficulties, I recovered them, after they had been in the hands of the women who hankered for them."

On the 1st of July, 1769, full of gratitude to God for a safe journey, they arrived at San Diego, where Rivera and Crespi awaited them, as also the *San Antonio* and the *San Carlos*. Both vessels had had serious disasters. Galvez had ordered the *San Carlos* to stand well out at sea until she reached the latitude of San Diego. Contrary winds and an error in the reckoning had thrown her so far out of her course that the journey took a hundred and ten days. Scurvy broke out, and one after another her sailors died, until finally, when she did enter San Diego Bay, not enough well men were left to launch a boat to go ashore and report.

Had she arrived a day or two later, there is no knowing what might have happened; for Galvez's strict orders were that whichever vessel arrived first at San Diego should remain there only twenty days and then proceed to Monterey. The *San Antonio*, though she sailed a month later than her sister ship, reached San Diego in fifty-five days, and had been in harbor there nineteen out of the required twenty days, when, like a wraith of a ship, the *San Carlos* came through the fog to gladden the weary and anxious waiters. But the sorrow and distress can be imagined when, after vainly waiting for the appearance of a boat over the *San Carlos'* side, with the officers to report, a shore party, sent to find the reason for this apparent breach of all naval custom, discovered that the dreaded scurvy had laid hands upon every sailor. Tenderly the

victims were taken ashore and cared for; and then, to add to the distress, the disease spread, and soon a number of the *San Antonio's* crew, as well as many of the soldiers, were among its victims.

Hence it was a sad camp that greeted Portolá and Serra on their arrival on Alta California soil. Only five of the crew of one vessel, and seven of the other, were living, and thirteen soldiers also were dead. If Serra had been a superstitious man, this disastrous beginning of the first settlement in California would have daunted and discouraged him to the point of retreat. But his sublime faith soared triumphant above all pain, all disease, even above death; and his first act was to offer a general thanksgiving that the various parties had arrived and were reunited.

A consultation was now held. With the sailors of both vessels sick unto death, it was impossible to obey Galvez's orders and send an expedition to Monterey by sea. Instead, Portolá decided to send back the *San Antonio* for fresh supplies and new crews for both vessels, while he and a small band would proceed by land to Monterey.

No sooner said than done. The *San Antonio* started south. It turned out to be a race with Death; for nine men died on the voyage, and the survivors were too weak to drop anchor when they arrived at San Blas. Portolá, with Fathers Crespi and Gomez, started north. Only a little band of soldiers (eight), with eight of the Peninsula-converted Indians, remained at San Diego with Serra.

On the 16th of July, 1769—memorable date in California history,—Serra founded the mission of San Diego de Alcalá, and civilization and Christianity struck deep roots into the soil. The place where this occurred is now known as Old San Diego, some six miles north of the present San Diego. There is still a small wooden chapel here, though the mission proper was later removed six miles up the valley of the San Diego river. At first the Indians held

aloof. The firing of the guns during the ceremonies frightened them; but when the *San Antonio* and Portolá's expeditions were gone, and the number of guards was few, they became exceedingly troublesome, stealing from the sick and pillaging from the *San Carlos*. At last they made a determined raid for plunder, which the guard resisted. A flight of arrows was the result. This led to a volley of musket balls, which killed three Indians and cleared the camp.

Here again was a most disheartening circumstance. Imagine poor Padre Serra at this juncture. Guarded by only a handful, surrounded by a horde of savages, three of whom had just been slain in a conflict which seemed bound to have occurred, sooner or later,—how could he hope to win over these Indians to his mode of thought and life? Can faith in God rise much higher than it did in the heart of this saintly man at such a time? Like St. Paul, he must have exclaimed, "None of these things move me"; for, with his accustomed energy, he continued in his work, seeking to attract and win over the savages, that he might gather them into the apostolic net.

Still more discouragement was at hand. Looking carefully at the facts as they arose, one after another, it seems as if God intended to try His servant to the utmost at the beginning of his task, to see if he was worthy to do the work before him. Certainly he received such a testing as few even brave men could have withstood. But the more the faith of Serra was tested, the more brightly it seemed to shine. What thoughts coursed through his mind as he daily tended the sick in the tents upon the beach! What mingled hopes and fears stirred his soul as he walked away from the camp to secure a few moments' quiet for meditation and reflection! Possibly he was cheered at the mental pictures he saw of Portolá and Crespi reaching Monterey and there establishing the mission; and joyfully he imagined the natives flocking around the

Cross in answer to his fervent prayers.

Then suddenly, like a wet and cold fog blown in from the sea, blotting out sunshine and fair landscape and chilling all within its folds even to the marrow, Portolá and Crespi appeared before him. They had journeyed northward, but had hunted *in vain* for the Bay of Monterey, where the mission of San Carlos was to be established. They had seen this place and that, and finally had reached a point on an unknown peninsula which gave them a glimpse of a vast inland harbor; but there was no indication whatever of any bay that corresponded with Viscaino's description of Monterey. Portolá was sure there was no such bay. Had they not carefully explored the shore all along? And, strange as it may appear to us, he proceeded to tell Serra what they had found, and actually described the salient features of Monterey Bay, though he did not recognize it as the very spot for which they were so eagerly searching.

Then the disheartened commander asked about the *San Antonio*. It had not returned. This deepened his gloom. How were the sick? When he learned of added deaths, the clouds on his brow became darker. Had there been any conversions among the Indians? No. Instead, he must listen to the report of the killing of the three savages as the result of their pilfering attack. How about provisions? When he saw how low the store had become, and pondered over all the other disheartenments, his courage gave way, and he announced his decision to abandon the expedition and return to Mexico. And let us not be too hard in our judgment upon him. He was a brave man,—of that there can be no doubt; and the outlook was enough to take away the courage of the stoutest-hearted who relied solely upon himself. So Portolá is not to be condemned. Things certainly did look black and forbidding. Everything had gone wrong. Many a good Christian of to-day, under such circumstances, would argue that God's favor must have been wanting,

and would have sided with Portolá.

Whatever Serra felt, he said little; but it would have been worse than death for him to return. Indeed, it is doubtful if any power, save the express commands of his superiors, could ever have induced him to forsake the work he had so gladly undertaken. Again the memory of St. Paul's words must have cheered him: "All things work together for good to them that love God." And, with the great Apostle and missionary, he exultantly cried within his soul: 'Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation or distress or persecution or famine or nakedness or peril or sword?' He and his devoted band certainly had had, and were having, tribulations and distresses manifold. The Indians were persecuting them; famine was staring them in the face; their utter nakedness was being revealed one to the other; peril and sword stalked hand in hand around them and had snatched many of their comrades away. Yet God was not forgetting them. Just as Portolá was about to retire, the *San Antonio* reappeared, with abundant supplies, new crews of healthy and hearty men, and good cheer, that put fresh courage into the souls of the fainting ones.

In my next chapter I must give a full history of the San Diego mission up to the present time, and then endeavor to make so clear a picture of its present condition that all the readers of *THE AVE MARIA* will be able to see it as it actually is.

(To be continued.)

Some Little Thought.

BY E. F. GARESCHÉ, S. J.

SOME little thought that steals to God away
When all thy other thoughts are busy here,
And saves one moment from the fretful day

To spend in pleading at thy Father's ear,—
Some loving thought may bring thee riches more
Than all the weary hours that went before.

At the Eleventh Hour.

SOME forty years ago there lived in a town on the banks of the Main a good Christian family, whose members were all contented with their lot and happy in mutual affection and concord. One might have thought nothing would disturb the peace of the Neumann household; but, unfortunately, it was otherwise.

That period was a troublous one for the Church, especially in the south of Germany. The pernicious sect of the Old Catholics spread its fatal tenets like bad weeds, and by its plausible but false teaching seduced many from their allegiance to the Church. The father of the family was one of those deluded persons. In 1870 he formally joined the new sect. With his renunciation of the Faith of his fathers all peace and happiness departed from the household. Sharp dissension must have arisen between the parents, since it ended in entire separation, the misguided husband abandoning wife and children and breaking up his once happy home.

Years passed. The house formerly inhabited by the Neumann family passed into other hands, and was finally converted into a hospital for the sick poor, served by the Sisters of Mercy. One day in the year 1903 a man presented himself at the door of the hospital asking to be admitted. It was Mr. Neumann, once the tenant of that very house. The Sisters received him kindly, and nursed him during his illness with the greatest attention and care they could bestow; not omitting at the same time to make every effort, whenever opportunity offered, to cure the still more lamentable sickness of his soul.

Unfortunately, their endeavors were of no avail. The patient did not manifest the slightest inclination to quit the path of error and return to the way of truth; but, when restored to health, left the hospital without having derived any spiritual

benefit from his sojourn there. On his departure he made an offering to the superior in recognition of the services rendered to him. Gladly would the good Sisters have renounced his gift, had they been able by doing so to turn his thoughts to God. Yet their want of success did not make them despair of gaining their end ultimately. Their zeal and confidence in the intercession of the Mother of God suggested to them a means which they felt sure would not fail. With the money their patient had given them they purchased a statue of Mary Immaculate, and committed the salvation of the stray sheep to her maternal care; while on their part they did not allow a day to pass without earnestly commending him by name to the mercy of her who is called the Refuge of Sinners.

Three years passed without anything's being heard of Mr. Neumann: only the statue in the hospital constantly recalled that unhappy man to the remembrance of the nursing Sisters. On December 8, 1906, a special prayer was offered for him, since it was to him that they owed the statue which they all prized. Toward the evening of that day (feast of the Immaculate Conception) there was a ring at the bell of the house. Mr. Neumann appeared and again begged to be taken in; for he was once more ill, and this time very seriously.

"Our Lady Immaculate sends him to us," was the thought that suggested itself to the mind of all the Sisters. The old man was greeted with the greatest kindness and gladness of heart; for now they all felt the surest confidence that it would be granted them this time to save his erring soul, though there might be no hope of curing his feeble body. Therefore they offered redoubled prayers on his behalf, and commended him anew to our gracious Queen, by placing under his pillow the miraculous medal which has oftentimes proved of singular efficacy in similar cases. Still, it appeared as if their efforts for his conversion and reconcilia-

tion with his family were again to prove fruitless. Several weeks passed, and it was evident that the sufferer's days were numbered, yet he still obstinately refused to listen to the gentle exhortations of visiting priests and of the kind Sisters.

One day, when his end was rapidly approaching, the Sister who nursed him told him of the danger of his state, and asked him whether the priests of his persuasion allowed the members of their congregation to die without the aid or consolations of religion; but she spoke in vain. Nothing seemed to make any impression on the unfortunate man. Despite the apparent hopelessness of the case, however, the Sisters did not waver in their confidence in Mary Immaculate; and, while multiplying their prayers in his behalf, they made a promise that if she vouchsafed to obtain the conversion of the renegade by her intercession, an account of the incident should be published in some Marian periodical for the glory of God and the edification of the faithful.

On the following day the patient was in the same dispositions. His niece came to see him; and on her endeavoring to persuade him to return to the Church and make his peace with God, he told her bluntly to leave him alone; for what he was that he meant to remain. Shortly after she had left, he was visited by another acquaintance, to whom the superior had suggested that she should speak to him about his soul. Almost immediately he asked to see a priest.

It may be imagined how promptly and gladly this wish was fulfilled. While waiting for the priest, Neumann occupied himself in prayer and in studying the catechism, in order to prepare for the confession of faith that he was about to make. The priest, who hastened to obey the summons, first of all sent for the wife of the dying man; and thus at his bedside, after a separation of many years, a happy reconciliation took place between them in the selfsame house which of old had been the scene of their married life.

Neumann then made a solemn abjuration of his erroneous tenets in presence of the priest and two witnesses, and himself signed a document to that effect. With deep compunction and devotion he afterward received Holy Communion for the first time in thirty-five years, and was subsequently anointed. A few hours later he expired; and we may cherish the hope that, after expiating his sins in purgatory, he was admitted into the presence of that *Refugium Peccatorum* to whose intercession he owed his salvation in the last decisive hour of his life.

An Evil to be Opposed.

AMONG the radical evils in our present social system — evils that afford some specious justification for the subversive theories of philosophical socialists — one is undoubtedly the intense selfishness of modern industry. While on the one hand this selfishness, based on free and open competition, has tended to develop a laudable spirit of self-reliance and personal initiative, on the other it has altogether too often degenerated into a means of oppressing the weak and the ignorant. The wealth and power which through its means have come to our nation, and the additional comfort that is enjoyed by great numbers of people, have been purchased at the cost of countless comfortless lives, incessant labor, and the estrangement of class from class, and more especially of employees from employers. The sweating system, the constructive tyranny of monopolies, and the heartless action of multiplied trusts have brought about a condition of quasi-constant misery and anxiety among the poor, who find their opportunities for labor uncertain, and the wage for such labor as they get frequently less than a living one.

And yet, as Father Cuthbert well says in "Catholic Ideals in Social Life," it is not fair to blame those only who succeed and rise upon the wave of commercial

prosperity. "If men and women are sweated to death for a miserable pittance, who are to blame? Not the employers only, though their sin is great; but all who patronize such labor contribute to the sin. The insatiable yearning to buy cheaply, without any thought as to whether cheapness is consistent with fair wages,—this is the incentive which tempts men to buy cheap labor and underpay the workmen. Were people in general not willing accomplices, there would be no sweating system, no unfair competition. The sin falls not upon the few, but on the many, who too readily condone the sin of the few for the sake of the resultant advantage to themselves. They pay a halfpenny less for a pound of sugar, or a shilling or two less on a ton of coal: what does the public care that the shop assistant or the miner is unable to get a human wage? Wherefore this craze for cheapness, but that most often there may be more money to spend in unnecessary luxuries, in fine ribbons or a better brand of tobacco and such like? It is the increasing luxury of the period which gives the public its thirst for cheapness, and condones the injustice of the sweater and smiles on the successful gambler."

The trouble is that the overwhelming majority of people are quite blind to the injustice of all this. It would seem, indeed, that in practice the Christian principle, "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you," has been replaced by the thoroughly selfish maxim, "Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost." The business man who would consider it a crime to pick his neighbor's pocket will not scruple about underselling that neighbor to make him a bankrupt and clear the way for his own monopoly. Commercial speculation and intercourse are, in fact, placed outside the ordinary Christian law. In the matter of buying and selling, hiring and being hired, present-day business people seem to set aside all ideas of inherent justice and Christian charity. "Business can not be

done on the basis of the Ten Commandments," would appear to be their subconscious working principle.

Yet it is precisely on the basis of the Ten Commandments that business matters must be conducted if society is to be saved from the ruin which threatens it. To assert that business enterprise is incompatible with observance of the law of God is to talk nonsense. Selling all one has and giving it to the poor is a counsel of perfection to the select few among the faithful, not a precept imposed upon all under pain of losing their souls. Among the thousands of canonized saints are to be found more than a few who were conspicuously wealthy. The Gospel of Christ does not condemn a healthy rivalry in trade or the legitimate rewards of commercial activity. Men have grown wealthy in commercial fields without ever acting in a manner inconsistent with justice and charity; and if comparatively few of them have succeeded in piling up many millions, it is probably all the better for themselves and their neighbors.

It would unquestionably be a much better and brighter as well as a more fair and honest world if the Commandments were in greater evidence in the ordering of all the affairs of commercial and industrial life; and the genuine Catholic should see to it that, so far as he is personally concerned, no act of his shall contravene the precepts of our Divine Lord, or give apparent justification to the denunciations of the ranting advocates of Socialism and its logical outcome, anarchy. To the objection that whoever would set himself to act in his commercial dealings differently from the community at large will suffer much loss and hardly succeed in any business whatever, and that consequently nothing can be done until all men agree to be Christians in business, Father Cuthbert replies: "Had the early disciples of Our Lord waited for the whole world to become Christian before themselves professing their faith, there would have been no Christian Church."

Notes and Remarks.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc, British M. P., has robust convictions as to the economic problem that confronts the world at large. Discussing recently the Church's relation to that problem, he said:

And once again we are brought up against the question which the modern atheist who preaches the Socialist State, or helps to found the servile one, may legitimately ask of the Catholic: "What is *your* solution?" Now, strictly speaking, the Church is not bound to answer that question. She is concerned with other questions as much larger and more important than this as the fate of the soul is larger and more important than that of the body. She did not say to the Roman slaves: "I come with this or that economic scheme for your enfranchisement." She came with a spiritual scheme for the transformation of the whole nature of man. She could say to the modern world as she said to the Roman world, "Leave your machinery precisely as it is, with its capitalism and its proletarianism, and all the rest: become practising Catholics, and by the change in the mind of your society your bonds will be loosed." In this she is perfectly right; and the economic effect of Catholicism is wholly indirect, just as is the effect of Catholicism upon art or upon literature indirect; or even the effect of Catholicism upon philosophy indirect. The positive action of the Church deals directly with morals; she can only indirectly deal by negative prohibitions with the effects of evils that have arisen outside her jurisdiction, and against her plan. But, though the economic effect of the Church is indirect, and is a temporal consequence of her nature rather than an effect of her expressed will, yet not only does history plainly tell us what it is, but contemporary Europe shows us that effect at work.

The condition of affairs in Catholic Belgium, and, in a more restricted sphere, at Mr. Leon Harmel's Val du Bois, thoroughly justify Mr. Belloc's statement. The Sermon on the Mount translated into action is the solution of all problems of economics and sociology generally.

• The assertion that our present philosophy of education is sadly utilitarian, and that we practically ignore all the treasures of the past, is indisputable; but it is quite

as true that education ought to be something better than mere acquaintance with the body of existing tradition. Real education is above all things an evolution of power,—not merely of the power, or rather of the ability, to turn the world upside down scientifically and commercially, but of the power to think thoughts and dream dreams, and to work these out in word and action of intellectual, artistic and spiritual value. Acquaintance with tradition in the broadest sense is only a portion of knowledge, whereas even the sum of knowledge is less than education. Knowledge is only raw material; education is the development of the power to use this material effectively.

A study of the contributions to the Propagation of the Faith during 1909 discloses the fact that, while France as usual led the world with something more than 3,000,000 francs, and the United States, also as usual, came second with 1,100,000 francs, still by far the most generous contributors were those of Alsace-Lorraine. With a population of only 1,700,000 that oldtime French territory gave to the cause of Foreign Missions 367,000 francs. The people of Alsace-Lorraine, says "Clavequin" in the *Annales Catholiques*, are democratic; but their democracy, fashioned by the clergy since the Middle Ages, is founded on stanch Catholic principles; and the result is that while their country, the Catholic valley of the Rhine, does not possess the most fertile soil, it is the richest, most prosperous and most industrious of Europe.

"Apropos of King George V.'s unfeigned delight in being rid of the offensive 'Declaration' at his crowning," writes an English correspondent, "I send you a true tale of his father. I have reason to believe that it will be news to thousands of Catholics on both sides of the Atlantic.

"During the State visit of President Loubet to England in the sopping wet

summer of 1903, there was a good deal of speculation as to what would happen in the hourly expected event of the Holy Father's death, and whether any of the royal entertainments would in that case be curtailed or abandoned. The late M. Loubet seems to have carefully refrained from any expression of feeling on the subject; but King Edward, with his usual tact and firm decision, had already quite made up his mind. The Adjutant-General of the British Army, General Sir Thomas Kelly-Kenny, in an audience with his Majesty a day or two before the great ball at Buckingham Palace, respectfully intimated that, as a Catholic, he would be prevented from appearing at the function in question, should Pope Leo die before the appointed evening. The King stated at once that in such an event the ball would not take place at all. When told that it would be difficult at the last moment to communicate this information to the thousands of invited guests, the King said: 'Well, if they do arrive at the Palace, they will just have to turn round and drive home again.'

In a stirring paper read at the Catholic Congress in England, the Rev. P. J. Dowling, C. M., after a graphic description of the havoc wrought by the Freemasons in France, pointed out that these enemies of the Church were now plotting her destruction in Spain and Italy. He declared that the time had come when Catholics all over the world should combine against their antagonists; and earnestly advocated the immediate formation of an International Defence Union. "The world over there are vigorous individual associations, such as the 'Knights of Columbus in America, the Hibernians in Australia and Ireland, the grand Catholic Unions in Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Germany. All that is wanted is some movement that will bring them together, and, instead of having them in separate and isolated battalions, unite them in one

grand army for the defence of the Church." The objects of the Union are to be three-fold. First, it is to utilize the press by exposing false statements about the Church and Catholic interests as quickly and as effectively as possible. Secondly, it is to be registered in different countries as the legitimate holder of property, and to take under its protection any ecclesiastical property which there may be reason to fear will be threatened with confiscation. Thirdly, concerted action is to be taken with regard to the commerce of a country where an anti-Catholic campaign is carried on. In other words, Father Dowling advocates a boycott against nations in which the government persecutes the Church.

While recognizing the urgency and importance of some such crusade as Father Dowling advocates, we doubt the feasibility of the second of his proposals; and as to the third, we feel sure that the great majority of Catholics would unhesitatingly reject it, for reasons too obvious to need explanation. Father Dowling chose an excellent occasion for the advocacy of his scheme, but it should have been more carefully considered.

"A Spanish Liberal," writing from San Sebastian to the London *Times*, has something noteworthy to say about the religious question in Spain. He declares that—

it would be an error to believe that in Spain the wish has been simply to establish religious liberty for the benefit of non-Catholic religious communities, as Señor Canalejas, the head of the Spanish Government, pretends. His decree permitting non-Catholic churches to manifest their existence by exterior signs no doubt re-establishes a certain equality between the different confessions; but its real purpose is far more ambitious. What the leaders of the present campaign desire is to deal a mortal blow at the Roman Church in the Peninsula. Protestantism has never prospered in Spain. Be the cause what it may, in Spain there are no Protestants, but only Catholics and the enemies of all positive religion, standing face to face. . . . Hence the present conflict is not one between various creeds feeling their way toward a kind

of "Peace of Westphalia," but a war to the death between Rationalism and the Church of Rome. Hence the number of excited meetings held by both sides; hence the fury aroused by the shooting of Ferrer; hence the threat made before a full Parliament by Pablo Iglesias, the Socialist, of a personal attempt upon Señor Maura (a threat which was shortly followed by an attempt to assassinate Señor Maura at Barcelona); hence the preparations made by the reactionary party for a new civil war.

Señor Canalejas and his supporters in the press are concealing their real intentions. They are negotiating with Rome for the modification of the Concordat of 1851, for a reduction of the number of authorized religious houses, and for a reduction in the Budget of Cult and Clergy. They are bound to proceed thus, not only out of respect for the Constitution of 1876, but from motives of caution. Notwithstanding the activity and audacity of the Rationalistic elements in Spain, the most casual observer will notice that their strength is as nothing compared with the compact mass of Catholics. There are regions—as Navarre, certain portions of the Basques, Aragon, and Catalonia—where an army could be raised at short notice to defend the Roman Church.

The deterioration of the genuine Christian spirit in individual Protestants is well exemplified in a recent pronouncement of the Rev. Dr. Rainsford, formerly rector of St. George's Protestant Episcopal Church in New York. Preaching in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, the other day, the Doctor advised the denominations to be more liberal with the views of others, to the end that all seekers after truth may be able to reconcile church membership and individual conscience, "whether or not they believe in the divinity of Christ or the infallibility of creed."

With all possible respect for the good faith of the reverend gentleman, it must be said that a church which looks upon the divinity of Christ as a non-essential belief is emphatically not a Christian church at all, whatever else it may be. Even the Mohammedans recognize Christ as an exemplary philosopher and perfect man; but, then, Mohammedans never pose as Christians. Dr. Rainsford further expressed the opinion that creeds, like

old clothes, are merely makeshifts—the imperfect effort of men to express truths; and that it is the man, not the creed, that counts. “They must pass,” he said; “they were necessary in their time, but are hurtful now.” To such inept and wildly latitudinarian results have the principles of the “glorious Reformation” worked themselves out. The Church of Christ was founded, not for any particular age, but for all time; its creed is as true and as helpful now as it ever was; and the man who, through vincible ignorance or patent bad faith, rejects that creed is certainly in exceedingly bad case.

Whatever may be the errors of Prohibition, it appears to be what the graphic Westerner would term a “roaring success” in North Dakota. According to the *Fargo Forum*, its twenty years of trial has wrought a material and moral revolution. The opposition was long and bitter, but it has gradually yielded to conviction forced by the manifest improvement. The testimony of the Hon. A. L. Loomis is a sample of the change of opinion admitted by many men prominent in politics or business. He says:

I am very much in favor of the Prohibition Law, and I wouldn't go back to the old days for anything. I was a member of the State Legislature when the bill came up for passage, and I was opposed to it,—bitterly opposed, I might say. I was in favor of a high license, because I, with many of my fellow-citizens, believed that the city and State as a whole would not be prosperous without liquor. I remember we were in session for forty-eight hours during the passage of the bill, and I did all in my power to kill it, and get the high license bill through. I see my mistake now, but I was conscientious. I want to say that to-day it seems good to me to be able to walk down the street and see the best places occupied by first-class business houses, and not by the saloon as it used to be in the olden days. We thought that grass would grow on the streets of Fargo, but how different it has all been!

Many Prohibition districts might take a lesson from North Dakota. There the Prohibition statute was not only passed, but enforced. With the sanction and

support of the people, the officials have done their duty. General satisfaction is the result. Of course, Prohibition does not prohibit where it is not enforced. The popular resolve must be made effective by resolute action. The enforcement of law is the test of democracy; and the failure of Prohibition where it has been introduced by popular vote is a reflection on the people's power of self-government.

Louis Pasteur is now generally recognized as one of the greatest scientists of history. His name will be remembered with reverence and honor for all time. It is to the credit of English savants that they were among the first to acknowledge the importance of the discoveries made by this eminent Catholic scientist. Lord Lister once wrote to him: “You have raised the veil which for centuries had covered infectious diseases.” Professor Tyndall, years before, had said: “For the first time in the history of science we have the right to cherish the sure and certain hope that, as regards epidemic diseases, medicine will soon be delivered from quackery and placed on a real scientific basis; to you will be due the largest share of gratitude.” And Huxley declared that “Pasteur's discoveries alone would suffice to cover the war indemnity of £200,000,000 paid by France to Germany in 1871.”

If we were editing a Catholic newspaper instead of a magazine with special limitations, we should try to present our readers with as many items like the following as we could possibly find space for:

The late President Montt of Chile, who recently visited this country in company with his wife and chaplain, was a most prominent factor in bringing to a happy solution the dispute between his country and Argentina. Everyone remembers with a feeling of profound reverence the Sacred Symbol which marked the final definition of the boundaries—the Statue of Christ, the Prince of Peace,—“The Christ of the Andes,” as it is often called.

An English Benedictine priest (known in the world as Sir David Hunter-Blair) has lost his

sight after long years of labor in converting to Christianity the natives in the swamp districts of the Amazon river.

Mgr. Windthorst, writing to the *Catholic Telegraph* from Cologne, describes the ordination to the priesthood of Dr. Leo Megentheim, a young Hebrew, the son of a *former Chicago banker, whom the correspondent had himself received into the Church seven years previous.

A Catholic church for deaf-mutes, probably the first in the world specifically for this afflicted class, is about to be built in New York. It will accommodate 1000 persons. The announcement is made by the Rev. Francis T. McCarthy, S. J.; so it will probably be in charge of the Jesuits. Some magnificent institutes for deaf-mutes, under Catholic direction, are in New York, Philadelphia, Buffalo, Chicago, St. Louis, etc.; and we must not overlook our own flourishing School for the Deaf at Randolph, Mass., in charge of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

Drunkenness and divorce are practically unknown in Spain, and it has the fewest suicides of any country in the world, notes a correspondent of the *New York Herald*. Let these facts be remembered the next time any one is tempted to talk about the backwardness of Spain.

Father Cortie, S. J., the distinguished astronomer of Stonyhurst College, will soon go to the South Sea Islands, commissioned by the British Government. Some may remember that Father Perry, also a famous Jesuit astronomer, observed the transit of Venus, perhaps a score of years ago, on behalf of the same government.

All of these news items are culled from the *Boston Republic*, which has the advantage of being edited by a trained journalist. There are many Catholic papers in this country that publish news, but there are very few, be it said, that can be called Catholic newspapers.

Prince Max of Saxony is outspoken in his denunciation of the indifference and criminal neglect with which the Christians of Crete are being treated by the Great Powers of Europe. While the average American Catholic probably hears little and knows less of his coreligionists in that Mediterranean island to the south of Greece, his sympathy will go out to those for whom the prince-priest pleads, and of whom he is quoted by the *Catholic Standard and Times* as saying: "The ministers

of the Great Powers try to palliate their conduct by pretending that the Turkish yoke of to-day rests lightly on the shoulders of the Christians. Wittingly or unwittingly, they are deceiving themselves and others. Only those who have had no experience of what Turkish domination means can pretend that it is suited to a Christian people. It is nothing less than barbarous cruelty if we, who live in Christian States, refuse to help the ancient Christian communities of the East, to whom we owe so much, to shake off the incubus of Mohammedanism."

To a correspondent who had been informed by a non-Catholic friend that six of the seven Protestant Episcopal clergymen of Philadelphia who submitted to the Church some months ago, and began to study for the priesthood, had gone back to sectarianism, the reverend editor of the *Lamp* replies by quoting the subjoined portion of a statement made by Mr. Otto C. Gromoll, one of the converts referred to:

I am happy to say that the seven former ministers in question are each day of their lives seeing more and more of the beauties of the Catholic Church, and day by day are becoming more loyal sons of the See of Peter. Nor are these seven the only ones who have entered the Catholic Church from the ranks of the Anglican ministry in the United States. I know of twenty who have done so in the last two and a half years, and are persevering; of these, three have been ordained priests. Of the "seven" three are in deacon's orders, the rest in minor orders. Of our happiness there can be no question, and daily we thank Almighty God for the abundance of His gifts to us.

"It will come as a surprise to many," says the *Catholic Telegraph*, "to know that there are sixty-two Chinese and twelve Japanese Buddhist temples in this country, — the former being distributed over twelve, the latter over three States. California appears to be the favored home for pagans, it sheltering all but three of the Japanese and more than half of the Chinese houses."



A Motto.

BY R. H.

EARN to "bear and forbear," wrote wise Plato of old.

'Tis a motto to print on the heart;
In forbearing be gentle, in bearing be bold,
And you'll act throughout life a man's part
Aye, bear and forbear! 'Tis a motto will wear,
And be new till the end of life's span.
Keep it always in view, to its lesson be true;
For it means simply this—be a man!

The Basket-Maker of Beauvais.

IN a small settlement, near Beauvais, lived a very poor family, consisting of a father, mother, and four children; the eldest, Lucien, being only eight years old. The man's occupation was that of basket-maker; but, though sober, skilful and industrious, he could earn barely enough to keep his little ones from want. For all that, they were pious and happy, quite contented with their lot.

One day as the children were playing about, they spied a dark object lying in the middle of the road. Going up to it, they saw that it was some sort of a box wrapped in leather. They tried to pick it up, but it was too heavy for them to lift. Putting their strength together, they succeeded in dragging it home.

"What have you there?" asked the basket-maker.

"Something heavy that we found in the road," replied Lucien.

"Let us see what it is," said the man.

So saying, he carefully removed the leather covering, and found within a little mahogany box.

"Oh, how pretty!" cried the children in chorus.

"I'm going to have it!" said one.

"No: it's mine; for I saw it first," said a second.

A dispute was about to begin, but the father interfered.

"Why do you get so excited, children?" he said. "You found this box in the road, it is true; but it doesn't belong to any of you. We do not become the rightful owner of everything we find. The real owner of this box probably lost it last night while travelling along the highway. We must not profit by his ill luck. Our duty is to let him know as soon as possible that we have found what he lost. I shall advertise it to-morrow in the village paper."

The basket-maker kept his word; and, not content with this, he frequently went out on the highway to see if any one came back to search for the lost property. After six months of waiting, he assembled some trusty men in his cottage and opened the box in their presence; it was full of gold and silver coins. The poor basket-maker had never before seen so much money, and he was quite overwhelmed. The advisers agreed that it belonged to him, so he decided to use it to buy a farm that lay opposite his cottage. On this he built himself a pretty house and lived in comfort.

One cold, snowy evening in December, a few years later, there was a loud knock on the farmhouse door. It was quickly opened. Outside stood two travellers, benumbed with cold, who asked for lodgings for the night. They were invited to enter. The farmer piled fagots on the fire to warm the guests, and his wife set about preparing a meal for them.

"This road has always been a fatal one for me," said the older man to his

companion, who was his servant. "Several years ago I lost a large sum of money while travelling over it, and to-night I have been almost overcome by cold and fatigue."

"Did you say you once lost some money on this road?" inquired the farmer, eagerly.

"Yes," answered the traveller; "and I was much embarrassed in business for some time on account of it."

"What was the money in?" asked the farmer.

"A mahogany box wrapped in leather."

"Go and get the box you found, Lucien. It is in the cupboard."

Lucien obeyed.

"It is now empty," said the farmer; "but this house and all these acres belong to you. I bought them with your money, intending to turn them over to the owner of the box in case I ever found him. I still own the cottage across the road. I shall move my family back to it, and work again at my trade. I advertised in the paper that I had found an article of value. Why didn't you come to claim your property?"

"I was in too great a hurry to wait to read the papers," replied the traveller. "I was rushing to Havre to catch a steamer for New York, where my family were awaiting me. On reaching that city, a more serious blow made me forget the loss of my money. My wife fell ill and died, and my daughter soon followed. Business affairs detained me in America for two years. On my return to France, I thought it would be useless to search for my lost box; so I said nothing about it. You say that the cottage across the road is still yours, and that you will move back to it. I shall not permit that. My fortune is more than sufficient for my needs, and your honesty deserves a reward. The farm is yours. I give it to you."

Then, without wishing to hear a word of thanks, he sat down to the table and ate heartily. The next morning he went away, promising to return from time to time to see how matters were going, and

wishing the farmer all sorts of prosperity.

The honest man, considering himself now the rightful owner of the farm, managed his affairs with so much prudence that in time he became one of the wealthiest men in the country around.

Although honesty is not of course always rewarded in this way, it wins the approval of God and of one's own conscience; this is worth more than all the rest.

Sandy Joe.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XIII.—IN THE ROMAINE.

POOR Joe had a long climb; but he was used to the hard, rough backways of life. It was only the glitter of mirrors and marble halls that bewildered him. Five flights of winding, spidery stairs, and then he paused. A door was swinging open, as if awaiting him; and he entered without ceremony, as he was accustomed to enter the kitchen doors where he delivered his orders every day. But this was not a kitchen: it seemed a hall, narrow and dark. Light and voices came from a curtained doorway beyond; and, never doubting he was on the right track to the midnight feast, Joe was stepping briskly forward when a volley of fierce oaths from a speaker within made him pause. Gentlemen sometimes drank and quarrelled over midnight suppers, as Joe knew; and perhaps it would not be safe or wise to intrude just at once. And while he stood doubtfully in the darkness the angry voice spoke again:

"Don't chatter in that miserable lingo of yours. Speak plain English. Who is dead?"

"Ze old woman, Monsieur,—ze woman who had ze child,—ze old woman Darnley. Zey tell me at ze hospital zat Madge Darnley have died to-night."

Old Madge Darnley! Now, indeed, Joe stood too shocked and breathless to move. Gran, dead!—poor old Gran! Joe was

young and warm-hearted enough to feel a great rush of pity and pain; for the old woman had loved him in her own fierce way. Gran dead, and they were talking about it here!

"I was at her place to-day, Monsieur, questioning, asking. Zey told me she was at St. Luke's Hospital, very badly hurt. *Bien*, I stop zere to ask. Zey tell me old Madge Darnley have died to-night."

Gran dead and these strange men were talking about her! What was Gran to them? What were they going to do with her? Joe had heard grisly stories about doctors and their doings; and, with a chill in his young heart, he held his breath and listened.

"What is that to me?" said the speaker, with a great oath. "The old hag is a good riddance, unless—unless"—and there was a sharp change in the angry tones—"unless she told tales before she died, and then—"

"Monsieur, no, no! Zere is but two who can tell tales now—Lisette and me. You have paid us, it is true; but—"

"I paid you, indeed,—paid you to leave this country forever. You swore that I should never see you again."

"Ah, yes, Monsieur, — yes, I swore! But I could not tell ze sorrow, ze trouble that was to come. We lose all—everything you gave us, Monsieur. And Lisette, that was so bright and smart, she grew weak and sick and can not work. It is God's curse she say, Monsieur. It is all I can do to keep her from going to ze priest—fool zat she is—and confessing all. I have to frighten her day and night to kill all ze love in her heart, to make her tremble and fear. *Bien*, Monsieur, when I find ze trouble so great I come to you."

"To rob, to fleece, to blackmail me, you scoundrel!" was the fierce rejoinder, in a tone that made the young listener shake in his patched shoes.

Joe had learned enough of the wicked world at his windy corner to know he was in a tight place, and he must get out as cautiously as he could; but the

last speaker was pacing the room restlessly, so perilously close to his hiding-place he dared not move.

"Ah, Monsieur, *non, non, non!* If you would but regard poor Pierre as of old,—as your servant, as your friend, Monsieur!"

"Friend!" echoed the other, savagely. "I would like to cut your lying tongue out, you dog! It was you—you—"

"Who showed Monsieur ze way—ze easy way to fortune, to happiness,—such an easy way, Monsieur! And now zat you have all, zat you are so rich, so great, so honored, you will refuse ze poor Pierre his share. You will give ze poor dog his bone? If not, ah, Monsieur, ze poor dog has ze teeth. He will,—bite as all dogs will when zey are hungry and cold."

The answer was an oath that came hissing through the heavy curtains almost in Joe's ear, so close was the pacing speaker to the doorway.

Joe clutched his paper box with trembling hand, and wondered how he could get safely out. Never before in all his young life had he felt so frightened; there was such fierce, deadly passion in the words that reached his ear.

"Go on!" continued the hissing voice. "Show your hand! You have some devilish trick hidden in it, I know. But, remember, I am Louis Lamont, able in every way to defy the beggarly valet I engaged six years ago, in spite of the rascally record he was finding it hard to outlive. Who would believe your story against mine?"

"There is one, Monsieur, who would give all—everything that he has in the world, rich as he is—to hear it. If I should go to Monsieur Harper and confess! If Lisette should go to Madame Harper, who is dying for grief! If we should take little Jacqueline by ze hand and say, 'Madame, forgive us! See your child!'"

"The child,—the child! You lying devil! You told me the child was dead when I saw you in Paris three years ago, and now you would try to foist some other on me."

"Ah, Monsieur, no! No, it is ze same.

I lied in Paris, indeed, to comfort you, to ease Monsieur. Ze child did not die. She lives, beautiful as an angel, Monsieur,—my, how beautiful in her beggar rags! Monsieur, listen! She is with Catholics. Ze priests, who know so much, who are so wise, so clear to see, zey have taken ze little one to church; zey have been up to Larchmont, looking, questioning. Zere is danger, Monsieur,—zere is danger that they will discover all—all!”

“And you dare to face me with this story, you lying dog!” came the hoarse, passionate cry. “You dare to come here to-night and tell me you have deceived, betrayed me like this!”

“No, Monsieur, not deceived, not betrayed,—not yet,—not yet! It is for Monsieur to say if I may serve him still. I have ze plan that will make all safe, sure for you, for me, for Lisette,—ze plan that will do no harm. It will cost Monsieur not much: only three hundred dollars now,—three hundred dollars every year,—three hundred out of Monsieur’s great fortune that poor Pierre got for him by his wicked wits,—only three hundred; and then Lisette and I will take ze little one away—far away.”

A peremptory clang at the electric bell broke in upon the soft, persuasive speech.

“Lamont! Lamont!” came a cheery call at an outer door of the apartment. “Wake up, you sleepy-head!—wake up! It’s Wynn. Have you forgotten our supper to-night? We are waiting for you, Louis, Louis Lamont!”

“Monsieur, you must not go without answering me,” came the fierce voice within. “Lisette is sick; already have I had to beg from her old grandmother, who is old and poor. We must have ze money, Monsieur, or—or—”

“Lamont!—Lamont! Louis Lamont, do you hear?” The outer door shook under a vigorous hand.

“Curses on you all!” muttered that gentleman. “I’ll have to go, or those fools outside will break the door down. Wait here,—wait! It may be an hour or more,

but wait until I come back, and then I will hear what you have to say.”

And as the speaker hurried off to open the door, at which his untimely visitors were clamoring, Sandy Joe recovered his breath and his wits, and made tracks for the fire escape, all sound of his rapid retreat lost in the hilarious greetings of the midnight revellers to their laggard friend.

“You can’t go back on us like that, Louis my boy! We’re waiting for you and for old Parley Voo’s patés. He swore he would have them here at eleven sharp, but the truth isn’t in the old rascal. Come up, anyhow,—come up, and we’ll begin on beer and cheese.”

The words reached Parley Voo’s hurrying messenger, and guided him on his way. One, two, three more flights of the dizzy stairs; and wide-open windows, flaring with light and echoing with mirth and merriment, told him he had reached his goal.

The young artists who occupied this sky parlor of the Romaine were having a studio supper to-night, and it was a gay scene in which Joe appeared at last, to be hailed triumphantly by a merry crowd. The wide, low room was filled with all sorts of queer things. Statues, casts, draperies, skins of lions and tigers, half-finished pictures and sketches lined the walls; a skeleton stood in a glass case in one corner; a skull grinned from the mantel. But a big log fire blazed in the wide hearth; and a table, filled with all sorts of good things, stretched the length of the room. Two young men in gay jackets and tasselled caps were making coffee on the gas stove; another was toasting cheese in a chafing dish; others were smoking long, curling pipes or thrumming on banjos and mandolins.

“Here he is! here he is!” shouted a dozen voices, and Joe and his box were greeted with delight. “Here is our winged Mercury with his belated burden! Wynn promised us a feast of the Olympic gods, and here it is dropped from the midnight skies!”

"Not at all,—not at all!" laughed the gentleman at the chafing dish. "No ambrosia about this treat, my friends. I warn you in advance that it was concocted by the veriest old witch that ever stepped out of canvas. Hecate is a houri to her. I discovered her a week ago in a deep, dark den known only to the initiated. No, I can't give her abiding place. I am sworn to secrecy by one of the most charming women I know. She assured me she was betraying the confidence of a select and sacred circle in allowing me to give this order to-night. As she truly said, if our Hecate and her witch work were discovered, some multi-millionaire, like Lamont here, would whisk her off into his kitchen, and we should see her no more. She doesn't cook: she conjures. I thought she had gone back on me to-night, but she vowed with crooked fingers that my order would be here in time; and it is, as you see. How did you come, lad? On a black cat or a broomstick?"

"Neither, sir," said Joe, staring up into the gentleman's laughing eyes. "I came up the fire escape."

"Which is the broomstick's modern equivalent. I envy you your head, my boy, and your heels. I couldn't take that climb for a month's income. Here is your money, with a half dollar extra for yourself."

And, glad that this whole bewildering business was over, Joe thanked the generous donor, pocketed the unusual "tip," and again hurried away down the spidery stair to the side-street below. He felt no fear or unsteadiness now, though his head was throbbing strangely, his brain whirling with confusing thoughts he vainly tried to clear into shape.

It had been a hard evening even for Sandy Joe. He was still sore from Bill Butler's pummelling; but, though his head ached dully beneath its throb, that did not trouble him so much. It was the shock, the frightened wait in the darkness, those fierce, angry words he had overheard, that were now bewildering him, confusing him. It was as if those voices

were still roaring in his ears, dulling all other sound and sense. The breathless terror in which he had listened seemed to have fixed every word on his memory.

Gran was dead—dead. That had been plain; the man had said old Madge Darnley had died to-night. But the child,—what child did they mean? Jacqueline they had said. Could Jacqueline be Jackie? And who were Lisette and Mr. Harper? And what was there in it all to make a gentleman curse and swear in a way that had chilled even Sandy Joe, used as he was to rough talk?

Jacqueline, Jacqueline must mean little Jackie. Joe felt his head buzzing and spinning more wildly every moment as he tried to think it all out. If Jacqueline were Jackie, they must surely have been talking, planning, swearing about her. If Jackie were Jacqueline—as Joe tried to put it another way to his whirling thoughts, a sudden sharp fear for his little playmate struck like an icy chill through his warm, faithful heart; and so sharp and startling a fear that his head turned, his foot slipped, he reeled, staggered, and fell down—down—down, into blank darkness below.

(To be continued.)

The Lesson of the Water-Drops.

A little Spanish boy, wearied with the drudgery of learning, ran away from school. As the sun grew hot, he sat down to rest beside a spring that gushed from a rock. While reclining in the shade, he noticed that the constant dropping of the water had worn a hole in a stone beneath. "If the light drops can, by continual falling, accomplish so hard a task," he thought, "surely by constant effort I can overcome my unwillingness to learn." Accordingly he returned to school, persevered in his studies, and became famous in after years as a great Saint and Doctor of the Spanish Church—St. Isidore of Seville.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"The Cell of Self-Knowledge," a collection of early English mystical treatises, with an introduction by Mr. Edmund Gardner, forms the latest addition to the "New Mediæval Library," published by Chatto & Windus.

—Col. Roosevelt's new book, "African Game Trails," with many additions and revisions, is now ready for the millions supposed to be awaiting it. Critics are evidently expected to take this production very seriously; for the author is quoted as saying: "I regard this book as a serious thing."

—Wilhelmina Seegmiller's "Little Rhymes for Little Readers" (Rand, McNally & Co.) deserves a word of praise, not merely for the excellence of the matter it contains, but for the exceptionally good technique of the verse. The illustrations, too, are first-rate, and the book should be a favorite for the young folk in the primary grades of public schools. It is bound for constant use, and is deserving of such.

—"The Book of Kells," preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, is often referred to as "the most beautiful book in the world." Though dating from the seventh century, it is still in almost perfect condition. A welcome postcard from Ireland, with the imprint "Valentine, Dublin," presents a picture of the Book of the Kells opened, showing one of the illustrations and a page of the text.

—The sculptor Joseph Swynnerton, whose death, in his sixty-third year, was announced last week from the Isle of Man, was best known for his beautiful statue of St. Winefride at Holywell, a memorial bust of Lord Russell of Killowen, a fountain in the Camberwell Art Gallery, and a public fountain in Rome. This last work won the medal offered by the Minister of Public Instruction. Mr. Swynnerton was an exemplary convert to the Church.

—Admirers of Gladstone are under many obligations to Mr. D. C. Lathbury for his selection and arrangement of the two volumes of "Correspondence on Church and Religion of William Ewart Gladstone." (John Murray.) The most interesting part of the work is concerned with the great English statesman's inner life. The letters to his children and the devotions printed in an appendix raise one's opinion of his sincerity no less than of his piety, as a man to whom "religion was always the first of interests and the most usual of habits." The correspondence includes an admirable letter from Newman, and one to Manning, in which Gladstone says

that he can not foresee with certainty any stronghold of dogma fifty years hence except in the Catholic Church.

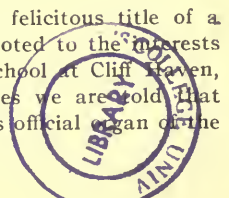
—In a 46-page pamphlet, "Continuity" (R. & T. Washbourne: Benziger Brothers), the Rev. Charles Coupé, S. J., discusses with admirable lucidity and crushing polemic force: "Are Anglicans Catholic?" "Anglican Orders," "The Protestant Reformation Un-English," and "Catholic Antiquity." The inherent absurdity of the Continuity claim has been time and again demonstrated of late years; but so long as ambitious Anglican "Catholics" persist in advancing the claim, exposures of its untenableness are timely; and Father Coupé's treatment of the subject will commend itself to all.

—"Père Jean and Other Stories," by Aileen Hingston (Burns & Oates), is an excellently printed and bound volume of some 80 pages. While the stories, four in number, will be perused with pleasure, many readers are likely to be quite as much interested in the appreciative memoir that precedes them. Mary Aileen, the only daughter of the late Sir William Hingston, a celebrated physician and one of Canada's most distinguished Catholics, was the victim in 1907 of a peculiarly distressing drowning accident. Her brief life of twenty-four years was beautiful throughout; and the admirable stories contained in this little volume clearly show to what literary distinction a longer career would doubtless have carried her.

—The novelty of the new Caxton Shakespeare, to which Mr. Sidney Lee contributes annotations and a general introduction, is the addition to each of the plays of an appreciation by some well-known man of letters. Writing of "As You Like It," Mr. H. W. Mabie says:

In all moods Shakespeare was keenly alive to those broad and fundamental contrasts between the possible greatness of a man's destiny and the perishing things with which he deals in his vocations, the fleeting illusions which he often follows with bleeding feet, the greatness of the things which he pursues with uncertain and half-hearted steps. The ironies of life, great and small, were always haunting him; and there is hardly a royal figure in the plays which does not bring home to us the pathos of the pomp and power which enfolds a frail mortal, but can not add to his strength, ward off the diseases which smite the meanest serf, or protect him from that death which knocks with impartial hand at the palaces of kings and the hovels of the poor.

—The *Champlain* is the felicitous title of a new 12-page periodical devoted to the interests of the Catholic Summer School at Cliff Haven, N. Y. Of its further issues we are told that "if, after a fair perusal, this official organ of the



Catholic Summer School of America will be seen to have been welcome, necessary, and popular, a Winter number, showing the varied work of the Winter extension of the School, intellectual and social, will be issued and mailed to all subscribers. Furthermore, we look forward to a weekly or daily issue on the grounds for the session of 1911." We have found the initial number well worth while in every way, and feel sure of a general welcome for it.

—Apropos of an exploded calumny against a Catholic convent, the *Universe and Catholic Weekly* observes that "it would be very useful if Catholics would cut out and preserve newspaper cuttings relating to this and similar occurrences. From time to time questions crop up, and difficulties are urged, in answering which it is of advantage to have chapter and verse. A well-stocked album of press-cuttings, indexed for reference, is easy to get, easy to keep up-to-date, and valuable for defence purposes in all sorts of directions. Very few people bind their newspapers, and it is not easy for many of us to refer to back numbers at the British Museum, even when we know the date of the issue wanted. But it is quite easy, when anything strikes us in our daily paper as likely to be useful, to cut it out and paste it in a book." A portfolio arranged on the card-index plan is still simpler than the album, and either device is sure to repay the trouble of adopting it.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

"Père Jean and Other Stories." Aileen Hingston 70 cts., net.

"Christian Symbolism." Mrs. Henry Jenner. \$1.

"Heavenwards." Mother Mary Loyola. \$1.25.

"De Ponte's Meditations." Vol. VI. \$1.80.

"Handbook of Practical Economics." J. Schrijvers. \$1.35.

"The Laws of the King; or, Talks on the Commandments." A Religious of the Holy Child. 60 cts.

"Cardinal Mercier's Conferences." \$1.50.

"St. Francis de Sales: A Study of the Gentle Saint." Louise M. Stackpoole-Kenny. \$1.10.

"The Boys of St. Batt's." R. P. Garrold, S. J. 80 cts.

"Meditations for Each Day of the Month of June." Charles Santley. 60 cts.

"Astronomical Essays." Rev. George V. Leahy, S. T. L. \$1.

"Sunlight and Shadow." P. M. Northcote. \$1.

"The Beginnings of the Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes, A. D. 754-1073." Mgr. L. Duchesne, D. D. \$2.

"A Compendium of Catechetical Instruction." Vols. I. and II. \$4.50.

"A Private Retreat for Religious." Rev. Peter Geiermann, C. SS. R. \$1.50.

"Life's Little Day." D. J. Scannell O'Neill. 25 cts.

"So as by Fire." Jean Connor. \$1.25.

"Brownie and I." Richard Aumerle. 85 cts.

"The Formation of Character." Rev. Ernest Hull, S. J. 15 cts.

"A Bunch of Girls." "Shan." 50 cts.

"The First Great Canadian." Charles B. Reed. \$2.

"History of the Society of Jesus in North America." Thomas Hughes, S. J. Documents: Vol. I., Part II., \$4.50.

"Buds and Blossoms." Rt. Rev. Charles H. Colton, D. D. \$1.25.

"The Christ Child." M. C. Olivia Keiley. 75 cts.

"The Sacrament of Duty." The Rev. Joseph McSorley, C. S. P. \$1.08.

"Bible Stories Told to Toddlers." 90 cts.

Obituary.

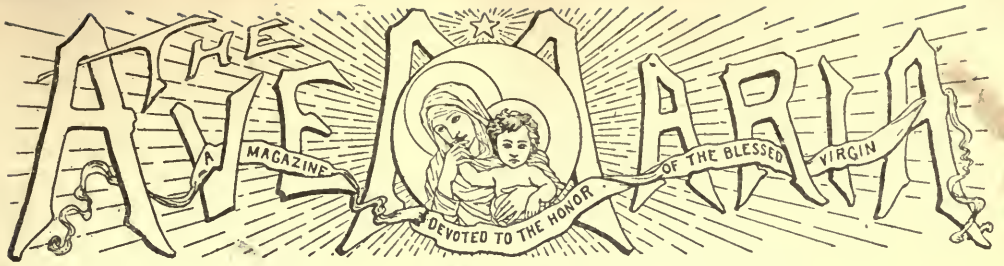
Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. John Kellner, of the archdiocese of New York; and Very Rev. Austin Powell, diocese of Liverpool.

Sister Emily, of the Sisters of Charity; and Sister M. of St. Martha (Reidy), Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. Edward Clark, Mr. John Benway, Mr. Henry Schaefer, Mrs. Anna Kerr, Mr. John Whealon, Mr. P. J. Smith, Mr. William Devers, Mrs. Elizabeth Clark, Mrs. Mary Cavanaugh, Mr. James L. Anthony, Mr. William Gallivan, Mr. Henry Harkenhoff, Mrs. Catherine Downey, Mr. Albert Pickett, Mrs. Mary Driscoll, Mr. J. A. Browne, Mrs. Margaret E. Burke, Mrs. Margaret Waddock, and Mr. John Fisher.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXXI. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 10, 1910. NO. 11

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

In Early Autumn.

BY EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY.

THERE is a whisper in the withered grass,
From whence the sun has drawn the spirit sap;
Deep in the hollow, sluggish wavelets lap
The jutting stones 'mid which they idly pass.
And silence, sweet as peace,
Bides with the year's increase.

The mast of beech-nut, acorn, chinquapin,
Yet clings to boughs with slight, enfeebled hold.
To-morrow—and to-morrow, and the mold
Will be enriched by that it gathers in.
And tiny feet will speed,
Hungry mouths to feed.

Pale sunlight streaming through a columned
grove;
And here, with straying feet, a form glides by.
Straw-hued her garments, fashioned won-
drously
Of vine and leaf, and tendril interwove.
Her hair a ruddy crown;
Her pensive face bent down.

IT is a fine notion of life to liken it to the loom. God puts on the warp in those circumstances in which we find ourselves, and which we can not change. The weft is wrought by the shuttle of everyday life. It is made of very homely threads sometimes, common duties, unpromising and unwelcome tasks. But whoever tries to do each day's work in the spirit of patient loyalty to God is weaving the texture whose other side is fairer than the one he sees.—Anon.

Our Lady's Greater Feasts.

THE NATIVITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.



IN the "paradise of pleasure" which the Creator prepared for the first of His creatures there was every delight that could satisfy the human heart. Trees "fair to behold" afforded a grateful shade; some were adorned with rich foliage, others were brilliant with blossom, or laden with luscious fruit. Flowers of every hue abounded amid the verdure; cooling fountains refreshed the senses. Beasts roamed there in endless variety; birds flitted from bough to bough, or disported themselves in the sunny air, enriching the scene by their glittering plumage, or filling the shady groves with unceasing song. Everywhere there was color, sound and movement.

These and a thousand other delights were all for one end. When everything had been prepared—when order and beauty reigned throughout that paradise, and "God saw that it was good,"—then, as the climax of His mighty work, He created man to use and enjoy all these riches and splendors. "The Lord God formed man of the slime of the earth, and breathed into his face the breath of life, and man became a living soul. . . . And the Lord God took man and put him into the paradise of pleasure, to dress it and keep it."

Man's body, it is true, came from the

earth; but that which raised him above the brute creation—his immortal soul—came directly from God. "God created man incorruptible, and to the image of His own likeness He made him."* In the moment of creation, His Maker lavished upon that first man countless gifts of nature and grace. With what delight did the angels regard man! How richly adorned was his immortal soul! Sanctifying grace possessed it wholly; a chaste purity reigned therein; no tendency contrary to God's will had sullied it; brilliant was the reflection of the holiness of the Divine Creator that shone there.

This gifted being, for the moment, was solitary among the rest of creatures. Birds and beasts and all other living things in Eden had mates of their several kinds; man, though lord of all he saw, had no "help like unto himself." Yet Adam had within him the principle of life. God had bestowed upon him, unlike the rest of creation, the privilege of being the sole earthly source whence the great human family should spring. From his body God would form the companion who should, together with him, rule all other creatures of earth, and people the world with a race of beings like to themselves.

Adam sleeps and wakes again, and lo! a creature is with him of kindred nature—the "help like unto himself," whose body God has formed from Adam's substance; she shares all Adam's natural gifts, and she has received from her Creator an immortal soul to fit her for her high destiny. Upon that first bridegroom and his bride God, whose delight it had been to fill their souls with every grace, bestowed a plenteous benediction. "And God saw all the things that He had made, and they were very good."

How glorious would this world have been had the innocent happiness of that paradise continued unsullied! But it was not to last. The one condition of its permanence was the absence of sin. It

was this which rendered so glorious not only the souls but the bodies also of our first parents; it was this which affected the whole of creation. When Adam and Eve disobeyed, consciously and wilfully, the express command of God, the intimate union between earth and heaven was dissolved. Paradise was lost to mankind; the brute beasts turned against man; the very earth renounced subjection to him. But, worst of all, man's lower nature rebelled against the restraint of reason and sought to have the mastery.

Sin sullied everything here below. But its greatest evil, beyond the infinite dishonor it inflicted upon the all-holy Creator, was that its results were in a way endless. The stain which sin had imprinted upon the souls of that first father and mother, the deprivation of such wondrous gifts of nature and grace which followed close upon its track, did not affect those two beings merely: their posterity were condemned to inherit their shame. Henceforth, every child of Adam, from the first moment of his existence as a human being, was to bear the mark of his father's transgression.

Yet, though all looked dark, there was a gleam of light behind the cloud. To the infernal serpent God had said: "She [the woman] shall crush thy head." Although he had seemed victorious, it was not always to be thus. A day would come when the weaker of the two he had conquered should eventually rise superior to him in power and strength. A daughter of Eve was to frustrate his wiles, to "crush his head." When ages had rolled by, at last the appointed hour dawned which God had decreed should witness Satan's discomfiture. The wonders of the primal creation were repeated in one human soul; or, to speak more truly, the prophetic splendors of the unsullied innocence of our first parents saw their fulfilment in Mary, the Virgin predestined to become the Mother of the Word Incarnate.

In the description of the creation

* Wis., ii, 23.

recorded in the Book of Genesis, we may discern a prophecy of God's dealings with this the most favored of His creatures. Adam was made from the slime of the earth, but God breathed into him an immortal soul; moreover, that first man was the one human source of all mankind, since God had placed in his body the elements of the body of his spouse. All this may be applied to the creation of Mary. She is a daughter of earth, yet raised to a far closer nearness to God than that first of creatures. From her body was to be formed that of her Redeemer. The illustrious Dom Guéranger thus beautifully alludes to this fact: "As God, He places in her provisionally what He wills to take from her hereafter. For, as Man, He will receive from her, together with His sacred body, everything that children naturally inherit from their parents: such dispositions and qualities as arise from the physical complexion,—features, ways, habits acquired by imitation or by early education. Such is the ineffable condescension of Him who, knowing all things by infused science, condescends to pass, like us, through the apprenticeship of life. Jesus is to have no earthly father; He will therefore receive more from His Mother than could any other son."*

Mary is, if we may say so, a new creation; because from her willed to be born the Author of Life, who gives the true life of grace to His creatures. It was imperative, therefore, for the honor of her Divine Son that she should be entirely free from the taint inherited by all others from our first parents. This immense and unique privilege we celebrate in the Immaculate Conception of Our Lady, but her birthday shares in the joy which her immunity from stain awakens in the heart of every true Christian. It is because she was always immaculate that her entrance into this world was entirely joyful. The soul of

that little infant was God's "paradise of pleasure" again renewed. Its perfections rendered it a fit temple for the Ever Blessed Trinity, adorned by the Holy Ghost with His choicest graces.

We know little that is authentic of Mary's human ancestry. The tradition of some twelve centuries has delivered the names of her parents as Joachim and Anne. Apocryphal writings give details relating to Mary's birth, which, while they can not be accepted as altogether credible, nevertheless contain, doubtless, fragments of early and accurate traditions on the subject. They tell of an elderly couple, suffering the reproach of barrenness,—so dire a misfortune in the eyes of God's ancient people; of their fervent prayer for offspring, and the gift of a daughter in response. According to some authorities, Mary's birthplace was at Nazareth; but a more reliable tradition that it was at Jerusalem is as old as the seventh century.

If we follow the opinion maintained by some that the genealogy given by St. Luke is that of Our Lady herself—although, for reasons not necessary to state here,—it is not the view supported by the majority of commentators,—we have another proof, added to those from other sources, that Mary's ancestry was royal as well as priestly. But it is not because she is descended from kings and saints that her birthday is held in honor, but because she was the true daughter of the All-Holy, born in grace and purity.

It is not wonderful, therefore, considering all these reasons, that the Christian Church should celebrate a festival in honor of the birth into this world of the Mother of Christ. In this she emphasizes the fact of Mary's entire freedom from stain. The birthday of the saints is that on which they first saw the light of eternal day in the kingdom of bliss; the feasts of martyrs, for example, are often referred to as their *natalitia* (birthday). These are the days on which the Church rejoices, rather than on those which saw the entry

* "Liturgical Year." Time, after Pentecost. Vol. v, p. 182.

into a sinful world of beings tainted by original sin. There are, however, two exceptions: festivals are celebrated in honor of the birth of the Immaculate Virgin, and that of the Forerunner of Christ; for the latter was cleansed from stain in his mother's womb by the power of the unborn Saviour, and by means of the salutation of the Virgin-Mother.

It is impossible to ascertain with any certainty the date of the institution of the feast of Mary's Nativity. Some have claimed for it a French origin as far back as the fifth century of the Christian era. But, although the festival may have been celebrated in certain churches, and on different days from very early times, Pope Benedict XIV. is of opinion that it was not until the seventh century that it was kept in Rome. The first mention of its authoritative observance in France is in a list of feasts drawn up in 871; it is, however, probable that it may have been celebrated earlier.

In 1245, Innocent IV., in the first Council of Lyons, established for the whole Church the celebration of an Octave to the festival of Our Lady's Nativity. This decree was in fulfilment of a vow which the Pontiff and his fellow-cardinals had made during nineteen months of anxiety as to the election of a successor to Celestine IV., during which time the Emperor Frederick II. had intrigued to prolong the vacancy of the Holy See.

Turning to the liturgy of the festival, we find some beautiful proper antiphons appointed for the Offices of Vespers and Lauds. The psalms, hymns and other formulas, except those to be noted hereafter, are taken from those common to many other feasts of Our Lady. We give a translation of the antiphons in question:

1. "This is the birthday of the glorious Virgin Mary, of the children of Abraham, born of the tribe of Juda, of the noble race of David."

2. "To-day is the nativity of the holy Virgin Mary, whose glorious life is the light of all the churches."

3. "Mary is illustrious because of her royal descent; with heart and mind we most devoutly crave the help of her prayers."

4. "With heart and mind let us sing glory to Christ on this sacred solemnity of Mary the highly exalted Mother of God."

5. "Let us celebrate with joy the birthday of Blessed Mary, that she may intercede for us with our Lord Jesus Christ."

Frequently, in the different Offices of the feast, the words of the second of these antiphons recur in the shape of a verse and response. The proper antiphons for the *Magnificat* at Vespers and the *Benedictus* at Lauds, celebrate in similar terms the divine maternity and perpetual virginity—Mary's unique privileges.

The liturgy of the Mass has much that is proper to the festival. The Introit is that so often heard on Our Lady's feasts—the salutation composed by Sedulius, the Christian poet of the fifth century: "Hail, Holy Mother, who didst bring forth the King who rules heaven and earth forever!" The psalm (xliv) is the song of the Bride which occurs frequently in Our Lady's Offices: "My heart hath uttered a good word: I speak my works to the King." The heart of the Spouse of the Holy Ghost was ever turned toward her Heavenly King in praise and love.

The Collect asks for an increase of that peace which came to Bethlehem through Mary. It is worthy of note that Our Lady was born during the second period of universal peace which characterized the reign of Augustus, and Our Lord during the third; this fact renders the Collect more strikingly appropriate. It runs as follows: "Grant to Thy servants, we beseech Thee, O Lord! the gift of heavenly grace; that for those to whom the Blessed Virgin's maternity was the beginning of salvation, the votive solemnity of her nativity may procure an increase of peace."

For the Epistle the Church has appointed the Lesson from the Book of

Proverbs, so often used with reference to Our Lady. In it are applied to Mary praises spoken of holy Wisdom, and exhortations pointing out the way of life. "Now, therefore, ye children hear me. Blessed are they that keep my ways. . . . He that shall find me shall find life; and shall have salvation from the Lord." The little Virgin is born into this world to be an example to all, and from her cradle she begins to teach the way of salvation.

The Gradual is in praise of Mary's Virgin motherhood: "Thou art blessed and venerable, O Virgin Mary, who, without any violation of purity, wert found the Mother of our Saviour! O Virgin-Mother of God, He whom the whole world is unable to contain, being made man, enclosed Himself in thy womb. Alleluia! Thou art happy, O Holy Virgin Mary, and most worthy of all praise, because from thee arose the Sun of Justice, Christ our God. Alleluia!" It was in view of her divine maternity that Our Lady was preserved from stain, and her birthday rendered joyful and glorious.

The Gospel, taken from that of St. Matthew, recounts the genealogy of Christ through St. Joseph, His reputed father. It closes with the memorable words which always redound to the glory of the Virgin-Mother: "Mary, of whom was born Jesus."

The Offertory, in like manner extols the same mystery, the contemplation of which should draw us nearer to Jesus and Mary: "Thou art blessed, O Virgin Mary, who didst bear the Creator of all things! Thou didst bring forth Him who made thee, and thou remainest forever a virgin."

The Communion reminds us that we owe the coming to us of Our Lord in His Sacrament to the holy child whose birthday we are keeping: "Blessed is the womb of the Virgin Mary, which bore the Son of the Eternal Father."

The joy which is the dominant characteristic of this feast is expressed very

beautifully in the ancient antiphon to the *Magnificat* for the second Vespers, with which both Eastern and Western Churches conclude the Divine Office of the day. With a translation of it we will bring our considerations to a close: "Thy birth, O Virgin-Mother of God, brought joy to the whole world; for out of thee arose the Sun of Justice, Christ our God; who, taking off the curse, hath bestowed blessing; and, defeating death, hath given us life everlasting."

"I, too, Must Die."

BY MARY CROSS.

I.

EDGAR RAILTON decided that the town of Buncrana was a charming and romantic spot. His home was in England; but he had come to Erin's Isle to offer hand and heart to the girl he had loved at first sight when, less than a year ago, her grey eyes had smiled and shone upon him. As a wealthy young bachelor, he had received much attention from the mothers of marriageable daughters; but had gone his way

heart-whole and fancy-free,
Until a maiden fair to see,

but without sixpence of her own, who was companion, nurse, and all to an elderly invalid of uncertain temper, had led him into fond captivity.

Miss Peyton, the invalid, was a neighbor, and had known him from his infancy, so that the frequency of his visits did not arouse suspicion; and he himself had not quite understood his own feelings toward pretty Kathleen Blake until after her departure for Buncrana, whither Miss Peyton had decided to go in quest of health. Then he found that

Out of the day and night
A joy had taken flight;

and, realizing the cause, began to wonder if there was anything in him that would

appeal to so lovely and lovable a girl, and if he had the remotest chance of winning her for his wife. On what a lofty height he had throned her was evidenced by the fact that he never thought of his wealth and position as possible attractions for her. The fear entered his mind that whilst he was letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would," some audacious Irishman would win the prize; and that sufficed to speed him to the shores of Lough Swilly in "ould Donegal."

He had been strolling about all morning, longing for the hour when he could with propriety present himself at Arbutus Lodge. He wandered through the village, revelling in the kindly greetings of those he met, until he reached an oratory with doors set wide open. He caught a glimpse of an altar with a red light, of a statue amidst flowers, of a man praying with arms extended, of a peddler who had put down his basket to recite the Rosary, of a woman teaching a child to genuflect. In this strange country religion was a part of daily life.

As he lingered, a girl came forth with shining eyes. The color which leaped into his face was reflected in hers, and he could have laughed for joy at sight of that telltale blush. A happy, handsome lover he looked; and in the bewildering delight of his unexpected presence Kathleen forgot a resolution to treat him coldly when next she met him; forgot that she had been glad of the change to Buncrana as representing an escape from temptation. For she knew that he loved her, and he was not of the household of the Faith.

They walked along the quiet, winding highroad, sighing waves and swaying branches making a soft harmony.

"I have followed my heart," said Edgar, after a golden silence. "I thought of writing to you, of waiting until you returned to England; but either way was too slow and uncertain. It was impossible for me to get through another day without seeing you. All that I could

say, all that I could vow ends in this: will you be my darling wife?"

"You know that I am a Catholic?" she asked.

"Why, of course I do!" he rejoined. "But what does that matter? All religions are alike to me, and I'm sure there is good in all. There's only one thing in yours that I don't like, and it is the only thing in which I should think of interfering. Honestly and frankly, I do and shall object to another man's knowing your very thoughts. That is to say, I shall be so much of a persecuting tyrant as to prohibit your going to confession. For the rest you should be free as air. It is only of confession that I don't approve."

"But is it our approval that matters? When Our Lord has said plainly that we must do a certain thing, it seems to me we have just to do it, whether we like or not, and that we are not at liberty to obey only such parts of His teaching as please us or cause us no discomfort."

"Ah! well, when we are married I am sure you will see the reasonableness of my objection," declared Railton. "I say 'when we are married'; for I hope and pray with all my heart that you will marry me, my dearest!"

In lover-like strain he continued, and Kathleen lived her enchanted hour. What a future was before her of love and tenderness, of congenial companionship, of leisure and ease, with time and opportunity to enjoy life, the society of the cultured and happy, a home wherein all things were beautiful! No more sordid cares; no more endurance of querulous complaints and weary "nagging"; no more lonely vigils by a sick-bed. There was the great question of religion! But she would win him over, conquer his objections and prejudices; failing which, she could go to the Sacraments secretly. Thus sweetly and subtly the tempter whispered.

Faintly from the church on the hill came the sound of the Angelus; and as the familiar, sacred words rose to Kath-

leen's lips, the rock of truth struck sharp through the mists of delusion and deceit. She could not claim to be the lowliest, meanest "handmaid of the Lord" if she deliberately imperilled her salvation. She faced facts; she recognized her own dislike of disagreement and dispute; her own deep affection for Edgar, his influence over her, and the possibility of not being able to withstand it. She was honest with herself, and acknowledged that marriage with him might result in the loss of Faith, or, at best, in her ceasing to be a practical Catholic.

"This must end," she said suddenly and a little abruptly. "I have done wrong in listening to you, in allowing you to say so much when I can not give you the answer you desire."

"But why not?" he exclaimed, aghast.

"Because I am a Catholic; because I must obey the teaching of God's Church."

"Which, being interpreted, means that you don't care a straw for me!"

"It means that I care for you more than anything except my Faith," she answered, tremulously. "But the robe of glory is a costly vesture, and to purchase it we may be called upon to give up everything in this world."

Railton was silent. He would have pleaded his cause at greater length—entreated, argued, tried to persuade,—but the girl's pale face and streaming eyes appealed to his chivalry. He would not urge her to go against her conscience. Besides, she had admitted her love for him, and that would prove stronger than all else. Time and her heart were on his side.

"I will not distress you any more," he said gently. "You will relent, Kathleen; you will sympathize with my objection if only you will calmly consider it; and then you will realize that I am not making an unreasonable condition. When you relent, as relent you will, send me one word, and it will bring me from the ends of the earth to you."

II.

More than a year had passed since Railton parted from Kathleen, and the keenly-desired message of recall had not come. He had not heard a word from her. Miss Peyton had died in Ireland; and there Kathleen remained, making, so far as he was concerned, no sign.

He knew not what lay beyond the wall of silence she had raised between herself and him; he did know that for her Faith, for a conscientious conviction, she had sacrificed her inclinations, the certainty of wealth, luxury, and social standing,—all that is most precious in the eyes of the world; a woman's natural longing for a home of her own, and the companionship of the beloved. A strange Faith, that compelled a girl to a species of martyrdom for life!

Now and then he thought of inquiring into that Faith, but there were difficulties in the way. He had no Catholic acquaintances; he did not know what books would help him, nor where to find them. Besides, as all roads led to heaven, why should he trouble himself about any particular one? Nevertheless, in the recesses of his mind was developing a doubt as to whether the pleasant road of self-gratification and enjoyment might not have a different termination,—a doubt as to whether absorption in material interests and pleasures was quite the most fitting preparation for the life to come.

One evening as he walked along the city streets, wondering to which theatre or concert hall he should betake himself, his eye was caught by a large poster at the door of the Christian Institute, announcing that the Rev. James Tryson, "ex-priest of the Church of Rome," would lecture on the confessional to "men only." It was natural that he should think of Kathleen. He had now an opportunity of learning something about her religion, and from one by whom, obviously, it had been tried and found wanting.

He paid for admission, and went in. There was only a small gathering, chiefly

composed of the men who settle affairs of State at street corners or in saloons, whilst their wives and mothers earn a precarious livelihood at the washtub. So far as the "best" seats were concerned, he enjoyed a splendid isolation. Tracts and pamphlets relating to the Spanish Inquisition and the Massacre of St. Bartholomew were on sale,—subjects that seemed to Railton a trifle out of date. A row of chairs and a desk adorned the platform until the lecturer appeared, accompanied by officials and friends of the Titus Oates Society, under whose auspices the entertainment was given.

The proceedings opened with prayer. The chairman, having alluded to the principles of the Reformation, the fires of Smithfield, and the immuring of nuns, urged all present to purchase the Society's literature and "come to the help of the Lord against the mighty"; and then, in a few unctuous sentences, he introduced the star of the evening.

He had not spoken for very many minutes before Railton understood why the lecture demanded the absence of ladies: it demanded the absence of gentlemen also. Therefore Railton, scarlet with shame, faint with nausea, snatched up his hat and rushed out, striding onward he neither knew nor cared whither, provided it were far from the sound of that voice and its revolting utterances, the spectacle of those coarse faces aglow with delight in the unclean. The great Catholic Church an agency for destroying virtue and innocence! Monstrous thought! His Kathleen, his "lily-maid," guileless as a child, pure as snow, was a living refutation of the slander.

"Is it possible those men believe they are serving God?" he asked himself, in a white heat of wrath. Well, they had begun by invoking Him. Glib references to the Saviour had preceded those tremendous accusations. If they were true, if the Church of Rome were indeed "a sink of iniquity," how little God had cared for His creatures when He abandoned

them for centuries to her sole guidance! Or, rather, there could not be a God at all, and Christianity was an imposture.

His headlong, unseeing progress was stopped by a little crowd that had gathered on the pavement round an injured man. From a half-finished building a piece of masonry had fallen, striking a passing laborer down to earth and death. The face drawn and distorted with pain, the helpless figure in its mean attire, sent a thrill of pity through Edgar's heart. In a moment he had slipped off his coat and placed it between the poor bruised head and the hard pavement, and called to a bystander to fetch a doctor. The man's comrade had gone for a priest as the more necessary; and even whilst Railton strove to relieve the poor sufferer there appeared a figure, for which the crowd silently made way.

The priest knelt down beside his dying penitent. What followed was mystery to Railton. But he saw the anguish of mortal agony soothed, the pale lips trying to form words of stupendous meaning, the glazing eyes fixing themselves on the crucifix with a look of loving trust that revealed that to this unlearned toiler the thorn-crowned King was no stranger, no unknown God, but the object of a lifelong love and service.

It was all over. The soul had gone to its account. So rapidly had the humble tragedy been enacted that Edgar might have imagined it a dream, but for the sad evidence of reality lying there silent and still.

The priest rose; a constable and others approached.

"Allow me to go first to his home; his wife must be prepared," said the priest; and as he turned away, Railton followed him.

"Pardon me, sir! That unfortunate fellow was the breadwinner, no doubt. Will you be so good as to use this money for the benefit of those he has left?" he asked. Then, yielding to a sudden impulse: "May I see you later?"

"Certainly. My house is beside the church, in the next street. If you like to wait for me there, please do so."

The street was dark and dingy; the church and the house stood amidst factories and tall tenements overflowing with children. Everywhere were noise and grime. Railton was ushered into an austere little room, the monotony of its drab walls broken by a crucifix and a print of the *Mater Dolorosa*. He asked himself why he had come, for what reason intruded on a tired man's scanty leisure? Nevertheless, he waited, resisting an inclination to pencil an apology and beat a retreat.

After a time the priest arrived.

"I am sorry you have had to wait so long," he said.

Railton looked with interest at the first Catholic priest he had ever met,—seeing a man not much older than himself, most benign of expression, his voice and demeanor indicating culture and refinement; and he was spending his life in the service of the poor, the obscure, the ignorant, dwelling in the meanest of mean streets. Evidently he also thought "the robe of glory" a costly vesture. Of such a man, whom he had seen bending over a dying laborer with infinite pity and tenderness, Edgar had been asked to believe the unspeakable.

"I should apologize for intruding," he began. "Indeed, I can scarcely explain why I have done so. I am not a Catholic; I was born and bred a Protestant. I—just before I saw you in the discharge of your duty to the dying I had been listening to 'ex-priest' Tryson. The whole affair filled me for the moment with a horror of Christianity."

"We can scarcely dignify by the name of Christianity a suggestive lecture, delivered for the purpose of swelling the funds of a No-Popery association," replied the priest, faintly smiling. "Because an Apostle betrayed his Master, are you therefore filled with horror of that Master's teaching?"

"But what is that teaching? Tryson and his friends claimed to be acting in accordance with it. My mind is in chaos. Religion has no hold on my life. But I, too, must die. That poor fellow to whom you ministered met death fearlessly, contentedly almost, though he was leaving wife and children."

"He had learned how to live, my friend; it follows that he knew how to die. You have asked me what is Christ's teaching. Is it your wish that I should tell you?"

Railton silently bent his head. Many had been the priest's duties that day,—admonishing the sinner, burying the dead, aiding the dying, comforting the afflicted, visiting the sick. Now he was called on to direct a soul struggling toward the light from the darkness of worldliness and indifference.

The result of the interview was crystallized in the parting words of the two so strangely brought together.

"I shall say Mass at eight o'clock. You will be there?"

"Without fail. Pray for me!"

Then Railton stood in the cold, clear, night air. What had he done? He had asked the priest's permission to be present at Mass on the following day; he had promised to read certain books, and to pray. Would these avail him anything? Would not reaction follow, the mental disturbance caused by the ex-priest's lecture subside, the awe and unrest due to his beholding the passing of a soul be forgotten, and the pleasant, irresponsible, careless existence be resumed? Ah, no! The awakening of his soul had come, and never again could it slumber.

In holy Ireland Kathleen prayed, asking that the priceless gift of Faith might be bestowed on him; little knowing how soon petition was to be changed to thanksgiving that one more wandering sheep had heard the voice of the Good Shepherd; and, responding, had entered the one Fold.

The Old Missions of California.

BY GEORGE WHARTON JAMES.

III.—SAN DIEGO.

Behold this sea, that sapphire sky!
Where Nature does so much for man,
Shall man not set his standard high?

—*Joaquin Miller.*

RECOGNIZING in the word "Nature" the immortal spirit and power of the Divine, these words of the modern "poet of the Sierras" must have been the expression of the inner heart of Padre Serra, as he set himself to the accomplishment of his allotted tasks in the new land of Alta California. On the arrival of the *San Antonio* with fresh supplies, Serra set forth with Portolá himself, resolved to find the Bay of Monterey. He left Padres Parron and Gomez in charge of the newly founded mission at San Diego. By and by these two were compelled to retire on account of ill health, and Padres Jayme and Dumetz took their place.

And now began the struggle for the souls of the California Indians. How were the missionaries to go to work? How could they begin? They were unfamiliar with the natives and their language, knew nothing of their religious ideas, and were ignorant of their natural disposition. They soon found the Indians insolent, arrogant and thievish. Little by little the language was learned, and with infinite patience the insolence and arrogance and thefts were overlooked or kindly rebuked, all the while with the hope and desire of gaining their interest and confidence. There were plenty of Indians to work upon; for there were eleven rancherias within a radius of ten leagues. These rancherias were collections of the huts or tule *kans* and *kishes* of the natives,—villages as they might be termed.

As for the religion of the natives, they were sun-worshipers, and they also personified all the powers of Nature. Each power was good and evil,—or there were gods behind each power, one good and one

evil; as, for instance, in the storm, the thunder, the lightning; also in the bears, mountain lions, wild-cats, rattlesnakes, etc. The Indians explain this as follows. There must be, they say, a good power and a bad power behind all these things; for sometimes the most violent kind of a storm, the loudest thunder, the severest lightning, do not harm, while at other times they do much harm. In the first instance these forces were controlled by the good power; in the second, by the evil power. So with the wild animals and reptiles. Sometimes these would pass them by without injury. That was because the good god controlled them. At other times the bear, lion, cat, and snake would attack and wound or cause death. Why? Because the evil god behind the creature impelled it to the evil deed.

Their ideas of creation were equally positive but equally crude. Here is one of their myths as given to me many years ago by one of the leaders of a tribe whose ancestors were disciplined by the San Diego missionaries. After describing the coming of his people to Southern California from some far-away land over the sea, and the varied adventures of these heroes, he continued:

"But when Siwash, the god of earth, looked around and saw everything revealed by the sun, he was displeased; for the earth was bare, level and monotonous, and there was nothing to cheer the sight. Who could love a world that was all one limitless plain, with no mountains, no trees, hills, rocks, rivers, waterfalls, creeks, animals, reptiles, no birds, nor flowers? There were many of our people that were of no use. So Siwash took these, and of some he made high mountains, of some, smaller mountains; of others he made rivers, creeks, lakes and waterfalls; of still others, coyotes, foxes, deer, antelope, bears, squirrels, porcupines, and all the other animals. Then he made out of other people all the different kinds of snakes, insects, birds, and fishes. Then he wanted trees, plants and flowers; and so he turned

some of the people into these. Of every man or woman that he seized, he made something according to the person's value.

"When he finished his work, he had made a beautiful country of this, and there were many things that my people had never seen before. But he had used up so many men and women that he was frightened. So he made a new lot of people, some to live here, there, and anywhere. And he gave to each family its own language and tongue, and its own place to live; and he told them all the sad distress that would come upon them if they mingled their tongues by inter-marriage. Each family was to live in its own place; and while all the different families were to be friends, one to the other, and live as brothers bound together by kinship and concord, there was to be no mixing of bloods.

"Thus was settled the original inhabitants on the coast of Southern California by Siwash, the god of the earth, under the leadership of Uuyot."

The food of these people was of the crudest and simplest. They knew nothing of the arts of agriculture, and gathered only such fruits and seeds as Nature provided. Dr. Bard, in a lecture given to the physicians of Southern California, once stated: "Of vegetable articles of diet, the acorn was the principal one. It was deprived of its bitter taste by grinding, running through sieves made of interwoven grasses, and frequent washings. Another one was chia, the seeds of *salvia columbaria*, which in appearance are somewhat similar to birdseed. They were roasted, ground, and used as a food by being mixed with water. Thus prepared chia soon develops into a mucilaginous mass, larger than its original bulk. Its taste is somewhat like that of linseed meal. It is exceedingly nutritious, and is readily borne by the stomach when that organ refuses to tolerate other aliment. An atole, or gruel, of this was one of the peace offerings to the first visiting sailors. One

tablespoonful of these seeds was sufficient to sustain for twenty-four hours an Indian on a forced march. Chia was no less prized by the native Californian, and at this late date it frequently commands \$6 or \$8 a pound.

"The pinion, the fruit of the pine, was largely used; and until now annual expeditions are made by the few surviving members of the coast tribes to the mountains for a supply. That they cultivated maize in certain localities there can be but little doubt. They intimated to Cabrillo by signs that such was the case, and the supposition is confirmed by the presence at various points of vestiges of irrigating ditches. Yslay, the fruit of the wild cherry, was used as a food, and prepared by fermentation as an intoxicant. The seeds, ground and made into balls, were highly esteemed. The fruit of the manzanita, the seeds of burr clover, malva, and alfileri, were also used. Tumas, the fruit of the cactus, and wild blackberries existed in abundance, and were much relished. A sugar was extracted from a certain reed of the tulares."

Acorns, seeds, mesquite beans, and dried meat were all pounded up in a well-made granite mortar, on the top of which oftentimes a basket hopper was fixed by means of pine gum. Some of these mortars were hewn from steatite or soapstone, others from a rough basic rock, and many of them were exceedingly well made and finely shaped,—results requiring much patience and no little artistic skill. Oftentimes these mortars were made from the solid granite rocks or boulders, found near the harvesting and winnowing places. During late years I have photographed many of them.

They also ate lizards, rats, snakes, birds and all the larger animals they were able to secure. Birds were caught in a most ingenious way. With semicircular arches of willow, a hiding-place was made, the hoops being covered with leafy brush or weeds. In this the Indian hid himself, after having prepared,

outside his shelter, a bare spot upon which he sprinkled a liberal supply of seeds. In his hand he held a long pole, at the upper end of which was affixed a small but strong string; the other end being threaded through loops affixed to the pole. The pole was then thrust out among the seeds, the string being formed into a loop. Then, imitating the call of the birds, he was soon rewarded by seeing doves, quail or other game attracted to the place and alighting. In hopping to and fro, some of them invariably stepped into the noose. Quickly the watching Indian pulled the string tight, and as quietly as possible drew back the snared bird into his shelter. Wringing its neck, the Indian thrust forth the pole, and again continued the operation until sufficient game was secured.

Less than three years after the founding, the missionaries were grateful for what the Indians knew of providing even the rudest of food; for their own supplies ran short, and they had to "draw their belts tight" to suppress the pangs of hunger. But in due time relief came and the work slowly progressed. Five years after their first appearance, Serra and his coadjutors (as they had done many times) discussed the injurious influence of the rude and licentious soldiery over the Indians. The presidio was close to the mission and the rancheria of those Indians who were already attracted to the Padres. Serra finally decided upon a complete severance, regardless of the fact that the presidio was supposed to be mainly for the protection of the missionaries from any uprising of the Indians. Yet, with sublime disregard of their own safety, willing to thrust their lives in the hands of the Divine, when it became a question of that or of allowing the Indians to be demoralized, they deliberately withdrew themselves from the immediate protection of the presidio, and moved the mission six miles away down the valley, merely asking for two or three soldiers as a guard.

Here the first two years they were unfortunate in their crops, through flooding and then through drought. Afterward things began to smile upon them. The number of neophytes rapidly increased; new buildings were erected, a well dug, more land prepared for sowing—and then, suddenly, on the night of November 4, 1775, nearly eight hundred naked savages from the desert and mountains surrounded the mission and fell upon the unguarded and sleeping inmates with deadly intent. The church was broken into, vestments and sacred vessels stolen, and the buildings fired. Then the missionaries awoke. Imagine the scene! To awaken suddenly from quiet slumber and find a wild, howling, yelling, murderous mob surrounding you, firing arrows with lit torches attached in order to set fire to the buildings, brandishing war clubs and stone hatchets, the darkness of the night changed into the red glare of a fire which you know is destroying your home!

Only those who have felt its power can tell what it was that made Father Jayme fearless and calm in these terrible circumstances, and that urged him out into the midst of the howling mob thirsting for his blood. Faithful unto death, the good priest advanced, with hands uplifted in benediction, and sweetly saying, "Love God, my children!" In a moment, as if he had entered a den of wild hyenas, his robe was torn from him, blow after blow fell upon his devoted head, a lance was thrust into his heart, arrows were wildly stuck into him by these maddened demons; and, utterly naked, he at length fell into the creek, his earthly life ended,—the first blessed martyr in California. I never look down into the bed of the tiny stream but I recall this scene, and think of that wondrous baptism of blood, shed through love, when Padre Jayme gave himself for the savages of California.

A native Christian was also slain; and then a fierce battle raged, between six men and two children on the one side, and four hundred screeching savages on

the other. Had it not been for the superior weapons of the defenders, not one had lived to tell the tale; but, though the Indians received reinforcements, the remaining padre and his helpers were able to ward them off until morning, when they retired. Then, in sadness of heart, a search was made for Padre Jayme, and his bruised and cruelly mutilated body was found, full of arrows, in the creek. It was a sad procession that wended its way that morning to the presidio in the clear California sunlight. Yet the flowers bloomed, the birds sang on, and the sun shone, regardless of what had happened,—prophetic in their brightness and beauty, of the work that was yet to be done.

When Serra heard of the massacre, he exclaimed: "God be thanked! Now the soil is watered! Now will the reduction of the Dieguinos be complete!" Yet the news caused great alarm elsewhere, and for a time delayed the founding of the mission of San Juan Capistrano. The work at San Diego, however, went on. Another priest was sent to take the place of the murdered Father Jayme; an attempt was made to find and punish the Indians who had incited the rebellion, and slowly its effects began to wear away. A new church was built in 1780. By the year 1800 there were 1523 neophytes at the mission, and it was populous and prosperous. In this latter year the horses and cattle, bearing the mission brand, that roamed the ranges numbered nearly 7000; and there were 6000 sheep growing fleeces for the next shearing. A strong and substantial dam was built in the Cajon Valley, and three and a half miles of brick aqueduct constructed to insure a permanent and good water supply.

In the years that follow, San Diego had its excitements and experiences,—a Yankee vessel trying to do some illegal trading; an earthquake that shook up the church in 1803; the building of a new church (the one now in ruins), which was dedicated on San Diego's Day, November 12, 1813. In 1824 the mission

had its largest population—1829 souls.

Nine years later began the work of secularization (so-called), when the Mexican politicians took a hand in the control of mission affairs. In 1834 the mission was formally secularized, and Captain Arguello appointed *comisionado* to carry the decree into effect. The control was taken from the hands of the Padres, and the Indians required to give voluntary allegiance to them in spiritual matters only. Released thus from control, the wild spirit came uppermost, and in two years the citizens began their armed raids, in retaliation for the thefts and depredations of the Indians. In 1844, though the temporalities had been restored to the control of the Padres, there were, alas! but one hundred Indians that could be reassembled at the mission.

In 1852 the mission was occupied by United States troops, and was then in a good state of preservation. But the beginning of the end had come. For five years it had had no priest; the Indian flock was scattered, and for a long period roamed the hills, plains, seashore and valleys, as they had done before the Padres came, save that a new people were industriously engaged in building up other towns and settlements. The influx of the gringos had begun. The days of gold had brought in thousands of miners of every nationality and degree; their presence did not aid in reforming the Indians; and, to preserve their wives and daughters from perforce becoming the mothers of a half-breed and mongrel race, the Indians fled as far back into the mountains and desert as they could.

There the remnants of the tribes are now to be found. I have visited them at Santa Ysabel in the Cajon Valley, at Agua Caliente (on Warner's Ranch, from whence they were evicted three or four years ago), at Martinez, Agua Dulce, Palm Springs, and Cabayon on the Colorado Desert. A few of them are at Santa Rosa. Their village is at an eleva-

tion of nearly 9000 feet, on one of the spurs of the Sierra San Jacinto, where in the winter time they live in deep and impassable snows, while yet they are able to look down upon the desert beneath, where fiery heats scorch the sands.

Little by little the hand of desolation fell upon the mission buildings. The adobe crumbled in the winter rains, and the roofs fell in. Now most of the outbuildings, used as the convent residence for the priest, the quarters for the Indians and the workshops, which surrounded the large patio, are gone. The church itself would have tumbled into pieces had not the Landmarks' Club braced it up and placed a temporary roof over it. Only the ruined *fachada* now remains, with the olives, palms and vines in the old garden, to remind us of the glory of San Diego in the days of its prosperity and power.

(To be continued.)

The Prayer of Prayers.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

OUR Father, our Father; not theirs and mine,

But ours we call Thee in prayer divine;
Ours, Thy created, adopted, given
Freely to enter the Kingdom of Heaven;
Ours, Thy own children, Thy Church's race;
Ours, Thou hast gifted with sevenfold grace.
We love one another, Lord God, we say,
As we call Thee Our Father day by day.
But some of Thy children are wandering far
From the fold where the sheep of Thy pasture are.
Father, do Thou in Thy love untold
One day bring them into the fold.
Maker and Lover, Thee we call
Father of Jesus, Father of all.

In heaven Thou art, Our Father; there
Thou hearest our feeble praise and prayer;
Where the perfect light is never dim,
Where the angels sing the Sanctus hymn;
Where the might of Thy glory shines full shown,
As Thou sittest on Thy Great White Throne;
Where Jesus is, who died to free
Our souls from death eternally;

Where Blessed Mary bows to plead
For her children in their hour of need;
Where the dear saints praise Thy name, and pray
For us who seek their prayers away;
God, who art everywhere, who art
The Source of heaven, its glory's heart;
In the selfsame words by Jesus given,
We call Thee Our Father who art in heaven.

Thy name is Justice, Thy name is Might;
Thy name is Glory, Thy name is Light.
Low to Thee bending, our hearts proclaim
Holy, thrice holy is Thy name.
That name be hallowed all names above,
Our Father in heaven, whose name is Love

Thy kingdom come, O mightiest King,—
That kingdom which our bliss will bring;
The end of sorrow and distress;
The rule of perfect righteousness;
All sin, all pain, forever fled,
And death itself forever dead.
In gentleness, in purity,
In all the love that is of Thee,
Help us to live, O Jesus dear,
And bring Our Father's kingdom near!

Lord, as the Holiest gave up His will,
Let us surrender ours to Thee still;
Teach us to say it, hard though it be
This our oblation, self to Thee.
So shall the glory of victory won
Crown us in saying, "Thy will be done."

Lord, Thou knowest our every need,
Yet hast Thou told us thus to plead;
Not for to-morrow the prayer be said,
Give us this day our daily bread.
Bread for the body, bread for the mind,
Bread for the spirit, let us find;
And the Bread of Life to our altars sent
When Jesus comes in His Sacrament.

Forgive us, Father, the debts we owe,
Whose sum of terror we can not know.
Even as we cancel our debtors' due,
Father, in mercy, cancel ours too.

Father, who triest our faith, our love,
Suffer us not to be tried above
What we can bear; for weak are we,
But, Lord, from the evil set us free
Oh, from the evil, Lord, forever,
Do Thou Thy little ones deliver!

Thus we pray in the prayer of prayers
He taught, who carried our griefs and cares,

The Flaw in the Title.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXXVI.

AFTER all those changes and those happenings, chiefly sorrowful, the next few years at the Manor were so uneventful that it was scarcely possible to mark their passage, save by the flowers that sprang up in the garden and the blossoms that came and went upon the trees.

Harry Birmingham had been, at first, quite overcome by the departure of Phyllis Penniston, and the realization that she had in very truth passed out of his life. He felt it the more keenly as it was the first time he had been thwarted in anything upon which he had set his heart; for his mother had striven by every means in her power, and at the cost of untold sacrifices to herself, to gratify his every wish. He urged on, rather than hindered, Angela's marriage with John Watkin, which took place shortly after Phyllis had entered the novitiate; and then Harry set out immediately upon an extensive tour of the East. To his mother that determination upon his part had been heart-rending. But she made no effort to oppose his projected journey: she even encouraged him to console himself in that way for his disappointment, and to spend some of the income which he now enjoyed from the Birmingham estate, and the high rent which Mrs. Grenville paid him as tenant of the Manor.

Sylvester had reluctantly consented to remain under that roof which was his no longer; he did so at the urgent entreaty of Amy, who showed toward him the most touching devotion and deference. Not that the old antagonism between the two did not occasionally come to the surface, but it was promptly subdued by one or the other. Sylvester had, at times, to check the frown of disapprobation, or the involuntary movement of distaste, with which he listened to Amy's mode

of speech, her turns of thought or general views of life. It is not in a day that such differences between personalities are overcome. And, in the same way, there were occasions when Amy confided to Mrs. Mark sundry little criticisms of the former master of the Manor, which were in the spirit of earlier days. But, just as Sylvester was considerably softened by care and sorrow, so Amy, on her part, was much subdued. The merry, careless laugh, which had been so fertile a source of displeasure after her advent to the house, was rarely heard for many a day after Grenville's death; and of course the piano remained unopened. But, in the main, the two agreed remarkably well, and found a real gratification in each other's society.

It was some three years after the death of Grenville that Harry Birmingham returned from his journeying, still handsomer in appearance, but quieter and more self-contained in manner. Much of the old enthusiasm was gone, and he was disposed to look upon life with a cynicism that inevitably recalled his mother. Still, he did not appear to have suffered otherwise in character, nor yet in point of religion, which he practised as punctiliously as ever. Although Mrs. Grenville reluctantly forced herself to offer him the Manor, saying that she would willingly, if he felt so inclined, cancel the lease—a course of action to which she had been urged by Sylvester,—Harry declared himself fully satisfied to wait till the conclusion of her five years' term of occupancy. He, however, took a cottage in the neighborhood, which enabled him to be a frequent visitor at the Manor; and to get into touch with the servants and other dependents. He spent a part of each day, too, with Petronilla, dropping in for a cup of tea at five o'clock, escorting her home from church, or attending her back and forth from the Manor.

The young man was from the first on terms of the friendliest intimacy with Mrs. Grenville. He remembered how she had

championed his cause with Phyllis; and Amy, on her side, had liked him from the time of his arrival. Their talk, at the beginning, was melancholy retrospection,—on her part, of Grenville; on his, of Phyllis. He poured out his heart, in fact, to this appreciative listener, who had experienced for some time a positive resentment against Phyllis for being unable to respond to the sentiments of this attractive suitor, who possessed, beside, the substantial advantage of being a Birmingham of the Manor.

The change came about gradually, just as Amy gradually lightened her mourning, and, opening the piano, began to play airs that were dreamy and sentimental, and always only those which Grenville had preferred. After a while a personal note began to creep into their discourse, and they began to find a special beauty in the sunset skies because of each other's society. Each was afraid, at the outset, to admit the truth. Even in the depth of the consciousness of both was a fear of disloyalty to the dead or the departed.

To Harry, who had, in point of fact, worshipped chiefly the abstract and the ideal, it seemed like desecration to put any one in the place of Phyllis, who, however, was retreating, phantom-like, into the shadows of memory. There she would ever remain on a different plane from any one else. But warm, human love and the rainbow colors of hope were gradually rushing into the foreground of the landscape. The light blue eyes, the florid beauty, and most of all the strong individuality of Amy, together with her partiality for himself and their frequent proximity, began to have their inevitable result. And if Harry Birmingham was not in love with her as he had been with Phyllis, romantically and poetically, he was, nevertheless, so strongly attracted toward her that he found each day a new delight in her companionship.

With Amy the process was decidedly slower. Her love for Grenville had been genuine and entire, and had been, more-

over, warmly reciprocated. She could recall a thousand instances of his chivalrous devotion to herself. She had learned to know and appreciate the nobility of his character and the loveliness of his personality, so that he must necessarily remain forever as one apart, whose like, in many important respects, she was not to meet again.

Still as Time, the great healer, softened the blow which had for an interval prostrated Amy, her healthy nature began to reach out toward that affection wherein lay a prospect of happiness; and she saw no reason why she should not respond to that courtship upon the part of Harry Birmingham, which was becoming more ardent, and to which she could no longer pretend to be indifferent. Possibly, in the back of her mind was the practical consideration that a marriage with this handsome and interesting suitor would obviate the necessity of abdicating the position of lady of the Manor, to which she had grown accustomed, and which, all things considered, she had acceptably filled. While securing her own happiness, she could repair the mistake which Phyllis, as she held, had made, and maintain the Manor in its present conditions without so much as changing her name.

It was when this idea was first taking root in both their minds that Amy strove one day to picture to the whilom lover Phyllis as she appeared in her religious dress.

"I wish you could have seen her, Harry," she said, "in her white habit and veil! An angel in heaven could not have looked lovelier. And, I assure you, there's not one of us here that can approach her in gayety and happiness."

Harry listened dreamily, recalling, with a certain melancholy, that afternoon at the Santa Maggiore when he had compared the beautiful young American to the picture. For, after all, dreams are precious things, even when there is a different and more substantial happiness beckoning to us.

"It took my Protestant blood and

training a long time to get used to the idea of Phyllis being shut up there for life," Amy went on. "But it seems clear to me now that it could not have been otherwise. She never would have married any man, or have been happy if she had."

To which Harry had responded that Phyllis, indeed, belonged to a different sphere from ordinary mortals; though she, in her merry way, would have laughed heartily at the notion. And just for a moment the memory of that laugh, which had always seemed to him so superlatively attractive, recurred with a curious pang to his mind.

But that conversation was, nevertheless, as a species of farewell to the past. It put matters upon a very definite plane, as, possibly, Amy had intended. It was only a few days afterward, standing beside the sundial where he had encountered Phyllis on his first coming to the Manor, that he gave Amy a beautiful rose just plucked from the garden. As she took it from his hand and smiled into his eyes he was somehow emboldened to speak.

"I want you, Amy," he said, "always to stay here with me; and, loving each other dearly, we shall find part of our happiness in remembering the past."

Mrs. Mark had been the first of the family to perceive what was going on, and to approve of it in her practical fashion.

"I declare those two children," she said to her husband, "have fallen in love over again, and with each other! Nothing could be better; for, after all, Amy is poor Grenville's widow, and has a sort of right to the Manor. Our dear boy would be so glad for her to have it!"

"I suppose you are right," replied Mark, slowly; though to him the notion, thus suddenly presented, was exceedingly distasteful, since he had been particularly fond of his late nephew.

"Wouldn't it be worse," argued the lady, who divined her husband's thoughts, "if this young man, who will soon be taking possession of the Manor, brought a complete stranger here?"

"Yes, I suppose it would," agreed Mark, reluctantly.

"You see," went on his optimistic help-mate, "there need be no change at the Manor: Sylvester can just live on there to the end. And, Mark, Amy, in her way, is a very beautiful character."

"There is one objection," suggested Mark. "A dispensation will be required for their marriage, and I don't know how Sylvester will take that."

"Since the Church grants it," Mrs. Mark declared, "we need not be more strict; and, really, they are no relation to each other."

"Amy is the widow of Harry's second cousin," Mark observed. Then he added with a sigh: "And if a dispensation had to be got, why could it not have been for Phyllis?"

"My dear husband, the case is entirely different. And I thought you were too wise for vain regrets. Besides, Phyllis would have to be made over again before she could be happy in the matrimonial state. Any one who doubts that it is a clear case of vocation has only to see her behind that grating and to hear her laugh. Really it was beautiful a week ago when I brought Flaherty and his wife and Nurse Williams up to see her. They were all in tears at first. Nurse Williams always cries. I scolded her, and threatened never to bring her there again. But very soon Phyllis had them laughing as if they were so many children. On the way home Flaherty said: 'Sure she's like one of God's beautiful angels!' And Nurse Williams sobbed: 'She's just my own lamb, as sweet and as natural like as when she was a child.'"

"I know all that," said Mark; "and I only mean that it would have been so happy a solution of all difficulties."

"Does life ever offer a happy solution of all difficulties?" inquired Mrs. Mark. "Don't we see things always getting tangled up and into a regular snarl? Besides, you forget that Phyllis was Harry's cousin, and that she would never

have overlooked that obstacle, even if Sylvester would have consented."

"It is true," said Mark; "and of course I am only having my grumble out."

"As to these two young creatures," Mrs. Mark resumed, "I feel very thankful that matters are likely to turn out as they are doing. Amy was too young a woman, and not at all the type, to devote herself to perpetual widowhood. And why should she? Our dear Grenville is far beyond the need of earthly companionship or devotion. And if Amy had married some one else, things here would have been worse."

"Oh, I feel the force of all your arguments!" exclaimed Mark, laughing; but it was not quite the jovial laugh of old, which was heard comparatively seldom now. "You have a remarkable talent for making the best of things."

"Because I always try to look at them in a common-sense light," Mrs. Mark answered complacently. "Many lives are spoiled by mere sentiment—by striving to recall what is gone forever, or by struggling against the inevitable."

Mark did not argue the matter further; but, despite his wife's fine logic, he murmured to himself, as he strolled discontentedly through his grounds and looked wistfully in the direction of the Manor:

"Poor Sylvester! He and Petronilla will feel this. And it goes against the grain to see any one take Grenville's place."

Mrs. Mark made it her business to broach the subject to Angela Watkin, who, with her husband, was occasionally added to the Manor circle, especially for Sunday or a week end. On that particular occasion, they were guests at Mark's house. Angela, who may have had some shrewd suspicion of the turn affairs were taking, received the intimation, bluntly put, in characteristic fashion. It excited in her a curious blending of emotions. It gratified in the first place, that settled, if unacknowledged, resentment against Phyllis which had always remained in her mind on account

of the place which the latter had occupied in the estimation of John Watkin, and still more of Harry Birmingham. That paragon of women, she argued, had been replaced in her suitor's affections just like any ordinary being. She felt that it would be satisfactory to impart such intelligence to her tactless John, who had too plainly permitted her to see, through all his devotion to herself, the unique place which Phyllis had held in his admiration.

Angela's second thought was one of acute disappointment. She had that rare quality of mind which is able to apprise dispassionately even that which one dislikes. She had, therefore, always appreciated Phyllis at her full value, and would have seen her united to her son with entire satisfaction, in the belief that, through her, he would have reached his highest level. She was conscious, therefore, of a distinct sense of disappointment in Harry, as those of a certain quality of mind must always be disappointed when the one beloved sinks below their ideal. She felt that it was a commonplace ending for a person whom she had endowed with the most exalted attributes. It made Harry seem like a very ordinary young man indeed, despite all his fine enthusiasms, to have fallen in love in so prosaic a fashion, after having stretched upward to rarefied heights. And it may be remarked that, from her first glimpse of Amy, Angela had been disposed to underrate her, and to minimize even her best qualities. Just at the moment she was less than ever disposed to regard her with any indulgence. She expressed to Mrs. Mark a qualified approval of the idea; but to John Watkin she observed laughingly, and with a touch of that cynicism which had been less conspicuous of late:

"So much for love's young dream, my John! Another of your sex has descended from the angelic to the purely human sphere."

"Why, Amy is a fine young woman,"

John answered; "and you don't expect Harry to stay single forever."

"Of course not, you dear soul!" said Angela. "Only one gets a shock sometimes when the expected happens. And it seems a little strange to me, John, that two such men as Grenville and my son should bow down before the commonplace,—especially," she added, with a burst of scornful frankness, "when they had both known Phyllis."

(Conclusion next week.)

St. Hyacinth's Madonna.

ST. HYACINTH is a saint of whom little is generally known. He lived in the first half of the thirteenth century, and was, like all true sons of St. Dominic, a devoted and loving servant of the Blessed Virgin. It is said that on one occasion she rewarded his filial love and service by addressing to him the following words: "Rejoice, Hyacinth! For my Divine Son has heard thy prayers."

When not absent on his apostolic journeyings throughout Poland, Lithuania, and Pomerania, Hyacinth resided in the convent at Kiew, a large and in olden times important town in what is now part of Russia. At one period the country was overrun by the Tartars, who, like the Huns under Attila in Germany, ravaged the land, spreading desolation and death in their course. When it was known that they were approaching Kiew, there was a general exodus of the inhabitants. Hyacinth, and the community of which he was superior, also prepared for immediate flight.

The enemy was already at the doors and the convent was in flames, when St. Hyacinth hastened into the church to prevent the Blessed Sacrament at least from profanation. As he left the church, carrying the ciborium, he looked up, as was his wont, to the statue of the Mother of God which graced the portal, uttering a few words of salutation. Suddenly he

heard a voice speaking to him from the statue in accents of gentle reproach: "Art thou going to leave me behind, Hyacinth, to be insulted by the heathen?"—"Most willingly would I save thy sacred image from desecration, dearest Mother," the saint replied; "but, alas! it is too heavy for me to carry." The voice said: "Try." Thereupon the saint lifted down the weighty statue without the slightest trouble, and bore it away. It felt as light as a feather.

Accompanied by his fellow-religious, the saint travelled as far as the river Dnieper, which they are said to have crossed dryfoot. Then they no longer feared pursuit. After a wearisome journey, the pious friars reached a house of their Order, where they were hospitably received.

The image to which this pleasing legend is attached is now at Lemberg, in Galicia, where it is greatly venerated by the Poles on account of the numerous miracles wrought at the shrine. It is known as "St. Hyacinth's Madonna," and is honored under the title of Refuge of Sinners. It stands in the Rosary chapel of the Dominican church in the aforementioned town; and every year, on the 7th of January, there is a special festival for it.

The statue is sculptured out of a single block of beautiful alabaster. The figure makes upon the beholder an impression of both majesty and graciousness. The Mother and Child are both crowned. The peculiarity that distinguishes this Madonna is a crucifix, at the right side of the statue, reaching up to the shoulder; the cross is not a usual one, but a tree, to the branches of which the Redeemer is nailed. This is evidently intended to represent the tree of the knowledge of good and evil in Paradise; for the serpent is coiled round the tree, its head resting on the ground, crushed beneath the foot of the Blessed Virgin. Thus we are reminded of Mary's share in the work of Redemption accomplished by her Divine Son, and that consequently she is entitled to share in the homage paid to Him.

An Address that Deserves Attention.

IN quoting, a few weeks ago, a fugitive extract from an address delivered to the students of the Creighton University by the Hon. Martin J. Wade, of Iowa, we remarked that, judged by the passage in question, this address must have been well worth hearing, and that it deserved to be published entire and widely circulated. Since then, through the kindness of an officer of the University, we have had the pleasure of reading all that Judge Wade said on the occasion,—the address being printed in full in the *Creighton Chronicle*, a monthly periodical published by the University.

We were not mistaken in our estimate of this address. It is in every way admirable. After some preliminary remarks about the republican form of government and the founding of the American Republic, the speaker referred to great problems which at times seemed to threaten our national existence. These problems, he declared, have not all been solved. "Thoughtful men of to-day realize that we are passing through a period more important in its effect upon the social, industrial and political future of this country than any period since the Civil War." The discussion of public problems, however, was not the purpose of Judge Wade's address: its object was to emphasize the need of honest men,— "not men who are intellectually honest, but men who are morally honest."

Go into all the large cities; enter the halls of legislation in different States; follow the lobbyist to his private room, where rights and privileges are bought and sold; and then come back into the ranks of the common people and join the cry, "Oh, for honest men!" Go down to Washington, to the Capital of this great nation. Listen to the men who plead for special privileges and special interests, for tax and franchise and subsidy; and you will come back praying that God will speed the day when the money-changers will be scourged from the temple of our liberty. Turn from city and State and nation to the bank and broker's office and the counting room. See that line of depositors as

they stand before the closed door of the bank whose vaults have been emptied by the trusted and respected cashier. Open the door of the broker's office, where some giant of finance is creating wealth by selling stock at par which never cost a dollar except the expense of printing the gilded certificates upon which the ink is scarcely dry. See those railway magnates who buy a railroad for twenty million dollars, and who issue bonds upon the property for every dollar they pay; and then, without investing a dollar, issue and put upon the market and sell thirty million dollars worth of stock, the dividends upon which must be paid by exorbitant rates exacted from an overburdened people. The giant of finance takes from the bank or trust company of which he is an officer the money deposited for safe keeping, and uses it in his business enterprise; and, if his plans fail, the men and women who trusted him are left paupers.

The only remedy for this widespread dishonesty, according to Judge Wade, is a revival of faith in the power and justice of God.

Legislation may aid, but it is not a cure. Prosecutions give satisfaction; but for every man who is condemned a dozen others adopt his methods, believing that they can improve upon his mode of concealment. No, the true remedy, the complete remedy, does not lie in legislation nor in prosecution. The true remedy lies in developing in the hearts of the people the virtue of honesty. Dishonesty will continue until men become thoroughly aroused to the great difference between right and wrong. Schools of philosophy have been founded, systems of ethics have been devised, but no substitute has ever been found for the command, "Thou shalt not steal," which was given unto Moses amidst the thunders and lightnings and the darkness of Sinai. Other commands have been given; teachers have spoken; wise men have said, "Be honest, because it is the best policy." "Be honest, because by being honest you will thrive." But all have failed because the advice, the direction or the appeal did not have God behind it. What this nation needs to-day is a revival of faith in the power and justice of an all-wise God. I am a great believer in the old-fashioned notion of a God, "who holdeth all in the hollow of His hand." I am not recalling this with reference to the salvation of the human soul: I recall it solely with reference to God's place in government—in the social, industrial, financial and political life of the nation.

Deploring the fact that the American people are gradually losing their faith in

God as a factor in human affairs, and maintaining how absolutely essential God is to a nation where freedom and justice are to prevail, Judge Wade declared that there would be no end to the strife between employers and employees—between the rich and the poor—until both were made to realize that the standards of justice set forth in the Gospel are the only ones upon which reliance is to be placed.

Legislation is proposed; wise men propose systems of arbitration, all of which have some virtue, but the struggle will not end. It will never end until employer and employee meet as brothers, each actuated by the eternal principles of justice taught in the gospels of the lowly Nazarene. The master must be honest: his heart must be trained so that it will rebel against taking from a fellowman the labor of his hands without just compensation and fair conditions of labor. The employee must be honest; he must give for what he receives; and he must cease to defraud his employer, not alone because it is against the law, but because back of the law, enacted by legislatures, is the great Code of God, inflexible and unchangeable, eternal. The legislator, the banker, the broker, the railway magnate should understand that they can not fix standards of honesty under which they can rob their fellowmen, either directly or indirectly. They must understand that there is but one standard for rich and poor, high and low, and that is the simple rule, "Thou shalt not steal." This has never been amended or suspended: it is in full force and vigor. But these words mean nothing to the man who merely reads them or hears them. They have meaning only for those who feel them, who realize that back of the command stands a God of Justice.

We learn that Judge Wade represented Iowa in Congress for three years (1903-1905). It is a reproach to his fellow-citizens that he is not still doing so. Men of his stamp are needed everywhere, but nowhere more than in Washington. There is a Turkish proverb which says that an honest man is driven out of ten cities. If, as there is good reason to suppose, this gentleman expressed himself while in Congress as he did at Creighton University, we should find it easy to believe that his stay at the Capital was cut short by political intrigues.

Notes and Remarks.

"I am not myself a Roman Catholic, and never likely to become one," says a writer in the *Westminster Gazette*; "but I can not help seeing that this Church, which puts the service of God as a matter of the most pressing importance in the very foremost place, which refuses to be 'bamboozled' by empty excuses, and listens to no unreal and sham reasons for ignoring the worship of God every Sunday once, as the minimum, is not alone the only Church which has any real hold on her people, but, what is vastly more striking and more significant, holds the men, in every class and at every age. In one word, she is taken seriously. I think we ought to try to learn a lesson from the Church of Rome,—I don't say in theology (that's another thing), but in the methods of the kingdom of God."

Truly there are none so blind as those who will not see. This Protestant person acknowledges that the Catholic Church is true to Christ's teaching, "Seek ye, therefore, first the kingdom of God and His justice"; that she upholds the Commandments, and is the only Church that has a real hold on the people; yet he can not believe that this is the Church founded by Christ, which all men are commanded to hear, and outside of whose pale there is no salvation.

From time to time we have called attention in these columns to the Young Men's Christian Association; and have emphasized our opinion that, while the organization may be, and we doubt not is, an excellent one for Protestants, it is also a good society for Catholic young men to keep out of. A secular journal says of the Association: "It does not seek to take the place of the church, but it is an excellent handmaid and proves a most valuable helpmate." The Protestant church, or collection of churches, is, of course, meant in this statement; and in just so

far as the Y. M. C. A. is a handmaid and helpmate of Protestantism, it is a more or less direct and a consistently earnest antagonist of the Catholic religion. The mere fact that Catholic members of the society are debarred from the privilege of voting, and the easily ascertainable truth that anti-Catholic literature is abundantly in evidence in Y. M. C. A. reading-rooms, should deter a young Catholic with any perceptible amount of self-respect and religious loyalty from joining the organization; and, let it be said incidentally, should also deter prominent Catholics from giving this decidedly sectarian society their financial or moral support.

In some interesting reminiscences of the late Florence Nightingale, a contributor to the London *Tablet* recalls her tribute to the Irish Sisters of Mercy who labored at her side during the horrors of Scutari. Two of that brave little band died at their post, and sleep in unconfined graves upon the heights of Balaklava. Soon after the war was over Miss Nightingale wrote to the head Sister: "I do not presume to express praise or gratitude to you, Reverend Mother; because it would look as though I thought that you had done this work not unto God but unto me. You were far above me in fitness for the general superintendency in worldly talent of administration, and far more in the spiritual qualifications which God values in a superior. My being placed over you was my misfortune, not my fault. What you have done for the work no one can ever say. I do not presume to give you any tribute but my tears." A noble tribute indeed; and, as the *Tablet* writer remarks, not least is it a tribute to Florence Nightingale herself.

The general convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, to be held next month in Cincinnati, promises to be of some interest if of little importance. As

everyone knows, this sect is divided into two principal factions—the Highs and the Lows, known also as the Highs and Drys and the "Lows and Lees." The former do not like the name Protestant Episcopal, and will renew their efforts to get rid of it. Many of the latter are also in favor of changing the official title of the denomination; but they are opposed to the names suggested by the Highs, declaring that the designation "American Catholic Church" especially would excite the scorn or sarcasm of outsiders. The point is sure to be earnestly debated at the coming convention, as in former ones; and is equally sure to be left unsettled. The Open Pulpit canon is another matter over which there will undoubtedly be considerable wrangling. Nobody seems to know exactly what it means or permits; and the fear is that an amendment of any sort would only increase dissatisfaction among the members of the society, and widen the breach between the two factions composing it. The Cincinnati convention may prove interesting, as we have remarked; but it will not be important, for the simple reason that nothing whatever will come of it.

The following bit of sociological wisdom is from an address delivered at the recent English Catholic Congress by a lady, Mrs. Philip Gibbs:

With Catholics, the remedying of social evils is primarily a means to an end, the end being the realization of such a state of affairs on earth that every individual soul has a fair chance of knowing and serving God, and so securing its salvation. Catholic social workers must be ever mindful of the fact that much economic evil is directly due to moral disorder. The principle of many social workers is: "Feed the people; make them happy, and they will become moral." But the Catholic works in accordance with the Gospel precept, "Seek ye, therefore, first the kingdom of God and His justice." A certain amount of prosperity is, of course, essential for decent living, but only as a condition, not as a cause. Otherwise the well-to-do would also do well, and the only evildoers would be the poor. For social work, not only good, pious Catholics are needed, but men and women, no

less good and pious, who have learned to apply their Catholic principles in detail, and who are not afraid to enter the arena of greater or less publicity. Moreover, if their efforts are to be effectual, they must not act as isolated units or in a haphazard fashion: they must combine and have a plan of concerted action.

The whole address from which we have clipped the foregoing extract is a sane, practical exposition of existing needs and feasible remedies therefor; and it increases one's admiration for the Catholic Social Guild of which Mrs. Gibbs is an effective member.

It appears that the present King of England, unlike his father, the late Edward VII., is not a Freemason,—a fact on which, from our viewpoint, he is to be heartily congratulated. The *Catholic Herald of India* quotes a writer in *Capital* to this effect:

King Edward the VII., as Prince of Wales, was, as most people know, a Freemason. The present King has never been initiated into the craft. As to the reason therefor, the story is now being told, and has appeared in print, that his Majesty would not enter the ranks of the Freemasons unless he was fully informed beforehand on the mysteries of the craft. But an exception could not be made even in the case of a member of the royal family; and hence King George has never become a "brother,"—which, if it be true, throws a light on the character of the King. He will not take things for granted.

While there may be no connection between his non-adhesion to the Masonic fraternity and his pronounced unwillingness to take the Declaration Oath that has just been modified, it is permissible to believe that, were he a Freemason, King George's consideration for his Catholic subjects would be considerably less marked.

Among the quaint titles given to the various enterprises, or "works" (*œuvres*), of French missionaries in foreign lands, particular oddity attaches to the "Work of the Little Coffins" in China. An old missionary priest of Kan Sou tells about it in the organ of a Belgian religious Congregation. There is one country, he writes,

where children who die before attaining the use of reason are refused a place in the family graveyard: it is China. Loosely wrapped in a mat, the little bodies are placed in ravines or the beds of rivers, where they are carried away by the waters, or devoured by birds of prey or by wolves. Entering a Chinese house one day, a Christian found the family much moved by the approaching death of the youngest child. On asking permission to baptize it, he was at first refused; but on his promising that, if the parents granted his request, he would furnish a coffin for the little corpse, their consent was readily given. This incident suggested the "Work of the Little Coffins," which was cordially approved by Mgr. Otto, Bishop of Kan Sou, and which has resulted in the baptism of large numbers of dying children.

We noted some time ago the formation of a Catholic Medical Guild by one hundred physicians of Boston. Their example, we are glad to see, is being followed in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. C. Plater writes interestingly on the subject in the *Month*; and we take especial pleasure in reproducing this paragraph, suggestive and pertinent to Catholics everywhere:

The existence of a Catholic Medical Guild may do something to call the attention of the Catholic body to the existence of Catholic doctors. Many Catholics have no need of such a reminder, but there are a very large number who appear to require it. We have all known cases of Catholics of high social position who persistently ignore the local Catholic doctor, not on account of any lack of qualifications on his part, but merely because—well, their motives will scarcely bear investigation. Unfortunately, snobbishness is not always eradicated by the Sacrament of Baptism. These people have no notion of Catholic solidarity. It does not occur to them that the Catholic medical man may have had something to suffer for his Faith. It does not occur to them either that if their Catholic instinct should lead them to support Catholic professional men generally, it should lead them in quite an especial degree to give their support to Catholic doctors. For it is well that, when we commit ourselves so

unreservedly to the guidance of another, we should choose as our guide one who is actuated by those Catholic principles which ought to govern all the conduct of life. The good which can be done by a Catholic doctor is incalculable, and we should make every effort to give Catholic doctors at least a fair field.

There is no advocacy of chauvinism or religious intolerance in the contention that, other things—skill, experience, etc.—being equal, the Catholic patient should give preference to the Catholic doctor.

Preaching some weeks ago at the dedication of a beautiful church under the patronage of Our Lady Star of the Sea at Watson's Bay, N. S. W., his Eminence Cardinal Moran reminded his hearers—mostly Irish or of Irish descent—that during the terrible era of the Penal Laws many suffering exiles of Erin found welcome and refuge in Spain, whose fame for chivalry has never been surpassed; and the venerable preacher proceeded to make a defence of that much-maligned country against the attacks of the anti-Catholic and irreligious press. He referred to the Spaniards as an intelligent, sober, chaste, honest, God-fearing people. The average attendance in the elementary schools of Spain, said his Eminence, was 106 per 1000 of the population, whereas the illiterates of the United States form 30 per cent (Report of 1900); and the number of university students in Spain was greater than that of almost any other country. Drunkenness, divorce, and suicide are practically unknown among the people of the Peninsula. In illustration of their honesty, the Cardinal quoted the testimony of Sir Hiram Maxim, of Maxim gun fame. He has a factory in England and another in the Basque. In the heart of that thoroughly Catholic province such a thing as a lock was unnecessary. By night and by day the doors of the factory and every compartment in it stood open. Referring to this circumstance, Sir Hiram said: "Had this laxity been practised in England, the factory

would have been gutted the first night it was unlocked." It was not surprising, therefore, that when a proselytizing agent called on Sir Hiram Maxim and requested a donation for the "Spanish missions," he not only refused, but declared that he was willing to subscribe instead to any movement that would make the morals of England like those of Spain. (In England and Wales there is one criminal to every 190 of the population; in Spain there is only one to every 10,000). Visitors to most other civilized countries complain of the contagion of vice; a correspondent of the New York *Herald* wrote that in Spain one could with difficulty escape "the contagion of virtue."

Cardinal Moran said in conclusion that the secret of the unceasing torrent of abuse and obloquy poured out in the English and American press upon the Church in Spain was the utter failure of sectarian agencies to make any impression on the faith and piety of the Spanish people. During the past eighty years millions of Bibles, Testaments, and tracts had flooded the cities and country districts of Spain; hundreds of agents had been engaged in carrying on the work of proselytism; nevertheless, the latest census gave to Spain a Catholic population of about 19,000,000; while the whole number of Protestants was less than 7000, many of whom were the families of the agents, or of those employed by them.

An interview of the editor of the *Catholic Register*, of Toronto, with Mr. G. Van Der Shueren, American correspondent of the *Tijd*, the leading Catholic daily of Amsterdam, affords further information concerning the progress and prospects of the Church in Holland. First-hand facts like the following are of special interest and significance:

In Holland just now we have somewhat unusual conditions. Catholics and Protestants have united against the Liberals, and I think it is the only country in the world where such is the case. In the beginning the Catholics

worked with the Liberals for free schools; but the latter, as might be expected, went too far with the Liberal programme, and the Catholics were forced to cut loose from them. Then one of Holland's leading priests, Dr. Schaepman, conceived the idea of a union with earnest Protestants for the purpose of safeguarding Christian education. Dr. Kuyper led the Protestant forces, and an understanding was arrived at, which has lasted ever since. This was about twenty years ago, and this working programme has saved Catholic schools for our people in Holland. . . . Out of this strange political union have come two kinds of schools—viz., public and religious schools. Whilst I can not give the figures accurately, the fact stands to-day that every Catholic child, living even in the most remote places, can have the advantage of a Catholic education. . . . Another feature of Catholic life in Holland is the enormous number of missionaries which we have sent out to foreign countries. Almost every foreign mission society has a branch house in Holland, and vocations for the missions are very numerous. . . .

Catholics are now working more along social than educational lines. This, of course, is to offset Socialism, which has been making considerable progress. Catholic unions have been formed all over the country, for the study of social questions, somewhat after the manner of the Volks-Verein in Germany. There are Catholic co-operative associations of every kind, and covering every line of industry. A very strong and successful campaign has been waged against the evils of intemperance, which is the country's predominant vice.

Thus it appears that the Catholics of Holland are very much alive both to their needs and their opportunities.

Commenting on a Rev. Mr. Leitch's appeal to the Presbyterians of Ireland for funds to establish Protestantism in France and other Continental countries, the *London Catholic Times* has this to say:

It is not the first nor the fiftieth time that such an appeal has been addressed to Protestants. The most roseate pictures have been painted of the prospects of Protestantism in France, Italy, and Spain. Vast sums of money have been contributed with a view to the propagation of sectarianism in those lands. What has been the result? The missionaries who preach Protestantism make no impression on the people. Their sermons are not listened to, and unbelievers never fail to tell them that, if they accepted Christianity, it would not be in a

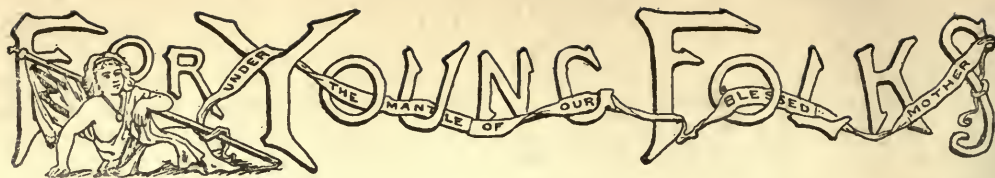
mangled and truncated form, but as presented by the ancient Church. Protestantism has always been a failure on the Continent, and at present its failure is more manifest than ever.

What Mr. Leitch styles "in some respects the most pressing and important mission work of this century, the saving of these civilized nations of Europe from permanent infidelity and atheism," will certainly never be effected by the Evangelical churches. The Gallic and Latin minds are too logical to tarry at any such halfway house to Rationalism as Protestantism has proved to be. When they decide to give up the true Church, they become nothingarians. They 'may lose their faith but not their reason.'

Consulted recently by a Catholic in whom the virus of Modernism had begun to produce its usual noxious effects, M. Izoulet, a French Protestant of note, wrote at some length on the futility of both Modernism and unbelief, concluding with this declaration:

Speaking for myself, though outside the pale of the Church, I strongly advise you to remain within it. I have endeavored to show you that, as your affections still bind you to the Church, your intelligence will not constrain you to leave it. Above all things, don't flatter yourself with the thought that you will be happy amongst us. After receiving the first approvals and felicitations, you will look in vain for brothers amongst a dispersed multitude. You will find that our liberty is only isolation in the void. In mournful resignation, we lead a life which is not really a happy one; and in the endeavor to distract ourselves, if possible, our intellect is but of little assistance. It occasionally happens that we indulge in laughter, and those are our happiest moments. But joy is not associated with incredulity.

Thoughtless members of the Church sometimes speak as if freedom from the restraint of her precepts and the Commandments of God would insure the joy of life; but the self-confessed experience of those who have never acknowledged such restraint belies the anticipation. In our day, as in St. Augustine's, "our hearts are disquieted until they rest, O God, in Thee!"



On Our Lady's Birthday.

BY F. O.

STRIP the garden of its treasure,
Weave a wreath of flowerets gay:
'Tis a day of holy pleasure,—
'Tis our Mother's natal day.

Jesus calls Himself our Brother,
God the Father's Offspring true;
Then, since Mary was His Mother,
Mary is our Mother too.

Where would be our hopes of heaven,
Where Redemption's destined way,
But for her in mercy given
To her parents' prayer this day?

Sandy Joe.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XIV.—IN THE WARD OF THE ANGEL GUARDIAN.

JOE drifted through a long, long stretch of darkness, breaking gradually into troubled visions of black chasms and dizzy heights,—back into a dream world, whose shores seemed strangely pleasant and new. He was conscious of a delicious feeling of comfort and rest unknown in his brief experience; vaguely aware of low voices and soothing touches; sweet music stole faintly to his ear; there was a fragrance as of far-off flowers, but he was too drowsy to think or care.

Slowly light and sound cleared for him, until one wintry evening his blue eyes opened on the shaft of sunset light trembling on the snowy little bed in which he lay, weak and helpless indeed, but quite wide-awake again. He looked around him. Twenty other beds, equally small

and snowy, stretched along the sides of the wide room, in the centre of which arose a tall white-winged figure that held Joe's wondering gaze. An angel surely,—the angel of whom he had thought and dreamed; to whom, in his simple, untaught way, he had prayed. Ah! he must be dreaming still, he felt; as, too tired to think things out, he closed his eyes wearily on the beautiful vision. It would fade away, he knew; for all these dream pictures did.

But in a little while his eyes unclosed and the angel still stood there white and strong and lovely, his arm around a little child clinging to his side, a vase of roses at his feet. And then a sweet-faced lady in a queer white bonnet brought Joe a glass of milk, and lifted his head gently while he drank its every drop. Oh, how good it was,—how rich and smooth and sweet!

"Who are you?" asked Joe, as she laid him back on his pillow. "And who—who—" (he pointed with trembling finger at the white figure) "who is that?"

"Ah, you are better this evening," said the lady, putting her soft hand on his brow and smiling pleasantly. "I am Sister Patricia, who is nursing you, my dear boy; and that is the good Angel Guardian, in whose ward you have been all this week. Now we must talk no more, or you will be worse again. Go to sleep."

And the soft hand seemed to soothe Joe off once more into pleasant dreams. When he woke again Sister Patricia was gone, but the Angel stood watching still. It was dark now in the long room, except for a pale light like a star that burned before the Angel. And in the shadow and silence Joe's wits began to work.

Where was he? What was he doing here? Why was he lying in this white bed in the Angel's care? Was he dead and

could this be heaven? At the thought Joe started up from his pillow, but fell back again with a little moan of weakness and pain.

"Hallo!" came a low voice through the darkness. "Hallo, redhead! Are you awake too?"

"Yes," answered Joe, immensely relieved by the "earthiness" of the greeting.

"So am I. My back gets so bad sometimes I can't sleep and it's against the rules to talk," came the whispered information. "But it's so lonesome staying awake in the dark; and if you speak low she won't hear."

"Who won't hear?" asked Joe, with his eye on the watching Angel.

"Sister Pat that's been nursing you. She's been nursing me, too; though it's no good, the doctors say. I'm down and out for good and all. Run over by the cars last summer. Both legs gone and my back queer. Been in the hospital six months and a half yesterday."

The hospital! This, then, was a hospital! Joe's wits began to clear rapidly. A hospital! Then—then he must have been hurt, too.

"I'm in a plaster jacket now," continued his informer. "That's what keeps me awake at night. You can't sleep good in a plaster jacket, try as you may."

"Am I in a plaster jacket, too?" asked Joe, nervously.

"You! Why, no!" An unmistakable boyish chuckle came through the darkness. "I guess you're loony yet. Don't you know what's the matter with you? You tumbled off a fire escape in the dark, and hurt your head. Mr. Wynn, that paints pictures, brought you here and said it was his fault telling you to go down that way. You had brought him up his supper, and so he'd pay all the damages."

"Bobby! Bobby!" A sweet but firm voice broke in upon this interesting conversation. "I hear you talking. It is against the rules, as you know. Be quiet now, and try to go to sleep."

And Bobby relapsed into silence and darkness again; for in the Ward of the Guardian Angel "Sister Pat's" gentle word was law.

But Joe's wits were working free of confusing fogs now. He could not sleep even at Sister Patricia's command. With wide-open eyes he lay upon his soft pillow, remembering all things. Slowly but surely the past came back to him like a picture unfolding gradually in the darkness,—the midnight errand, the climb up the fire escape, the angry talk, the artist's supper. He had fallen, Bobby had said,—missed his foothold and fallen, and they had brought him here.

It was a nice place,—'the nicest he had ever struck.' The opinion grew upon Joe as the days and nights went on and he still lingered in the soft bed, with Sister Patricia varying the sweet milk with broths and jelly and custard, and Bobby's little pale, peaked face smiling from a neighboring pillow, and the white Angel watching over all. For a while it tired Joe to talk: he could only think. But what busy thinking it was, especially at night when all was shadow and silence, except Sister Patricia's soft footfall as she paced the ward saying her Rosary, and the light of the silver lamp at the Angel's feet! How the old life from which he seemed to have slipped stood out clear and distinct in that starry gleam!

He recalled Gran, Jackie, the old home with its rickety stove and smoking lamp, the windy corner, old Parley Voo, Mrs. Bryan's cosy fireside, the fight with Bill Butler, the supper at Father More's. But clearest, strongest, most vividly of all came back the memory of that last night when, standing breathless, terror-stricken in the dark hallway of the Romaine, he had heard the fierce, angry conversation between Mr. Louis Lamont and his visitor. The words that had been echoing in his mind when he fell seemed to sound a constant refrain through the long silent hours in the ward of the Angel Guardian. Sometimes, when half asleep, he fancied

they came from the lips of the white figure watching in the darkness,—Lisette, Jacqueline, Mr. Harper, Lamont—that was the name shouted at the door when the gay crowd came down to call its owner. Louis Lamont! It was Mr. Louis Lamont who had cursed so dreadfully when the man had asked him for money—*more* money to take the child away.

Louis Lamont, Lisette, Jacqueline, Mr. Harper! And then the names would sound all over again in Sandy Joe's tired ears. It was as if the white-winged Angel, always standing there, with the little child clinging to his side, were teaching Joe a lesson he must not forget. But he was growing stronger now every day. Broths and jellies had given way to chicken and chops; he sat up, wrapped in a soft blue gown, and chatted with Bobby, and learned all about plaster jackets. Then one morning Sister Patricia brought him his own jacket, mended and patched, and told him he could now dress up and go home.

"Home! Where is home?" Joe wondered vaguely. Bobby had a mother, who came every other day and cried over him. Bobby had aunts and cousins, whom Sister Patricia found it difficult to repress. Bobby had a home in the country, where there were chickens and cows and a white horse named Dobbin. There were hours of weakness when Bobby wept over the plaster jacket and dried his eyes surreptitiously on the sheet, as plucky boys in plaster jackets must.

"My, but you're lucky!" he said wistfully, as Joe stood beside his bed to say good-bye. "Wished it was me going home like you!"

Sister Patricia patted Bobby's curly head. She knew the only home Bobby would ever see was that to which the white Angel must lead.

"Be a good boy, Joe," she said in her kind, cheery voice; "and come to see us sometimes. And here is something Mr. Wynn left for you. He sailed for Italy last week. He told me when you got well

to give you this to make up for the fall you got bringing him his farewell supper."

She handed a crisp new note to Joe. He looked at it and gasped. Twenty dollars,—twenty dollars! The other money he had collected for old Parley Voo had been safely pinned in his mended pocket; and this—this was all his own. Twenty dollars to begin the world anew! Joe felt like a millionaire; and, with a grateful good-bye to Sister Patricia, he turned a farewell glance at the white-winged Angel, who seemed to smile like an old friend on him and bid him Godspeed on his boyish way.

"The Lord save us!" Good Mrs. Bryan dropped her flatiron with a bang at sight of the pale, breathless, eager boy that burst joyously into her kitchen. "Joey lad! Joey! God bless you, lad! It's I that am glad to see you out!" And she flung her motherly arms about Joe and sobbed outright. "I was fearing I'd never see you again, Joey, they said you were so bad. And it was against the rules for anybody but born relatives to see you; so, though I've asked at the door every day for a week, I couldn't get up. And you're all right again, Joey dear?"

"Fine!" said Joe. "Legs a little shaky yet, but they'll get all right again soon. My, but they treated me well! And the gentleman that put me in the hospital left twenty dollars for me; so I'm ready to pay up for Jackie, Mrs. Bryan, and get her everything she wants."

"Jackie!" gasped the good woman. "Jackie—I mean Monica Mary!—Sure, Joey darling, don't you know that—"

"No, no! What has happened to Jackie?" asked Joe, breathlessly.

"Sure she's gone! She was taken away by her mother this two weeks back."

"Her mother?" Joe dropped, white and trembling, into the nearest chair. "Jackie's mother, Mrs. Bryan?"

"Her born mother," repeated Mrs. Bryan, sinking into her own rocker in a stress of feeling she could not restrain.

"Sure you may know if it was anything but a born mother the darling would never have crossed that door; for I loved her almost like my own. It was her own mother that took her; though, between you and me, Joe, it's a queer mother that would leave the bit of a creature like that to go travelling over the world with any husband ever born. But it was her second husband, she said; and he had to go to furrin parts, and he couldn't be troubled with so young a child; and she had neither kith nor kin of her own, so she had left her with poor Gran, who was decent enough in those days."

"She was,—that's right!" said Joe, recalling the little cottage of five years ago, while his head whirled with the sudden shock of Mrs. Bryan's news. Jackie gone,—gone from him forever!

"Sure I suppose it was all right enough," said Mrs. Bryan, reluctantly; "and she was a ladylike person, I will say, if she *was* French."

"French? Was she French?" asked Joe, trying to still the whirl in his head.

"She has been looking for the child these twelve months, she says, and could not get a trace of her (which may be Gospel truth, Joey, as you know), until she read in the paper of the poor old woman's accident, and then she followed her up. It was the husband that was here asking questions the very day you fell."

"Jackie's bad-dream man," said Joe.

"Sure he was that, and it was sore against her will the little creature went with them," said the good woman tearfully. "But I had no right to keep her, I knew. She took to neither of them, poor darling! Mr. Pierre Rochon nor Mrs.—what was it the man called her? Some furrin name—Susette or Lisette."

"Lisette!" Joe's whirling brain suddenly seemed to stand still as if steadied by an electric shock. "Lisette! Did you say Lisette, Mrs. Bryan?"

"Sure that was what he called her

when she took all of a tremble at sight of the child; and he lost his temper with her, as I could see. And it was Jacqueline they called the child, though I told them she had been christened Monica Mary."

"Jacqueline—Lisette!" interrupted Joe, starting to his feet. "O Mrs. Bryan!"

"Joey, darling, what is it?" For the boy stood gasping and shaking like one striving for speech. "Joey—God have mercy on us!—are you getting bad again? What is it lad,—what is it?"

"They stole her!" cried Joe, with a choking sob. "They stole her, Mrs. Bryan! Jackie isn't their little girl at all. A man paid them to steal her away,—paid them hundreds of dollars!"

"Joey, Joey, whisht! Be easy! It's the fever that's on you again, poor lad! There now! Sit down, dear!"

"Oh, I can't—I can't," repeated Joe, desperately. "They stole her, Mrs. Bryan! O Jackie, poor little Jackie! Where was that watching angel when he let them steal poor little Jackie away?" And Joe turned his face to the wall and, for the first time since his mother's death, burst into a wild tempest of sobs and tears.

"Joey darling, sure they let you out of bed too soon! You're only dreaming, Joe!"

"No! no! no!" Joe brushed the tears away, and, with a hoarse, passionate sob, turned to the bewildered woman. "I'm not dreaming, Mrs. Bryan. I heard all about Jacqueline and Lisette and Mr. Harper and everything. I heard Mr. Lamont swearing and cursing in the darkness. I heard them say Gran was dead. I heard the man say he would take the child for three hundred dollars. They've stolen her, Mrs. Bryan,—they've stolen poor little Jackie sure. And there's no one to stand up for her but me, and I'm a going to do it. I'm going to find little Jackie, Mrs. Bryan, and take her away from the bad-dream man and Lisette. I am going to find her and bring her back if—if it kills me—kills me dead!"

The King and the Musician.

A king who was extremely fond of music of every kind once took a novel way of appointing his court musician. He gave out that he required a clever instrumental performer, and promised a large salary and many high distinctions to the man who should successfully qualify himself for the post. As might be expected, hundreds tried for the situation. The King was unable to choose one from among such a number, so he asked his prime minister to select six of the best. His Majesty then fixed upon an odd plan to decide which was the cleverest.

He ordered the musicians to be sent to him one at a time. As each came into his presence, he requested the candidate to perform on an old lute which was so damaged that only very poor music could be obtained from it. The musicians were astonished when they were requested to play on so sorry an instrument; and, after a vain attempt the first five all declared they were unable to bring any music out of it.

Strange to say, the sixth and last musician who came played through from beginning to end a piece of music which he had composed himself; but at the close, he said to the King:

"I am afraid, your Majesty, that I have not made much 'good music' for you; but, if you will give me leave to fetch my own lute which I left in the hall, I will try to do better, as I am more accustomed to that."

"Never mind," said the King, "you are the only musician who has succeeded in performing at all upon my old cracked instrument. The other applicants gave up after a first attempt. I had that old lute put there on purpose, to see what each one of you could do with it. I shall appoint you my court musician, for your behavior and talent please me; and I am sure that he who is able to perform on so indifferent an instrument,

can likewise bring forth sweet sounds from a good one."

The delighted musician then thanked the King for his kindness, and promised to do his best to please him.

This fable has a general application; for many persons have to work under immense disadvantages and with imperfect tools. But the best any one can do is all that can reasonably be required.

Singing Mountains.

In certain parts of the world are mountains and hills which are said by the natives to sing. In the Pyrenees certain cliffs emit plaintive sounds resembling the strains of a harp. Two other cliffs in the same chain are called the "snorers." When the wind is in the southwest they send forth a peculiar sound, not altogether musical. The faces of these cliffs are marked by deep gullies open in front, which may be compared to the pipes of an organ. At certain times a stratum of air, held between the cliffs and bordering trees, closes the openings, while the wind blows freely between through the gullies, or organ pipes, behind. Hence the music that is heard.

Humboldt refers to the musical stones of the Orinoco. At the confluence of the Orinoco and the Rio Meta are granite cliffs which sing at sunrise. The music is caused by the rush of the expanding air through fissures partially closed by mica. In Hawaii is a sandbank fifty feet high, which, when the hand is moved about in the loose sand, produces a sound like that of a melodeon. If the observer slides down the hill on his back, dragging both hands in the sand, the sound becomes almost as loud as thunder. Upon examination, it is found that each grain is perforated by a narrow canal, usually closed at one end.

Many other examples might be cited. In all of them Nature makes use of principles which have been adopted by man in the creation of musical sounds.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A biography of Mario, the great singer, by his daughter, Mrs. Godfrey Pearse, and Mr. Frank Hird, is announced for early publication by Messrs. Smith & Elder.

—An edition of "The Imitation of Christ," adapted with a view to its use in high school and academic classes, is the latest addition to Macmillan & Co.'s Pocket American and English Classics. The volume is edited with an Introduction and notes by Brother Leo, F. S. C., professor of English Literature in St. Mary's College, Oakland, Cal.

—Alice Dease was well inspired when she decided to translate from the French "A Priest and His Boys" (R. & T. Washbourne). Though the environment and national habits of the boys concerned are different from those of English and American youths, the psychology of boyhood is much the same the world over; so our own young folk, and their parents as well, will derive both pleasure and profit from the interesting volume.

—Little, Brown & Co. have just published an important new book by Mr. George Wharton James on the Grand Canyon of Arizona. No one is more familiar with that great natural wonder of America than Mr. James. Annually for nearly twenty years he has explored this region, camping in its various parts, and making a careful study of its manifold features. He has written and lectured on the Grand Canyon, and now he has produced a book about it, called "The Grand Canyon of Arizona: How to See It." Besides his wealth of information presented in a concise and comprehensive manner, the volume contains nearly one hundred views, diagrams and maps.

—After correctness, the most desirable feature of a liturgical book is convenience. These qualities, with elegance and durability, all in an eminent degree, will be found in F. Pustet & Co.'s new small folio missal, which is, beyond comparison, the best one for ordinary use that we have ever seen. Binding, paper, and print leave nothing to be desired, while the arrangement of parts is carried to the highest perfection. To mention only one improvement—a convenience for which every priest fortunate enough to secure a copy of this edition will be forever grateful,—certain prayers at the beginning and end of the missal are repeated where they can more readily be found, and indicated like the pages of the Canon. Another feature greatly to be commended is the harmonization of the

frontispieces, head and tail pieces, initials, etc., with the text. Even the width and color of the corded silk markers have been carefully considered. But this missal must be used to be thoroughly appreciated. It is hard to see how it could be improved upon; and it is hard also to understand how so large, so beautiful, and so durable a book can be sold for thirteen dollars. Probably the publishers expect to sell a large number of copies. We sincerely hope that their expectations will be realized.

—A new series of Catholic biography which should have a wide welcome is soon to be issued by Longmans, Green & Co. The subject will be the Lives of some of the principal canonized saints of the Orders of St. Francis and St. Dominic, several of which have never been written in English, and the greater number of which, comparatively speaking, are little known to English-speaking Catholics. The series will be under the general editorship of C. M. Antony, the author of a number of excellent books well known to Catholic readers. The aim of the biographers will be to furnish Lives which will appeal to the simple as well as to the learned; which will be read with interest by the great mass of Catholics, but which may yet be used as books of reference. The series will be attractively bound; each volume will have a frontispiece (if possible a reproduction of an authentic portrait of the saint), and will be sold at a price which will bring it within the reach of all. The first six volumes will be: "St. Pius V.," by C. M. Antony; "St. Raymond of Pennafort," by Father Thos. Schwertner, O. P.; "St. Thomas Aquinas," by Father Placid Conway, O. P.; "St. Bonaventure," by Father Leo, O. F. M.; "St. John Capistran," by Father Vincent, O. F. M.; and "St. Anthony of Padua," by C. M. Antony.

—We are sorry to be obliged to disappoint many persons who apply to us for information on a variety of subjects of special interest and importance to them,—all the more sorry because in numerous cases the desired references to books, reviews, magazines, etc., are required to meet some urgent need. But our correspondents should consider that we do not undertake to conduct an information bureau, and be mindful of our limitations of time, space, and other things not a few. Works of reference seem to have a way of hiding themselves at night; while smaller books, pamphlets, etc., often exchange places, or keep their backs turned to one. It is a pleasure to us whenever we can immediately lay hands on a volume

calculated to be of special service to some correspondent. To a writer interested in the pre-Columbian discovery of America and the alleged visits of the Northmen to Rhode Island, we can recommend a work published a few years ago by the Rev. Joseph Fischer, S. J., and translated (from the German) by Basil H. Soulsby, B. A., Hon. Sec. of the Hakluyt Society,—“The Discoveries of the Norsemen in America, With Special Relation to their Early Cartographical Representation.” (B. Herder, publisher; price, \$2.) This is doubtless the most searching inquiry into the discoveries of the Norsemen that has ever been made. Our correspondent will learn that the so-called “Norse tower” at Newport, R. I., has no scientific standing, being but the remains of a wind-mill built about 1670–1680, by Governor Arnold. Summing up in brief the result of previous researches, Father Fischer arrives at certain definite facts, as follows:

The Norsemen for centuries possessed tolerably thriving colonies in Greenland. For this we have historical, geographical and cartographical proof, supported by Papal Briefs and the accounts of the Papal Legates; and there are also the numerous ruins of churches, homesteads, and other buildings, besides numbers of Norse relics. Wineland, Markland and Helluland—in short, the continent of America,—were only occasionally visited, but were not colonized as intended. Every theory in support of a lasting colonization of Wineland has proved untenable; and, most important of all, no amount of research has brought to light any Norse remains or Norse ruins.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

“Père Jean and Other Stories.” Aileen Hingston 70 cts., net.

“Christian Symbolism.” Mrs. Henry Jenner. \$1.

“Heavenwards.” Mother Mary Loyola. \$1.25.

“De Ponte's Meditations.” Vol. VI. \$1.80.

“Handbook of Practical Economics.” J. Schrijvers. \$1.35.

“The Laws of the King; or, Talks on the Commandments.” A Religious of the Holy Child. 60 cts.

“Cardinal Mercier's Conferences.” \$1.50.

“St. Francis de Sales: A Study of the Gentle Saint.” Louise M. Stackpoole-Kenny. \$1.10.

“The Boys of St. Batt's.” R. P. Garrold, S. J. 80 cts.

“Meditations for Each Day of the Month of June.” Charles Santley. 60 cts.

“Astronomical Essays.” Rev. George V. Leahy, S. T. L. \$1.

“Sunlight and Shadow.” P. M. Northcote. \$1.

“The Beginnings of the Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes, A. D. 754–1073.” Mgr. L. Duchesne, D. D. \$2.

“A Compendium of Catechetical Instruction.” Vols. I. and II. \$4.50.

“A Private Retreat for Religious.” Rev. Peter Geiermann, C. SS. R. \$1.50.

“Life's Little Day.” D. J. Scannell O'Neill. 25 cts.

“So as by Fire.” Jean Connor. \$1.25.

“Brownie and I.” Richard Aumerle. 85 cts.

“The Formation of Character.” Rev. Ernest Hull, S. J. 15 cts.

“A Bunch of Girls.” “Shan.” 50 cts.

“The First Great Canadian.” Charles B. Reed. \$2.

“History of the Society of Jesus in North America.” Thomas Hughes, S. J. Documents: Vol. I., Part II., \$4.50.

“Buds and Blossoms.” Rt. Rev. Charles H. Colton, D. D. \$1.25.

“The Christ Child.” M. C. Olivia Keiley. 75 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Franz Goller, of the archdiocese of St. Louis; Rev. William Futterer, diocese of Alton; Rev. Henry Disselkamp, diocese of Scranton; Rev. Edward McClary, diocese of Harrisburg; and Rev. Nazarius Kaiser, O. F. M.

Mother Mechtildes, of the Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. E. P. Landers, Mr. J. A. Thornhill, Mrs. Michael Sheehan, Miss Olivia Tong, Mr. James Murray, Mrs. Mary Halfinan, Mr. Timothy Crowley, Mr. Patrick Cavanaugh, Mr. Alexius Golden, Mr. B. F. Odjorne, Mr. Paul Prendergast, Mr. Paul Fusz, Mrs. Margaret Codd, Mrs. Ellen Donovan, Mr. S. A. Kester, Master Marion McGinnis, Mr. Joseph Trunzer, Miss Elizabeth McDonnell, Mrs. Mary Winter, Mr. John King, Mr. Louis Questa, Mr. Michael Reardon, Mr. William Kramer, Mr. C. Murphy, Jr., Mr. Joseph Voerg, Mr. J. M. Halpin, Mr. James Murray, and Mr. L. W. Havlik.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXXI NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 17, 1910. NO. 12

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

Mater Gloriosa, Mater Dolorosa.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

☉ MAIDEN glorious, crownèd with the stars,
Whose feet upon the crescent moon are set!
Art thou the same whose cheeks with tears
are wet?
Whose heart is wounded with the seven scars?
O Queen, whose courtiers are the Cherubim,
Whose majesty the halls of heaven doth fill!
Canst thou be one with her of Calvary's hill—
The Mother mourning for the world and Him?
Behold the malice of our sins! How low
The holiest spirit by their weight is bowed;
And she, with every gift of grace endowed,
Must taste the bitterness of all our woe!

Passion Plays in India.

BY J. F. S.

THIS year the minds not of Catholics only, but of most educated people in Europe and America, are turned to the mountain village in Bavaria where the great drama of our Redemption is being represented each Sunday and greater holiday from Pentecost to Michaelmas. The subject of mystery plays, therefore, is one that will appeal to many thoughtful people at this time. The existence of such dramas at the present day, elsewhere than at Oberammergau, is likely to awaken exceptional interest. The moral and spiritual effect of such representations on Christians is beyond all controversy; and

the crowds that flock to Oberammergau seem to prove that their attractive power is not less in this twentieth century than in the far-away past. It is well known that the Bavarian village, though it happens to be the most famous, does not stand alone in the periodical performance of the Passion Play: the privilege is shared by the Tyrol and the Böhmer Wald, and it may be by other parts of Europe. But probably few Catholics are aware that, with a view to bringing home the mysteries of the Faith to minds undeveloped as yet in spiritual things, such performances are in use in the foreign mission field of the Church.

The Fathers of the Society of Jesus, both in their colleges and in their foreign missions, have always realized the immense possibilities of the drama for moral and spiritual ends. India possesses a whole literature, for the most part unpublished, of old mystery and Passion plays, the last being still performed during Holy Week in Southern India and Ceylon. The mission among the Kols in Western Bengal—still in its early days—has followed the old tradition, thanks to the loving solicitude and scholarly care of Father J. B. Laurent, S. J., who, when incapacitated by illness from the usual work of the mission, devoted an undesired but compulsory time of inaction to providing, as a means both of instruction and conversion, such popular representations.

An account of the Passion Play performed not long since in the town of Ranchi, the capital of the province of Chota-Nagpur, may then not be without

interest to the readers of *THE AVE MARIA*.
 "It is toward six o'clock in the evening. The short tropical twilight will soon have turned to the blackness of night, but the streets are crowded. Christians and non-Christians are thronging in hundreds to the great church which has been in building for a number of years, and has just been roofed in. Where the high altar will eventually stand a large stage has been erected, divided by a curtain into two parts. The space in front represents a square and street; the space behind the curtain is chiefly used for scenes that require an interior. The moon, almost full, now hides itself behind the clouds, now bathes the great building in silver radiance. Immediately in front of the stage the Catholic school-children, about 700 in number, are squatted on mats. Behind them sit his Grace the Archbishop of Calcutta, Mgr. Meuleman, S. J.; the Provincial of the Belgian Jesuits, who is in Chota-Nagpur for his visitation; the Fathers of the mission; and the chief people of Ranchi, both ladies and gentlemen. The rest of the building is packed with a crowd of Catholics, Protestants, Mohammedans, and pagans.

Half-past six strikes. A moment of absolute silence is solemnly broken by the voices of a selected choir, who in their own tongue exhort those present to penitent devotion:

Mingle your tears, ye Christians,
 With God's own Precious Blood;
 He for your sins does penance
 In anguish on the Rood.

Before that untold Sorrow
 Turn not your hearts away;
 Give Him your loving service
 In life, in death, for aye.

The curtain rises on the assembled Sanhedrin. Caiphas, the chief priests, the scribes and ancients, are seated in their official robes. Longinus, the captain of the Temple Guard, leads in the man born blind, to whom Our Lord has given sight. The priests shower words of abuse on the poor man, ascribe the worst motives

to him, try to explain away his cure as a mere fraud, and finally drive him from the council chamber. At that moment in the far distance is heard the cry: "Hosanna to the Son of David!" The assembly is startled; the man who was healed steps forward and looks out. "It is He! Hosanna to the Son of David!" breaks uncontrolled from his heart and lips.

And now appear on the stage a multitude of people; some strew palms, others spread their garments on the road, others again wave brightly flaring torches. Green and red Bengal lights are kindled; and, while the choir sings a solemn hymn of entry, the Christus appears, surrounded by jubilant children. It is a truly Oriental progress; and the impression given, as the one hundred and twenty performers march three times across the stage, is that of a great procession. Jesus goes on foot beneath a canopy. The ass provided at the general rehearsal was so terrified at the shouts of "Hosanna!" that he utterly refused to stir; it was therefore arranged that the entry should be made in the manner of the lesser Indian potentates.

The members of the Sanhedrin are filled with hatred and wild rage. The shout of "Death!" grows ever louder. "Did He not call us whited sepulchres, blind who lead the blind, a brood of serpents?" Joseph of Arimathea begs for silence, and calmly declares that they must adhere to the law. The high priest Caiphas excitedly breaks out: "What do you understand of such things?" And, lifting his voice, he cries: "It is better for one man to die than for all the nation to perish."—"God Himself has spoken by thy mouth," responds Annas. And the chorus sings, to a native melody, a motet that describes the unconscious depth of the pontiff's words, and their true significance. While the last notes are being sung Judas enters; he sells his Master to the council, and declares himself ready to deliver Him into their hands.

The second scene calls the spectator to the Mount of Olives. The moon is seen dimly, behind light clouds; the olive trees lie in mysterious shade. Christ is standing with His three chosen disciples; He speaks a few words to them, then withdraws, falls on His knees, and prays. The chorus sings:

With sweat of blood our Master weeps
In still Gethsemane:
"May not the chalice pass away
That waits on Calvary?"

The Saviour rises, sadly arouses His sleeping disciples, and again withdraws, falling to the ground in mortal agony. Meanwhile, to a native melody, the chorus sings the following verses, rude in their simplicity:

REFRAIN.—'Neath the deep starlit sky
In prayer behold Him lie—
He keeps His vigil dread
'Neath the deep starlit sky.

VERSE.—With His disciples three
He seeks the Garden's shade. (*Refrain.*)

VERSE.—An angel speeds from heaven
To comfort and to aid. (*Refrain.*)

While the choir sings, a bright, rosy cloud descends; and from it comes forth an angel bearing a chalice, which he hands to the Lord, and disappears again in the cloud which slowly rises. Then follow, in strict conformity with the Gospel history, the betrayal and apprehension. As the traitor Apostle gives the kiss of betrayal, the choir interprets the feelings inspired by the scene; the simple melody, the exact execution, the slow solemnity of the voices, make an extraordinary impression. It is noteworthy how instinctively the audience turn to the singers at each new application of the Sacred Story.

The third scene shows once more the assembled council, Caiphas at the head. The terrible history, as related in Holy Scripture, is represented with reverent exactness,—the trial, the blow on the divine Face, the denial of St. Peter.

Where are the Saviour's friends?
Peter himself forswears Him,

sings the chorus. As the Apostle goes out of the hall, weeping bitterly, the curtain falls.

The fourth scene represents the trial before Pilate, and the condemnation to death. On the right of the stage appears the tribunal where sentence is to be pronounced. A continually increasing crowd throngs into the empty court before it. The priests go busily from group to group, excite their animosity, shout to them what answers they are to give to Pilate, and insolently contradict the Governor's objections. The Roman is enraged, but he will not absolutely oppose the Jews. As he enters the palace, the chorus begins the refrain:

Christian, behold thy Lord!

which is repeated after each of the following verses:

I.

Sin gave thy God the death His love has borne:
Behold His sacred Wounds, His Crown of Thorn

II.

'Twas not the torturer's hand that raised the
Tree:

Look on thy Lord; His loving eyes seek thee.

III.

Beloved of Him, wilt thou with hate repay?
O mourn thy sins, and flee sins' guilt away!

Before the end of the last strophe, Pilate appears with the scourged and thorn-crowned Saviour. "Behold the Man!" says the cold Roman Governor, with trembling lips. "Crucify Him, and set Barabbas free!" returns the frantic crowd. Then Pilate washes his hands and delivers Christ to be crucified. Suddenly a wretched figure makes his way through the press; his hair flies wildly, his mantle trails on the ground, his face is distorted with misery. With a curse he flings the thirty silver pieces at the feet of the High priest, who coldly laughs at his anguish. Then the traitor, with a word of reproach to his countrymen for their terrible crime, looses his girdle, impetuously twists it round his neck, and hastens away. Then the Way of the Cross begins, while the chorus chants a native lament that

describes that terrible journey. When Jesus meets His Holy Mother, a strangely powerful and touching impression is made on the spectators,—an impression which is heightened by the singing of a motet taken from an ancient Portuguese Passion Play.

In the fifth scene, the death on the cross is represented in exact conformity with the Gospel history. A holy awe possesses the spectators; all involuntarily uncover their heads. The deepest and most powerful effect on the audience is reached when the young man who takes Our Lord's part utters, in a voice of rich and singular beauty: "Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit!"

After this wonderful scene comes the Resurrection, with joyous song and a blaze of Bengal lights. It is the triumph of good over evil, of the Christian Faith over all other religions. The curtain falls, to the ringing melody of one of the Kols' well-known folk-songs:

Christian, to this world's latest day,
Christ's Faith shall never pass away.

And now all the performers, gathered together on the stage, join with the chorus in the closing hymn:

We saw His bitter sorrows;
His recompense we view;
For us, like Him, our Master,
A throne is waiting too.

Our glorious crown is ready
In His blest home on high,
Where we shall sing His praises
To all eternity.

Two solos follow, sung by the Christus, who thus appeals to the Christian audience:

'Midst heaven's unuttered beauties God's dear angels

Shall on our scars their radiant glance bestow;
The grave shall not forever be our prison:

Where Christ is throned, we in His light shall glow.

Redeemer blest, to Thee on high

We pledge our loyalty;

Death Thou didst choose to make us free:

Henceforth our life we yield to Thee,—

Or joy or woe to bear in Christian wise,

And one day glorious from the grave to rise.

The second solo is an appeal to the non-Christians present:

O come, all ye who know not Christ, our Light,
Enrol yourselves beneath His standard bright.
He only can from sin's destruction save,
He only give you heaven beyond the grave.

Come and believe!

'Tis He shall judge the world,—O woe that day
To unbelieving hearts! Own, then, His sway,
Who offers all His grace; before His throne
Renounce all idols, hail Him God alone.

The impression made by this representation has been very great. A solemn calm, such as befits the house of God, masters the audience so variously composed. At times eyes are seen full of tears, and the effect is not merely a passing emotion. The Passion Play at Oberammergau is something never to be forgotten. Protestants, even Jews, speak of it as the most impressive representation that could be imagined; while Catholics refer to it as a most precious experience, the effect being that of a series of eloquent Passion sermons during a fervent retreat. It is the same at Ranchi.

Whether regarded as a means of edification and instruction for the faithful, or of influencing those without toward conversion to the religion of Christ, the immense value of Father Laurent's work, as an asset in the mission field, can not, therefore, be questioned. Such work is sure to result in abundant blessings for both priest and people.

HOWEVER powerful the engines of a steamship or locomotive, the vessel or the train could not be moved onward were it not for the resistance of the water or the rails. And the trials and sufferings we have to endure here are the resistances to our spiritual life, in the overcoming of which our character is strengthened and our lives made higher and more Christlike. Hence effort, and often painful effort, is an essential element of all progress, whether in the animal, the intellectual, or the spiritual life.

—Prof. W. F. Barrett, J. P., F. R. S.

The Flaw in the Title.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXXVII.

SYLVESTER, who was aging fast, and looking as if he could not linger in those scenes which he had so long dominated, concealed with even more than his customary self-control the deep heart-pang which he experienced when the intelligence of Amy's marriage was conveyed to him.

"My consent, dear Harry," he said quietly, "as you are well aware, is entirely superfluous; and, indeed, there is only one possible objection to a union which I foresee will be very happy."

"And that objection?" Harry inquired, with some trepidation.

"The forbidden degrees of kindred," explained Sylvester. "As Amy is the widow of my late son, you will require a dispensation to marry her. That is, however, a matter upon which Mgr. O'Grady can instruct you far better than I, and you have only to be guided by his advice."

"It would be hard if that stood in my way a second time," Harry replied, somewhat discontentedly.

Sylvester regarded him with a peculiar smile, but said nothing.

Harry, reddening, and understanding, with his quick intuition, that silence and that smile, remarked:

"I know that you are thinking there would not have been a chance for me with Phyllis, in any case. But she herself gave it as one of the obstacles to my suit."

"No doubt it would have weighed very strongly with Phyllis," said Sylvester, gravely, "even if she had not found that her calling was elsewhere. But, as I have said, Mgr. O'Grady will give you the soundest of advice."

Perhaps for the first time, Harry Bir-

mingham turned away with a slightly impatient feeling that Phyllis, after all, had been too good for this world, and that Sylvester's strictness was old-fashioned and inconsistent with the do-as-you-please fashions of the day. Sylvester, however, calling him back, spoke cordially, and with a delicate consideration which was not lost upon the young man; so that they parted, after that interview, with the kindest of feeling on both sides.

Amy chose to announce the affair to Sylvester in her own fashion. She saw the old gentleman coming out of the door, and walking down the steps, with a feeble, groping movement such as she had never observed in him before. As he stood looking round him a moment, as if he had suddenly found himself in a new country, where everything was strange, Amy came and put her arm through his, and walked beside him in silence.

All at once he turned to her and said in a kindly tone:

"My dear Amy, I have just been hearing some good news of you."

"And I am sure, father," she said, "it took you by surprise. It really surprised myself when the subject was first mentioned to me. A year or two ago, I never could have believed that I'd think of marrying again."

Sylvester winced, though he instantly recovered himself, and valiantly restrained his feelings; while Amy went on:

"You know what I thought of Grenville. I worshipped the ground he walked on, and I'll never think of any one in just that same way again."

Sylvester's wan and aged face was turned toward her, with an almost piteous appeal in those once awe-inspiring eyes. It was as if he begged of her to spare him such details. But Amy quietly pursued the subject. She was honestly anxious that her father-in-law, whose good opinion she valued, should take in the situation,

"You see, father, I'm very fond of Harry. He looks enough like Grenville to be his brother, and he loves me next

best after Phyllis. I'm not in the least jealous, for that girl was truly angelic. I love the Manor, too, and everyone about it; and when this lease was up, my other father wanted me to come home, unless I could buy the place straight out."

"He is right," said Sylvester. "On no account could we have consented to renew that lease, nor keep our kinsman in the present delicate and embarrassing position. I feel that, out of sheer delicacy, he was waiting to assume the reins of government until I had finally relinquished them. But even had he not thought of marriage, I could not any longer hold them. I am quite prepared to abdicate and to retire even before that enforced retirement which can not now be long delayed. So," he continued, after a pause, which was partly from emotion and partly from unwonted exhaustion, "if Holy Church offers no insuperable obstacle, why, neither will any one here. You are quite right not to waste your bright young life in unavailing grief."

"And," ejaculated Amy, "you don't really mind, father?"

The query reminded Sylvester of the Roman matron who, when she was being stabbed to death, assured her husband that the process did not hurt. After an instant's silence, so charged with poignant anguish that Amy could not have understood either its kind or its degree, he answered bravely:

"The question just now, my dear Amy, is of your happiness and that of my young kinsman. I most earnestly trust that, at least, may be secured."

Petronilla, too, had recoiled from the proposed match; although she did not feel it so keenly as her brother. She had long schooled herself to be resigned to the vicissitudes of life, and to be tolerant of the weaknesses and the frailties of others. She could not help being glad that conditions at the Manor might remain unchanged, and that Grenville's widow might continue to enjoy the position of which her husband's death had threatened

to deprive her. She had quite an affection, too, for Harry ever since the Roman days; though she could not help wondering that it had been possible for him to forget Phyllis in so comparatively brief a period. She was prepared, however, to take both the young people with special affection into her heart; whereas they were correspondingly devoted to her. In the mutual sorrow and loneliness engendered by Phyllis' departure, Amy had learned to love more than ever "the carved saint," who was yet so conspicuously and lovably human; and Harry, apart from his first friendship with her over the water, remembered with lively gratitude her kindness to him after his arrival in America.

"Still," said Amy, summing up the situation, "Aunt Petronilla's heart is really up there behind the cloister bars, and the time she spends with Phyllis is certainly her nearest approach to earthly happiness."

The wedding was a very quiet one, despite the fact that Gilbert J. Valentine paid a flying visit to the Manor, to be present at the ceremony. He was exceedingly pleased by the turn affairs had taken, since, as he expressed it, his daughter had got the worth of her money in being reinstated as mistress of the Manor. He was much pleased with everything. Even the state and formality obtaining at the Manor he considered as part of his daughter's emoluments of office. He soon became reconciled to Amy's change of faith, which he had opposed on no religious grounds, but simply because he resented the dictation of any man to his daughter, and believed that it had been an attack on her freedom by "Romish priests." He took, as Amy expressed it, "quite a fancy to Mgr. O'Grady," and sought that reverend gentleman's company more than once during his stay. In fact, he seemed to feel more at home with him than with any one of the others—with the possible exception of Mark Birmingham, whose open frankness of manner commended itself to the plutocrat. Despite Sylvester's

efforts at geniality, those two men were as far apart as the poles, and so remained until the end. With his future son-in-law, the millionaire declared himself fully satisfied in a conversation with Watkin, whom he also appreciated.

"A good-looking chap," he said; "and brainy enough, too; though I doubt if he would ever scrape much money together in ordinary business ways. But he's just the kind of fellow that women mostly like."

He was quite willing to allow his daughter that ornamental addition to her happiness, especially as the young man possessed such solid advantages as all his own millions could not buy, and of which he was inordinately proud. He made the most substantial settlements on the bride; saying that, as his little girl had acquired a taste of doing without things, she would now better understand the management of money.

The occasion was, of course, one of mingled emotions to the various participants therein. Contrasting with the happiness of the bridal pair—which, on Amy's part, was softened by just a tinge of tenderness and sentiment in relation to the still beloved Grenville, and which she confided to Aunt Petronilla,—there were the stoically concealed suffering of Sylvester and the tumultuous and scarcely disguised jealousy and resentment which filled the breast of Angela Watkin.

"Not a thousand husbands," she cried, looking up to the sky, and standing on almost that same spot where she stood when she conversed with Phyllis during her first visit to the Manor, "could make up to me for the loss of my adored one. Why could I not have had you to myself, even for a few brief years, in this beautiful place which I worked so hard to obtain for you?"

Fortunately, however, with that power of self-repression which she had learned in a severe school, she did not say a word to mar her son's happiness; only when he came, with his dark handsome face

aglow with pleasure, to say good-bye to his "*marmette*," she strained him to her breast in a close embrace, and held him there while an unaccustomed tear or two stole down her cheek and upon his hair.

"Love her, my son," she whispered,—
"love her, as you have chosen her; but keep a little affection for the old mother!"

After the bridal party had gone, she vented some of her own distress on those around, and especially on John Watkin, in some of her half-cynical jests and mockery of human life and love,—a mood which always disturbed him. But he was singularly patient with her; and he had the gift, somehow, of calming and touching her, simply by some little expression of his own love and devotion, which she had found so tender and deep and manly, and to which she often reproached herself that she could not more fully respond.

"We get on well together, though," she said to Mrs. Mark. "Never a word of complaint from that good John, no matter how 'out of sorts' and disagreeable I am. And, then, I have my moods when I can charm him and make his home agreeable. And I know how to keep house and to keep him in comfort. He, who was so long boarding, appreciates all that."

Watkin had his own moment of feeling, when he stood beside Sylvester and exchanged with him a handshake and a glance which spoke volumes. Both were thinking of Grenville, and that sorrow was not quite untinged by bitterness; and both likewise gave a thought to Phyllis. The latter had participated as far as possible in an event which had at first, on Grenville's account, almost pained her, by sending all sorts of pious knickknacks and loving messages to bride and groom. To Watkin her presence seemed very real there that day. He could almost fancy her hovering about, as the guardian spirit of the place, beautiful, pure and peaceful as he had seen her first.

"There have been so many changes since we met first, Mr. Watkin!" Sylvester

said to him. "But this last promises to be a happy one." And he confided to the man of affairs his intention to leave the Manor. "I did not want to talk about it," he said, "until the wedding was over and the dear children gone, lest it should annoy them. But I shall slip quietly away while they are absent."

"Not to any distance, I hope, sir?" said Watkin, dismayed at the thought of missing this characteristic and familiar figure from the scene.

"Oh, no!" said Sylvester. "I could never tear myself away from these precincts. Petronilla is going to give me houseroom for the little time that I shall require it."

Watkin had to control by an effort the emotion which seized so powerfully upon him at this announcement. He said, however, in as matter-of-fact a way as he could:

"That will be a very good arrangement, sir." After which he blurted out hastily: "I shall never feel very much like coming back to the Manor. It will never be the same."

"Perhaps it may be a great deal better," replied Sylvester, with a melancholy smile. "I am such an old fogey. And I don't mind saying to you, Mr. Watkin, that it is haunted now by too many ghosts,—not those of which we all used to talk so much, but by others."

He looked so brave and so forlorn as he spoke that Watkin felt himself moved almost to tears. They did not prolong the interview; for Sylvester was not one to lay bare the wounds of his soul very fully to any one. He invited Watkin, instead, to walk over to the greenhouse and have a word with Flaherty, whom he wished to compliment on the excellence of the floral decorations.

Flaherty had done his best; but, as he plainly allowed his master to know, his heart was not in it. He was passionately attached to the old; he could never altogether resign himself to the new.

And his wife, who stood at a respectful distance while the gentlemen were talking, could never quite rid herself of a feeling of remorse that she had some share in the changes that had come about; for she realized that Angela Watkin and her box had caused the upheaval which so grieved her husband. He threatened, in fact, to resign his position when he heard that Sylvester was going away. But the latter had persuaded him to the contrary, saying:

"You can't desert the post, Flaherty. Even if he sees his chief fall, the valiant soldier must still do his duty; and what would become of the boasted conservatory at the Manor? Don't let me see it deteriorate while I live."

Of course there were many protestations on the part of the young couple when they returned; and even tears and sobs on the part of Amy, who had learned really to love the stern old man whom she had once so feared. Moreover, as she said, she had hoped to keep him with them to the end, and had found therein one of her inducements for marrying.

"The Manor without Sylvester Birmingham," she cried, "will be like Hamlet with the Prince left out!"

But by that time Sylvester was quite domesticated at his sister's, whence no earthly power could move him. It was touching to see the old people together, wandering about for walks, silently, or in deep conversation that was almost all of the past. To them, as the present faded, Grenville and Phyllis seemed more real than those with whom they were actually in contact; and if Sylvester missed, as he must have missed to his heart's core, that inheritance which he had held through so many happy days, he never by a syllable gave expression to that sense of loss. To his kinsfolk and to those in the whole country round he remained, however, and emphatically, "Mr. Birmingham of the Manor"; and in that title there was no flaw.

Adoro Te Devote.

(Rhyme of St. Thomas Aquinas.)

BY THE REV. DR. JOHN McCaffrey.*

O HIDDEN God! devoutly I adore Thee,
Whose real presence here these figures veil;
My heart in lowliest homage bows before Thee,
Since contemplating Thee its powers all fail.

Sight, touch and taste may here alike deceive me;
But faith on hearing only safely rests.

Thou, Son of God, hast spoken; I believe Thee:
That must be *true* which Truth itself attests.

Thy Godhead only on the cross was shrouded;
But here Thy manhood e'en no more I see;
Yet I confess them both with faith unclouded,
And beg what there the Good Thief begged of
Thee.

I do not see Thy wounds, yet I adore Thee;
With Thomas, knowing that my God Thou art.
Increase my faith and hope, Lord, I implore
Thee,

And with Thy holy love inflame my heart.
Divine memorial of the death of Jesus!
Our living and life-giving Bread! grant me
To live by Thee, until this exile ceases,
And ever find my sweetest food in Thee.

O loving Pelican! our true Life-giver!
Cleanse me, an unclean sinner, in Thy blood,
One drop of which can all the world deliver
From all its guilt and reconcile to God.

Dear Jesus, through the veils that hide Thy
splendor,

My thirsty soul still looks and longs to see
Thy face unveiled, all beautiful and tender,—

O may I be thus blest beholding Thee!

* Dr. McCaffrey was president of Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg, Md. This translation would seem to have been made for private devotion; it is now published for the first time.

In Christ's wounds human sorrows will hide themselves, and all human self-denials support themselves against His cross. But the achievement of Christ, in founding by His single will and power a structure so durable and so universal, is like no other achievement which history records.—“*Ecce Homo.*”

The Old Missions of California.

BY GEORGE WHARTON JAMES.

IV.—S. CARLOS BORROMEIO AT MONTEREY.

HERE are two missions at Monterey, both bearing the same name, and both founded by the Franciscans,—a fact which confuses many people. Here is the explanation. When the mission was first established it was located near the presidio, or garrison of soldiers, for purposes of protection. But here, as in San Diego, Serra soon found that it was demoralizing to the Indians to have them too near the soldiery; so he removed the mission six miles away, to the beautiful valley through which a small stream ran down to the sea, and which he named the Rio Carmelo. There he erected another church. Neither of the churches standing to-day is the one erected by Serra, but both are their “lineal descendants”; the one in town being the presidio church, originally built for the benefit of Indians and Spanish soldiers, and dedicated to St. Charles Borromeo, — while the one in Carmelo valley is for the Indians alone, but bears the same name. To distinguish them, the latter is generally called San Carlos Carmelo, while the one originally founded is named the presidio church.

We have seen how Portolá and Crespi failed in finding the Bay of Monterey on their first expedition. Serra himself accompanied the second, and successful, search. The Bay was found and recognized; and on June 3, 1770, a shelter of branches was erected on the beach, a cross made ready near an old oak; the bells were hung and blessed, and the service of founding began. Serra conducted the ceremonies with his usual fervor and zeal, calling upon the Indians to come and be saved, and using every endeavor to propitiate them. Not far from where this first service took place, Mrs. Leland Stanford, mother of the boy for whom the Leland Stanford Jr.

University of California is named, erected a fine statue of Serra, on the tablet of which his heroic deeds and services to humanity are recorded.

When the news of the discovery of the Bay of Monterey and the founding of the mission reached Mexico and, later, Madrid, both cities went wild with excitement and joy. For nearly two centuries it had been the desire of the people that California should be colonized in order to make a calling place for the ships from the Philippines; and now that the discovery and founding were actuated, and both Russia and England circumvented—for both were known to have designs on the new land,—there were great rejoicings. The cathedral bells rang out their merry clangor, a feast was provided, and, a Solemn Mass was sung, all the high officials of Church and State attending. Thus early in the history of California were the Philippine Islands connected with it,—a connection that was too often overlooked during our recent war with Spain.

The following description, from the pen of one who visited the missions soon after the buildings were erected, is interesting as showing how primitive everything was at first. Though written probably before the removal to Carmelo valley, it gives a generally accurate picture; for most of the establishments were somewhat similar in the early days:

"A line of high strong posts, set in the ground close together, encloses the rectangular space which contains the simple wooden buildings serving as church and dwellings, the walls of which also in most instances take the stockade form. At San Carlos the rectangle is seventy yards long and forty-three wide, with ravelins at the corners. For want of nails, the upright palisades are not secured at the top; and the ease with which they can be moved renders the strong gate locked at night an unnecessary precaution. Within, the chief building, also of palisade walls plastered inside and outside with mud or clay, is seven by fifty yards,

and divided into six rooms. One room serves as a church, another as the minister's dwelling, and another as a storehouse; the best rooms being whitewashed with lime. This building is roofed with mud, supported by horizontal timbers. A slighter structure, used as a kitchen, is roofed with grass. The quarters of the soldiers are distinct from the mission, and are enclosed by a separate palisade; while outside of both enclosures are the simple huts of the rancheria."

In the year when the Declaration of Independence was being signed on the Atlantic shores of America, Serra, by the Pacific shores, was half expecting martyrdom. For the disaffected among the Indians were inciting their comrades to rebellion, and there were always many outside Indians ready for anything that gave them excitement and the promise of plunder. The disturbance was quelled, however, by the presence of soldiers sent over from the presidio.

It is by reading into the simple and often terse accounts of such hopes and fears left to us that we can realize the real life of Serra and his companions. It is easy to imagine the arguments that were urged against his moving the missions from the protection of the soldiers; the danger to life and property; the impossibility of a couple of priests' being able to control scores, nay, hundreds of savages. And there was a great deal of force in the arguments. It did seem a dangerous and almost a foolhardy thing to do. Yet in such matters Serra never hesitated, never discussed, never debated. The souls of the Indians were more precious to him than the lives of himself and his brother priests. These souls were in jeopardy through the immoral conduct of the white soldiers. They must be protected at all hazards; so, throwing caution to the winds, and working solely for the good of his Indian charges, he risked his own life to their savagery rather than allow them to remain exposed to influences that were evil.

Ten years after the Declaration of Independence, the eminent French navigator, De la Peyrouse, who was voyaging around the world, visited Monterey and gives an excellent picture of what he found there. The Padres invited him down to the mission, and he and his officers went. They were shown all around, and allowed every opportunity to witness the life and work of the Indians.

As showing the keen interest of the New Englanders in everything pertaining to this country, which fifty years later was to become a part of their own political union, it is well to note that in 1801 there was published in Boston, by Joseph Bumstead, a carefully made abridgment of the journals of Peyrouse; and also of Don Antonio Maurelle, who, in 1781-2, made a voyage from Manila to California; and of Vancouver, whose nautical explorations are now well known. In this journal we read:

"These missions . . . are supported at great expense for the purpose of civilizing the Indians. The regular clergy, to whose management they have been intrusted, are understood to discharge their respective functions with the greatest piety, alacrity, and fidelity. But the Indians are treated by them rather as children than as persons of mature understanding. In the churches are exhibited paintings of hell and heaven, such as seem to be adapted powerfully to strike the senses of a rude and simple people. The men and women are called to church, to work, and to all their exercises, by the sound of a bell; while one of the Fathers still conducts and directs them. Fetters, the stocks, the strokes of a whip, are so many modes of punishment to which their religious and moral delinquencies are, by these their spiritual fathers, subjected. Seven hours in the day are allotted to labor, two hours to prayers. A new convert, from among the heathen Indians, if once received into the society of these christianized Indians, is never again suffered to make his escape; but, upon any

such attempt, never fails to be pursued, hunted out, and brought back to condign punishment.

"The Christian Indians are obliged to rise with the sun; an hour is then dedicated to the services of Mass and prayers. A breakfast of barley meal awaits them at their return from the service. It is boiled in water; the Indians give this food the name of *atole*; and, though it be unseasoned with either butter or salt, they are extremely fond of it. It is prepared in three large kettles in the middle of the square. The family of every different hut sends a vessel made of bark to receive its portion of the mess; that which remains on the bottom of the kettles, after all the families have been served, is distributed to those of the children who best repeat their lesson from the catechism. After consuming three-quarters of an hour at breakfast, the Indians betake themselves to their labors for the day. Some go to plow the ground in the fields with oxen; others, to dig in the gardens; the women manage the affairs of the households, take care of their children, parch and grind into meal the different grains.

"At noon the hour of dinner is announced by means of the bell. The Indians again receive their portions out of a quantity of food which has been prepared for them in common. Their usual dinner dish is named by them *poussole*, and differs from that which they had for breakfast only in being thicker, and in having corn, maize, peas, and beans intermingled in it. At two o'clock they return from their meal to their labor. Their work now continues till the hour of four or five in the evening. They then attend evening prayers for nearly an hour. A new distribution of *atole* forms their supper; and the day thus closes. . . . These people have no other doors to their huts than simple bundles of straw. Yet no instances of theft have ever occurred among them."

This graphic picture shows the simple

life of the Indians, and the care with which they were watched over by the Padres. Occasionally, of course—on feast-days,—the monotony of their daily toil was relieved by processions and special celebrations; and at such times, no doubt, they were allowed to indulge in the games of which they were very fond. Two of these are thus described by Peyrouse: "The *takersia* and *toussi* are the two games which employ their leisure; and to these they are addicted with passionate fondness. The former is played with a hoop, through which it is endeavored to make certain suitable sticks pass, while it rolls around a smooth space of ten square toises on the ground. The *toussi* is played by hiding a piece of wood in the hands on the one side, while the other party in the play guesses how the piece of wood is disposed of. Beads, the favors of the women, and whatever else they possess of value, are the prizes of these games."

Before Peyrouse left, one member of his party, M. de Langle, pitying their difficult and imperfect mode of working their grain into meal, made them a present of his mill, "which is likely to prove one of the highest benefits that could be conferred upon them; for by means of it four women may now perform the same quantity of work which formerly required the toil of a hundred."

Thus the daily life of the mission was carried on. In time an expert stonemason was sent out from Mexico, and he taught the Indians to assist him in the building of the two new churches,—those that we now find in Monterey and in the Carmelo valley. That of Carmelo was Serra's chief home. Here he made his own abode. While, of course, his manifold duties constantly called him away—to visit the missions, to see after new establishments, and several times to go back and forth to Mexico,—he still regarded the quiet and beautiful Carmelo valley as his special home. During his life he saw nine of the ultimate twenty-one of

the missions of Alta California founded. The delays of indifferent officials, of soldiers and politicians distressed him beyond measure. The chain of establishments would have been completed long before his death had his enthusiastic soul had its own way. But it was not to be. In August, 1784, he peacefully expired at Carmelo mission, and was there laid to rest.

By the side of the main building at Carmelo is a small chapel dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. This was built about the year 1820. In 1834-5 the mission was secularized and the dispersion of its Indian population began. Even in Peyrouse's day there were over seven hundred converts, and this number was more than doubled in the next few years. Yet in 1835 there were not one hundred and fifty; and by 1840 there were only about thirty left, with perhaps fifty more out at service at the ranches and in the town.

Left without pastor or care, the church building suffered even as did the Indians. In 1852 the tiled roof fell in, and all the tiles, save about one thousand, were either broken or stolen. The winds blew the dirt and sand through the apertures of doors and windows; and soon the floor, upon which had so often trodden the sanctified feet of one of God's most devoted servants, was a tangled mass of weeds. His grave, inside the altar rail, where for years he had stood and offered Mass, and given Benediction to his dusky charges, was neglected and forgotten. The voices of the coyote and owl, the linnet and the squirrel, took the place of those of priest and neophyte. The scene was one of saddest desolation and abandonment.

In 1882 the parish priest of Monterey, Father Cassanova, decided to restore the old mission as far as possible, and relocate the grave of the sainted Serra, as well as those of Crespi and Lazven, who were likewise known to be buried there. A large concourse of interested people as-

sembled. The identification of the coffins was made, and due precautions taken to prevent future molestation. On the 28th of August, 1884, the re-dedication of the church took place. By his indefatigable efforts Father Cassanova had raised money to have a new roof put upon the building. But, unfortunately, neither he nor the architect understood the first principles of mission architecture; and a Gothic (steep-pitched) roof was placed upon a building, originally designed to be harmonious only with a mission (low-pitched) roof.

The result is incongruous and displeasing. The dignity of the *fachada* is ruined. Everything above the circular cornice is out of place and inharmonious. The elevation of the pitch of the roof destroys the striking effect of the towers and the beautifully shaped dome, by dwarfing and overpowering them. Hence it has long been an earnest desire of my own soul that the time may come when funds will be provided for the restoration of the roof to its proper pitch, upon which tiles (instead of wooden shingles as at present) will be placed; thus making the old mission as nearly as possible like the building beloved and sanctified by the work, devotion, love, life, and death of Padre Serra.

(To be continued.)

BE careful not to forget God in your occupations, from a belief that in this way you will accomplish more; for if He abandons you, you will not be able to take a step without falling prostrate on the ground. Rather imitate little children, who with one hand cling to their fathers, while with the other they pluck berries along the hedges. Attend to what you are doing, yet not without raising a glance from time to time to your Heavenly Father, to see whether He is pleased with your plans, and to ask His help. In this manner you will accomplish even the most difficult business better and more easily.—*St. Francis of Sales.*

The Vow of Mariquita.

BY MARY F. NIXON-ROULET.

MARIQUITA pouted. That was not at all uncommon; for the little Toledan had all the caprice and all the privileges of beauty. She lived with her father, who kept a little shop not far from the Puerta del Sol,—that famous gate of old Toledo, which, seen against the lapis-lazuli of the sky, makes the artist hold his breath, then fall to painting like mad, lest the wonderful tones fade before he can set them on his canvas.

One of these artists, seeing Mariquita with her Moorish water jar upon her shoulder, one white arm raised to hold it, her dusky hair against the yellow stones of the old gateway, had sought to paint her, proclaiming her another Helen or fair Florinda. Mariquita's father, being wise in his day and generation, and liking not at all the new manners, said:

"Nay, Señor, I crave your pardon! The girl is but a child. She is better off on my hearthstone. She has no mother. I pray you excuse her, Señor; but the house is yours."

Then Mariquita pouted. It was, of course, very proper for a girl who had no mother to sit quietly by her father's hearthstone; but it was very dull; and why should the saints who received her mother into the joys of heaven decree that her daughter should die of ennui? It was hard enough to be deprived of a mother who would have arranged a marriage for her in due time; but to be forced to sit silent forever beside a gray-bearded father whom every *novio* in Toledo feared, that was—there was no word for it, and Mariquita pouted. It was this pout which really won her point; for the painter, on seeing it, determined to paint that pout if he had to murder the old man with one of the Toledan

daggers which he made of such marvellous temper.

Yet the painter was not of a murderous disposition, only the pout of Mariquita had bewitched men before, and not for art's sake alone. Young Gil Garçon was carried away with that pout even more than with Mariquita's smiles. He was a good lad, industrious and sober, quite to the liking of the father of Mariquita when that worthy had time to think of anything besides swords and daggers, and the old black-letter volumes which he was always poring over because they contained the history of arms. The Señor Sanchez had even been known to speak to Mariquita of Gil, saying:

"In some years from now, when you are old enough, it would be well for you to think of Gil Garçon. He is a good youth."

Mariquita had made no reply, but she had thought to herself:

"*Maria Santissima!* In that time I shall be twenty or twenty-five years old. Who would want to marry me then? Not even Gil the good, the industrious, the sensible, the tiresome. Ugh!" and she stamped her foot.

But the artist came again to the quaint old shop by the Puerta, and he bought a rare old dagger. On its blade was the legend, "Draw me not without cause and sheathe me not without honor"; and the sheath was wrought with many a dainty, scroll-like pattern. It was the old man's finest blade, and he was glad that the artist chose it; so he talked long with him, and showed him all his rarest things. And at Mariquita the artist never even looked, at which she pouted still more and called him in her heart, "Blind pig of an Americano!"

Next day he came again, and he brought with him a lady, fair-haired and smiling; and she sat beside Mariquita where she made her lace, and chatted with her so pleasantly that the girl was charmed.

"Could I learn to make that lovely lace, Señorita?" she asked. "Your fingers

fairly fly across the cushion, and your patterns are so beautiful. You must sell me that piece that you have there—quite at your own price, Señorita. Oh, your name is Mariquita! How charming! 'Little Mary,' isn't it? I am Mary, too; so we are both children of Our Lady. Oh, yes, of course we are Catholic, my husband and myself! You would like to give me lessons, but your father would not permit. Oh, let me manage him!"—with a bewitching dimple in her roseleaf cheek. "See, he will allow it!"

Strangely enough, the Señor Sanchez found himself agreeing that the painter's wife should come each day for a lesson in lace-making from his daughter. Why not? There was the girl under his own eye; and the money she paid for the lessons, the American whispered, would pay for the girl's wedding mantilla, which some day she would need. And the Señora was a devout Catholic, for every morning he saw her at Mass. So fair and devoted a wife would teach his daughter only good things, and especially of her duty to her father; for he noticed with what polite attention the Señora listened to every word that he uttered.

The lessons progressed; then there came a day so warm that even the scarlet pomegranate blossoms seemed to droop; the little shop was stifling, and the Señora white with the heat.

"May we sit just outside, Señor?" she asked, with gentle deference. "It is a little warm here. Not but that your gracious abode is cooler than others, but perhaps in the shade of the Puerta one might catch a little wind from the river; and it is so beautiful there. May we go?"

"Assuredly, Señora." The old man could not be proof against so courteous a pleading. "The little maid will show you a cooler spot. And I myself will close my eyes and rest; for the sun beats hot upon the old, and I am very tired."

Beneath the gateway they sat and worked and talked; and thither came the

painter, with Gil Garçon carrying his easel and sketch-book. At sight of the painter Mariquita blushed a little, there was such frank admiration in his eyes; but at sight of his companion she pouted and tossed her head.

The painter sat in the shadow and made little sketches—bits of battlement, of earth and sky, of old time bridge or lovely church tower.

"What is that tower against the sky?" asked the Señora of Mariquita; and the girl replied:

"The church of El Cristo de la Luz, Señora, where the light was burning since the days of El Cid, so our story tells."

"Oh, tell me the story!"—the American clapped her hands. "Please, Mariquita!"

"One day the Cid's horse bore him down the street, and there she stopped and would not proceed. His master gave her the spur, but no: Babieca would not go, but rather knelt upon her two knees; and the wall opened, and there stood within its stone depths a statue of the Lord Christ; before it a light burning, never extinguished since the days of the Goth. There they had placed the sacred image to preserve it from the hateful Moors, who stole the city from the Christians long ago. Till to-day the light burns, Señora; and here in Toledo when we wish to say a thing will never be, we say, 'It will happen when the light of El Cristo de la Luz is extinguished.'"

"How interesting!"—the American smiled; then to her husband: "What are you painting? We must go now. The lesson is over."

"We will conduct the Señorita to her father: I have here a little present for him." And he held up a sketch of Mariquita herself, in all her glowing beauty, against the stones of the old gate.

At it the old man wondered.

"You have done this in so short a minute—while I did but close my eyes! I thank you, Señor! It will be a fair reminder of my little girl when she is gone from me. You ask now to paint one for

your wife, who has a fondness for the child. You honor us, Señor. But yes, while the Señora takes her lesson you may paint; so may the time pass happily for all."

As the Señor thanked him, Mariquita pouted no more, and her eyes shone. Gil, too, looked happy; for he saw many a pleasant morning for him. Was he not engaged, at the wonderful sum of two pesetas a day, to carry the painter's easel?

"May I not 'bite the iron' of your window to-night?" he whispered to Mariquita under cover of the Señor's talk.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Will you be my *novia*?" he entreated.

She gave him a quick glance.

"Your sweetheart? Yes, when one blows out the light of El Cristo de la Luz. I vow it."

She laughed and turned away. Gil sighed.

In the days which followed, Mariquita's beauty bloomed and ripened into a thing of such rare splendor that all who saw her turned to look. Happiness is always a great beautifier; and from a petulant child she of a sudden became a vision of radiant cheeks, starry eyes, and smiling scarlet lips.

"For her one would steal the pennies off a dead man's eyes," whispered one who passed and saw her in the old gateway.

"For her smile a man would lose his soul," said another.

"For her one would keep his soul all clean and white," thought Gil, who, seeing her constantly by day, dreamed of her by night; shrining her with the Madonna in his thoughts, and ready, like any knight of old, to do service for her sake. For this, however, she gave him no chance, flouting him openly. Though the Señora spoke often of how good was Gil, and the Señor raised his wages to three pesetas a day—riches indeed!—Mariquita had no eyes for the faithful fellow, and especially after another artist fell into the way of joining the little party. He was an American

Protestanto—a tall, handsome fellow, with a dissipated face. He admired Mariquita openly, and paid her extravagant compliments; at which the Señora frowned, telling her husband at last that, unless he could keep Mr. Severn away, she would take lace lessons no longer.

"The girl is in my care, entrusted to me by that old Goth, her father; and we all know what Mr. Severn's reputation is. Mariquita is completely carried away with his silly ogling; besides, nobody is going to paint her but you. She is your find."

"If I say anything to him about it, he'll get stubborn, and paint her or die in the attempt. That's just his style," said her husband.

"Amiable temperament!" observed the Señora. "But you must arrange it in some way, for the girl is driving poor Gil crazy with her airs and before long he will go under the flag to hide a broken heart under a uniform."

"To-morrow take your lesson indoors and I will paint elsewhere. If Severn doesn't see the girl for a day or two, perhaps something will happen to divert his attention elsewhere."

"What a little silly she is to think of such a man when there is a man of her own race, so good, so kind a fellow as Gil!" The Señora's tone was vexed. Gil had the good taste to admire her extravagantly and she felt him to be a youth of excellent judgment and refined taste. Any girl should like him. Such a good Catholic with his kind black eyes, his well-knit figure so picturesque in his white shirt, black knee breeches and velvet jacket. How jauntily his knife was stuck in his girdle! Could it be swiftly drawn upon occasion? she wondered.

The next day it rained, which must have been because Gil had offered candles to his patron, San Isidro,—that ploughman saint, who, as all the world knows, sends rain upon the parched earth; for whoever heard before of rain in Toledo in August? A second and yet a third day it rained,—

yes, three candles he had offered. Gil smiled. Yet, because often what is one man's meat is another man's hunger, the rain brought to Mariquita a deep and deadly rage. She offered candles in turn; but, not knowing a saint of dry weather, she offered them with many a prayer to Our Lady, with just one, very shyly, to good St. Joseph, patron of a happy marriage. Behold, the rain ceased, but not till Mr. Severn, disgusted at the weather, had departed for Seville, land of sunshine and of flowers! He came not to the *Puerta del Sol*; and Mariquita, inclined to sulk inwardly, was too proud to ask for the absent.

That day Gil brought three wonderful boxes of *mazapan*, those delicious cakes for which Toledo is famous, and of which his sister, married to the baker Molinez, made quite the finest. Those for the Señor were made in the shape of tiny palettes, the Señora's were shaped like flowers, but the box for Mariquita was filled with little sugared hearts. They were so good with the almonds and burned sugar that she had to eat them and Gil was pleased.

As they sat there munching *mazapan*, the Señora making her lace which she had learned to do very well, and the Señor painting very fast, there passed a friend of Gil's, who cried excitedly:

"Eh, Gil Garçon, have you heard the news?"

"No. What?" asked Gil, a youth of few words.

"One has invaded the church (they say it was a pig of an Americano), and blown out the light of El Cid before El Cristo de la Luz!"

"Impossible! Who would dare?" cried Gil, aghast.

"No one is sure, and the Padre will not tell. Do not look so disturbed, boy. One would think you did it yourself,"—for Gil's face wore a look of horror. "Padre Felipe says one came to see and asked the tale. The priest said from that day two thousand years ago it has never

been extinguished, when quick the pagan, heretic, Jew, Protestant, Americano, gave a puff and the sacred light was out. Infidel! They say he has left town."

"I hope this lies not at the door of my countrymen," said the Señor, gravely; and as he spoke there came strange sounds from the city. Men shouted, women screamed, and a dull roar seemed to rise to heaven.

"The people are angry with the Americans," said Gil's friend. "I go to see what happens."

"Señora," Mariquita spoke quickly, "come to my father's shop. Should anything happen, there you will be safe."

"I go to see what happens," said Gil. "Señor, you go with the Señora. You may be in danger!" And he hurried away.

It seemed a long wait to the three in the little shop; but at last Gil returned pale, breathless, and blood upon his forehead.

"All is safe now. Padre Felipe quieted the mob by telling them that he who did the deed was gone. I am not sure, but I think it was your friend. Señor Severn left Toledo to-day," said Gil.

"How did you hurt your head?" the Señora asked, wiping his face with her handkerchief.

"One threw a stone at me when I said my patron had not done this; that he was not a pig," said Gil, simply.

"Brave Gil!" exclaimed the Señora. "You are a lad any girl might be proud to marry."

"The one I want will not have me," said Gil. "She promised to marry me when the light of El Cristo de la Luz was blown out."

The Señora laughed.

"Then she must marry you now, stupid boy! The light is out!"

Gil's mouth fell open with astonishment; then he glanced quickly at Mariquita, who blushed crimson and looked away. All at once it seemed to her as if this brave fellow really was worth the having. He was no longer dull, this new Gil. Brave

and ready in danger, praised and admired by others, he seemed good to her.

The Señora looked from one to the other.

"So," she laughed, "we must arrange this! You must be married before we leave Toledo. I shall speak to your father for Gil, child, since you have no mother." And she went into the inner room where the old man dreamed in his chair. The Señor went with her, but Gil stood beside the girl in silence. At last she looked at him shyly.

"Will you keep your vow?" he asked.

"I am no promise breaker."

"And I may be your *novio*?"

"I like not a *novio*," and she shrugged her shoulders.

His face fell, but something enlightened his dull wits.

"Your husband, then?" he said softly.

"The light is out!"—a roguish glance over her shoulder.

"For me the light of happiness is lighted for evermore!" said Gil, as he kissed her hand.

.

A candle burns ever before the shrine in the church, lighted once more. Day and night it burns before the sanctuary lamp; and when it burns low, a fresh taper takes its place. And every evening thither comes a fair and gentle woman, her baby at her breast, with her a dark-eyed husband; and upon their faces are happiness and peace as they kneel before the shrine of El Cristo de la Luz.

—•••—

EVERY duty, even the least duty, involves the whole principle of obedience. And little duties make the will *dutiful*,—that is, supple and prompt to obey. Little obediences lead into great. The daily round of duty is full of probation and of discipline; it trains the will, heart, and conscience. We need not to be prophets or apostles. The commonest life may be full of perfection. The duties of home are a discipline for the ministries of heaven.—*Manning*.

The Vale of Delights.

FREYBURG'S old cathedral contains a memorial window which shows in beautiful coloring a picture of some miners who are extracting silver from the side of a mountain; and underneath is an inscription which tells that the window is a thank-offering from the inhabitants of the "Vale of Delights."

The place so designated is a valley which lies at the entrance of the Black Forest. In past times, before the day of railroads, the road from Vienna to Paris led the traveller through this beautiful spot. Here passed Marie Antoinette when, with a light heart and bright hopes for the future, she left her native land to go to France, where the jewelled diadem was soon to be changed to a crown of thorns.

The "Vale of Delights" is known to-day as the "Vale of Hell" (Höllenthal); and this name is certainly more appropriate than the first, if we may judge by the desolation and ruin which now meet the eye of the tourist in every direction. Everyone in the neighborhood knows of the sudden and mysterious transformation of the valley; and the first peasant one meets, ignorant as he may be, can tell this strange story.

In olden times might here be seen a flourishing village, surrounded by fertile wheat fields laden with golden grain, and orchards whose trees were weighted with delicious fruit. To cap the climax of these blessings the mountain contained inexhaustible mines of silver. The inhabitants of the "Vale of Delights" had undoubtedly good reason to thank God for these abundant favors, and to send to the old cathedral the beautiful window as a token of their gratitude.

But prosperity is a heavy burden to carry, and often a greater test of virtue than adversity. These people, on whom Providence had showered so many blessings, soon forgot their obligations to the Author of all these gifts. Their forget-

fulness grew into indifference; and the church, which had once been crowded, was always empty now. These busy people, with their silver-filled mines and their plentiful crops, had no time left for prayer; and their selfish interest soon crowded out of their lives all thought of God and of their obligations to Him.

One Sunday morning, as the good old priest entered the church to say Mass as usual, he found his congregation reduced to the altar boy, an orphan to whom he had given a home, and a poor shepherd and his son, who alone of all these people remembered the command of the Church of hearing Mass on the Lord's Day. The pastor delivered no sermon, but the tears he shed as he offered up the Holy Sacrifice were more eloquent than words.

The Lenten season came and went and none thought of fasting or doing penance; and Good Friday—that day of universal mourning—was selected by these impious people for a village festival, at which flesh-meat was eaten in open mockery and defiance of Him who died on that day for the salvation of the world.

Meantime the poor shepherd who had remained faithful to God and to the religion of his childhood lay dying in his hut on the mountain and begged to be strengthened for his last journey by the Sacraments and blessings of the Church.

"I am going to die," he said to his son. "Go quickly to the village and bring the priest."

"The boy had scarcely gone when a strange and unaccountable fear came over the dying man. His senses seemed paralyzed by some horrible vision. When his son returned and saw him with this terrified look in his eyes, he took it to be the dread of death, and said to him:

"Why should you fear, dear father? Have you not always loved and served the good God?"

"I do not fear for myself, but for the village. A terrible chastisement is about to fall upon it for its profanation of this holy day. The measure of its sins is full

to overflowing. But I hope that our dear curé may be saved. If he has not left the village, it will be too late. Look!—do you see him coming?"

"Not yet, father; but he will soon be here. He told me to return to you and that he would follow immediately."

"I fear he will be too late. Look!—do you see no clouds in the heavens?"

"No: the sky is quite clear and the sun shines brightly."

"We may still hope," said the dying man, and his lips moved in prayer.

The tinkling of a bell was soon heard in the mountain path below, and the shepherd boy opened the door of the hut to welcome the three who were coming up from the valley: the altar boy, whose little bell told of the coming of the Divine Guest; the old priest, who prayed as he trudged along the steep and rocky path; and the God-Man, who dwells always in our midst, and who was now leading out of Sodom His one faithful servant and the innocent child. Now that they had departed from the "Vale of Delights," nothing could turn away the wrath of God from this doomed village.

The shepherd boy, as he gazed down the valley, saw hanging over it a dark cloud, which seemed rapidly growing in size. The old man made his last confession and received his God once more into his heart. Then, gazing with loving gratitude at the priest, he said:

"Thank God, Father, you are safe!"

"What do you mean?"

"Do you see no clouds in the heavens?"

"Yes, father," said his son: "a very black cloud now hangs over the valley below us."

Then the old shepherd told of the dreadful vision he had while waiting for the boy's return. The priest readily understood the meaning of this warning. When he had come through the village, and the little bell had told the people of the passing of the Blessed Sacrament, instead of kneeling in prayer as was their custom in the olden days, they left their scan-

dalous feast to insult the Sacred Host, to curse the priest with his divine Burden.

Soon the cloud grew larger and more dense, so that the light of the sun was completely obscured as on that first Good Friday long ago.

"Fly from this accursed spot!" said the dying man. "For myself I have nothing to fear: all will soon be over for me"; and in a few moments he had breathed his last.

The cloud seemed now to be resting like a pall over the valley, and the village could no longer be seen. The priest reverently covered the body of the dead man, and fled with the two children up to the top of the mountain.

They had scarcely left the hut when the most terrifying sounds were heard; peal after peal of deafening thunder, and the lightning flashed in all directions.

The impious people, who had so lately insulted and blasphemed God and disregarded His commands, now fell on their knees to ask His help. But it was too late. A deluge of fetid water, such as has never been heard of, destroyed these ungrateful people and their prosperous village. When the flood had ceased the church alone was left standing. And there it still stands, on an arid plain, as a sign that the hand of a just God has been laid in wrath on an impious people. The earth has lost its fertility, and neither grain nor fruit can be made to grow in its poisoned soil. In the mountain-side no silver can now be found; and the only token of the past prosperity of this once beautiful valley is to be seen in the memorial window of the old cathedral of Freyburg.

NEVER fancy you could be something if only you had a different lot and sphere assigned to you. The very things that you most deprecate, as fatal limitations or obstructions, are probably what you most need. What we call hindrances, obstacles, discouragements, are probably God's opportunities.—*Anon.*

About Humility and Vanity.

IN the enjoyable "Amen Corner" of the *Irish Monthly* there appeared some time ago a discursive paper entitled "Some Thoughts about Humility," several passages of which we marked for reproduction as occasion might serve. Father Russell says in the opening paragraph that "it will be safer not to venture on a formal definition of humility"; though his statement a little farther on, that "humility is common-sense supernaturalized," may sound like defining. If diffident as to declaring in what the virtue really consists, however, he is decided enough in affirming what it is not:

Humility is not laziness, or timidity, or pusillanimity; though these are often mistaken for it, especially by the lazy, the timid, and the pusillanimous. The definitions of humility that St. Thomas gives in the *Secunda Secundæ* of his *Summa* must not be understood in any such sense. In one place he defines it as "a virtue which restrains and curbs the soul lest it should aim immoderately at lofty things"; and in the next article it is defined as "a virtue by which a man represses himself, restrains himself so as not to let himself be carried away toward things above him." By these definitions, or by what they imply, we are not forbidden to aim at lofty things, but we are forbidden to do so in an immoderate manner; for St. Thomas does not run counter to Father Baltassar Alvarez's exhortation: "Let us not degenerate from the high thoughts of the sons of God." No, humility is not sloth or cowardice—neglecting to use to the utmost any gifts that God has given to us, and doing so under the pretence, forsooth, of escaping the glory that would pursue us if we exercised them to the full. We need not be afraid: we may boldly do our best without any danger of disturbing the world's equanimity or setting the Thames (or the Liffey or the Yarra Yarra) on fire.

After insisting that "humility is not falsehood"—that "it does not prompt us to deny the good qualities that we possess or to accuse ourselves of evil of which we are guiltless,"—and demonstrating that "true humility, especially of the heroic order that constitutes saintliness, does not look down but upward,"

our author indulges in some sprightly suggestions concerning vanity:

It would be an interesting question to discuss how far human feelings—emulation, rivalry, and a mild and amiable sort of vanity—can be motives of action for souls that are anxious to be perfect. Even St. Thomas Aquinas did not, I suppose, acquire all his marvellous learning and write all his books from the very highest motives always; but he took a human pleasure in discoveries, arguments, discussions, controversies, etc. Would the great Suarez really have preferred, as we are told that he said he would prefer, to lose all the learning he had amassed by the toil of years sooner than omit one hour of meditation enjoined by the Rule?... To descend to a lower level, the eminent theologians and other distinguished men with whom we ourselves have been in any way acquainted, either by personal intercourse or by hearing familiar anecdotes about them: do they not generally seem to have been a good deal swayed by what we have ventured to call a little harmless vanity?...

In a very edifying account, which I was once allowed to read, of the last days of Mother Imelda Magee, a gifted and holy Dominicaness, who died the death of a saint in Siena Convent, Drogheda, many years ago, a letter of direction from the saintly Bishop of Dromore, John Pius Leahy, was given. "You want to know," he wrote, "whether there is vanity or imperfection in the feeling of success in composition, and in the pleasure derived from the approbation of others. I think the answer would be clearest from a comparison with the pleasure of taking food. That pleasure is given us by God to encourage us to support our bodily strength; and if we direct the pleasure to that end, with a view of being able to labor so as to please God in our various avocations, there is no imperfection committed; whereas there would be if we were to eat merely for the pleasure of eating. Apply this rule to the pleasure of literary success."

This zest in our work, of which the Bishop speaks, this earnest effort to succeed and this keen pleasure in success, do not, of course, constitute vanity, and are legitimate and praiseworthy when kept within proper bounds and in strict accordance with facts. But there are some who escape the charge of vanity in a less innocent way. I am not sure whether I am quoting somebody else or only myself when I remark that some persons are too proud to be vain. They do not hanker unduly after the esteem of others, but they make abundant compensation to themselves by fostering a very high regard for their own excellence. They have

so profound an appreciation of their own merits (which are chiefly latent) that they can afford to dispense with the appreciation of others. Their condition is extremely dangerous.

We are, however, going beyond our assigned limits, and must forego the pleasure of quoting any further passages than this final one:

Another recipe for getting humility is to remind ourselves how little of our own there is in what we might be inclined to make an excuse for pride. Ecclesiasticus (x, 9) asks (ungrammatically as it sounds, but not really so), "Why is dust and ashes proud?"—and even the dust and ashes are not our own. We need not, for several reasons, dwell on the fleetingness of certain personal advantages, real or imaginary, out of which some members of the human race manage to extract matter for pride and self-conceit; one of the reasons for passing them over being, perhaps, that we have sense enough to know that we don't possess these attributes in any very alarming degree. The thing that is most our own is the cultivation that we have been able to bestow on the natural powers of our minds. That also, from first to last, is God's work; and even our co-operation has been so feeble and so fitful, so dependent on outward circumstances and chances, that it ought not to be hard for us to refrain from any overweening sense of our own excellence. The thought, for instance, of all the pains that went to the acquisition of any skill that we may think we possess in any sort of work, ought to save us, if we have a fair share of common-sense and good taste, from making ourselves ridiculous by putting on airs in consequence, even in the secrecy of our own hearts. And, then, how long shall even *that* be ours? Not only the full stop of death—many a shorter pause, many a comma and semicolon, may occur to remind us of our abject weakness and helplessness and poverty. Why, even a very passing sickness, a qualm, a *malaise*, that is hardly sickness at all, modifies our notions of such things!

As a fitting conclusion to the whole paper, Father Russell mentions that highest and safest test of our true worth which is proposed by the Seraphic Saint: "What we are in God's sight, *that* we are, and nothing more." The more honest we are in submitting ourselves to this supreme test, the less liable we are to become ridiculously vain, and the more likely to practise genuine humility.

Notes and Remarks.

A decree calculated to give the finishing blow to such remnants of Jansenism as still survive in any quarter of the Catholic world is that just promulgated by the Holy See relative to the age at which children may be admitted to First Communion. As long ago as 1851 the Sacred Congregation of the Council corrected a chapter of the Provincial Council of Rouen (France), in which children under twelve years were forbidden to receive the Blessed Eucharist; but the terms of the present decree are more specific and direct. We quote the first, seventh, and eighth paragraphs of this important and, in a certain sense, somewhat revolutionary document:

The age of discretion for Communion, as well as for confession, is that at which a child begins to reason,—that is to say, about the age of seven years, whether before or after it. From that time the obligation to fulfil the double precept of confession and Communion begins to bind. . . .

The practice of not admitting children to confession, or of never absolving them, though they have reached the use of reason, is wholly to be condemned. Wherefore local Ordinaries will see that it be completely abolished, even by the application of remedies provided in Canon Law.

It is a truly detestable abuse not to administer Viaticum and Extreme Unction to children after these have attained to the use of reason, and to bury them with the rite appointed for infants (*Ritu Parvulorum*). Let Ordinaries deal severely with any who fail to abandon this practice.

It needs no profundity of theological wisdom to understand that, after all, the child old enough to sin is old enough to receive all the helps and safeguards against sinning; and, among these, none, of course, can compare in efficacy with Holy Communion.

After a century of trial, it is now frankly admitted that irreligious education in our public schools will have to be superseded. The system was invented (in good faith, let us say) as the only one that could meet the requirements of a difficult situation.

As the teaching of all religions was out of the question, the alternative was to teach none. The situation still persists, aggravated by the results of the experiment. In the original plan, whatever religious education might be desirable was to be supplied by the various churches outside the school. It is now the rather general conviction of all except atheists that God must have a place in the school if education is to be a success. Hence the Bible in schools, not to mention the hymnals. A prominent non-Catholic journal informs us that the Scripture is now being read in four-fifths of the public schools. It is reasoned that if the Book of Books can not be initiated, no sort of religious teaching can be. The Bible introduced is, of course, the Protestant version, against which Catholics are protesting, and having their protest sustained by the courts—at least the higher ones. The Jews are complaining, and the atheists may do so any day. These three classes are now numerous enough, and pay enough of the school tax, to convince the Bible-reading party that the public schools are not Protestant schools.

Bible-reading in the school has been declared a violation of the Constitution in several States, and there are likely to be as many more test cases as may be required to discontinue the practice. Will the ultimate result be conformity to the school law or the apportionment of the school fund among the religious denominations? The question is one for Catholic voters to think over. The more it is agitated, of course the sooner a solution of it will be found.

The gratifying records often made in this country by pupils of Catholic schools and colleges, when they come into competition with students of non-Catholic institutions, are duplicated on the other side of the Atlantic. In a recent number of the *London Catholic Times* we read:

The results of the Oxford Local Examinations in 1910 point the same moral as they did in

1909. In intellectual competitions, Catholics have nothing to fear. They can not only hold their own against opponents, but achieve brilliant victories. We are a comparatively small proportion of the population of this country; yet the lists which we print to-day show that Catholic boys are at the head of two of the three divisions, and that in the third a Catholic holds the second position, the credit for the success in each case belonging to a Jesuit college. As compared with the results in the cases of non-Catholic colleges, possessed of advantages in the shape of ample endowments and resources, the record of our Catholic colleges both for boys and girls is one in which the Catholic body may well take pride. The religious Orders, male and female, have once more proved that, as teachers, they can justly claim to occupy the foremost place.

As we have repeatedly pointed out, the work of mere instruction is at least as effectively carried on in our own institutions as in secular or sectarian ones; while as to the more essential matter of *education*, of religious training and character formation, our schools and colleges are, of course, immeasurably superior to their competitors.

From a collection of over sixteen hundred Gaelic proverbs, all from one Province in Ireland, a contributor to the *London Tablet* selects a number of quaint and pointed sayings in everyday use among all classes of people. "Alas that your mouth was not sewn by a briar!" is the reproach made to some one who has been indiscreet in speech. A warning against indiscriminate trust is this proverb: "Though only the priest and the shoemaker were in it [present], the awl was stolen." Many proverbs express the kindliness and spirit of resignation so characteristic of the Irish people. "A lent horse should not have a loose shoe." "He who is bad for hospitality is good for directing a stranger on the road." On a wet day the inmates of a hovel will thus console themselves: "Thanks be to God that the right side of the house is out!" "Time and patience would bring the snail to Jerusalem." "The help of God is nearer than the door." "Every flood goes down

save the flood of grace." Could anything be more quaint than the Gaelic proverb illustrating the folly of trying to accomplish anything without trouble? "Listen to the journey of the river and maybe you'll catch a trout." One who coddles himself is thus spoken of: "He got cold going to bed barefoot and getting up fasting." "'There is nothing worse than too much of a good thing,' said the old cat that got drowned in the milk." Other proverbs express the value of good health. "Health with poverty is better than herds on the hill." "A good laugh and a long sleep—the two best cures in the doctor's book." We are told that many Irish proverbs lose greatly in the translation; however, one need not be a Gaelic scholar to appreciate any of the foregoing.

In reference to the recent action of the Holy Father regarding the organization of French Catholics known as the Sillon Society, a correspondent of one of the "great dailies" sent a long cable dispatch from Paris, in which we find this extraordinary sentence: "A few days before this last expression of Papal policy against every form of modernism, a decree was promulgated lowering the age of First Communion children from twelve to seven years, which followed another decree ordering frequent or daily communication with the Vatican." "The future alone can tell," adds the scribe, "whether the Pope is killing or resuscitating Catholicism in this country." Judging by cable dispatches like this—and there are many of them,—there is, indeed, no telling what the Holy Father is doing anywhere.

Pending the publication of our special article on the twenty-first Eucharistic Congress, it seems proper to remark that our prediction of a few weeks ago as to the unrivalled splendor likely to characterize the celebration in Montreal has been abundantly verified. The one outstanding fact in the multitudinous press reports

sent of late days from the Canadian metropolis is the genuine surprise of Cardinal Vannutelli and the European prelates generally at the virile Catholicity; the living faith, as enthusiastic as intense; the deep-seatedness as well as the frank expression of the religious life in the Rome of America. Montreal has set a standard by which will be measured all future Eucharistic Congresses; and to her zealous Archbishop, devoted clergy, and faith-filled laity are due the very heartiest congratulations.

It is not surprising that a man of Col. Roosevelt's temperament should often make what are called "bad breaks"; but it is hard to understand how any one with the presidential bee in his bonnet could so far forget himself as to attack the Supreme Court. This is by all odds the worst mistake that Mr. Roosevelt has made since his return home; and his political opponents, we notice, are disposed to use it against him "for all it is worth." One of them says (in *Harper's Weekly*), after an explanation of the chief duty of the higher courts—to interpret statutes enacted by Congress, and to determine whether such statutes conform to or conflict with the fundamental law embodied in the Constitution:

Mr. Roosevelt would change the standard from strict observance of limitations carefully prescribed by the Constitution to personal opinion on the part of judges as to immediate needs. . . . "The New Nationalism," he declares, "demands of the judiciary that it shall be interested primarily in human welfare rather than in property"; and the New Nationalism also "regards the Executive power as the steward of the public welfare." Since the Executive is also the appointive power, it is easy to perceive who would be the master interpreter. There would remain the possibility of recalcitrancy on the part of a judge. But Mr. Roosevelt provides for even this remote contingency. "The prompt removal of unfaithful or incompetent public servants," he asserts, "should be made easy and sure." This makes the chain of autocracy complete.

The device is as ingenious as it is devilish. No argument is necessary, no illustration essential,

to ready comprehension of the limitless bounds of Executive authority thus fortified. Congress would be helpless; the State governments would be paralyzed; an absolute monarch would occupy the White House. There is, in our mind, not the slightest question of Mr. Roosevelt's ambition and determination to achieve this position by whatever means, fair or foul, he may have at his command. It is, then, not as a common scold, nor as a public nuisance, but as an avowed enemy of the Republic, as a foe of popular government, as a virtual traitor to American institutions as they were created and now exist, that Roosevelt, the force, must be regarded, must be met, must be crushed.

The writer's argument, it may be said, is not strengthened by the acerbity of the expressions in which he permits himself to indulge; nevertheless, there is food for reflection in this arraignment of Col. Roosevelt's proposal. Of late an increasing number of his friends and admirers have begun to fear that he is in danger of becoming a revolutionary.

The following *obiter dictum* of the late James G. Blaine, to be found in his "Twenty Years of Congress," is presented, for the consideration of those who rule, by a correspondent of the New York *Sun*:

Mr. Lincoln united firmness and gentleness in a singular degree. He rarely spoke a harsh word. . . . Many of the popular conceptions concerning him are erroneous. No man was further than he from the easy, familiar, jocose character in which he is often painted. While he paid little attention to form or ceremony, he was not a man with whom liberties could be taken. . . . There was no one in Washington who ever attempted it.

Throughout the whole period of the war he constantly directed the attention of the nation to dependence on God. It may indeed be doubted whether he omitted this in a single State paper. In every message to Congress, in every proclamation to the people he made it prominent.

In the report of the Supreme Knight, read at the recent national convention of the Knights of Columbus in Quebec, we find this suggestive paragraph:

A great danger, I had almost uttered the word "evil," is insidiously approaching. Perhaps I should say two dangers; for there are two,—

the one, in a way, growing out of the other. I refer to intellectual pride, arrogant assumption on the part of some of an attitude, not of hostility of course, but of criticism of the Church; or if not of the Church, of its regularly constituted officials, the priests, bishops, etc. We must never forget our self-respect, nor must we ever fail in respect to the Church. Whenever we have a function of any kind, courtesy demands that the local priests not only be invited, but that they be given places at tables or on platforms befitting the dignity of their offices. To forget this, or to fail in doing it, is dangerous to us as Catholic gentlemen, sons of Mother Church.

Timely recognition of a danger by those exposed to it affords tolerable assurance that it will be provided against; and all friends of the Knights of Columbus will applaud the foregoing utterance.

The London *Daily News* quotes Sir George Birdwood, an authority on all that concerns India, as saying: "Of course if it is a question of evangelizing India, there is only one Church which can successfully do so, and that is the Roman Catholic Church; and I say that, although I am not a Roman Catholic myself." Apropos of this pronouncement, the London *Tablet* quotes a similar, though rather differently stated, opinion of a Catholic missionary, over in England for a breathing space. Asked what was wanted to convert India, he replied unhesitatingly, "A handful of saints." The same thing, by the way, was once said by Father Faber in reference to the conversion of England.

The approaching National Conference of Catholic Charities gives special timeliness to Dr. Kerby's paper, "Problems in Charity," in the current *Catholic World*. Of particular interest, and reassuring as well, are these excerpts:

It is hardly necessary to undertake a defence of organization in charity, or to state again and again, with all possible emphasis, that no one wishes to crush individuality or formalize service of the poor, or take the heart out of charity. When organization is spoken of, one who believes in it takes it with its shortcomings, its

dangers; but one hopes to minimize these and to accomplish much for the poor in the spirit of God. . . .

Instruction, stimulation of social conscience, organization, suitable methods, are collective needs demanding collective wisdom and action. The National Conference which begins this great work will invade no field now occupied; it will displace no organization, and will in no way enter the field of actual relief. It can, however, explore conditions, renew the inspiration of old ideals, guide wisely in the larger relations of the work; and thus serve in no mean way to make our methods equal to our problems, our aims worthy of our ideals, and our achievements worthy of our Faith and its noble traditions of charity.

These declarations will commend themselves to many a Catholic who has an inborn, latent prejudice against

. . . the organized charity, scrimped and iced
In the name of a cautious, statistical Christ.

Apropos of the recent birthday of the venerable Emperor Francis Joseph, the *Universe and Catholic Weekly* discusses church matters in Austria, and affords this interesting information:

Religion follows largely on the national boundaries. Catholics of the Latin Rite have eight provinces (comprising thirty dioceses) in Austria, and six provinces (comprising twenty-nine dioceses) in Hungary. The Uniat Armenian Rite has one archdiocese; and the Greek Uniat have four provinces, comprising ten dioceses, of which five use the Ruthenian language in their liturgy. One uses the obsolete Slovenic, and four the Roumanian tongue. So it comes about that the city of Lemberg has three archbishops in union with the Holy See—the Latin, the Armenian, and the Greek (Ruthenian); whilst other towns have two bishops.

As an archiepiscopal See, Lemberg may surely challenge competition.

The following interesting information relative to early Polish settlements in this country is contributed to *America* by Mr. Andrew Shipman:

The Polish insurrection of 1831 sent us a considerable and more abiding contingent, many of whom settled in Texas. Their success may have induced others to come; for in 1855 a large body of them, headed by the Rev. L. Moczygamba, a Polish Franciscan, settled in Texas, where their first colony was named

Panna Marya (Our Lady Mary), and where the first Polish church in America was built. The Panna Marya settlement was quickly followed by other Polish colonies in Texas, five of which founded churches the next year, and eleven others in the course of the next two decades.

The freedom of the Poles from any taint of race-suicide sentiment accounts for the rapid growth of their colonies.

The *True Voice* is glad that Archbishop O'Connell, in his address to the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, deprecated puritanical fanaticism, some foreshadowing of which our Omaha contemporary seems to have descried in the Union within the past year or two. Apart from any particular appropriateness in the address, this advice is certainly sound:

Counsel total abstinence as much, as far and as often as you can. Show the dangers which undoubtedly lie even in moderate drinking; and enjoin, as you must, upon those to whom drink is an occasion of sin, the moral necessity of abstaining altogether from intoxicating drink. Aim at the most you can get, but at the same time be careful not to place as a command and a precept what is only a Christian counsel. Denounce sin where it exists, but do not confound temptation with sin. Work as hard as you can to reclaim the drunkard, but work even harder yet to prevent drunkenness.

Most temperance advocates have zeal enough; but it is not always a zeal "according to knowledge."

Reviewing "Mark Twain's Speeches," an English critic remarks that the importance of a story in a speech may almost be called an American discovery; and advises those well-meaning persons who go on prosing and paraphrasing to keep themselves going, to read this admonition of the dead humorist:

Whatever moral or valuable thing you put into a speech, why, it gets diffused among those involuted sentences, and possibly your audience goes away without finding out what that valuable thing was that you were trying to confer upon it; but, dear me, you put the same jewel into a story, and it becomes the keystone of that story, and you are bound to get it. It flashes, it flames, it is the jewel in the toad's head. You don't overlook that.



Mozart's Prayer.

MANY years ago, in the town of Salzburg, Austria, two little children lived in a cot covered with vines, near a pleasant river. They both loved music, and when only six years old Frederika could play well on the harpsichord. But from her little brother Wolfgang's fingers such strains of melody would resound through the humble cottage as were never before heard from so young a child. Their father was a teacher of music, and his own children were his best pupils.

There came times so hard that these children had scarcely enough to eat; but they loved each other and their parents, and were happy in the simple enjoyments that fell to their lot. One pleasant day Frederika said:

"Let us take a walk to the woods. How sweetly the birds sing! And the sound of the river as it flows is like music."

So they went off together.

As they were sitting in the shadow of a tree Wolfgang said:

"Sister, what a beautiful place this would be to pray!"

Frederika asked wonderingly:

"What should we pray for?"

"Why, for papa and mamma!" replied her brother. "You see how sad they look. Poor mamma hardly ever smiles now, and I know it must be because she has not always bread enough for us. Let us pray God to help us."

"Yes," said Frederika, "we will."

So these two sweet children knelt down and prayed, asking the Heavenly Father to bless their parents, and make them a help to them.

"But how can we help papa and mamma?" asked Frederika.

"Why, don't you know?" replied Wolfgang. "My soul is full of music; and by and by I shall play before great people. They will give me plenty of money, and I will give it to father and mother; and we'll live in a fine house, and all be happy."

At this a loud laugh astonished the boy, who did not know that any one was near. Turning, he saw a tall gentleman who had just come from the woods. The stranger made inquiries, which the little girl answered, telling him:

"Wolfgang means to be a great musician; he thinks he can earn money, so that we shall not be so poor."

"He may do that when he has learned to play well enough," replied the stranger.

"He is only seven years old now," said Frederika; "but he plays beautifully, and can compose pieces."

"That can not be," said the gentleman.

"Come to see us," interposed the little boy himself, "and I will play something for you, sir."

"I will go this evening," answered the stranger.

The children went home and told their adventure to their parents, who seemed much pleased and astonished.

Soon a loud knock was heard; and, on opening the door, the little family were surprised to see men bringing in baskets of richly-cooked food in variety and abundance. They had an ample feast that evening. Thus God answered the children's prayer.

Soon after, while Wolfgang was playing a sonata which he had composed, the stranger entered, and stood astonished at the wondrous melody. The father recognized in his guest Francis I., Emperor of Austria.

Not long afterward the family were invited by the Emperor to Vienna, where

Wolfgang astonished the royal family by his wonderful powers. From that time the father and his children gave concerts in many cities of Germany and France. At the age of fifteen Wolfgang was acknowledged as a master musician.

Mozart was a good Catholic as well as a great musician. The simple trust in God which he had learned in childhood never forsook him. In a letter to his father, written in after years, he said:

"I never lose sight of God. I acknowledge His power and dread His wrath, but at the same time I love to admire His goodness and mercy to His creatures. He will never abandon His servant. By the fulfilment of His will, mine is satisfied."

It was, apparently, God's will that His musical servant should never know the dangers of great riches. Married in 1782, Mozart and his wife were never free from discomforts and privations; but both were so happy in their mutual love that the most grinding poverty could not darken their lives. His loyalty to his own country contributed to keep him poor; as that sentiment induced him in 1789 to refuse King Frederick William's offer of the position of his kapellmeister, with a salary of three thousand thalers.

Mozart's last great work was his immortal *Requiem*. He was not able to finish it himself. Feeling that his death was approaching, he sketched out the principal features of the incompleted part, leaving them for his pupil Süssmayer to elaborate. The night before he died he gathered his favorite singers about him, and had the score of the *Requiem* brought to his bed. The work was sung until the *Lacrimosa* was reached, when Mozart burst into tears and closed the score. The end came on the morning of December 5, 1791; and an eye-witness related that the last motion of the great musician was an endeavor to imitate the kettledrums in the *Requiem*.

HE that would have the fruit must climb the tree,

Sandy Joe.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XV.—FATHER MORE'S VISITORS.

The red glow of the wintry sunset burned through the snow-wreathed pines that brushed the wide silken-curtained window of Mrs. Harper's room. She lay upon her cushioned couch, very pale and still, looking out dreamily at the dying day. Her husband sat by her side, smoothing the soft, rippling hair back from her temples with the light, tender touch that years of loving care gave to his strong man's hand.

"I am glad you told me, Phil dear!" she said gently.

"Are you, dearest? Father More thought it best for you to know."

"Oh, yes! Dear Father More always understands. I—I have never been able to think of Larchmont; but now—now I can, Phil. I can think of it as a beautiful home for poor friendless little boys and girls, like those we saw on the street that day selling papers. That poor little girl! I have never forgotten the frightened look in her soft brown eyes when she lifted them to my face. Oh, I hope the clothes made her warm and comfortable, Phil!"

"They did, I am sure," said Mr. Harper,— "unless that young rascal 'cribbed' everything for himself."

"Well, perhaps, dear; though it didn't strike me that way. But no doubt your eyes are clearest. He got the money, at all events. So you are pleased that Father More is to have Larchmont for his little waifs?"

"Oh, so pleased, Phil! I don't know when I have had anything to make me so happy. I don't know why it is, but I have felt happier of late,—happier even though I am weaker, I know."

"'Rascal'!" echoed the lady, softly. "O Phil, there was nothing rascally about that nice red-haired boy! He had one of the best faces I ever saw,—so honest and kind!"

"Nell, Nell!" there was a sharp note of pain in the speaker's tone. "Don't—don't be so heavenly, Nell! Stay on with me, if—if you can!"

"If—if I can," she whispered. "Ah, I am trying; for I love you, Phil,—love you dearly, my husband! But I have a strange feeling that I shall see our baby soon,—our dear little baby that the angels are taking care of for me, Phil, until—until I come."

"My God! No, no! Don't talk like that, Nell!" was the hoarse answer. "You are not any worse, only a little weaker. Nell, don't let go and drift away from me,—don't, Nell,—*don't!*"

"I won't then,—I won't if I can help it, Phil," she answered, smiling up into his anguished face. "Especially since you have told me about Larchmont, I want you to get to work right away, and have everything lovely, Phil,—big rooms and plenty of windows, and nice wide porches where the children can run and play, and a sun parlor. I always meant to have a sun parlor on the south front. O Phil, won't you begin right away?"

"Father More and I thought that in the spring, Nell—"

"Oh, no! Don't wait until spring. That is too long off. I'd like to have it done before—I mean, I'd like you to begin right now, Phil. Go to see Father More about it, and ask him not to put it off until spring. Go to-morrow, please."

"And leave you blue and low-spirited like this?" he protested.

"I am not blue and low-spirited," she said. "I am only weak, and it will do me good to have that home for the poor little children begun. See Father More, please, and ask him to begin the work right away."

And it was in obedience to this gentle command that Mr. Phil Harper appeared next evening at the rectory of St. Martin's, and was admitted to Father More's study, where he announced his business in the brief, repressed tones of one whose heart was too full for lengthy speech.

"In plain terms, Father, Nell feels that she is dying and wants the home done before she goes."

"It is not so bad as that, my dear friend!" said the priest, striving to speak cheerily. "You are too anxious, I think."

"Not too anxious, Father. Oh, she is dying slowly, surely, patiently, as she knows—as I can see. The wound that pierced her tender heart has been bleeding all these years until life and strength are gone. She told me yesterday that she felt that she would see her baby soon; so we must get to work, Father, even despite the snow and ice. She said that she would like to see the plans you spoke of, and select one herself."

"Certainly, certainly," said Father More. "I shall be glad to have her distracted, interested. Sit right down there in my big chair while I look them up. Light a cigar,—you'll find some on the mantel. Keep up a brave heart, my friend. I feel that the good God will bless your generous charity to His little ones in ways we can not foresee—hallo! What's the matter out there?"

And the speaker's comforting tone changed to one of startled inquiry at the unusual clamor that came from the hall without. He flung open the door of his study, to confront an exciting scene.

Mrs. Mullan, his stout, motherly house-keeper, was holding at bay an equally stout, motherly visitor, who, with her "widow's bonnet" askew, and its purple flowers waving defiantly, was striving to force an entrance.

"Let me by, ma'am,—let me by! I've come to speak to his reverence; and, busy or not busy, I must see him. He'll listen to me, I know, Let me by!"

"Not a step farther shall you go!" said Mrs. Mullan, her own Celtic spirit rising to the fray. "What sort of disrespectable creature are you to be breaking in upon the priest like this? It's mad or intoxicated you must be!"

"Intoxicated!" echoed the visitor, flaming into virtuous wrath. "I never

touched a drop stronger than tea in all my life. I've half a mind to pull the cap from your bald head, you wicked woman!"

"Tut, tut, tut!" said Father More reprovingly, as he advanced upon the scene of combat. "My good women, this is most unseemly. What is the trouble, Mrs. Mullan? Why,—why," recognizing the visitor, "surely it's Mrs. Bryan!"

"It is, Father,—it is!" And the speaker's righteous indignation suddenly broke into tears and tremors. "It vexed me more than I could say to be turned from the door by that impudent creature."

"There! there! there!" said the priest, anxious to avert a reopening of hostilities. "It was altogether my fault, Mrs. Bryan. I gave orders that I was not to be disturbed. But if the matter is of serious importance—"

"Sure it is, Father. But I'll ask only a moment or two, to keep my brain from turning outright. And I dare not go to anybody else, for fear people would think me mad entirely. It's about this boy here, Father,"—and she pulled forward a white-faced boy, hitherto screened by her ample figure. "He is just out of the hospital, where he has been lying three weeks with an injured head; and he's telling a tale that has made my heart faint from the fear and the fright of it."

"Why, surely. I know that boy, too!" said Father More, who, despite this rather discouraging introduction, was looking kindly into the thin pale face. "Are you not the fine fellow that fought for little Micky Fay and that I brought home to supper some weeks ago?"

"Yes, Father," and the young face kindled at the friendly tone. "I'm Sandy Joe, or that's what the boys call me; and you treated me fair and square, Father; and so when Mrs. Bryan said to come to you, I knew you'd treat me square again and believe my story." And the honest blue eyes were lifted to Father More with an eager trust that touched the priest's warm heart.

"Come in here and tell it," he said

kindly, feeling that in some way the poor lad needed quieting; and, to Mrs. Mullan's suppressed indignation, he led the two visitors into the study, where Mr. Harper sat in the big chair puffing his cigar into a glow.

"Excuse me one moment, my dear Harper, while I hear this poor boy's trouble."

"Harper?" said Joe, suddenly wheeling around. "Harper? Is his name Harper? And, geewhillikins, it's the man I sold the paper to, and that gave the money to Billy Butler!"

"Eh—what?" said Mr. Harper, startled. "Thunderation! You are the right boy, sure enough! And that other rascal 'did' us out of fifteen dollars! George! I ought to have known he was not Nell's little gentleman by one look at his face. And so you're the real chap? How is your little sister?"

Joe's lip quivered, and in a moment Mrs. Bryan burst into an exciting explanation.

"That's what brought us here, Father,"—turning to the priest. "You remember the child, maybe? You baptized her, Monica Mary, more than a month ago."

"Why, yes, yes, I remember her well,—that lovely child that so attracted you, Harper," he added aside. "And is she this boy's sister? I thought she had no family, no relatives."

"Sure she hadn't, Father, that I knew of. But the boy's grandmother had her in charge; and Joe looked after the little creature, and loved her better than if he was her born brother."

"And—and, Father, they've taken her away! They've stolen her!" put in Joe, breathlessly.

"Stolen her?" echoed both gentlemen, in amazement.

"Whist now, — whist, Joe!" said Mrs. Bryan. "Let me tell the story first to his reverence. When the old woman was taken to the hospital, Joe asked me to care for the child, saying he'd work for her and pay for her as best he could; for

she was greatly afraid of the asylum,—which was where she ought to have been, as I said from the first. And then the old woman died, and was buried by the town—God rest her soul!—and Joe almost broke his neck or his head down the fire escape when he was taking victuals for a midnight supper. Jackie—Monica Mary—was left to me; and, though a poor, lone widow, with four of my own to raise, I was doing my best for her. But the father and mother, that left her with old Madge Darnley when she was an infant, came after her two weeks ago, and told me—”

“They told her lies,” broke in Joe, desperately, — “all lies, Father,—all lies! They were not Jackie’s mother and father at all. I heard a man promise to give three hundred dollars if they’d take her away and never bring her back; and the man’s name was Lamont, and he lived in the Romaine. He sent this other man and a woman (Lisette) after Jackie, and her right name is Jacqueline.”

Jacqueline! Lisette! Lamont! Philip Harper started to his feet, his handsome face suddenly ashen.

“Lamont is Nellie’s cousin; Lisette was — was little Jacqueline’s nurse! My God, Father, what does the boy mean?”

“Harper, my dear friend, be calm! The boy is just out of the hospital, remember. He does not know what he says.”

“I do,—I do, Father!” cried Joe, passionately. “Mr. Harper just said he knew those persons—Lamont, Lisette, Jacqueline. Isn’t that proof enough? How could I dream such a thing? And the men talked about you too,” — turning his white desperate face to Mr. Harper. “One said if he took the child to you — to Mr. Harper,—you would give everything you have for her.”

“Who said it—where—when?” panted Phil Harper, grasping Joe’s shoulder. “I would give everything I had for — for a child called Jacqueline? You heard this, you say? You heard it — you heard it? Where—when?”

The fierce grip, the wild passion of the

tone for a moment took away Joe’s breath and speech, and terrified Mrs. Bryan into tearful defence.

“Sure it’s mad with the fever the poor boy is, as I told you, Father! But if you’ll listen to him, you may ease his poor mind. Now, Joey, tell your story straight through as you told it to me.”

“Yes; sit down here beside me, my boy. You see how weak and tremulous he is, Harper. Just out of the hospital, remember, where he has been lying unconscious from a severe injury to his head. Remember all this, my friend, and be calm. Now, my child, go on with your story.”

And Joe, thus reassured, told his story as he remembered it — he told it all, beginning with the naughty bell boy that sent him climbing up to the wrong story of the Romaine, explaining how the sudden news of Gran’s death had startled him, and then the angry words behind the curtains that held him a frightened and breathless listener. Then Philip Harper suddenly started to his feet, pale, hoarse-voiced, shaken to his strong man’s soul.

“My God,” he cried, “this is no fever dream! The boy is telling the truth, Father More,—the truth. That child—that beautiful little child I saw standing under Nell’s memorial window—the poor little street-beggar whose eyes have followed dear Nell ever since,—that child—great God!—is hers—is mine!”

(To be continued.)

Denmark’s Flag.

The flag of Denmark is a plain red banner bearing on it a white cross. In the year 1219 King Waldemar of Denmark, when leading his troops to battle against the Livonians, saw a bright light in the form of a cross in the sky. He held this appearance to be a promise of divine aid and pressed forward to victory. From this time he had the cross placed on his flag, calling it the Dannebrog,—that is, the strength of Denmark.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Early Autumn announcements by Messrs. Duckworth & Co. include "Poems," by Hilaire Belloc, M. P.

—The death, at the age of eighty-eight, of Mrs. Thomas, a daughter of Captain Marryat, the novelist, is announced from Bruges. She was a convert to the Church, and one of her own daughters is a nun.

—To be interesting is the test of biography, according to Mr. Chesterton. Another test is to be candid. Mr. Snead-Cox's "Life of Cardinal Vaughan" marks an epoch in biographical work. Hereafter the Life of any contemporary worth writing at all must be written in full in order to be appreciated,—with very few suppressions, and, above all, no whitewashing.

—With the compliments of the Knights of Columbus, Connersville, Indiana, there comes to us a reprint in neat pamphlet form of the "Journal of Proceedings.—Indian Treaty.—Fort Wayne, September 30, 1809." The Journal is a reproduction of the diary kept by Peter Jones, secretary to Governor Harrison, Commissioner of the United States, and is of curious historical interest.

—Few people have any idea of how rapidly the art of printing spread through Europe during the second half of the fifteenth century. A catalogue of books, mostly from the presses of the first printers, issued by the Oxford University Press, shows that from 1460 to 1500 there were 238 towns possessing at some time or other printing presses of their own. Examples of many of them are preserved in the British Museum.

—The Passion Play described in our leading article this week is by no means the Rev. J. B. Laurent's only composition. He has written a number of mystery plays for various occasions, both in the Kol vernacular and in Hindustani, such as *Cain and Abel*, *Joseph the Patriarch*, *Daniel the Prophet*, *The Birth of Christ*, *The Prodigal Son*, *The Death and Assumption of Our Lady*, *St. Hermenegild*, *St. Blandina*, *The Martyrs of Lyons*, *St. Elizabeth*, *St. Agnes*, etc.

—"Towards the Altar" and "Towards the Eternal Priesthood," by the Rev. J. M. Lelen (B. Herder), are neatly-printed pamphlets of 125 and 115 pages respectively. The former is a series of edifying and instructive papers on vocations to the priesthood; the latter, a simple and effective treatise on the divine call, "compiled from approved sources." Both little

volumes are well worth attentive perusal by not only Catholic young men or boys but by their parents as well. Specifically, of course, they appeal to seminarians.

—Well in advance of the festival season for which it is especially designed comes "One Christmas Eve at Roxbury Crossing," a collection of four Christmas tales by Cathryn Wallace. (Frederick Pustet & Co.) The author states that her purpose is to place before the minds of young readers the very important part the Virgin Mother holds in the teachings of the Catholic Church"; and her young readers will enjoy the stories in which that lesson is embodied.

—No. 4, Vol. VI., of the *Bulletin* of the Catholic Educational Association is an exceptionally able and interesting pamphlet. It is a reprint of "Catholic Education in Canada, in its Relation to the Civil Authority," the notable paper read at the recent convention of the Association in Detroit, by the Hon. Frank A. Anglin, of the Supreme Court of Canada. As a succinct and lucid exposition of a question about which many Americans have rather hazy opinions, Judge Anglin's study is of unquestionable utility and importance.

—From the Apostolate Publishing Co., Cleveland, Ohio, we have received "Catholic Religion," by the Rev. Charles Alfred Martin. A substantial volume of almost 500 pages, it professes to be a statement of Christian teaching and history. A popular rather than an exhaustively scholarly work, it gives a bird's-eye view of religion; the author having written, as much as possible, in the language of daily experience and with a view to practical needs. The work is divided into four parts,—the first dealing with the religious needs and ideals of humanity; the second, with the Christian Church, its origin and authority, and its relation to the Bible; the third, with the practical and ultimate work of the Church in the Sacraments; and the fourth, with a summary of the history of the Christian religion from its origin to the present time. The book, which is illustrated with engravings in half-tone, will do much good among readers, non-Catholic as well as Catholic, for whom it is intended; and is to be welcomed as an addition to the library of popular apologetics.

—Would-be poets who have not as yet incurred the expense of a rhyming dictionary, or laid in a stock of nice white paper to be used for writing what they are pleased to term poetry, would do well to meditate on these

remarks with which the *Academy* begins an article entitled "In the Name of Poesy":

The number of people in this prosaic world who imagine that the manufacture of verse—we dare not say poetry—is their divinely ordained calling is astounding. It is not a bad sign, doubtless, that these desperadoes of the pen should be moved to express themselves in lyrics that occasionally rhyme quite nicely, and sonnets that are a series of statements hopelessly correct; for, at any rate, it shows that the spirit of Poesy is abroad. The worst of it is that as soon as the clean sheet of paper is decorated with something that looks like a poem because the lines are about the same length, the dear fellows must rush round the town to find somebody who will confer a dubious immortality upon them by printing it. The discovery that "rain" jingles prettily with "pain," and that several other words in the English language are assonant, seems to be made periodically, and to cause a species of mild delirium; the discovery that it is one of the easiest things imaginable to "scorn the homespun thread of rhymes," to write hundreds of lines of five feet, and to call it blank verse, might well break the critic's heart did he venture to wade through all that came his way. . . .

The article from which we quote is thus concluded: "We observed just now that the spirit of Poesy is abroad. It is high time she came home." The same number of the *Academy*, we notice, contains two original poems. It would have been delicate on the editor's part to defer the publication of them for a week or two.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Towards the Altar." "Towards the Eternal Priesthood." Rev. J. M. Lelen. 15 cts. ea.
 "One Christmas Eve at Boxbury Crossing." Cathryn Wallace. 75 cts.
 "Catholic Religion." Rev. Charles A. Martin. \$1.25.
 "Père Jean and Other Stories." Aileen Hingston. 70 cts., net.
 "Christian Symbolism." Mrs. Henry Jenner. \$1.
 "Heavenwards." Mother Mary Loyola. \$1.25.
 "De Ponte's Meditations." Vol. VI. \$1.80.
 "Handbook of Practical Economics." J. Schrijvers. \$1.35.
 "St. Francis de Sales. A Study of the Gentle Saint." Louise M. Stackpoole-Kenny. \$1.10.

- "The Laws of the King; or, Talks on the Commandments." A Religious of the Holy Child. 60 cts.
 "The Boys of St. Batt's." R. P. Garrold, S. J. 80 cts.
 "Cardinal Mercier's Conferences." \$1.50.
 "Meditations for Each Day of the Month of June." Charles Santley. 60 cts.
 "Astronomical Essays." Rev. George V. Leahy, S. T. L. \$1.
 "Sunlight and Shadow." P. M. Northcote. \$1.
 "The Beginnings of the Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes, A. D. 754-1073." Mgr. L. Duchesne, D. D. \$2.
 "A Compendium of Catechetical Instruction." Vols. I. and II. \$4.50.
 "A Private Retreat for Religious." Rev. Peter Geiermann, C. SS. R. \$1.50.
 "Life's Little Day." D. J. Scannell O'Neill. 25 cts.
 "So as by Fire." Jean Connor. \$1.25.
 "Brownie and I." Richard Aumerle. 85 cts.
 "The Formation of Character." Rev. Ernest Hull, S. J. 15 cts.
 "A Bunch of Girls." "Shan." 50 cts.
 "The First Great Canadian." Charles B. Reed. \$2.
 "History of the Society of Jesus in North America." Thomas Hughes, S. J. Documents: Vol. I., Part II., \$4.50.
 "Buds and Blossoms." Rt. Rev. Charles H. Colton, D. D. \$1.25.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Lawrence Fell, of the diocese of Buffalo; Rev. Celestine Gregorie, diocese of Monterey; Rev. William McLoughlin, archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. Stephen Wiest, diocese of Harrisburg; Rev. M. Ahern, archdiocese of St. Paul; Rev. Pius Massi, S. J.; and Rev. Emmanuel Hartig, O. S. B.

Sister Ephrem, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Sister M. Rose and Sister M. de Pazzi, Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. James Holmwood, Mr. William Boland, Miss Elizabeth McElligott, Mr. Francis X. Smith, Mr. John Bradley, Mr. Frank Kerner, Mr. Michael Kenny, Mr. Charles Stuewe, Mrs. Mary Lacy, Mr. Bernard Holtmann, Mrs. Johanna Casey, Mr. David Downes, Miss Anna Morrissey, Mr. Edmund Goedde, Mrs. Catherine Dulin, and Mr. John Clark.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXXI. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 24, 1910.

NO. 13

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

God's Tenderness.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

NEVER a rose flames on the briar,
Never a sunset dies,
But beauty to my heart with fire
Brings dreams of paradise.
Never a light above me swings,
Never a cloud moves by,
But spirits lift my mind on wings
That bear me to the sky.
Never a breeze stirs in the tree,
Or bird lifts up its voice,
But music thrills the soul of me,
And bids me to rejoice.
Never a time at noon or night,
But heaven or the sod
Doth teach my spirit with delight
The tenderness of God.

An Exeter Pilgrimage.

BY H. CECIL POOL.

HAWTHORNE tells us that when he first saw Lichfield cathedral, to his "uninstructed vision it seemed the object best worth gazing at in the whole world." The Gothic cathedral appeared to him "the most wonderful work which mortal man has yet achieved." He felt that a flood of uncomprehended beauty was pouring down upon him. Alas! the beauty remained incomprehensible; for he confesses that, after seeing many other cathedrals, his admiration became less prodigal; his ill-trained enthusiasm

began to flag, and he gradually lost the vision of the "spiritual or ideal edifice." All this goes to prove that Hawthorne was not a cathedral lover, but he is decidedly in error in attributing his waning enthusiasm to a lack of training. Cathedral lovers are born and not made; it is a matter of temperament, and by no means the natural sequence of culture or erudition.

Exeter will always hold a high place in my estimation; for it marked the introduction to a protracted cathedral pilgrimage. Within three hours of landing at Plymouth, with the roar and whirl of the strenuous life of New York still ringing in my ears, I found myself in a very typical English city, with still enough of the bloom of mediævalism upon it to make one thankful that it had not been more roughly handled. No better place could have been chosen than this as a prelude to an English tour. The city of Briton, Roman and Englishman, standing alone in its unbroken connection with remote antiquity; a city, moreover, unique in its uninterrupted Christian history,—“the one great prize of the Christian Saxon; the city where Jupiter gave way to Christ, but where Christ never gave way to Woden,”—all these facts are collateral to the study of the cathedrals; for a cathedral is essentially a spiritual fact, and isolated from this it loses all individuality.

Exeter is one of the hill cathedrals, but neither the edifice itself nor the eminence on which it stands affords such a sense of majesty as those of Durham or Lincoln. The general air of massiveness and the lowness of the towers give a castle-like

tone to the building; so that, viewed from afar, there is a palpable lack of the grace we usually associate with the Gothic. In the case of Exeter, the city is not one of those parasitic growths which clustered around a great religious house: the original See was at the open town of Crediton, seven miles away; but frequent ravages by Scandinavian pirates forced Bishop Leofric to remove it to the fortified city of Exeter a short time before the Norman Conquest.

The growth of the See was normal. No glorious shrines such as those of Canterbury and Durham brought hosts of pilgrims from every part of Christendom. The name of no great saint is linked with its cathedral; for the glory of St. Winfrith, who, as St. Boniface, was to be the Apostle of Germany, belongs not to Exeter but to Crediton. Magnificent as its prelates were, their work proclaimed them as shepherds rather than statesmen. As it was not a monastic church, its passage from its lawful and rightful owners to the Church of England, "as by law established," was marked by none of those harrowing details appealing alike to the romantic sensibilities of Catholic and Protestant. All this conspires to concentrate the attention of the tourist on the cathedral itself, without permitting it to degenerate to a mere stage-setting for a few stupendous historic tableaux.

One frequently hears the lament expressed that we can not see the cathedrals as they came fresh from the hands of the builders. A vain and foolish regret; for we know not how much of the beauty that holds us is due to the mellowing touch of centuries of rain and shine. It was this hoary time-hue, intensified by a vivid contrast with a stretch of brilliant lawn, that made on me the first strong impression. I had turned out of the High Street, with its mingling of modern and middle-age houses, into a short lane, and there was the cathedral in its little oasis of close. One glance told me that it stood in a class by itself.

Imposing it is not, for it is low in stature. It is something unique even in a country of architectural eccentricities. Sometimes very homely comparisons are more forcible than those more carefully studied, and a lady made the remark: "It looks like a big church dropped down between two fortresses." The fortresses are, of course, the two transeptal towers, which are all that remains of Bishop Warelwast's Norman cathedral; and this likeness to a fortress is not far-fetched, for the north tower still bears traces of offensive operations during the reign of Stephen. The remarkable position of these towers has been somewhat fancifully presumed by Professor Freeman to represent "that ancient gesture of prayer which prevailed alike among pagans and Israelites—the lifting up of the outspread palms to heaven."

More probably the utilization of these towers was purely a matter of economy, which was one of the most pronounced characteristics of the cathedral-builders,—we must remember that the preservation of two other Norman towers resulted in the strange curving of the main walls of Canterbury choir. It may also be accounted for as a very happy method of avoiding the erection of a central tower, which was apparently one of the weakest constructional features of the mediæval builder. Be this all as it may, we prefer any arrangement to the conventional western or central towers.

The west front is another surprise as startling as the towers. It is built in three receding stories. The first is a battlemented screen, including the three portals, with two tiers of canopied statues. Time has dealt hardly with these, and new stones had to be inserted to replace those that were almost disintegrated. A question suggested by this restoration is, whether the renovations should not rather be carved in low relief than as facsimiles of the original, as they were when they left the hand of the sculptor? The final effect of this work is too pronouncedly

the new patch on the old garment. Above this screen is a second battlemented story, containing a window of superb geometrical tracery; and the whole is surmounted by a gable, including another fine traceried window, and a statue of St. Peter, the patron saint of the cathedral, in its apex. This west front has been so generally decried that the tyro can hardly avoid the pitfall of the "canned" criticism, and wholly condemn it; perhaps being unaware that in reality there is great elegance of detail, and that the glaring fault is in the poverty of composition. As we turn again eastward, we note the titanic expanse of roof caused by the absence of the towers in their usual position. At the extreme east end of the church is the Lady Chapel, in its orthodox English site.

In making the circuit of the exterior another important feature asserts itself: the whole building is a consistent example of bilateral symmetry: chapel corresponds with chapel, chantry with chantry; and there is not that odd tacking on of chantries, baptistery, etc., which is almost inevitable when buildings have taken centuries to complete. This last fact was taken advantage of by the architect who designed the modern cathedral of Truro. In order to give it an air of antiquity, he avoided sedulously the bilateralism that delights the architect of to-day; he mingled his styles, then added on a baptistery as a sort of afterthought. He aimed at a building which should force people to their knees as soon as they entered its doors; and he was compelled to hark back to the Ages of Faith, when men built to the honor and glory of God with no calculation of psychologic effects.

The days passed beneath these weather-stained walls were very precious. In boyhood I had felt a sense of uncomprehended beauty in the cathedral of the home city, but this feeling had all vanished. The faith of the cathedral-builders was now mine, and I recognized in the cathedral a visualized embodiment of that faith. What I had once known as a poem in

stone had become a Creed in stone and a great spiritual symbol.

Fortunately, at Exeter one is not obliged to endure the peregrinating recitative of a verger. Certainly the choir is under lock and key; but, after dropping your sixpence into the box, you are suffered to wander through the Holy of Holies at leisure. But the English cathedrals, are severely handicapped: one feels the lack of that invitation to prayer found in the Catholic cathedrals of Europe; and iron gates, barring off the most interesting portions, give a tinge of commercialism.

Elegance and richness are the dominant characteristics of the interior. No English cathedral is more beautiful in its details, but everywhere there is such restraint that the wealth of carving and ornament is never self-assertive. Throughout there is the harmony of beauty, truth and use. The majority of the cathedrals are architectural medleys, in which the various styles are intimately intermingled. Exeter, with the exception of the Norman transepts and the Perpendicular east window, is a pure and homogeneous example of decorated architecture. The clustered pillars of Purbeck marble from which the pointed arches of the nave spring, with their plain but finely chiselled capitals, are marvels of gracefulness. The vaulting shafts spring from corbels rising above the capitals of the pillars; and, on a level with the clerestory, the vaulting ribs branch out in palm-like clusters to meet the central rib seventy feet above the pavement. The corbels and bosses are elaborately and minutely carved with exquisitely natural vines and oak leaves; some of the corbels have figures of the Blessed Virgin and the Child Jesus surrounded with foliage; the bosses have representations of the Crucifixion and Scriptural subjects; one that is especially beautiful and touching is the face of the Man of Sorrows. A good pair of opera-glasses is indispensable if one would enjoy these details.

The windows of Exeter are the finest

in England, so far as tracery is concerned. There is a wonderful variety in the tracery, no two windows being alike on the same side of the church. They are very wide, and the triforium is reduced to a minimum in order to permit of more lofty windows in the clerestory. The decorated style is not marked by the "dim religious light." This was the result of an intentional flooding of the church with light; and the increased size and number of windows also gave opportunity for the builders to display their ingenuity in filling their heads with lace-like traceries.

The north transept is locally known as the "Poets' Corner," by reason of the little company of cathedral lovers who make it a forgoing place. On the north wall is a quaint thirteenth-century clock, bearing the apposite inscription, *Pereunt et Impulantur*,—"The hours pass and are laid to our charge." It takes us back to the now discredited geocentric theory; the globe, in the centre of the dial, represents the earth, and the passage of time is indicated by a sun rotating on the circumference. The portion screened off is the Sylke Chantry, erected over the tomb of the founder, so that Masses might be offered up in perpetuity for the repose of his soul. He died in 1508.

The See of Exeter can boast of a line of magnificent prelates, and we need go no further than the cathedral to appreciate the fact. In all truth we can say that they built their hearts, their blood, their all into these walls. It was good Bishop Quivil who must be thanked for the greater share of the glories of Exeter. He it was who designed the decorated cathedral, turning his predecessors' work to the best account; and designing so well that his successors never abandoned that plan. The resulting unity has given us a glorious interior. His first work was to make Warelwast's Norman towers integral portions of the building, as transepts, by inserting tall arches. Those beautiful windows, with their superb tracery—rose, lily, and wheel,—are also his. Then he

transformed the Lady Chapel and began to remodel the choir. Bishop Bitton completed the choir; and here again we have to marvel at one of those daring engineering feats of the builders of the "Dark Ages": the piers and arches were removed bodily from beneath the clerestory walls, and new ones put in without bringing the walls down,—a venture that is simply astounding when we consider that mechanical aids were of the crudest. The nave was the work of Grandisson, the most illustrious of the Exeter prelates.

Like all the other cathedrals which have survived the "Great Pillage," Exeter has many memorials of the Catholic past,—of the great Faith which reared its walls, and whose traces are as ineffaceable as that Faith itself. Christian symbols alone might not suffice, for the new worship has not disdained to borrow freely from the great nursing-mother. When we enter the north porch of the nave, we find, in a recess of the eastern wall, three decapitated figures of our Blessed Lord, the Blessed Virgin, and St. John; and over the inner doorway is an empty niche from which a statue has been chipped away. On the centre boss of the vaulting, under successive layers of plaster, was found an *Agnus Dei*; and these mutilations and plasterings are manifestations of the "first fervor" of the Reformers.

The large number of chapels and chantries is another Catholic link. In the nave is the Chapel of St. Edmund; and, in the transepts, the eastern sides open into the Chapels of St. Paul and St. John the Baptist. Midway on each side of the choir are the transeptal chapels of St. Andrew and St. James. At the extreme east of the choir proper are Speke's and Oldham's chantries; and a continuation of the aisles of the choir leads us to the Chapels of St. Mary Magdalene and St. Gabriel. The utmost exigencies of the present worship would not call for so many chapels, and they are utilized for a variety of purposes,—too often as storage places for ecclesiastical junk.

Visitors who are unaware that in the old days Masses were said daily at all these altars labor under the impression that the Catholics erected these altars as ornaments. The altar-slab in St. Gabriel's Chapel still bears the consecration crosses; it formerly belonged to the high altar, and was discovered in the south transept. Another altar-stone may be seen in the pavement immediately in front of the choir-screen,—a position which was intended to subject it to the greatest indignity, in consideration of its former sacred uses. A fifteenth-century window in the Chapel of St. Mary Magdalene portrays Bishop Stafford in an attitude of prayer, with a label inscribed, "*Sancta Maria Magdalena, intercede pro me.*" What a wonder that this should have escaped the cleansing touch of those whom Samuel Johnson dubbed the "ruffians of the Reformation"! On the south side of the main altar is a sedilia, used by the celebrant, deacon, and subdeacon at the Mass; its marvellous delicacy of stone tracery has never been matched even in wood.

• There is a wealth of carving—foliage, small birds, and heads of animals.

This magnificent work dates back to the fifteenth century; but in all probability the seats under the elaborate canopies are those of the original episcopal throne on which, according to a recently discovered charter: "I, Edward, King, with my hand do place this charter upon the altar of St. Peter; and, leading the prelate Leofric by his right arm, my Queen Eadgytha also leading him by his left, I do place him on the episcopal throne, in the presence of my lords and noble relations and my chaplains." This Edward was St. Edward the Confessor. Well might Bishop Berkeley write to the Pope that the church, when completed, would surpass every Gothic church in England or in France.

The Lady Chapel, which is the eastern termination of the cathedral, is perhaps the most suggestive memorial of pre-Reformation days, and we wonder why

the Reformers did not change its name. The earliest record of it is in a deed of the Crusader, Bishop Bruere, in 1237; but we have indubitable evidence that it was entirely remodelled by Bishop Quivil. The geometrical window at the east end, though filled with modern glass, is very fine. Beneath it is a fourteenth-century reredos (lately restored) of nine panels filled with Scriptural subjects. One of the bosses of the vaulting deserves special attention for its truly spiritual presentation of our Blessed Lord crowned with a nimbus and surrounded by symbols of the four Evangelists. The Lady Chapel was a much coveted place of sepulture. In the centre of the pavement is the tomb of Bishop Peter Quivil, to whom the cathedral owes so much.

During the Civil War the cathedral was spared by the Parliamentary forces through the surrender of the city to Fairfax. Some mutilations were inevitable; but, on the whole, it suffered little compared with other cathedrals. The Puritans demolished the cloisters, and established a cloth market on the site; they also divided the church into two parts by means of a vast whitewashed wall built on the choir-screen. In the two sections Independents and Presbyterians enjoyed "great quiet and comfort." This absurd wall was pulled down by Seth Ward, who expended \$125,000 in restorations. The interior was thoroughly renovated by Sir Gilbert Scott between 1870 and 1877,—a restoration happily falling short of the transformation wrought in many other minsters.

As Catholics, we can not but feel keenly the desecration of these cathedrals. We know that they represent the very flower and fruit of Catholic zeal, piety, and genius; and, to all intents and purposes, they are irretrievably lost to us. They are our rightful heritage. In bitterness of spirit, the Catholic will sometimes thoughtlessly wish for the Disestablishment of the Church of England. But if all the cathedrals were restored to the Church

to-morrow, the handful of English Catholics could not maintain them; and, on the other hand, we might have to fear their complete secularization as mere show places. Under existing conditions, the Church of England is a conscientious trustee, and we have some consolation in knowing that they are still Christian temples. In these cathedrals the walls still resound to the music of the Psalms, and many a prayer ascends which was appropriated from the Missal. In taking farewell of Exeter, I recalled the saying of Robert Louis Stevenson, "Mankind was never so happily inspired as when it made a cathedral."

A Summer Episode.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.



IN a secluded portion of the piazza of a seashore hotel sat two ladies, one day in early summer. They were elegantly dressed,—too elegantly for that time of day, which was nine in the morning. One leaned back in a large rocking-chair, fanning herself vigorously; the other was making a pretence of embroidery, though the wild rose begun several days before had not progressed beyond the second petal.

It was still early in the season, the hotel just beginning to receive its complement of guests. Said the elder of the two to her companion, whose acquaintance she had made that morning:

"I am afraid I shall find it very dull here, accustomed as I am to a great deal of society. Don't you feel the same?"

"I shall not mind it, as we expect to go in a few days," replied the other. "This house has been the subject of litigation for many years. My husband thinks, however, that it can be wound up satisfactorily to all parties this fall. He has been going about among the farmers and old residents, taking depositions, since Sunday."

The other stiffened perceptibly.

"Is your husband a—a—stenographer?"

Her *vis à vis* smiled serenely.

"No: he is Judge Wilcox," she replied.

"Judge Wilcox! Oh, I beg your pardon! But when you said—"

"It is of no importance, I assure you," observed the lady of the embroidery, coldly; using her needle for a toothpick, and staring into vacancy with a far-away look in her eyes.

Her companion wielded the fan more slowly; she felt thoroughly uncomfortable. The Wilcoxes were people well recognized as prominent members of a certain class of society, on the edge of which the other lady was still hovering, with a strong hope of soon passing the magic circle. What if by her tactless remark she had lost a precious opportunity!

The Judge's wife perceived her embarrassment, and enjoyed it as only they can who delight in returning the soul-thrusts they themselves are accustomed to receive. But the other was not so easily daunted.

"Yes," she said thoughtfully. "I ought to have known. I have so often heard my husband mention Judge Wilcox in the highest terms. I remember last year, at the time of the fall of that large apartment building in Clarendon Place, Mr. Sparks thought it a fine thing of the Judge to refuse to conduct the defence. No one is better calculated than he—my husband—to distinguish between good and bad work. And the masonry of that house was shockingly bad."

"Oh, your husband is a brick-mason, Mrs. Sparks?" said Mrs. Wilcox sweetly, in the tone of one upon whom a light had suddenly dawned,—who was feeling that she had had her inning and could afford to be gracious.

"A brick-mason!" exclaimed the other lady. "Not at all! He is *the* Mr. Sparks of Sparks & Fowel."

It was her turn to bridle, and bridle she did. The fan lay idle on her capacious lap, and she shook her head as though a bee had lighted beneath the puffs and curls that crowned it.

"And now I should beg ^{my} your pardon, Mrs. Sparks!" was the amiable rejoinder from the lips of Mrs. Wilcox. "And I am sure I do it with all my heart. The Judge has the highest opinion of Sparks & Fowel. I once heard him call them incorruptible."

"Thank you!" murmured Mrs. Sparks, once more restored to equanimity.

For a moment there was silence,—Mrs. Wilcox remembering that her husband had often said he would like to have the architect's legal business, and Mrs. Sparks hoping she might be able to bring the two men together for their mutual benefit. With a spontaneous movement as though to manifest the incipient friendliness that was beginning to exist between them, the two ladies edged nearer each other.

"My husband is here (I don't mind telling you) on the business of the new Catholic church," said the architect's wife. "You have heard, of course, that the rich Miss Van Anken is to build one,—a sort of memorial chapel?"

"No, I hadn't heard of it."

"Yes, she is prepared to do it at once. She will be down here to-day or to-morrow to make the final arrangements. That is why we came."

"Ah, I see!" observed Mrs. Wilcox, with increased respect for the firm of Sparks & Fowel—and correspondingly their female representative.

After that the fanning began once more, and the needle returned to its legitimate employment.

"By the way," asked the architect's wife, "have you seen the latest arrival?"

"No. Gentleman or lady?"

"Neither. Very likely some school-teacher or stenographer on her vacation. I wonder that they admit such people here. Probably they do it to eke out the servants' wages. I suppose rooms are cheap on the sixth floor."

"Is she domiciled there?"

"Oh, I don't know! She walked up from the station and carried her own luggage—a very small, straw suit-case. I judge by what I saw."

"I'm not particularly interested in that sort of people," observed Mrs. Wilcox, languidly. "But I agree with you: they ought to be kept in their place."

"There she is *now*!" whispered Mrs. Sparks, as a young lady issued from a French window on the other side of the piazza; and, after a pleasant "Good-morning!" to the two ladies—who returned it with stony glances and stiff bends of the head,—hastened briskly down the steps.

"Did you ever!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilcox, when she could command herself.

"The impertinence of some people! It is becoming almost insufferable!" said Mrs. Sparks.

"Probably she is a maid sent on in advance of her mistress, or a governess," replied Mrs. Wilcox. "I see she came out of the most expensive suite in the house."

"O dear! I do hope we are not going to be annoyed by a pack of children," grumbled the other lady.

"I share your hope; but I imagine there is nothing to fear," observed her friend. "If she were a governess, the children would be with her. I fancy she is a lady's maid."

"She is wearing a beautiful linen blouse."

"Yes; and that blue cloth skirt must have been an expensive purchase. That kind of people put every cent they earn on their backs, you know."

"She seems quite at her ease."

"Oh, they always do! They are very adaptable."

This remark called forth a ripple of laughter from the two ladies, who passed the remainder of the morning in more or less harmless gossip,—carefully refraining, however, from wounding each other's feelings, though commenting freely on the faults and failings of their absent friends and acquaintances.

About the middle of the afternoon Mrs. Wilcox sought a secluded summer-house, with a novel in her hand; preferring solitude to the company of her new friend, of which she had already grown slightly wearied. Arrived there, she found the

young woman of the linen blouse and tailor-made skirt seated at one of the small tables. She seemed to be examining a map or chart. She looked up pleasantly as the other woman entered, but Mrs. Wilcox gave no sign of having seen her. The girl sat very quietly, studying the papers before her; Mrs. Wilcox furtively watching her, resenting her presence, and inwardly fuming at what, if she had expressed herself in words, she would have styled the "odious self-possession of such persons."

She was not to escape her new acquaintance, however. In a few moments Mrs. Sparks came slowly along in the same direction. Glancing into the summer-house and seeing Mrs. Wilcox, she entered and seated herself in one of the wicker rockers. Presently the pair began a whispered conversation, which, if there is any truth in the accepted adage, should have caused their neighbor's ears to burn. But she was so deeply engrossed in her task that she took no heed of their loud whispers or peculiar glances. At length she arose and began to roll up the papers on the table, confining them with a wide rubber band. Suddenly she put her hand to her breast and uttered an exclamation. She looked on the table and under it, the two ladies watching her with silent curiosity.

"I beg your pardon, ladies!" she said at last. "I think I must have lost a precious gold cross after leaving the hotel."

"Was it so very valuable?" asked Mrs. Sparks.

"To me, at least, it was," rejoined the girl, resuming her search for the missing trinket.

As she moved the roll of paper from the spot where she had placed it on the table, the cross fell to the floor, resting at the feet of Mrs. Wilcox, who picked it up, and, instead of offering it at once to the owner, passed it to Mrs. Sparks, who began to examine it. It was about two inches in length, beautifully chased, and encrusted with small diamonds. An enamelled leaf, studded with emeralds and

rubies, lay across the centre. It was a most delicate piece of workmanship.

"Ah, I am so glad I did not lose it!" exclaimed the girl.

Mrs. Sparks continued to examine it.

"Did you *ever* see anything more beautiful?" she asked of her companion.

"Never!" was the reply. "It is a *chef-d'œuvre* certainly. And the design is so odd. The chasing is exquisite."

"It must be very old," observed Mrs. Sparks. "It is fit for a queen."

"It is reputed to have belonged to Catherine de' Medici," said the girl, pleasantly; quite unsuspecting of what was passing in the minds of the other two ladies.

Now, Mrs. Sparks and her friend had, between them, only a hazy idea of who Catherine de' Medici had been. But they were aware of the fact that she had helped to make history; and, while her past ownership of the cross served in their minds to make it more desirable and valuable, the fact of its possession by the present owner rendered it, in their opinion, doubly strange and suspicious. Mrs. Sparks, the more daring of the two, again turned it over in her hand before she asked:

"And where did *you* get it?"

The pale cheeks of the girl became crimson. She was small of stature, but her height seemed to overtop that of her rude inquisitor as, with head thrown back and eyes flashing, she indignantly said:

"Madame, I am not at all aware that it concerns you. You have asked a most impertinent question. Have the goodness to hand me my cross."

"*Your* cross!" said her interlocutor, incredulously. "What do you think, Mrs. Wilcox?"

"Give it to her, of course," was the reply. "It is none of our affair."

"But I am almost sure it does not belong to her. Probably she has appropriated it to her own use as an ornament, during the absence of her employer,—intending to replace it, I hope; and was very much alarmed when she thought it lost."

"Give it to me at once!" exclaimed the girl, imperiously.

Mrs. Sparks laid the cross on the table.

"What insolence!" she muttered, as the girl, seizing the cross and the roll of paper, hurried from the arbor.

The animadversions and criticisms of the two ladies, their unkind suspicions and petty remarks on what had occurred, would not interest the reader. Let them be confined to the four walls of the summer-house, as unworthy of being recorded here. But fully an hour was occupied in discussing the incident, when the setting sun, which warned them that the train which was to convey their respective and, we trust, respectable husbands might perhaps already have arrived.

So it proved. As they neared the hotel, Mrs. Wilcox perceived the Judge standing on the piazza, fanning himself with his broad Panama; while Mrs. Sparks could not repress an exclamation of astonishment at what her eyes beheld. Seated under the shade of a pergola near the driveway was her husband; and beside him, earnestly engaged in pointing out something on the unrolled chart she held, sat the girl whom she had insulted an hour previously. The supper bell had rung before they separated,—the young girl going in the direction of the French window of the suite from which she had issued in the morning; while the architect came toward his wife, who was standing with Judge and Mrs. Wilcox, awaiting him.

"Who is that girl, Ernest?" inquired Mrs. Sparks, after a hurried word of greeting and introduction. "How do you happen to know her?"

"That is Miss Van Anken," replied the architect, smilingly. "She has come down for a day about the church."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilcox, in a tone of unconcealed vexation.

"O—h—!" wailed Mrs. Sparks, in a voice that sounded like a cry of hopeless and unavailing despair.

She had relied much on the coming of Miss Van Anken; confident, through her husband, of meeting that young lady; and counting upon the fact of being, like the benefactress of religion, a Catholic,—for such she was in name rather than practice. The belief they shared in common, added to the business relations between her husband and Miss Van Anken, had seemed to her sufficient to promise great things in a social way. She had looked forward with much pleasure to the moment when she would present the heiress to Mrs. Wilcox, whom, in her own narrow little heart, she already accused of being a "snob."

But one sudden and devastating blow had scattered her deeply-laid plans; and, dreadful to contemplate, it was her own hand that had worked their destruction! She had been overtaken by the Nemesis which occasionally lies in ambush for such as she. There was just one way of escape from the humiliation, the mortification, that awaited her: either to plead illness on the morrow and until Mrs. Wilcox should have departed, or herself depart. The latter plan was not feasible: she must remain with her husband, to whom she could explain nothing.

But she need not have passed a sleepless night, as she did; for Judge Wilcox and his wife left the hotel early next morning, while Miss Van Anken took her departure shortly after. And the architect never heard the story.

The Heart of a Child.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

WHAT a child seeth and heareth,—that shall it be;

And the eyes of a child are as wide as the heavens, as deep as the sea.

O that the skies for it only God's jewels might hold!

And O that the ocean but pearls for its hands might enfold!

The Old Missions of California.

BY GEORGE WHARTON JAMES.

V.—SAN ANTONIO DE PADUA.

IT is hard for me to tell why the ruins of the Mission of San Antonio de Padua appeal to me in their pathetic degradation more than any other of the ruins, and yet it is so. Can it be that I am unconsciously influenced by my love for St. Anthony? Though a member of an alien church, I have always been interested in the life of this saint, and especially so in the cry of his fatherly heart for the presence of the Christ Child in very person. And I never see a picture or a statue of St. Anthony that does not make especial appeal to me; so I am sure that if I ever entered the Catholic Church I should make St. Anthony my patron saint, and write, as did my dear old friend, Charles Warren Stoddard, S. A. G. ("St. Anthony guide") on all my letters.

When I visited San Antonio Mission one Sunday in May, 1904, I was entirely alone. There was nobody nearer than the nearest ranch, and the old building was as deserted as the temples of Palmyra and Baalbeck. In the whirl of railroading, San Antonio has been completely side-tracked,—far more so than San Juan Bautista; and, unlike San Juan, it stands out in the fields, alone, deserted, forgotten. Across the way from San Juan is a hotel; across from San Antonio there is nothing,—indeed, there is no "across," for there is not traffic enough to make a way. Here is what I wrote in the shadow of the walls that day:

"Oh, the infinitude of care and patience and work and love shown in this old building! Everything was well and beautifully done. It is so evidently a work of love and pride. This builder was architect and lover, maker of history and poet; for power, strength, beauty, and tenderness are revealed on every hand. Every arch is perfect, every detail in harmony with

every other, and in location and general surroundings it is ideal. San Antonio Creek is at the rear; and on every side there are exquisite views of fertile valley, rolling foothills, and tree-covered mountains. It is enclosed in a picturesque bower of beauty;—God's quiet nook in His great out-of-doors.

"And now all is silent and deserted. Birds fly in and out, and sing in the towers that once sent forth sweet sounds of evening bells. Horses wander up and down the corridors where monks were wont to tell their Beads; and even the monastery, consecrated by prayers, hymns, and the holy toil of daily labor, and the rooms in which Indian maidens and youths learned the handicrafts of the white man, are now used as places of shade for the cattle that roam through the valley.

"Inside the ruined church all is still. There is no droning voice of drowsy Padre intoning his early morning Mass; no resounding note of the same Padre's voice when, fired with martial ardor as soldier of the Cross, he preaches to Indians whose souls have been imperilled by some recent relapse. All, all is silent! In the surrounding ruins, where once was heard the ring of iron and hammer on anvil, the saw and plane on wood, the tap of the hammer on leather, the scrape of the tool on hide, the cutting of the graver on wood, the busy hum of active workers of every kind,—everything now is hushed and still. The olive oil mill is dismantled, its standards gone; only two of the olive trees remain; the fields no longer see the Indians; the plough is idle, and the rancherias are deserted. Like a gray-haired mother of sons and daughters whose life-work is accomplished, and who sits in her capacious armchair awaiting the last summons, so seems San Antonio to sit calm and serene among the hills, silently voicing the questions: 'Have I, too, not accomplished? May I not also pass in peace?'"

To-day the place is perfectly dismantled. The California Historic Landmarks' League

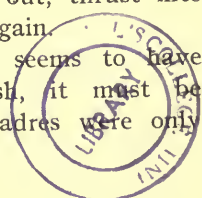
in 1904 undertook to preserve it from further devastation. The tiles were removed from the crumbling and falling-in roofs of the corridors and the main building and piled up all around. Temporary roofs of "shakes" have been put up to protect the adobe walls from the melting rains. It is meet that this, and much more, should be done; for San Antonio is the burial place, as it was the creation, of Padre Buenaventura Sitjar, who, like his superior Serra, was born in Mallorca. He was present with Serra when the mission was founded on the 14th of July, 1771; and he, with Padre Miguel Pieras, was left in charge of it. For thirty-seven years Sitjar labored for the Indians, whom he loved, giving his life to them at this one spot. I have before me now as I write his extensive vocabulary of the language of the Indians of the region. At the time of its greatest power, three years before Sitjar died, the mission had a population of 1296 Indians, and among these about twenty dialects were spoken. The ruins of the church, however, which we now see, are of a building erected after Sitjar's death; though there is no doubt that his body was removed into it at its completion.

The joy and enthusiasm of Serra at the founding of San Antonio may be understood when it is recalled that he himself tolled the bells that were hung on one of the trees: "Come, Gentiles,—come to the Holy Church! Come and receive the faith of Jesus Christ!" There was not a single Indian in sight, yet that did not seem to affect Serra in the slightest. His was the faith that could remove mountains. He relied absolutely upon the promises of God, and his spiritual sight was keener even than that of his bodily eyes. To any ordinary onlooker, the half-remonstrance and half-rebuke of Padre Pieras, who could not forbear calling Serra's attention to the fact that there was not an Indian in evidence, was natural and reasonable. Yet how often has history demonstrated the truth of St. Paul's declaration, that

"the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God"! It was in his keen perception of what he conceived to be the will of God that Serra differed from others. He cared nothing about being accounted foolish or impracticable. His faith carried him over all obstacles, blinded him to discouragements, and refused to see any cause for becoming disheartened. Without an Indian in sight, he joyously founded the Mission of San Antonio, the eye of faith supplying the horde of savages who were ultimately to be caught in the Gospel net. Truly such faith is a lesson to the faithless of to-day, who must "be shown," like poor doubting St. Thomas, ere they will believe.

In its first few years San Antonio gained in strength rapidly. The fertility of the soil; the close proximity to the woods where thousands of trees bore abundant crops of acorns and pine nuts; the great areas of native grasses, the seeds of which provided excellent food for the Indians; together with the genuinely loving and apostolic characters of the two Padres, Pieras and Sitjar, combined to win the childlike Indians. But this very success led to trouble. In the third year of this harmonious progress, a band of hostile Indians (urged, doubtless, by the "medicine men" of the tribe, who saw their power beginning to wane) projected themselves upon it. An Indian was about to be baptized. His unconverted fellows had urged him to refrain from throwing in his lot with the "long gowns," but he had set aside their plea. At the hour of baptism the attack was made, and the candidate was wounded, in the hope that an injury to him would act as a deterrent to others. A complaint was sent to Monterey; soldiers came down, hunted out and flogged the culprits, and then thrust them into jail, where they remained for a few days, only to be taken out, thrust into the stocks and flogged again.

While this treatment seems to have been unnecessarily harsh, it must be remembered that the Padres were only



two in number; they were practically without guard, and any rebellion, unless speedily suppressed, might mean the loss of their lives. The policy of the Fathers themselves was to chastise swiftly, yet not cruelly; and then to go on as if nothing had happened. Experience demonstrated this to be by far the best method of procedure.

That it was the plan of the Fathers to give the Indians as much freedom as possible is evidenced by the fact that in 1779, eight years after the mission was founded, an *alcalde* (judge) and *regidore* (chieftain), from among the Indians themselves, were appointed to assist in the administration of justice. The Fathers always reserved to themselves the right to review any case that came before the Indian officers (a supreme court, as it were); yet they sought to teach the Indians to know honor and justice, and to seek to dispense it.

In 1830 one of the Yankee Americans who had settled down in California, Alfred Robinson, visited San Antonio, and he thus speaks of the mission and its priest: "Padre Redro Cabot, the present missionary director, I found to be a fine, noble-looking man, whose manner and whole deportment would have led one to suppose he had been bred in the courts of Europe rather than in the cloister. Everything was in the most perfect order: the Indians cleanly and well dressed, the apartments tidy, the workshops, granaries, and storehouses comfortable and in good keeping."

In 1835 the mission was secularized and all its property practically confiscated. And yet in 1848 Padre Doroteo Ambris was sent to take charge as curate. Most of the Indians were scattered, and the ranch population of Mexicans, Spaniards and Americans not of the most faithful; yet this devoted man labored there for fully thirty years, and finally died and was buried at the mission he had served so well.

So that, although the buildings are in

sad dilapidation and ruin, they are memorials to the devotion and self-sacrificing labors of godly men,—men who, according to the light they had, served God and their fellows with unselfish zeal and unfeigned sincerity.

VI.—SANTA BARBARA.

Santa Barbara is the one well-preserved mission of the whole California series. It is the only one that has never lost any of its pristine charm; for, as the years have progressed, it has always been cared for, renovated, kept up.

From the architectural standpoint, it is both pleasing and disappointing. No one can deny the power and charm it derives from both its location and its commanding outlook. Situated about a mile from the modern town on the lower foothills of the Sierra Santa Ines, it overlooks the city and the bay; and there are clear views, in good weather, of the Channel Islands, twenty miles away. It is also a striking building, with its two terraced towers and its far-reaching arched corridors. But Padre Antonio Ripoll, its architect, a cultured Frenchman, familiar with all the models of classic Greek architecture, introduced into the *fachada* of the church building attached columns of the Grecian style, thus destroying the pure harmony of the simple mission style. It is much to be regretted, as otherwise this would have been, in some respects, the most pleasing of all the mission structures to the architectural purist.

The French voyager Duhaut-Cilly describes the mission as follows: "As we advanced, the buildings of the mission appeared under a finer aspect. From the roadstead we could have taken it for a chateau of mediæval times, with its lofty apertures and belfry. Coming nearer, the building grows, and, without losing anything of its beauty, takes on, little by little, a religious appearance. The turret becomes a spire; the cross, instead of announcing a knight's arrival, sounds the Office or the Angelus. The first illusion

is destroyed, and the castle is a convent. In front of the building, in the middle of a high square, is a playing fountain, the workmanship of which, imperfect as it was, surprised us the more as we had not expected to find in this country, otherwise so far removed from the fine things of Europe, this sort of luxury, reserved among us for the dwellings of the most wealthy." This fountain is the most beautiful and ornate piece of stonework to be found in all the missions of California; and, while it has been somewhat injured by time, is still well worthy of note.

Just below the fountain, and now fenced into a corner of the mission garden, is a large reservoir, with sides that slightly slope to the edges. On these cement sides, which are nine or ten feet wide, the Indian women of the mission were wont to bring their laundry. Let us try to imagine the busy and interesting scene, one that I fain would have come back again. A carved figure of a crouching bear spouts the water out of his mouth into this reservoir, which is seventy feet long by six feet wide. The cement sides are full of Indian women, each with her pile of clothes, splashing, soaping, scrubbing, sousing, rubbing them; at the same time laughing, chatting, scolding, gossiping, or, perhaps, even sometimes serious and sad. At the lower end of the cistern is another carved figure. The cistern itself is built of solid stone, well cemented and made to endure.

Santa Barbara had a remarkable history even before it was founded. It was the subject of much controversy between Governor Neve and Padre Presidente Serra. Two missions had been founded on the Colorado River, near where the present city of Yuma stands, but on an entirely different plan from those established in California. In the latter country the mission temporalities were under the control of the Padres, and they also had absolutely fatherly control over the Indians. On the Colorado River the control of

the temporalities was removed from the hands of the Fathers, and the Indians given greater freedom.

The results of this change were written in human blood. The Yumas arose and slew their priests—among whom was the indefatigable Garcés,—as well as all those who favored him; and thus forever stopped the progress of the missions in that direction.

With a fatuity that seems as perverse and wilful as it was incomprehensible, Governor Neve insisted that Santa Barbara should be established and conducted upon this fatal plan; and Serra, backed by his superiors in Mexico, refused to found the mission under those conditions. When he came to the establishment of the presidio (April 21, 1782), he expected to overcome Neve's obstinacy, but failed to do so; and there is every reason to believe that he felt the disappointment so keenly that it hastened his death, which took place August 28, 1784.

It was not until two years later that Neve's successor, Fages, authorized Serra's successor, Lazven, to proceed. Even then it was feared that he would demand adherence to the new conditions; but, as the guardian of the college had positively refused to send missionaries for the new establishments unless they were founded on the old lines, Fages tacitly agreed. On December 4, therefore, the cross was raised on the site called "Taynayau" by the Indians, and "Pedragoso" by the Spaniards. Formal possession was taken, though the first Mass was not said until Fages' arrival on the 16th. Lazven was assisted by Padres Antonio Paterna and Cristobal Oramas.

The present building is not the one that was completed about the close of the eighteenth century. Indeed, four buildings, or enlargements of the original, were made, before an earthquake in 1812 so damaged the adobe structure that it had to be taken down. On its site the present building arose. It took five years to complete it—viz., from 1815 to 1820.

The report of the mission for 1800 is full of interest. It recounts the activity in building; tells of the death of Padre Paterna, who died in 1793, and was followed by Estévan. Tapis (afterward Padre Presidente) says that 1237 natives have been baptized, and that the mission now owns 2492 horses and cattle, and 5615 sheep. Sixty neophytes are engaged in weaving and allied tasks; the carpenter of the presidio is engaged, at a dollar a day, to teach the neophytes his trade; and a corporal is teaching them tanning at \$150 a year.

In 1801 a large number of the Indians died of an epidemic pulmonary disease. When the matter became serious, a neophyte reported to his fellows that he had had a dream, in which Chupu, the Channel deity, had appeared to him and warned him that all Gentiles who were baptized would die of the epidemic, unless they renounced Christianity and washed their faces in a certain water. The excitement was intense. The scared beings went secretly, but as speedily as possible, to the prophet's house with beads and grain, to renounce anything and everything necessary. The movement reached to San Buenaventura and throughout the rancherias of the length of the Channel. Fortunately for their peace of mind, the missionaries knew nothing of it until it was all over. Then they realized their danger; for had Chupu ordered their killing, there is no doubt but that it would have been attempted.

During the secularization difficulties Santa Barbara was sold, but the title afterward reverted to the Church. In 1853 a petition was presented to Rome, and Santa Barbara was erected into a hospice, as the beginning of an apostolic college for the training of Franciscan missionaries. St. Anthony's College, a modern building near by, was founded by the energy of Father Wallischeck. It is for the education of aspirants to the Franciscan Order. There are now thirty-five students. Five of the early missionaries and five of later date

are buried in the crypt, under the floor of the sanctuary, in front of the high altar; and Bishop Diego rests under the floor at the right-hand side of the altar.

It is well that the visitor should know that this old mission, never so abandoned and abused as the others, has been kept up in late years entirely by the funds given to the Franciscan missionaries who are now its custodians. With no other revenues to rely upon, they have expended thousands of dollars in cash, and of their own skilled labor even more freely, to keep all these historic memorials in good condition. It is also to be remembered that each visitor, or group, requires a good deal of the time of the Brother who is appointed as escort; hence it is an imposition to expect to be admitted and escorted around without the return of some honorarium. Every cent thus given is wisely expended; and it would be a good thing if a fund could thus be raised at each mission, to aid in its preservation and care.

The mission library contains a large number of valuable old books gathered from the other missions at the time of secularization. There are also kept here a large number of the old records from which Bancroft gained much of his mission intelligence, and which, recently, have been carefully restudied by Father Zephyrin, the California historian of the Franciscan Order, with the purpose of writing a new history. The Father is a devoted student; and, owing to his generosity, many results of his zeal and kindness are placed before my readers in these papers.

(The End.)

THE Mass is certainly a function the most excellent, the most holy, the most acceptable to God and useful to us, that can be imagined. And so, while it is going on, the angels assist with earnest eyes, with downcast brows, with reverent silence, with utter amazement and veneration.—*St. Lawrence Justinian.*

On Being Misunderstood.

BY VIDA P. BISCOE.

CERTAINLY you have been misunderstood, my dear reader. And, strangely enough, it is of you—your very self—that I am writing. We all sympathize with how you have been misunderstood ever since you can remember, perhaps even before. As a mere infant, your elders adjudged you ill-tempered, and persisted in handling you about from one pair of arms to another, to be dandled and “hush-a-byed,” thereby only increasing the wad of unnecessary clothing under your armpits, and your protesting wail at the same time. We were all infants ourselves once upon a time.

In your early childhood, it was really pitiful how those stern parents persisted in misjudging your motives when all the time you really meant so well. It is a strange way parents have, and have always had since the birth of the human race. You can laugh now over the woes of childhood days, but the memory will remain always.

It was too bad that you should have been so unfeelingly punished for what in your childish heart you had thought so harmless. Certainly you were told to keep out of mother’s way; and then later, when you were discovered happily paddling in the nicest, wettest mud-puddle you could find, making no noise and disturbing no one, it was a wretched shame that you should have been stripped and bathed and spanked soundly and put to bed.

It was really hard to tell what those inhuman parents did want a fellow to do—when you were a baby. They surely had a way of considering everything you did to be wrong, and the only amusement they seemed to find was in scolding and punishing you. And then, as you grew older, they made such a ridiculous fuss over the most trivial things, when your

own mind was absorbed with something infinitely more important. They actually called you from your tent, when you were the Indian chief and holding a counsel of your braves, for such a small affair as picking up your school books and hanging up your coat. It was positively enough to make you ill-tempered.

Or, if you were a girl, they took you from your sewing on dolly’s best dress for the party in the afternoon, to help mother with the hateful dishes or to run to the store. Mother had such a mean way of forgetting all about how important *her* dolly’s first invitation to tea was, once upon a time. And certainly father ought to have known that a boy couldn’t be a real chief if he didn’t keep his eagle eye always upon the lookout over the plain for signs of immigrant trains.

Do you remember, when you were a young lady or gentleman of thirteen or fourteen, how very annoying it was to be taken from the perusal of the mighty deeds of some great hero or the social conquests of some ethereal maiden, to shake down the furnace or straighten up the dining-room? Imagine it,—when your soul, too, was shaken to its very foundations, and your pulses were throbbing with your great resolves to emulate such noble examples! But your parents, as usual, did not understand. How could they when they were so cold and hard and practical? You almost pitied them that they should be thinking of such paltry things as furnaces and supper, in the face of such hope and ambition and mighty purpose as dominated every fibre of your being.

All adults seemed to be possessed with the same defects. Not one of them remembered the days of his youth. You resolved to profit by their failures, and that when you grew up you would be an exception to the rule and always considerate of the young people of your acquaintance. You were always on the lookout for some such sympathetic and reassuring a grown-up. But they were all alike—disappointing.

Sooner or later each would spring the same old threadbare sentiment,—that sentiment you particularly hated. "You'll see it in a different light when you are a little older." And you thereupon vowed that you wouldn't. Oh, yes, you did! We all do! The misery of it,—to understand yourself in the innermost recesses of your heart and to find not a single soul in sympathy with your thoughts!

Your chum was a good confidant, after a fashion. You poured out your wonderful plans and dreams of the future into his eager ears, and helped him, too, to build his castles in the air. They were very real in those days, those castles; though perhaps now you have become such a cynic as to laugh heartily over them. Your elders had a sort of pitying respect for them when you threw out dark hints of a stormy but glorious future; or, worse still, they laughed at you. And then, with all respect to the little innocent daydreams of childhood, you poured out your foolish little heart in an agony of tears. You stretched out your arms in the night to the great God and asked Him to pity you in your hard-hearted and unsympathetic environment. You felt, that night, that you were facing the greatest tragedy of your existence. The great aspirations of your soul had been laughed to scorn.

And, oh, your first love letter! When it came, you hid it from the eyes of all mankind. You read it over and over in secret, and lived in mortal fear lest some scoffing eye of the inevitable grown-up should see it and make sport of its momentous meaning. What could they know of love? They would only feel called upon to laugh at you, and make some hateful remark perhaps about "puppy love." Puppy love, indeed!

Of course other love letters followed, in different handwritings—oh, yes, in many different handwritings!—each new one marking an epoch in your life. How silly of them always to smile and look so knowing, and to predict that you would get over it! You knew, down in your

heart, that you never would,—no, never.

And, then, one day came the answer to your prayer. At last a soul had touched your soul with the sympathy of a God-given understanding. This time you knew it to be real. Love had come to you, with his gift of perfect happiness. Every heart-throb found its answering echo. Every thought found its reflection in his eyes—or her eyes, as the case might be. And with the sympathy of the one, came the understanding of all humanity; for has it not been said that "all the world loves a lover"? It was not with outsiders, O reader, but with yourself! For in the opening of your own heart you had taken in all the world. You did not meet an eye or grasp a hand in the glorious days of your honeymoon that did not warm to you in perfect unison with your every mood.

But, alas! too soon things became not as they were in the days when you let yourself have no thoughts but hers. She did not drop everything to minister to your wants when you came in tired from your hard day at the office. She was too busy with the children and too fretted and overheated with her household duties. She would never stop to think of how happy she used to make you in the evenings when you had come home, to find her in a neat gown of your favorite color, with a nice little supper made up entirely of your pet dishes, and all eagerness to anticipate your every wish. It was true, her responsibilities had been doubled, and perhaps she *was* tired and the children had worried her; but then, if she loved you as she had once used to, she would try harder to realize how you must have felt at the change in her.

Or perhaps, on the other hand, *he* would not come home so soon as he did in the first year of your married life. He began to care more for the society of the men down town than for his children and his home. And you wept bitter tears over the potatoes you were mashing for a supper (kept waiting for him till they were not fit to eat), and thought how cruel it was

that he shouldn't think of your hard day's work; and how provoking it was to keep the noisy, restless children waiting for their supper, when their father didn't think enough of them and you to break away from his worthless companions. It was true, of course, that you didn't find time, as you had once, to dress up in a pretty gown, and meet him for supper and the theatre. But, then, if he loved you and sympathized with you as he once did, he would know that it was only your sense of duty to the children that kept you from being the companion of his pleasures you once were. He certainly should have known that without being told.

Oh, it is a bitter task indeed to go about doing the duty that lies nearest without the sympathy and understanding of the being that one loves best in all the world!

And, to add to all that went before, there were the children. You tried so hard to spare them the pitfalls into which you had fallen in your callow youth. You tried to raise them to be clean and God-fearing. In their infancy you did the things that you knew to be best for your babies. But it was a difficult task to combat the unreason of childhood. And as the years rolled on the task grew even harder. Little Robby and Susy seemed to be growing away from you. Their interests were not in the home and with the thoughts you had taught them to think. You could not make them understand that, out of the storehouse of your wisdom and experience, you were only saving them from the rocks and boulders upon which you had stumbled in your own blundering childhood. If you could only have impressed upon them the great lessons that had come to you, perhaps through misery and hardship! But they would not listen. You sighed heavily and often, because you could not make them understand that your seeming sternness and lack of feeling was because of love, perhaps even the love of a mother, which "passeth understanding."

Of course *his* people or *her* people misinterpreted all your actions. But, then, you did not expect anything better from them, unless you were one of those so foolish as to try and please a mother-in-law. It can't be done. Others might possibly come to know your feelings, but never a mother-in-law.

And so you have gone through life, O reader, from youth to bowed old age, seeking to touch the great responsive chord in human nature, only to find out that, with all your efforts, and with your knowledge of the great heart that beat beneath your waistcoat (or your bodice),—only to find out in the end that you must go on forever and forever *being* misunderstood! How glorious the good old world would be if we could but forget the need of *being* understood, and seek with all our faculties to understand! "And with all your getting, get understanding," the keynote of the Master's teaching.

Sympathy with the frailties, the secret loves and hopes and longings of the human race, are all that make for the difference between our really great men and women and the sordid littleness of the selfish mind. Sometimes we find the gift of understanding in the possession of the loving wife and mother, to whom her little ones bring their baby terrors, and the first stirrings of ambition and of love, in the secure knowledge that they will meet with comfort and sympathy. Or we find it in the conscientious father, who thinks always of the comforts of his home and family, and shields them with his love and forethought. In such a home the mother is the angel of light, and the father is the chum and playmate of his children. And the sorrows of the bitter world without touch these two but lightly as with a caress, or not at all; for between them is the knowledge of a perfect understanding. God never gave to man and woman a sweeter blessing than this.

A MAN is as he does, not as he pretends or dreams,—D. G. Phillips,

Notes of the National Pilgrimage to Lourdes.

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

THE sick conveyed to Lourdes this year numbered exactly 1015, of whom 265 were *les grands malades*, passengers of the White Train. They were welcomed to Our Lady's city by Mgr. Schoepfer, Bishop of Tarbes; Mgr. Dubois, Archbishop of Bourges; Mgr. Monnier, of Troyes; Mgr. Savin, of Châlons; the Most Rev. Archbishop Vieira de Mattos, and the Rt. Rev. Sebastian Leitede Vasconcellos, both of Portugal. Mgr. de Poterat, as usual, directed the Pilgrimage.

At the first procession of the Blessed Sacrament, on the 20th of August, a priest stood in the middle of the esplanade and gave out in a loud, clear voice those invocations which the pilgrims have learned to love; it was Mgr. Dubois, praying with and for the sick with all the fervor of his soul. A boy of seven, in the first row, moved everyone to tears. "Lord Jesus," he exclaimed, "I can not see! Give me eyes that I may see. I will love you with my whole heart. I love the Blessed Virgin." And the child held up his hands in supplication toward the Sacred Host he could not see. He was kneeling, and followed on his knees a little way the Giver of all good gifts; but Our Lord passed on, apparently unheeding the childish prayer. After the Solemn Benediction, however, there was a rush to the Investigation Office. It had been reported that a child was cured, and all who had seen the little blind boy thought of him. He stood before the medical examiners, healed. The case may be summarized as follows:

François Gall, seven years old, of Ducey (Manche). Ten months ago his eyes became covered with white pimples, which caused complete blindness. At home, he used to drink Lourdes Water, praying thus: "Holy Virgin, cure me!" But, as

the cure did not follow, the child said to his parents: "If I went to Lourdes and found the Blessed Virgin and prayed to her very, *very* hard, maybe she would give me back my eyes." Little François' prayer was granted just at the end of the procession. The doctors present, among whom were Dr. Boissarie and Dr. Cox, could state only one thing—the clearness of the boy's sight; in the absence of any medical document certifying to his disease, they forbore registering the cure, and telegraphed to Ducey for the necessary attestations.

To relate all the cures that occurred during the National Pilgrimage this year would be too long a task; only a few need be singled out for the edification of the servants of Mary in America, who will join their thanksgivings to those of her devout clients in France.

Claire Bignon, aged twenty-seven, was a patient of the hospital of Rennes (Ille-et-Vilaine), where she was treated for chronic myelitis, a disease of the spine. Her recovery was despaired of, and the journey to Lourdes caused her extreme fatigue. On emerging from the water, she fainted; and she was unconscious when conveyed to the esplanade for the procession. Indeed, her end seemed so imminent that the Abbé Hauw gave her absolution and the last indulgence. When the Blessed Sacrament passed, she felt acute pain in her back and limbs, and also an inclination to stretch her legs and to sit up; but she was prevented from doing so by an apparatus encircling her waist, contrived to counteract the shaking of the cars. This obstacle being removed, she assumed a sitting posture till the end of the procession; she would have risen but had no clothes, except a coverlet upon the mattress.

This *miraculée* had been an invalid from the age of seven. In October, 1898, the customary pain in her back grew more acute, her lower limbs curled up, and no remedy was of any avail to strengthen them. Dr. Desplats, the distinguished

professor of the University of Lille who examined Claire Bignon on the 20th of August, reports the natural movements of the arm and left leg. The right one—less affected—does not yet extend completely, but no pain of any kind remains. The professor himself introduced the girl to his colleagues.

Another case connected with hers is that of Madame Thérèse Marie Clément, aged twenty-seven, of Drancy (Seine). She was a prey to a variety of ills,—was paralyzed, had a floating kidney, etc. At the passage of the Sacred Host she experienced nothing, but said interiorly: "Lord, if I may not be cured myself, allow me at least to see a miracle." Just then she saw Claire Bignon restored to health. In order to watch her better, she made a movement; and, in doing so, realized that she herself was cured.

A cure that took place before the Grotto on August 21, and was witnessed by the multitude, deserves notice. The subject was a little girl of eleven years, named Thérèse Fontaine, residing at 33 Rue de Clichy, Paris. She had always been in delicate health; her right lung and left hip were affected; she was confined to bed, and during the last two years ganglions of considerable size formed like a chain round her neck. A constant cough and the emaciation of the body left no doubt as to her disease. Her father had died of consumption. When six years old, this afflicted child had measles; at eight, diphtheria; and at nine, meningitis. On Sunday, August 21, while reciting her Rosary, the child felt a sharp pain in her hip, then stood up and walked. She remained on her feet during the whole of the afternoon, and followed the procession without fatigue. The lungs were pronounced, after examination, to be in a normal state; all pain had ceased, and of the ganglions not a trace was to be seen.

Joseph Buret, a carpenter of Laval (Mayenne), aged fifty-six, was an inmate of the Hôtel-Dieu at Laval from 1906 to 1909, owing to a painful and incur-

able affection of the stomach. To soothe his sufferings and constant vomiting, the doctors used to inject morphine, and the patient got into the habit of injecting it himself, as often as ten times a day. Conveyed to Lourdes with the National Pilgrimage of 1909, he lost, from the very first day, his craving for morphine, and even refused it when offered. He left Lourdes on the 23d of August; and on arriving at the station of Bordeaux at daybreak on the 24th, jumped nimbly from the train and danced on the platform before his wondering fellow-travellers. He then returned to the hospital of Laval, to serve as an infirmarian, being perfectly sound in every respect. Dr. Buquet, physician of the same hospital, was at Lourdes this year, and presented his former patient at the Bureau des Constatations. "From the day of his return from Lourdes," declares the Doctor, "he has never asked for morphine. Any one who knows how long and difficult the treatment of a morphinist proves, and sees a cure so sudden and so complete, must recognize that this in itself is an undeniable intervention of Heaven."

The supernatural atmosphere of Lourdes, the unceasing prayer, elevates the soul so completely above all earthly interests that death in that holy spot would fain seem a privilege,—nay, even a reward. The torchlight procession on Saturday night, August 20, was led by one of the most charitable *brancardiers* of the White Train—M. Groulet, a merchant from Gisors, sixty-two years of age. With extraordinary fervor, he sang the *Ave Maria* while directing the stream of 50,000 lights before the Rosary church. At the end of the procession, he turned to the Grotto, sang a last *Ave*, dropped on the ground, and died while being taken to the hospital. M. Groulet had acted as *brancardier* since his conversion, ten years ago, after the miraculous recovery of his own daughter. Arriving at Our Lady's shrine, he had said to some friends: "Lourdes is a place I would like never to leave. I

should feel happy if I were to die here."

Happy and holy deaths, as well as restoration to health and prolongation of life, are thus vouchsafed at Lourdes. No pilgrim but receives a favor of some sort. Those who are soul-sick are invariably cured; while those whose physical infirmities are, no doubt for their souls' sake, unrelieved, find the precious balm of resignation.

Miracles and Miraculous Cures.

THE *British Medical Journal* having published a series of articles on "Faith Healing" and the "Lourdes Miracles," written for the most part in a strictly rationalistic spirit, Abbot Gasquet has contributed some Catholic views on the subject. We quote this illuminating extract from his scholarly rejoinder:

A miracle, as we understand it, is something which is above or contrary to the ordinary known laws of nature, or something brought about by supernatural agency. We believe not only that God has made the world and established the laws which govern it, but that His almighty power continues to rule and control it by His direct action upon it. No one who believes in the existence of God can reasonably doubt the possibility of miracles. To question it is to question whether the Supreme Being can depart from the laws which He has established as Maker of Heaven and earth. Jean Jacques Rousseau, that typical unbeliever, long ago declared that such a question "would be impious if it were not absurd," and added that "no man ever denied that God *could* work miracles." Renan, too, formulated the same idea when he said that the verse of the Psalmist, "*Numquid poterit Deus parare mensam in deserto,*" was a fallacy of interrogation, since it was not a question of God's power to feed His people in the desert, but of His *will* to do so.

Miracles, then, to the Catholic are historical facts; and they depend, as all other historical facts, upon the evidence. In his "Apologia" Cardinal Newman points out that Catholics hold that what God has done once He can and indeed is likely to do again. On the other hand, those who hold that the age of miracles is past argue that what the Supreme Being had indeed once done He is *not* likely to do again. According, therefore, to his principles, the occurrence of supernatural facts — miracles — does not startle the Catholic. They may or may not have

taken place; he may have no distinct evidence; he may suspend his judgment, but he will say, "It is very possible." He will never say, "I can not believe it."

So much it is necessary to state as to the attitude of mind in which a Catholic approaches the examination of some so-called miraculous event. And, although the fundamental belief that God can and sometimes does work in a miraculous way may dispose him to accept the fact as being supernatural, his actual acceptance is and should be strictly scientific and based upon the evidence. He has to satisfy himself on the three points: (1) Is it antecedently probable? (2) Is it in its nature certainly miraculous? (3) Has it sufficient evidence?

In the further course of his paper, Dom Gasquet referred to the well-known Gargam case. In its comments thereon, the *British Medical Journal* declares that "in the present state of a large proportion of the French people in regard to religion, the evidence must be strong indeed which secured what is virtually a verdict for a miracle from two courts of justice." These cases, it adds, "must give food for thought to those who, with Hume, think that miracles are violations of the laws of nature, and are therefore not to be believed though one rose from the dead." In the same article, however, the writer himself shows himself as unreasonable in unbelief. "But is it a miracle?" he asks, in the case of M. Gargam. "There's the rub. Do we, as a matter of fact, know the 'laws of nature' so fully that we can decide offhand that anything which happens to be contrary to general experience is a 'violation' of these laws?" He claims that medical science can afford an explanation of some of the miracles of Lourdes, where "pain has been charmed away under the influence of nervous centres stirred into violent activity by religious emotion." "If it can not explain all, that is due to its limitations." "This reasoning," aptly remarks the *Dublin Weekly Freeman*, "would deny a miracle though one rose from the dead. Whatever happens that you can not explain is explainable; that you can not explain it is due to your limitations. And these men call themselves 'rationalists.'"

Notes and Remarks.

At the last meeting of the Catholic Convert League, held in the Catholic University, Washington, action was taken on the project of extending the League to all the principal cities of the country. The object of this association—the Washington branch of which was inaugurated on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, 1909, at the Apostolic Mission House, and has now a membership of eighty-five, many of whom, though not all, are converts,—is to devise ways and means of presenting the claims of the Church in such a light that the work of conversions may be greatly increased. One of the principal methods, says the *Missionary*, is to extend the hand of welcome to converts who have, perhaps after many sacrifices, found their way into the One True Fold. "Many of these find themselves cut off from their dear ones and former friends; and the purpose of the Convert League is to give them a welcome, and to help them to feel that they are not isolated on that account. It is true they have the spiritual consolations of the Church, than which they can have nothing better; but they need also the hand of fellowship and of sympathy." Not that the association is a purely social organization. It is not so much that as "a body having apostolic aims. It bands together a number of men and women; and, whilst these men and women thus find new and true friends, it bids them work and pray for one common end—that of the conversion of their friends and countrymen to the True Faith of Jesus Christ." As is evident, the League's object is a notably worthy one, and its extension is something to pray for and to promote.

We notice that not a few of our secular journals that might reasonably be expected to take some little trouble in verifying the information they dispense to their readers are still harping on the

very large proportion of religious in the population of Spain. Just how wide they are of the mark is evident from the well-authenticated fact that, while for every ten thousand of the population there are in Belgium fifty-two religious, in England thirty, in Germany twenty-nine, and in Ireland twenty-seven, in Spain there are only twenty-six. In 1901 France had forty-seven religious for the same relative proportion of her population. The pretended alarm about the multiplication of Spanish monks and nuns is the shallowest of pretexts, designed to cover anti-clerical animus.

It would be no favor to the Rev. C. L. Drawbridge, M. A., or his publishers to express our opinion of his work entitled "Is Religion Undermined?" Nor would our readers be interested in the book; it contains nothing new; besides, it is calculated to offend them. They will hope that Brother Drawbridge has answered his question in the negative. It recalled to our mind an eloquent passage of the illustrious Legouv  , as follows:

Do you wish to realize the influence of religion on civilization? Then try for a moment to imagine what the world would be without Christianity. Try to obliterate all traces of it from all that is good and beautiful and true in art and literature. Go through the art galleries of the world, and take from them all images of Christ, all paintings and statues of the Blessed Virgin and the saints. Having destroyed Christianity in art, pass on to architecture. Demolish all the grand cathedrals, all the beautiful churches and chapels that have been erected throughout the Christian era. Next comes music. Bar out all religious inspiration from the compositions of Handel, Palestrina, and Bach, and innumerable others. Now we may pass on to the domain of thought, to the world's masterpieces in prose and poetry. Bossuet, Pascal, F  nelon, Massillon, and a host of others, must be suppressed; the name of Christ blotted out from the poems of Lamartine, Victor Hugo, De Musset, etc. Nor is this all. We must destroy all hospitals and asylums founded by Christian charity. St. Francis of Assisi and St. Vincent de Paul, with all their followers and the great work they have accomplished, must be ignored. In fine, we must obliterate from the world all

traces of the blood which flowed from the Wounds of Him who is called the Crucified. Look backward through the eighteen hundred years that have passed, and gaze, if you can, without horror and dismay, on the immense void that has been left through the ages by simply taking from the world the Cross of Christ.

Our word for it: the Protestant minister's book contains nothing half so noteworthy as this extract of which it has been a reminder.

The Temperance Congress, recently held in Quebec, was well attended, and seems to have been, from every point of view, thoroughly successful. Commenting on some of its results, *L'Action Sociale* declares: "The state of the moral health of each of the parishes in the diocese of Quebec is perfectly known, catalogued, and classified. We know which of them suffer from alcoholism and which do not. We are aware of the mournful consequences of the evil in one locality, and the success, peace, and happiness that its absence has ensured in another one. We understand the methods which have availed to stop the plague in some places, and what obstacles prevented the realization of equally successful efforts in others." That this knowledge is to be acted upon and an effective campaign to be waged against the drink evil appears certain, and the results will no doubt abundantly justify the holding of the Congress.

The result of the World's Missionary Conference in Edinburgh seems to be the very opposite of what its promoters had hoped. Instead of increasing interest in foreign missions among the layfolk and inflaming the zeal of ministers at home and abroad, thoughtful Protestants of all classes, contemplating the many rival sects represented at the Scottish symposium, are beginning to ask themselves this straight question, Is the Christianity we have really worth exporting? The editor of the *Scotsman* would seem to be of opinion that it is not, for he says: "That Christianity which has so often filled

the land with bitterness and strife; which erects churches to perpetuate ancient feuds; which sets three and four men to do the work of one, hindering each other all the time; which builds rival colleges in India; and which is unable to veil its differences before the Hindoo,—is that really worth sending beyond the seas? Were a Hindoo to visit a Highland village and inspect its five Protestant churches, each with a skeleton congregation, and ask, What meaneth this waste of human effort? what answer could the Christianity of this country give to that Hindoo? Would not the poor heathen be pardoned if he said that a religion which tolerated such abuses and waste could be no religion for him?" Alas that this should be the religion of so many who think him to be without understanding!

Nothing could be more false than the notion that Protestants are more generous than Catholics in contributing to the support of religion. We sometimes hear of large sums for foreign missions, etc., being raised at gatherings of non-Catholics in large cities; but we lose sight of the fact that the subscribers, for the most part, are persons of wealth, whose contributions, though generous, are infrequent; whereas Catholics, even the poorest, are constantly giving cheerful gifts to God. There are few occasions when large sums of money are collected at one time among Catholics, for any purpose; the reason being that the poor are not always prepared to give their mite, and the prosperous, on account of contributing according to their means to many good works, are prevented from making large offerings to any particular one. "Many a mickle makes a muckle," as the Scotch saying is. It is the unceasing flow of dimes and dollars that accomplishes so much. If some of our works of charity—foreign missions, for instance,—are not so well supported as they deserve to be, it is through no lack of generosity on the part of the laity. We happen to know that the

lavish generosity which Catholics show in supporting their churches and priests is the subject of continual amazement and respect among the better sort of Protestants. In a recent work, by an author who describes himself as a Presbyterian, the declaration is made that more than once he has heard ministers of his denomination "wishing that they possessed the Catholic secret of persuading the people to give cheerful gifts to God"; and he adds: "A pious Presbyterian lady, who was commiserating the fate of misguided Catholics to me one day, wound up her lamentation with, 'Well, there's one thing in which we would do well to follow their example. We'd be better Christians if we gave as generously to our church as they do to theirs.'"

According to the Rev. C. W. Currier, who contributes to the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* an interesting paper, "Glimpses of Brazil," there is a new Brazil not less in religion than in politics and in material prosperity. He writes:

The Catholicity of the colonial period has left its monuments in the old churches, nearly all in the style of the Renaissance of the day. But religion in Brazil had declined, and the abomination of desolation was prevailing in the holy place. I could not begin to tell you of the utter deterioration of religion which once existed. All this I learned since leaving Bahia. Then came the change—one of the most wonderful changes recorded in ecclesiastical history; and all within a period of twenty years. The empire fell—it was a Providence of God,—and the State ceased to meddle with the Church. Breathing the atmosphere of freedom, the Church expanded, and to-day she finds herself in a most flourishing condition. The impulse is due to that great statesman, that noble Pontiff, Leo XIII., whose eagle eye never ceased to scan the horizon. He sent Cardinal Gotti to Brazil, and the reformation began in earnest. The old religious Orders were nearly extinct; their ranks were recruited from Europe. The old Benedictine abbeys arose from their tomb; while the Carmelites and Franciscans, equally recruited from abroad, were born anew. Other Orders, like the Premonstratensians, Dominicans, Jesuits, Redemptorists, Salesians, and Spanish Fathers of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, came to share in the good work; and to-day numerous

foreign religious—German, Italian, Spanish, Dutch and Belgian—are laboring zealously in this portion of the Lord's vineyard. The hierarchy has increased from less than ten to nearly forty bishops, all of them excellent men. The secular clergy, too, are doing good work in the parochial ministry and gaining the respect of the people.

Father Currier adds that the great need of Brazil is priests, because vocations, especially among the better classes, are scarce and seminaries few. With the advance of religion in other directions, however, vocations are sure to multiply; and, on the whole, the prospects for the Church in Brazil are most promising.

Although there is not so much outcry nowadays as there used to be about "the priest in politics," "the undue influence of the clergy," etc., there are still some benighted non-Catholics who imagine that the average priest is an active politician nevertheless. It may interest such persons to read this declaration of his Eminence Cardinal Moran:

During the twenty-five years I have been in Sydney, I don't think I have ever asked a person for whom he intended to vote, or advised him for whom he ought to vote. For myself, I generally voted for the person I thought would make the best representative in Parliament. . . . I hope that all those people who have a vote at the next election will also vote for the person whom they consider to be the best man to legislate for them, no matter whether he is their friend or not. Voting for the best men will promote the best interests of the country. But in any case do not vote for those who offer insult to Catholic bodies.

In answer to a correspondent of the *Church Times* (Anglican) who had suggested the ringing of the church bell to invite the people to recite "a *Pater Noster*, *Credo*, and a prayer for missions," another correspondent (R. E. Hutton) sent the editor this truly remarkable communication:

By all means let the Angelus once again ring out its call to prayer from as many belfries as possible. But let it be the Angelus which is taught to the people—not some other form of

prayer, which could only be called the Angelus on the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*. . . In these days, when the Incarnation is questioned and denied, and the spirit of Antichrist, as portrayed by St. John, is abroad and preparing the way for the great apostasy, and leading Protestantism to its logical conclusion, what could be better than to call upon the Christian people thrice a day to make an act of faith in the fundamental mystery of the Church, and to salute the Blessed and glorious Virgin Mary as the Mother of the Incarnate God? The statement from which the Angelus derives its name is just the statement needed—*Angelus Domini nuntavit Mariæ, et concepit de Spiritu Sancto*. The Virgin birth is asserted: *Ecce ancilla Domini; fiat mihi secundum verbum tuum*. Our Lady, speaking for all humanity, is here the great example we need as co-operators with God. *Et Verbum caro factum est, et habitavit in nobis*. Here is the whole faith, worship and sacramental life of the Church and of each of its children. The *Ave Maria*, which follows each versicle and response, like the rest of the Angelus, is composed almost entirely of the words of Holy Writ; and the concluding collect is that for the Annunciation of Our Lady in the Prayer Book. Who could take scandal at such a "Bible and Prayer Book" devotion? Surely none but a heretic.

If any one doubts that Protestantism logically leads to a denial of the Incarnation, let such a one study Protestantism in its first home, and see how little of Christianity is left in intellectual German Protestantism. Or let the pages of the "Encyclopædia Biblica" convince him that we are not out of danger in England; and that the danger lurks in the Church of England, as well as in the sphere of political Nonconformity outside the Church.

In my opinion, it is much to be desired that the more modern form of the *Ave Maria* should be used, in which the words of the Church are added to those of Scripture, and the "communion of Saints" is realized by the prayer: *Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, ora pro nobis peccatoribus, nunc et in hora mortis nostræ. Amen*.

The pessimism in which even loyal sons of the Church are sometimes tempted to indulge, especially when Catholic countries seem determined to break away from her beneficent guidance, is dispelled by such considerations as these which we find in a recent issue of *Rome*:

If we cast our eyes toward the somewhat gloomy and troubled horizon which ushers in the eighth year of the pontificate of Pius X.,

we might be tempted to ask whether the ardent wish of the Holy Father to see "all things restored in Christ," is being fulfilled. Beyond a doubt it is. True, a cruel war is being waged on many sides against the Church; but this is a good rather than a bad sign: our enemies find that there is a force resisting their own. The rallying of the French bishops round the See of Peter, the constant stream of pilgrims to the Eternal City, and the submission with which, in most places, the Encyclical on Modernism was received, tell their own tale. The rapid progress which is being made with the codification of Canon Law, the reunion of the smaller seminaries, together with the impetus which has been given to every branch of ecclesiastical studies, speak eloquently of the accomplishment of the Sovereign Pontiff's desires. Finally, the great increase, in every part of the world, of the practice of frequent and even daily Communion is one of the greatest proofs that all things are indeed being restored in Christ.

After all, the most powerful, skilful, and insidious enemies of the Church are not more able or anxious to destroy her than has been, any time for two thousand years, her arch-enemy, their father, Satan; and all true Catholics are firmly persuaded that the gates of hell shall never prevail against her.

Noting that, at the National Congress of Leeds, Archbishop Bourne spoke of the decision to appoint a priest whose duty would be to preach on foreign missions and the need of their support, an English exchange quotes the following incident:

A young Franciscan priest who left America for China last year writes that he was recently received by the mandarin of his province. Upon being informed that his visitor was of American nationality, the Chinaman could not refrain from an expression of astonishment. The missionary took the liberty of asking him what he found so extraordinary in the fact. "Why," said the mandarin, "I thought that in America nobody believed in the Catholic religion."—"We have almost fifteen million Catholics in America," the priest answered triumphantly.—"How is it, then," inquired the Chinaman, "that all the missionaries that come from America are Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, and the like. We never heard of a Catholic missionary from America! You must be the first one!"

As our English contemporary remarks, "comment is unnecessary."



The King's Tree.

BY M. H.

HER name was Nell. She was only a little shepherd girl, so shy that she seldom joined in the games of other children, and rarely spoke to any one; so that she was considered dull and uncouth, and was left much to herself. These lonely hours she often spent musing in the shade of an old oak tree that had sheltered the happy home of her early childhood.

In those bygone days she was a pretty babe, with dimpled cheeks and laughing eyes, her doting father's pride and joy. Dickson was an old soldier whom the loss of an arm had compelled to retire from the army. His wife had died when their little girl was only a few months old; and his life since then had been devoted to the care of his "pretty Nell," as he called his little golden-haired darling. His love for his child was equalled only by his blind devotion to his King. He was imbued with the fanaticism of the Old Cavaliers, as the followers of the Stuarts were called. His burning loyalty had been fanned into a more vivid flame by the following incident.

One day Charles I., on the eve of battle, was passing through this village, and stopped to rest beneath the spreading oak that sheltered Dickson's little cottage. He chatted pleasantly with the one-armed veteran, and smiled kindly at blue-eyed Nellie, as he patted her golden curls. When he rose to depart, he remembered that he, too, was a father, and thought of his own little Elizabeth, his youngest child, whom he was never to see again until the eve of his death. Stooping, he kissed the brow of the child, then sprang

to his horse, galloped away, and was soon out of sight.

The old soldier was deeply moved that his darling should have been honored by this royal salute. He took her on his knee and said in a solemn voice:

"Nell, you must never forget this day; and if in after years you can serve our royal sire, remember that you should be willing to give even your life for him or any one dear to him."

He himself was soon called upon to practise what he preached to Nellie. On the 30th of January, 1649, the head of Charles Stuart fell from the scaffold at White Hall. At this dire news, Dickson so imprudently proclaimed his great sorrow and indignation that his little home was burned to the ground, and, as he preferred death to capture, he was killed. His child, however, was saved. In the meantime Oliver Cromwell continued his victorious march. Charles II., after having tried in vain to reconquer his inheritance, and having been once more defeated at Worcester, was fleeing toward the North, hiding now in a castle and then in a woodman's hut, disguised at one time as a farmer, and again as a servant.

One evening Nellie sat beneath the old oak tree as usual, gazing at the blue sky above her, and thinking, as was her wont, of her dear father and his devotion to the gallant, gracious monarch who had kissed her as he halted at their cottage door on that happy morning long ago. Presently she saw a shadow on the grass, and, turning, saw a young man standing at her side. His clothes were in tatters, but his face showed unmistakable refinement.

"I am pursued," he said, "but am too weary to go farther. If you can show me a hiding-place, dear child, you will have saved the life of the King."

"The King!" she cried.

"I am Charles Stuart."

"The son of our King, for whom my father gave his life! Oh, yes, Sir King, I must hide you from the soldiers! I must save your life. But where and how can this be done?"

Before them stretched the long, straight road, and back of them stood the village where his pursuers had made a halt.

"Could you reach that clump of trees on the side of yonder hill?" she asked. "There you would be securely hidden."

"No, child: I am exhausted. I can go no farther. 'My kingdom for a horse!' as King Richard said. But," he added, smiling, "I haven't *even* the kingdom now."

He was still a happy, jovial prince, in spite of these dark days of adversity. But Nellie took no notice of his joking mood: her one thought was to save his life.

The sound of fast-approaching hoof beats was heard on the road from the village.

"Quick!" she said. "Hide in this old tree. The trunk is hollow, and you will be quite safe there."

The King had barely time to follow her suggestion when a troop of soldiers came in sight. Nellie seated herself once more in her shaded nook, and began humming an old Scotch ballad.

"A simpleton!" said the officer, as he called a halt. "So much the better: she will not try to deceive us. Say, ninny, did you see a young man pass this way?"

"Yes: a dark-haired fellow he was, Sir Officer."

"Travel-worn and weary, was he not?"

"Yes: he walked like this," said Nellie, as she limped along.

"Exactly. Where did he go?"

"Oh, not very far!" she said, with a silly smile. "He did not have a fine horse like yours."

"But do you know where he is?"

"Most surely I do. It was I showed him where to go. Oh, it is a fine hiding-place! You will never find it unless I show you the way."

"But you *will* show us the way, won't you, my bonnie lassie?"

"What will you give me?" she asked.

"Half a crown," and he drew forth a gold piece from his wallet.

Her eyes brightened as she put out her hand for the coin.

"Nay, nay! You must earn it first," said the officer.

"Well, you must leave your horse here, as he would never get through the thicket of brushwood."

"You are right.—Here, John!" (turning to a soldier who stood by.) "Hold my horse."

"You had best tie him to a tree," said the child. "You will have need of all your men. There are others with him—many of the peasant folk of our village."

"The girl is not as simple as she looks," said the officer, as he followed her advice. "And now let us be off!"

Several persons from the village had followed the soldiers; and they now gazed with indignation and contempt at little Nellie as she led them down the road.

"What a shame! Who would have thought it of her? She should be driven out of the village."

"Do not judge her in such haste," said old Duncan, the patriarch of the village, shaking his gray locks. "Nellie is cunning: she is too kind and too honest to commit so infamous an act."

"You are right, grandsire!" exclaimed a voice from the tree; and the King sprang from his hiding-place, quickly mounted the officer's horse, and was soon out of sight.

.

Ten years have passed. Cromwell is dead; and Charles II., having landed at Dover, has been welcomed in London with universal acclamations of joy. And once more he is travelling through Scotland, but now attended with royal pomp where before he went in disguise.

One day he came to the village where he had been so closely pursued; and he recognized the tree which had served

him as a hiding-place. But what had become of little Nellie, whose quick wit and presence of mind had saved his life? She was sent for; and as she stood before the King her eyes filled with tears.

"None of you, gentlemen," said Charles, turning to his followers, "have done for me what this young girl has done. I will grant whatever she asks. What do you wish for, Nellie?"

"Nothing, sire, since your father's kingdom has been restored to you." And she knelt to kiss his hand.

"Nay," said Charles, bidding her rise, "I will do as my father did." And he kissed the cheek of the peasant girl, in spite of the mocking smiles of his courtiers.

The name of the Stuarts has long been extinct, and Nellie's name is forgotten. But in a little village in Scotland may still be seen an ancient oak which is known to this day as "The King's Tree."

Sandy Joe.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XVI.—THROUGH DARKENED WAYS.

"Harper, in God's name be calm!" said Father More, striving to steady his own trembling voice into the judicial tones of reason. "Remember, I repeat, this poor lad is just out of the hospital, where he has been lying for weeks with some serious injury to his head. This may be only the echoes of some story that has reached his ear,—all the disjointed fragments of some fever dream."

"Father, no: it is the truth. To me it is as clear as daylight," was the reply. "Louis Lamont, the villain,—the cursed villain! Nell always distrusted him, shrank from him. It was Louis Lamont or his hirelings that fired the house, that stole the child. My God, I will go to him this moment! I will tear his guilty secret from him or kill him where he stands!"

"Harper, listen to me!" Father More laid a kind, firm hand upon the desperate

man's arm. "You must listen to me for your wife's sake, for your *child's* sake,—if this story be true. O my friend, it is a time for wisdom, for prudence, for caution. It is a time to look to God for guidance. Remember you must have some proof. What can this poor boy show to corroborate his wild story?"

"Sure nothing, your reverence,—nothing," sobbed Mrs. Bryan, whose nerves were failing rapidly. "Sorra a thing has he to show but these few little articles that he took from the old woman's trunk, and that she once told him were the child's. Sorra a thing has he but these few bits of clothes."

The speaker pulled out a bundle from under her shawl and displayed the little white coat and cap and frilled dress with the golden pins.

Philip Harper caught them from her shaking hand, with a low cry that was half a sob.

"They *were* hers," he said hoarsely,—
"our baby's! I myself bought those little gold pins on her first birthday. The monogram, Father,—look at it! I had it designed myself to please Nell: M. J. H. (Marie Jacqueline Harper.) That woman, that traitorous nurse, in the confusion, in the darkness, fled with the child to safety. There was no question, no suspicion to betray the devilish deed. My God, I see it all, Father,—I see it all!" And, strong man that he was, Philip Harper sank back into the great chair from which he had started in his first excitement, white and shaken, and weak as a feeble girl.

"Ochone! it's killed entirely the poor man is!" said Mrs. Bryan, tremulously, as Father More hurriedly poured out a glass of wine for his half-fainting guest. "Maybe it will hearten him up, your reverence, to hear we have track of that miserable devil Lisette. Joey has a clue to her, but I wouldn't let him folly it up until I had spoken to you, Father, fearing the poor boy would be caught in some trap. Speak up, Joey, and tell the gentleman

about the old witch that you were working for when you got the fall."

"La Vielle, sir," said Joe, breathlessly,—
"La Vielle. I worked for her and old Parley Voo; and when I went to-day to take them the money I had when I was hurt, he told me La Vielle had gone to Lisette, her granddaughter, who was sick,—who had been taken very sick just as she was going to sail back to France. She was now away down in the country with no one to take care of her, so La Vielle had to go. Lisette had a child, he said,—a little girl."

"Where?" said Mr. Harper, starting up, flushed and eager. "Where did the woman go? Tell me quick, boy,—quick!" And he laid a shaking hand on Joe's shoulder.

"She went to Clifton, sir."

"Clifton!" echoed Harper, hoarsely,—
"Clifton, Long Island?"

"Yes, sir," answered Joe. "She got a letter, old Parley Voo said, to come to Clifton in the cars, and he—Lisette's husband—would meet her."

"Clifton?" repeated the gentleman again. "The station for Larchmont! My God, Father, am I mad or dreaming? But I must go at once. I must follow this woman, whoever she is, and find for myself what this story means. And you must go with me, my boy!"

But here good Mrs. Bryan, mistaking the situation, broke into eager and tearful defence.

"Sorra a step the lad will go, if it means hurt or harm to him!" she burst forth indignantly. "Why, he's suffered so much, standing up for darling little Jackie from first to last! He's been father and mother and sister and brother to the child ever since she could walk. 'Keep her,' says he to me,—'keep her, Mrs. Bryan; and I will work for her and pay for her.' And he hadn't a whole rag to his own back. And he did work for her, Father,—he did it like the brave, honest boy he is. Didn't he bring the darling every penny he earned to buy her bit and

sup? Didn't he watch over her as if he was God's angel from the skies? And now sorra a step shall he go to meet punishment or blame!"

"My dear Mrs. Bryan, no," said Father More, soothingly. "He shall have no blame or punishment in any case; on the contrary, if there is truth in this strange story—"

"If there is truth in it," broke in Philip Harper, with kindling eyes,—
"if there is truth in your story, boy, all that you can ask from me or mine shall be yours. Father More, you will come with us. We need your prudence, your wisdom; for I can not trust myself to-night. When I think that perhaps Nell's child—" his voice broke hoarsely.

"There, my dear friend!" said the priest, sympathetically. "Try to be calm, I beg. I will go with you as you ask and though—though I dare not give you hope, we will sift this story through and through."

And, all doubt and fears for Joe's safety thus removed, Mrs. Bryan was satisfied to see him depart with the two gentlemen, who hurried him off weak and bewildered as he still was, into the gathering winter twilight.

But it was a journey such as Sandy Joe had never even dreamed of; for soft-cushioned cabs and palace cars were experiences hitherto unknown. As he whirled away, nestling in delicious warmth and light, he might have thought he was still in a fever dream, but for the eager questioning of his fellow-travellers that kept him very wide awake. He had to go over his story again and again, and each time it seemed to grow straighter and clearer to his listeners' ears. Then, as they wanted to know more and more, he told them, in his honest, boyish way, all he knew of little Jackie's life: of the night that Gran was hurt; of all that she had said to her unseen visitor on the wall; how he had tried to keep little Jackie from the dreaded asylum; how good Mrs. Bryan had been to her; of the

last time he had seen her, when she had been so afraid of the "bad-dream man," and had shown him her new shoes and her red frock.

When he had finished, Philip Harper's strong hand rested on his ragged shoulder, and Philip Harper's voice spoke in new tones in his ear:

"My boy,—my brave, true, tender boy! Father, there is truth in every word he speaks. And, whatever this night brings to me, this boy's future shall be my care. We will make him the man he should be,—a noble man."

"I think the good God has saved you that trouble, my friend," answered Father More, quietly. "But still you may help in His work as we weak mortals can."

And then the cars stopped, and the three travellers stepped out at the little village station, with the usual crowd of commuters from the great city not thirty miles away.

"How everything has changed and grown!" said Mr. Harper, in a low voice. "I should scarcely know the place. Ah, there at least is a familiar form!" as a bent and wizened old figure shuffled painfully along the platform. "Uncle Jeff, don't you know me?"

"De Lawd!—de Lawd awmighty!" cried Uncle Jeff, nearly toppling over on his uncertain footing in delighted surprise. "Ef it ain't Marse Phil Happer hisself! Well, ef dis won't beat old Nance out! Marse Phil, how is yer, sah,—how is yer? And how is dat dar angel woman, Miss Nell?"

"Not very well, Uncle Jeff," answered the gentleman, briefly. "And old Aunt Nance? How is she? I hope she is with you still?"

"Wal, yes Marse Phil, she is; but she is mouty poorly, mouty poorly indeed. She's had de warning, sah; and when cullud folks gets de warning dey don't stay long. Why, bress de Lawd!" Uncle Jeff's dim eyes fell upon the priestly form beside Mr. Harper,—“ef dar ain't de pahson too! How is yer, pahson,—how

is yer? I's been a thinking and wishing for yer, pahson, shuah!"

"Wishing for me?" said Father More, in some surprise.

"Yes, sah,—yes!" Uncle Jeff leaned both hands on his crooked stick and became confidential. "It's ob them sperrits we was talking 'bout when you was here. You 'lowed you'd scatter 'em off Larchmont; but dey's wusser than ever, pahson,—wusser than ever. Nance has had three warnings, and she's tuk to her bed to 'die.'"

"To die?" echoed Mr. Harper. "Oh, I hope not!" And, though he was in a hurry to be off on his search, he paused to listen to poor old Jeff's trouble, with the kind sympathy that had made these "good white people" linger so brightly in the old man's fading memories.

"Yes, sah,—yes, Marse Phil, ole Nance done tuk to her bed to die. She had de last warning 'bout three days ago, sah; so she sent me up to town dis evening to see 'bout de coffin. She want to be shuah ob de fit and all befo' she goes. She'd like it sort ob cushiony and com'able, so she can lie easy arter all de work and worrit she's had here."

"But what does the doctor say?" asked Mr. Harper, rather dismayed at such practical measures. "Has he given her up?"

"No, sah,—no," answered Jeff, gloomily. "We ain' had no doctor. No sort ob use in having a doctor when you gits de warn-ing like Nance. You see, it was dis way, Marse Phil. Nance allus had a temper,—a debbil ob a temper, sah, I has to allow. Many a time I's had to dodge de flatirons and rolling-pins myself. And she got pizen mad dat last day up at your house,—pizen mad agin dat dar black-eyed nuss Lisette."

"Lisette!" echoed the gentleman, in a startled tone,—“Lisette again."

"Yes, sah, dat dar black-eyed, meddle-some Lisette. Nance and her had hot words dat last day 'bout de baby's laundry. Miss Nell wasn't round to settle things, and Nance's temper riz to de boil." Uncle

Jeff shifted his stick and lowered his voice. "I don't mind telling yer now, Marse Phil, as long as de ole woman has tuk to her bed to die. But she had larned some powerful conjure spells from her ole grandmother; and dat day, when she was so pizen mad, she crooked her fingers and crossed her eyes and put one of dem spells on Lisette. De girl burned to deaf dat night, sah; and her sperrit nachally has been pestering Nance eber since. Fust it was only when she was asleep and dreaming; but now, sah — now, Marse Phil,—she's seen her three times, wif her wide-awake eyes, dis last month."

"Ah, she has?" And Father More, who had been listening with a quiet smile, took up the conversation with sudden interest. "Your old woman saw Lisette's spirit three times? When and where?"

"Fust time 'twar in de street here after dark, pahson. She jest sort ob breshed by like a cold wind and was gone; and de next time 'twar going long de Hill Road. Nance was gathering breshwood in de bushes, and de sperrit come walking slow and solemn, and crying as if her heart would break; and de third time was de wust ob all, for it done Nance up for shuah. You see, pahson, Nance and me is powerful fond of oysters; and, me being so crippled, I can't get on very spry; so she goes down to de shore what use to belong to Larchmont, and rakes up all we want, when it gits a bit dusky, so dar is no meddlesome folks to see. And you know dat old watch-house down by de pint, Marse Phil?"

"The Old Light?" said Mr. Harper. "I thought it was in ruins years ago."

"Yes, sah, most in ruination, as you say. Folks is mouty skeered ob it; but de oysters is fine, 'cause dey lets 'em grow. 'Twas in dat bad-luck place Nance saw Lisette standing by de broken window, wif her eyes all sunk in black hollows, and her face col' and white as de buried dead. Saw her plain and true not three days ago."

"You know the place of which he speaks?" asked Father More in a low tone of Mr. Harper.

"The Old Light, yes. But I can not see what—" began Mr. Harper.

"Nor I," said Father More. "But I have been praying for guidance in this perplexing matter. And I think, perhaps, Joe," he laid a hand on the shoulder of the boy who stood beside him, a wondering listener to old Jeff's story,— "I think perhaps those angels we once talked of may be leading us through darkened ways. I think, my dear Harper, it would be well for us to look up that restless spirit at the Old Light."

(To be continued.)

St. Bernard's Lesson.

St. Bernard, being one day on a journey, was joined on the road by a peasant, with whom he entered into conversation. Whilst chatting together, the saint asked the peasant amongst other things if he loved God. Whereupon the other answered simply, "Oh, as for that, Father, I think I love Him with my whole heart."—"Do you often pray to Him, and do you try to pray with attention?"—"Oh, yes, Father! I never have any distractions."

St. Bernard saw well that the man did not know what it meant to be distracted. Compassionating his ignorance, he made use of a singular stratagem to enlighten him. "Well," said he, "my friend, let us make a bargain. If you are able to say the 'Our Father' all through without distraction, I will give you the horse I ride."—"Agreed. Father, the horse is as good as won." And the man began his "Our Father," full sure that the horse was going to be his. But he had scarce got half through when he stopped, and, addressing the saint, said: "But, Father, will you give me the bridle too?"—"Neither one nor the other, my friend," answered St. Bernard, smiling. "There, you see, you are distracted." The man opened his eyes, and understood that he had hitherto been wholly ignorant of what it was to pray attentively.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The proposal to put a bronze replica of Woolner's bust of Tennyson in Somersby Church has resulted in the repair of that fourteenth-century edifice, which has a pre-Reformation cross.

—"Habits are the stuff of which behavior consists," and "In some men theory is a passion, just as music is in others," are among wise sayings of the late Prof. James, who, though he did not arrive at the knowledge of truth, did a great amount of hard thinking and of solid writing.

—"Proof of Design in Creation," a neatly printed pamphlet of thirty-one pages (Chicago: A. Flanagan Co.), is a reprint of an able address delivered before the Sunday Club by Judge Marcus A. Kavanaugh. Tested by the established rules of evidence, the design, says the Judge, is clear and unmistakable.

—From the *Morning Star*, Trichinopoly, British India, we have received three of the booklets which, under the general title of "Sodality Series," it issues as occasional supplements. These numbers—"St. Mark's Gospel," "Medical Notes on Lourdes," and "Devotion to Our Lady"—are both useful and interesting.

—The new edition of "The Imitation of Christ" included in Macmillan's Pocket Classics, though especially intended for students, will be welcomed by general readers as well. There is no mutilation of the text, and we are pleased to notice that the order of the books is the one followed by Thomas à Kempis himself in his autograph manuscript of 1441. The notes are sufficiently copious, but we could wish that the bibliography were fuller. Amateur Kempists will be interested in what the editor (Brother Leo, F. S. C.) has to say in his introduction about "The Imitation of Christ" as literature, the life of Thomas à Kempis, the Brothers of the Common Life, the sources of the "Imitation," and the theories of its authorship.

—Bloud & Co., Paris, have brought out a fourteenth edition of "Apologétique Chrétienne," by Anatole Moulard and Francis Vincent. In an appreciative foreword to the work (a brochure of 507 pages), Mgr. Rumeau, Bishop of Angers, congratulates the authors on their having applied themselves principally to the dissipation of the pretended contradictions of Science and Faith, and on having shown Science and Faith to be in harmony. He cordially recommends the book to students, more especially those who have followed the courses of the State

institutions. The neatness, precision, and vigor of style noticeable throughout the work are typically French; and readers conversant with that language will be charmed not less with its literary form than with the solidity of its matter.

—The Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C. SS. R., has brought out a second edition of "The Life of St. Clement Mary Hoffbauer," with a short account of the first introduction of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer into the countries north of the Alps. It is a paper-covered volume of 152 pages, not one of which is devoid of interest and charm. R. & T. Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.

—"The Writings of St. Clare of Assisi," a fifteen-page pamphlet by Father Paschal Robinson, O. F. M., is an extract from the *Archivum Franciscanum Historicum*, and is of exceptional interest. He makes it clear that the last word has yet to be said concerning the different writings attributed to St. Clare. There is no biography of her in any language which fulfils the requirements of modern criticism, though a work upon which Mr. Ernest Gilliat-Smith is engaged will doubtless go far to supply this desideratum.

—"Mind and Voice," by S. S. Curry, Ph. D., Litt. D. (Boston: Expression Co.), is an elaborate treatise on principles and methods in vocal training. To the ordinary reader, more or less unaware of the existence of a science of voice, there is an element of surprise in the very table of contents of the volume, the thirty-five chapters of which are classed under the following divisions: Some Primary Principles, Nature of Training, Respiratory and Pharyngeal Co-ordinations, Co-ordination of Diaphragm and Vocal Bands, Length of the Sound Waves, Height of the Sound Waves, the Shape of the Sound Waves, Moulding Tone into Words, and Artistic Applications. A useful volume, if only to prevent such slaughter of speech as little Johnny's rendition of one stanza of the "Psalm of Life." His version ran:

Liza Grape men allry mindus
Weaken maka Liza Blime,
Andy Parting Lee B. Hindus
Footbrin Johnny Sands a time.

—The title-page of a new book which we have read with wonder and edification runs: "The Very Rev. Father Paul of Moll, a Flemish Benedictine and Wonder-worker of the Nineteenth Century (1824-1896), by Edward Van Speybroeck. Translated from the second French edition by a member of the Order of St.

Benedict. Clyde, Mo., 1910." The work is little more than a catalogue of the miracles and sayings of Father Paul, supplemented by a biography of his spiritual father and patron, St. Benedict. Of Father Paul himself comparatively little is told; however, the persistent variety of the wonders wrought by this thaumaturgus of our own day makes the book delightful reading. It comes well accredited, and, though extraordinary, lays claim to at least an open mind on the part of the reader. Little as he is known outside of Flanders, Father Paul appears to have inherited the office and power of the Blessed Curé of Ars. The sureness and offhand style, one might say, with which he performed his miracles and pronounced his prophecies makes the power seem to have been almost natural to him. The unvarying theme of his letters is the infinite love of God for man. The collection of "sayings" reveals a character that is novel in some respects, and throughout the record one is struck by the unique combination of a seeming haughtiness with the most profound humility. Father Paul's body, exhumed in 1899, three years after its interment, was found in a state of perfect preservation. Many supernatural favors are said to have been obtained through his intercession since his death. Any one that reads the book with becoming reverence could scarcely doubt that in due time the saintly Benedictine will be honored on the altars of the Church.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "The Imitation of Christ." (Pocket Classics.) 25 cts., net.
- "Father Paul of Moll." Edward Van Speybroeck. \$1.25.
- "Towards the Altar." "Towards the Eternal Priesthood." Rev. J. M. Lelen. 15 cts. ea.
- "One Christmas Eve at Roxbury Crossing." Cathryn Wallace. 75 cts.
- "Christian Symbolism." Mrs. Henry Jenner. \$1.
- "Heavenwards." Mother Mary Loyola. \$1.25.

- "Catholic Religion." Rev. Charles A. Martin. \$1.25.
- "Père Jean and Other Stories." Aileen Hingston. 70 cts., net.
- "De Ponte's Meditations." Vol. VI. \$1.80.
- "Handbook of Practical Economics." J. Schrijvers. \$1.35.
- "St. Francis de Sales. A Study of the Gentle Saint." Louise M. Stackpoole-Kenny. \$1.10.
- "The Laws of the King; or, Talks on the Commandments." A Religious of the Holy Child. 60 cts.
- "The Boys of St. Batt's." R. P. Garrold, S. J. 80 cts.
- "Cardinal Mercier's Conferences." \$1.50.
- "Meditations for Each Day of the Month of June." Charles Santley. 60 cts.
- "Astronomical Essays." Rev. George V. Leahy, S. T. L. \$1.
- "Sunlight and Shadow." P. M. Northcote. \$1.
- "The Beginnings of the Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes, A. D. 754-1073." Mgr. L. Duchesne, D. D. \$2.
- "A Compendium of Catechetical Instruction." Vols. I. and II. \$4.50.
- "A Private Retreat for Religious." Rev. Peter Geiermann, C. SS. R. \$1.50.
- "Life's Little Day." D. J. Scannell O'Neill. 25 cts.
- "So as by Fire." Jean Connor. \$1.25.
- "Brownie and I." Richard Aumerle. 85 cts.
- "The Formation of Character." Rev. Ernest Hull, S. J. 15 cts.
- "A Bunch of Girls." "Shan." 50 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Charles J. Duthie, of the archdiocese of St. Andrews; and Rev. Joseph Kautz, C. SS. R.

Mother M. Clement, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister M. Faustina, Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister M. Alice, Sisters of Mercy; and Sister M. Teresa, Order of the Presentation.

Mr. W. L. Lambert, Mr. William Stewart, Mrs. J. W. McKinley, Mr. Louis Jeffries, Mrs. Nellie Lennon, Mr. John Fisher, Mr. Thomas Larkin, Mr. Augustine Echeverria, Miss A. Murphy, Mr. Gaspar Lamotta, Mr. Thomas Rourke, Mrs. Mary Fillibeau, Mr. Thomas King, Mr. William Dougherty, Mrs. Catherine Horgan, Mr. J. G. Wilkens, and Mr. Charles Wray.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 1, 1910.

NO. 14

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

In the Mushroom Meadows.

BY RODERICK GILL.

SUN on the dewy grasslands where late the
frost hath shone;
And, lo, what elfin cities are these we come upon!
What pigmy domes and thatches, what Arab
caravan,
What downy-roofed pagodas that have known
no touch of man!
Are these the oldtime meadows? Yes, the wild-
grape scents the air,
The breath of ripened orchards still is incense
everywhere;
Yet do these dawn-encampments bring the
lurking memories
Of Egypt and of Burma and the shores of China
seas.

Our Lady's Greater Feasts.

THE MOST HOLY ROSARY.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

HIGH on its mountain stronghold,
the little Eastern city, beleaguered
by the Assyrian host in the valley
below, had long held out bravely,
hoping against hope. But water
had failed, for the enemy had cut off
their supplies; and the men of Bethulia
had been on the point of surrendering
the city, when confidence, for the time
being, had returned. Judith, the beauti-
ful and rich young widow of their towns-
man Manasses, strong in the strength of
prayer, had betaken herself to the hostile
camp, with a serving maid for sole escort,

bent upon carrying out some project,
they knew not what, for their relief. In
five days, she had led them to hope, the
Lord would "Look down upon His people
Israel." "Let nothing else be done but
to pray for me to the Lord our God,"
were almost her parting words. So for
the prescribed time they had given them-
selves to prayer and fasting, while the
guard upon the ramparts kept diligent
watch upon the camp below. No sign
had come to show whether Judith's
embassy had failed or prospered; the
fifth day had dawned since, arrayed in
her festal attire and adorned with jewels,
she had passed, silent and prayerful,
through the gate and down the valley,
as night was giving place to day; yet
no tidings had reached those anxious
watchers.

Night fell on that fifth day, and all
hope seemed gone. On the morrow they
would carry out their former resolution of
delivering up their city to the besiegers.
"For it is better," they had said, "that
being captives we should live and bless
the Lord, than that we should die and
be a reproach to all flesh, after we have
seen our wives and our infants die before
our eyes. . . . Deliver now the city into
the hand of the army, . . . that our end
may be short by the edge of the sword,
which is made longer by the drought
of thirst."

But in the dead of night the garrison
is aroused by the joyous cry, out of the
darkness, of a woman's voice: "Open
the gates, for God is with us, who hath
shown His power in Israel." They recog-

nize Judith, and, with hope newborn, they summon the ancients of the city; while all the people, young and old, hearing the glad tidings, flock to welcome her. Torches are kindled; and in their glow Judith, the gleam of victory in her eyes, holds up to their gaze the head of the leader of their enemies, whom she has slain that night. "Praise ye the Lord, our God," is her cry, "who hath not forsaken them that hope in Him."

Then as she narrates to wonder-stricken ears the events of those days of anxiety and peril, and tells how God had delivered their foe into her hands, loud acclamations rise in her honor; "and Ozias, the prince of the people of Israel," cries aloud: "Blessed art thou, O daughter, by the Lord the most high God, above all women upon the earth! Blessed be the Lord, . . . because He hath so magnified thy name this day that thy praise shall not depart out of the mouth of men."

Judith, the deliverer of her people, is a type of one greater than she; the enthusiastic praises uttered by Ozias were to find their perfect fulfilment in a later age, and in a far nobler person. It was through a Woman—Mary, the Virgin-Mother—that God willed to bring about the salvation of the human race. God had promised that the Woman should "crush" the head of the infernal Serpent; this Mary did when she gave birth to the Redeemer of mankind. His power was crushed, but he was not altogether destroyed; he still continues, and will to the end continue, to wage war against the people of God. But in the Virgin-Mother God has given to men a powerful helper and deliverer.

Judith rescued her people from one peril only; Mary is continually enabling mankind to triumph over the enemy of God and of man. "Thou alone hast destroyed all heresies throughout the world," sings the Church in praise of her; through her intercession, and the assertion of her prerogatives, error has always been overcome.

But in a still more evident way the Blessed Virgin has been the helper of the Church and of the Christian peoples, when the arms of infidel hosts have threatened to destroy the Christian name. Thus when in 1571 the Turks seemed destined to obtain the mastery of Europe, and only a comparatively small army could be raised to resist their immense forces, a marvellous victory was granted to the Christians in the Gulf of Lepanto, where they had engaged in battle with the infidel. For, when the Turks seemed to be gaining the advantage with the help of a favorable wind, there was a sudden change; the wind dropped, and enabled the Christians to inflict upon their adversaries so terrible a defeat that 30,000 of the enemy were slain, 5000 taken prisoners, and 150,000 slaves liberated. Pope St. Pius V., who had received a miraculous intimation of the great victory at the moment it was accomplished, declared it to be the result of the united prayers of the faithful assembled in their churches to beg the help of the Mother of God in the dire need of the Church and her children. He accordingly ordered the event to be annually commemorated by a feast in honor of Our Lady of Victory.

Later Popes celebrated in a similar way the intervention of the Blessed Virgin when Christians were sore pressed by the infidel. Thus, in 1683, Innocent XI. extended to the whole Church the festival of the Holy Name of Mary, hitherto kept in certain localities only, in thanksgiving for the wonderful victory gained over the Turks at Vienna, when 74,000 Christian soldiers, through their confidence in the help of God and the prayers of Mary, completely vanquished 200,000 of the enemy. Clement XI., in 1716, acted similarly as regards the extension of the Feast of the Rosary in gratitude for a notable defeat of the Turks in Hungary.

But there is a special feature in the overthrow of enemies, be they spiritual or material, through the assistance of the Blessed Virgin; although the victory is

gained by the power of her prayers to God, those prayers are due to the invocations addressed to her by Christian peoples in their distress. Mary is the leader of the combatants, but her arms are peaceful; they are those of fervent, persevering prayer. Moreover, there is one special kind of prayer which seems more than any other to have gained Mary's ready help, and that is the prayer which we call the Rosary.

It is not necessary here to enter into a minute explanation of what the Rosary is, or when it originated; it is sufficiently familiar to every practical Catholic to render detailed description superfluous. As to its origin, it is generally accepted that in its present form it was first used by St. Dominic in his spiritual campaign against the Albigenses. It was then that Mary first showed her power in conjunction with the united prayers of faithful Catholics who together invoked her aid. By means of the prayer of the Rosary, so diligently preached by St. Dominic, the heresy was completely stamped out, and France delivered from a dire foe.

Those other victories to which we have already alluded, although apparently due to material arms, were in reality brought about by the same means as the spiritual victories of St. Dominic. For the engagement at Lepanto took place while the Rosary confraternities in Rome and throughout the world were fervently praying for Mary's help. It was this fact that led to the change of the original title of "St. Mary of Victory" to that of "Our Lady of the Rosary" in the designation of the commemorative festival. The later victory over the Turks in Hungary was ascribed by Clement XI. to the same cause.

The Popes already cited were not the first to call the attention of Christians to the efficacy of this form of prayer. Pope Urban IV., in the thirteenth century, had declared that it procured daily advantages to the faithful; Sixtus IV., in the fifteenth, said that it not only gave due honor to God and the Blessed Virgin,

but was also particularly efficacious in averting the dangers with which the world was constantly threatened. Leo X., in the sixteenth, spoke of its power in opposing false teachers and their heresies; and Julius III., in the same century, styled it the glory of the Roman Church.

But it was reserved for our own times to witness a still more ardent champion of the Rosary in the late Pope Leo XIII. From 1883, when he issued his first Encyclical on the subject—*Supremi Apostolatus*—until his death in 1903, he continued by frequently repeated exhortations to the bishops of the Catholic world to impress upon Christians the power of the Rosary to combat the evils which oppress the Church in our days. To that great Pontiff is due the raising of the festival to higher rank, with a proper Office and Mass, the addition in the Litany of the invocation "Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, pray for us," and the institution of the solemn celebration throughout the Church of the month of October with its daily public recitation of the Rosary in all cathedrals and parish churches.

Pope Leo, again and again in his Apostolic Letters on the subject, recalled the triumphs gained through the devout use of this simple yet powerful means of obtaining Mary's help. In these days of trial, and of persecution of the Church and of her head, the Pontiff relied upon the same heavenly Advocate who had shown her power with God in other days to come to his aid once more. The apparent delay in the obtaining of the graces asked for never discouraged him; for he was confident that the revival of faith, resulting from frequent meditation upon its mysteries, would render Christianity more and more worthy of the favors daily solicited.

The liturgy of a festival so prominently brought forward by the late Pope is well deserving of attention. The Order of Preachers had long enjoyed the privilege of a special Mass and Office, in recognition of the part taken by their great founder

in the spread of the devotion. From the formulas of Dominican service books the Church has taken a large share of the proper Office of the feast, in the shape of antiphons, hymns, and responsories.

In the Vesper antiphons are many evident allusions to Judith, one of the striking types of Our Lady in the Old Testament dispensation. These are easily recognizable. In an English translation, the antiphons run as follows:

1. "Who is this, beautiful as a dove, like a rose planted by the brooks of water?"

2. "It is the mighty Virgin, like the tower of David; a thousand bucklers hang upon it, all the armor of valiant men."

3. "Hail Mary, full of grace; the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women."

4. "The Lord hath blessed thee by His power, because by thee He hath brought our enemies to nought."

5. "The daughters of Sion saw her adorned with the flowers of roses, and declared her most blessed."

Throughout the Office, as in these antiphons, the idea of power in protecting her clients is associated with sweetness, beauty, and charm, as typified by the queen of flowers. The very name of the devotion originated in the offering of the prescribed prayers to Mary as so many chaplets of roses; hence the allusion to those blossoms. The same figure occurs in the Chapter, which is taken from Ecclesiasticus: "In me is all grace of the way and of the truth; in me is all hope of life and of virtue. I have flowered forth like a rose planted by the brooks of water."

A striking feature of the hymns is the commemoration in them of the three divisions of the mysteries of the Rosary. Thus in that appointed for the Vesper Office, the Joyful Mysteries are celebrated; at Matins, or Night Office, the Sorrowful; and at Lauds, the Glorious. At second Vespers all three divisions are summarized. There is in this arrangement an appropriateness which may not be evident at first sight. Evening is suggestive of

quietude, and the calm joy of the early childhood of Our Lord is fittingly chosen as the subject of contemplation; night is typical of mourning and sorrow; daybreak speaks of the renewal of light, and its Office celebrates Christ's Resurrection and the glories attendant upon it.

In the Mass we have the joyous Introit already noticed on the Feast of the Assumption. The Collect is familiar from its frequent repetition in English when the Rosary is publicly recited: "O God, whose only-begotten Son, by His life, death, and resurrection, hath purchased for us the rewards of eternal life; grant, we beseech Thee, that, meditating upon these mysteries in the Most Holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary, we may imitate what they contain, and obtain what they promise."

The Epistle is represented by a lesson from the Book of Proverbs, as frequently occurs on festivals of Our Lady. The words, "Hear instruction and be wise, and refuse it not," are suggestive of the teaching power of the Rosary. "Blessed is the man that heareth me, and that watcheth daily at my gates," may be taken as a promise of reward for our daily practice of this devotion, which keeps us in our Heavenly Mother's presence.

The Gradual is identical with that of the Assumption. It proclaims the virtues which won for Mary the love of the Eternal King. The Alleluia verse is proper to this feast, and celebrates the unrivalled nobility of Our Lady's descent: "Alleluia! It is a festival of the glorious Virgin Mary of the seed of Abraham; sprung from the tribe of Juda, from David's renowned lineage. Alleluia!" It was fitting that to incomparable virtues should be added the distinction of royal ancestry, to render the chosen Mother of God still more illustrious in the eyes of the world.

The Gospel is the passage from St. Luke which describes the coming of the Archangel on his embassy to Mary. It is worthy of note that his salutation, "Hail, full of grace," with the addition of the

name of Mary, together with the words of St. Elizabeth—"Blessed is the fruit of thy womb,"—and the holy name of Jesus, constituted the "Hail Mary" as it was known in the time of St. Dominic; for the concluding words as we have them were added at a later period. This Gospel, therefore, is entirely appropriate to the feast.

The Offertory is identical with the chapter at Vespers, already noticed. The Communion verse likens the Christian virtues to fragrant and choice flowers; the heart that has received its God in the Holy Sacrament has been endowed with the divine Source of all virtue, and Our Lord will expect His visit to be fruitful in results. "Flower ye forth like the lily, and yield ye a sweet smell, and bring forth leaves in grace; sound forth a canticle of praise, and bless ye the Lord in His works." The Post-Communion prayer asks for grace to carry out this exhortation: "Help us, we beseech Thee, O Lord, through the prayers of Thy Most Holy Mother, the feast of whose Rosary we are now celebrating, that we may experience the virtue of the mysteries on which we meditate, and obtain the effect of the Sacrament which we have received."

The fruit of the worthy celebration of this festival is a more intimate union with Our Lord and His Blessed Mother. We can not keep the feast fervently without being drawn more closely to the loving practice of the devotion it commemorates; while by the regular recitation of the Rosary and meditation on its mysteries we may hope for the result indicated by Pope Leo XIII. in his Encyclical of 1892: "If we tread the paths consecrated by the blood of Christ our Lord and by the tears of Mary, we are sure to attain without difficulty to a participation in their heavenly glory."

IN the speaking of truth there is strength. Out of its cowardly concealment no good ever yet came, nor ever will come till the end of all things.—*Hichens*.

Nameless and from Nowhere.

BY A. DEASE AND M. LACHESE.

I.—TWO VISITS.

SOMEHOW there was a feeling about Ardram as of recent care after long neglect. The house itself was old and weather-beaten, but the paint on window-sash and guttering was hardly dry; the paths that skirted the fresh-sodded lawn were newly gravelled, and the grass edges were straightly cut. The shrubs near at hand bore marks of the pruner's knife, but the branches of the trees that sheltered the avenue hung in luxuriant disorder; and as Lady Burke came down the steps to the carriage that was waiting for her, her eyes dwelt on these branches rather than on the already trimmed shrubs that were nearer at hand.

"There is plenty for Dick to do," she thought to herself. "The avenue will keep him busy for a long time. And, then, the shrubberies! I see already that Father Raymond was right in advising us to buy back this place rather than to take something in better order and nearer to civilization. Even I am beginning to feel the charm of the mountains." And, raising her head, she looked over the tops of the trees to where a range of blue mountains was clearly cut against the sky.

But the coachman was waiting for his orders, and Lady Burke had to bring her thoughts back to the prosaic duty of telling him where to go.

"Do you know the way to Ballyadden?" she asked.

"Is it to Mr. Devine's your Ladyship is meaning?" said the man. "To be sure I do know the way, my Lady."

"No, no!" replied Lady Burke, quickly. "It is a Mrs. O'Malley that I want to go to see, but I was told that Ballyadden was the name of their place. Wait a moment and I will go and look for her card."

"All right, my Lady!" said the man.

"It's Ballyadden to be sure; only 'O'Malley' wasn't good enough for her, so she needs must tack 'Devine' on to it as well; and I thought maybe 'twas the grandest name you'd be calling her."

Lady Burke could not repress a smile at the old man's loquacity as she answered him.

"Then drive to Mrs. O'Malley Devine's please, Andy," she said; and the carriage rolled away, its wheels crunching the gravel and its hood being swept here and there by the branches that were to provide employment for the restless hands of Dick.

Lady Burke's husband was the son of a West-of-Ireland squire, whose small patrimony had been swallowed up in trying to pay the debts of those who had gone before him. When Richard Burke came of age, he found that his home was so deeply mortgaged as to be practically no longer his own; and when the mortgagees foreclosed, he determined to make a fortune for himself, and so buy back what but for his predecessor's extravagance would have been his by inheritance.

He had gone away to London, and his business had prospered until, had it been in the market, he could have bought back all that had once been his, and paid for it three times over. His son, born and brought up in London, son of a mother whose every instinct was commercial, had no wish to buy Ardrum when at last it could have been his; and the young wife whom he had married when more than middle-aged, after he had doubled his father's fortune and earned for himself a baronetcy, had never heard that the old home between the mountains and the sea was empty, until, when left a widow with a boy just passing from school to college, she had sought advice as to the future from the old priest who had been a friend of the Burke family for three generations.

"Take him away," Father Raymond had said, when Lady Burke put before him her fears for Dick, now his own master, whose easy-going artistic temperament seemed in danger of being influ-

enced by an undesirable Bohemian set with whom he had fraternized on leaving the University. "Make a home for him where he will have his own interests. If you can, buy back his grandfather's old home, Ardrum. It has been let go to ruin for the last ten years; and by the time he has set to right all that offends his artistic eye, depend upon me, the blue mountains of his motherland will have bound him to them with their wonderful charm, and the influences you fear will have lost their power."

They had not yet been settled many weeks at Ardrum; but so far the plan was working admirably, and Dick was fascinated both by the novelty and the charm of his new surroundings. Distance seemed a thing of small consequence to the hospitable inhabitants of the country; for a whole pile of cards had been left at Ardrum even before the reinstated owners had taken possession. And, although general society had little attraction for the widow, she was glad for her son's sake to make acquaintance with those amongst whom she hoped he would find friends to take the place of those he had parted from so unwillingly in London. It was many years since Father Raymond had left Ireland, but he had vivid recollections of Ballyadden and its occupants, and he had assured Lady Burke that she would find congenial spirits in the little old house that he described to her; and it was this assurance that had prompted her to return Mrs. O'Malley's visit before any other.

The road between the two places ran for a time skirting the sea; then, turning inland, through heather-clad hills with streams tumbling at their feet, it rose gradually toward the mountains, keeping along the banks of the largest stream, which, though not very wide, poured down toward the low-lying boglands with a steady strength of current.

It was with a start of surprise that Lady Burke found herself at Ballyadden gates; but, coming in sight of the house,

her surprise was very much increased. Father Raymond had prepared her to see a low grey house, not unlike the buildings that children love to draw upon their slates,—just a small, plain West-of-Ireland house; and, instead of this, she saw a large, three-storied building, plastered and dashed with red, with turrets at the corners, and a stone palisade edging the terrace.

"Is this Ballyadden?" she asked. "Are you sure you have come right, Andy?"

"Certain sure, my Lady," replied the coachman. "Wasn't it the talk of the countryside when the mistress went for to build this new place fifteen or twenty years back?"

It was evident that the lady of the house was a person of importance, yet Father Raymond had spoken only of Mr. O'Malley and his sister. His recollections of Ireland were of a generation back, before Mrs. O'Malley's marriage, and when Ardrum had only lately passed from the Burke's creditors into the hands of a Mr. Shaw, who had made his money by a woollen mill that was still working in the vicinity. Like his neighbor Richard Burke, old Mr. O'Malley had succeeded to an impoverished estate; but, instead of trying to retrieve his own fortune, he had encouraged his son to marry the daughter of the mill-owner, whose existence had up to this been ignored by the county, in spite of the fact that she was a considerable heiress, her father having added largely to his fortune by successful speculation.

Some remembrance of having heard this came back to Lady Burke as she crossed the oak-panelled hall of Ballyadden, and followed a very correctly attired butler into a long drawing-room, many windowed and flooded with sunshine. That Mr. O'Malley's venture had been successful, at least from a pecuniary point of view, was evident not only from the appearance of the house, but also from the lady herself, when she came hurrying into the room with outstretched hands to greet her visitor.

"Lady Burke! How sweet of you to come and see us so soon!" She drew forward a chair, displaying a double row of beautiful rings as she did so. "Well, at least this time I was right, and I shall tell Fan so when she comes home. Fan did not want me to see you so soon, but I said, being your nearest neighbor and the families always friends, it was only right."

"It was most kind," replied Lady Burke, rather taken aback at so effusive a greeting. "I was only sorry to have missed you when you called, for I had heard so much about Ballyadden—"

She had been going to add "from Father Raymond," but Mrs. O'Malley's volubility was not to be checked. And as she hesitated for a moment, with a sudden conviction that the old priest had not known the present mistress of Ballyadden when he spoke of the family as he had done, her hostess broke in with a string of questions as to how her visitor liked Ireland, how her son liked it, and other queries of a similar nature.

Lady Burke listened with growing wonder. She was not accustomed to being catechised by a comparative stranger to whom she had no intention of confiding her household affairs, and still less of talking over her son. Shortening her replies as much as politeness permitted, she at length succeeded in checking the woman's curiosity; and, in her turn, she was able to seek the one piece of information concerning the O'Malley family which she was desirous of obtaining.

"Does Miss O'Malley, your sister-in-law, live near here?" she asked at the first possible pause in the conversation. "She also has very kindly called—"

"What!" cried Mrs. O'Malley, the look of annoyance that had crossed her face at the mention of her sister-in-law's name changing rapidly to one of positive amazement. "Ellen has called upon you! Impossible, my dear Lady Burke! Why, she never leaves the village!" And again the expression of annoyance appeared.

"Then I am very much flattered at an

exception having been made in my favor," said Lady Burke, smiling. "For she certainly did call at Ardrum. But I have been unfortunate" (with a slight inclination of the head, which included her hostess in her pretty speech); "for I missed her also."

"But what can have come over her?" exclaimed Mrs. O'Malley.

"I must confess," said Lady Burke, "that it was not altogether for my own sake she came. We have a mutual friend—the friend, in fact, who advised us to buy back Ardrum."

"Then we must all look upon him as a friend," replied Mrs. O'Malley.

And the implied compliment somehow succeeded in turning the conversation back into the channels whence Lady Burke's reticence had for the moment diverted it.

On finding that young Sir Richard and her own son Anthony were about the same age, Mrs. O'Malley began eagerly to try to arrange a day when the two might meet and begin the friendship which "simply must exist between them."

"I am afraid Dick is very lazy about his social duties," said Lady Burke. "But really he is so taken up just now with getting things into shape at Ardrum, that any free time he has—I think I told you he calls himself an artist, and certainly he has some artistic talent—any free time is taken up about the place."

"An artist! Then has he seen our beautiful Glen? No? Well, my dear Lady Burke, Tony simply must take him there. It is in the mountains; but not very far, if you know the right way. The morning is the time to see it. I'll send Tony over, and you must see that Sir Richard goes with him."

"I will tell him certainly of your kind offer," replied Lady Burke. "And when he meets your son they could perhaps arrange a day—"

"That's settled now!" cried Mrs. O'Malley. "I'll send him over to-morrow morning. Tell Sir Richard to expect him immediately after breakfast, and then

they can ride there and back before the day gets too hot."

It was useless to protest further. Lady Burke was obliged to submit to this arrangement; though she thought to herself that, if Anthony O'Malley was anything like his mother, this ride would be trouble wasted, so far as starting a friendship between the two was concerned. It would certainly be the first and last infliction that Dick would agree to undergo.

"If only Fan were at home!" went on Mrs. O'Malley. "She'd be the one to take Sir Richard, for she's something of an artist herself. Indeed, now that I come to think of it, she'll be at home again in a few days; and maybe we should leave the trip until she can go too."

This suggestion was more than even Lady Burke's politeness could bear; and the heretofore unwelcome idea of Anthony O'Malley as a cicerone for Dick was so much the lesser of the two evils that she now, clung in desperation to the first idea; insisting that the following morning would be the most suitable time,—would, in fact, be the only possible day for the expedition. And then she rose to say good-bye.

Her hostess accompanied her to the door, pausing only to point out a full-length photograph of a pretty girl in a riding habit, with the signature "Fanchea O'Malley" across the corner. She was a young, bright, refined likeness of her mother; and Lady Burke acknowledged to herself with a pang that there was something dangerously attractive about the little figure. "Would Dick see the attraction?" she wondered; hoping fervently that it would prove to be one of those charms which is more apparent to other women than to men; unless, indeed, Fanchea's likeness to her mother was in externals only. For, as she drove away, Lady Burke realized that she would never be able to make friends with the mistress of Ballyadden, as she had looked forward to doing. And, as she glanced again at the big new house, she made up

her mind that she would not tell Father Raymond of the changes that had been wrought since he had known and loved the place and its occupants.

Mrs. O'Malley had not answered the question as to her sister-in-law's whereabouts; but Lady Burke found that Andy knew the shortest way to a certain village, the houses of which clustered round the big mill, and on the outskirts of which was Miss Ellen's home.

A short avenue led through a somewhat tangled mass of shrubbery to a sunny little house, in size and architecture very much what Ballyadden must have been. The windows opened onto an old-fashioned garden full of flowers, and there were roses creeping on the walls as well as on the pergola in the distance. The borders were sheltered by some fine old trees; and close to where the visitor had alighted in order to ring the bell, a weeping willow formed a perfect dome of verdure, its green branches sweeping the ground in a circle, leaving a cool retreat inside.

There was a curious stillness about the place. The woman at the lodge had opened the gate noiselessly, the carriage wheels had rolled along the smooth avenue with very little sound; and now the house was wrapped in such silence that, had it not been for the open windows and the bright beds of flowers about them, one might almost have thought that the house was unoccupied.

Lady Burke rang and rang again, but even the bell made no sound; and she was beginning to wonder whether she would leave her card on the table that she could see inside the door, when a rustle amongst the foliage of the weeping willow made her turn quickly round, and in doing so she came face to face with a figure so peculiar, so unexpected that she could not check the exclamation that rose to her lips. Could this possibly be Miss O'Malley? If so, there was indeed good reason for her sister-in-law's wonder at the visit Lady Burke had spoken of. The stranger was very tall, and so slight that

she appeared even taller than she really was. The first impression was of a woman who had done with this world, who was only waiting for eternity; yet the smoothness of the deathly-white skin and the golden sheen of the hair, which in the sunlight showed no signs of whitening, proved that their owner could have seen little more than thirty-eight or forty years. She was dressed in a long flowing black gown, that fell about her like the draperies of a statue; and the beautiful eyes that gazed down on Lady Burke in silent amazement held a whole world of tragedy in their depths.

They stood for a moment gazing at each other, neither attempting to move or to speak. The visitor was speechless from astonishment. There was something ghostlike in this tall, black, silent figure, that paralyzed her; and before she had time to recover her self-possession there were sounds of quick footsteps on the gravel, and an elderly maid hurried round the corner of the house.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am!" she said. "I am afraid you have been kept waiting."

Then, turning to the lady in black, she took her gently by the arm and led her back to the willow tree, holding up the branches to let her pass under them again.

"Go in out of the sun, ma'am," she said, almost as though she were speaking to a child; and the lady obeyed her meekly, and glided out of sight as noiselessly as she had appeared.

"Miss O'Malley is not at home," said the woman, turning again to the visitor. "She will be sorry to have missed you, but we don't expect her in until late this evening."

Lady Burke, who had not yet recovered from her amazement, opened her cardcase mechanically, and laid her card in the woman's outstretched hand.

"I—I am sorry, too," she murmured uncertainly.

She still felt quite dazed as she took her seat in the carriage; and, as the other house where she intended to call was close

by, she did not feel equal for the moment to facing any more strangers.

"Drive to the church," she said to the coachman.

And it was only after some moments in the cool and quiet of the village chapel that the feeling of still having those tragic eyes fixed upon her began to pass away.

The building appeared to be empty, yet even as she prayed Lady Burke had a feeling that she was not alone. The chapel, more tastefully decorated and more carefully kept than she had expected to find it, was built in cruciform style; and, leaning forward, she saw that there was a man kneeling behind one of the pillars that separated the nave from one of the aisles. His face was hidden from her. It was bowed down upon his hands; but these, nervous yet sinewy, betrayed the fact that their owner did not belong to the working classes. The bent figure was clad in a dark well-cut suit, not in the white banin which all the men of the district wore. He gave the impression of being young still, or at least in the prime of life,—an impression that was strengthened by the thick crop of closely cut dark hair. He was either unaware of his fellow-worshipper's presence or else he was careless of it; and even when at length he raised his head his eyes went straight to the altar and rested there, completely oblivious of all. There was deep shadow behind him; and his profile, firm, and denoting extraordinary energy, was cleanly cut against this background. It seemed to Lady Burke that the man's whole soul was poured out in the gaze that he cast upon the Tabernacle. Very quietly she rose to her feet. She could not stay; for she felt as though she were stealing his secrets from him unawares. Reaching the door, she gave one look back at the kneeling figure. It was still motionless. The face was still upturned to the altar; and, going out, she felt that she had come across a strong, good man, one whose very existence would be a help and support to weaker souls.

II.—AND A THIRD.

After the disappointment and surprise of her first two visits, Lady Burke was glad to find herself in Mrs. Keily's commonplace little drawing-room. She had been at home when the Doctor and his wife had called; and the latter was now torn asunder between her desire to enjoy the company of her visitor, with whom she had fallen in love at first sight, and her fear that Mary Anne would lose her head and forget all the drilling she had gone through in the art of bringing in tea.

Soon, however, the charm of Lady Burke's simplicity made her oblivious of the struggle that was certainly going on in the kitchen; and she gave herself up to the enjoyment and pride of being the first to tell the newcomer the news of the locality.

"I suppose your husband is a very busy man?" Lady Burke had said in acknowledgment of the regrets Mrs. Keily expressed that the Doctor would miss the pleasure of her visit.

"Yes, indeed, he is," she had replied. "You see, his district is so large, and the houses are so scattered!"

"Drinagh seems to be a large village, and that is about all of the country that I have seen yet," observed Lady Burke, smiling.

"Oh, Drinagh is not much trouble to him!" said Mrs. Keily. "The people are nearly all Mr. Dillon's mill hands; and they, of course, practically have a nurse of their own."

"Really?" exclaimed Lady Burke. "A trained nurse?"

"Oh, I meant Miss O'Malley!" replied Mrs. Keily. "But I should have said that the country people have Miss O'Malley, and the mill hands have Querida."

"Miss O'Malley?" repeated Lady Burke. "Ah, yes! I heard that she gives herself up to good works. I was so sorry to have missed her just now when I called!"

"What a pity! You called and there was no one at home?"

"No—at least there was a lady," said

Lady Burke, hesitatingly. "She was in the garden. I did not like to speak to her. And then the servant came and took her away—"

She paused inquiringly, and Mrs. Keily looked up at her with interest.

"You saw the dumb lady," she said in a tone of surprise. "I wonder at that, the poor thing is so afraid of strangers. Why, they have to coax her even to see my husband."

"Poor thing! You say she is dumb? That accounts, of course, for her silence. But who is she, Mrs. Keily? She must have a tragic history. I can not forget the expression in her eyes."

"You don't know about her?" cried Mrs. Keily. "Then, if you have time to listen to me, I will tell you one of the most tragic stories that real life can produce."

With all thought of Mary Anne banished from her mind, Mrs. Keily settled down to impart the tragedy, and this is the story that she told.

When Mr. O'Malley had saved the family fortunes by marrying Miss Shaw, his mother and sister had gone to live in the little house at Drinagh, which was still the latter's home. For some years before her death, the old lady had been a complete invalid; and it was with great regret that, after her death, Miss O'Malley had parted with the maid who had tended her mother so faithfully. Julia had come to them just a raw girl from a tiny cottage up in the mountains; but she was a born nurse, and it was easy now to find her a good place away in Dublin. She had never in her life travelled before, never even seen a train; and what with sorrow at parting from Miss O'Malley and her friends, and terror at going so far alone, she was beside herself even before the end of the thirty-mile drive to the station. For at that time there was no railway coming to Drinagh, and all goods that left it had to go by water.

At Limerick Junction she had to change trains and wait for the Queenstown Mail, that in those days stayed there for several

minutes. When at last it came panting in, there was a rush of passengers toward the refreshment room. Julia noticed one group in particular, and afterward she had good reason for remembering them. A young lady, tall and brilliantly fair, was standing in the door of a first-class carriage; whilst her husband, tall too, and so dark as to suggest some foreign blood in his veins, was helping the nurse who was carrying a golden-haired child, to alight.

"Make haste!" the lady had said, laughingly, "or all the milk will be gone and Querida is so thirsty!"

Then, turning her eyes from the child, who was laughing at the sound of the pet name that she knew, Julia suddenly discovered that she had left her purse in the train that had gone on an hour or more ago,—not only her purse but her ticket also. It was like an awful nightmare. She was stranded alone, penniless, friendless,—but no, "friendless" she could not say; for the beautiful lady, seeing her horror and distress, questioned her quickly; and then, when the warning whistle of approaching departure sounded, she found herself hustled into a carriage farther down in the train, clasping what seemed to her like a handful of gold: the change of a paper note that the lady had given the guard for her; telling her not to cry, that everything would be all right, and they could settle about the money when they got to Dublin.

When they got to Dublin! And that was the day of the awful accident to the Queenstown Mail.

Julia, at the end of the train, felt only a terrible shock; but, as soon as she realized what had happened, she pushed her way forward to where the carriages were wrecked and splintered. The engine and luggage van were reduced to pulp, and every passenger in the first carriages was killed,—no, two lives amongst them had been spared: the life of Julia's benefactress, and of the sunny-haired child whom she had called Querida. The young husband was dead, and the

nurse was crushed almost beyond recognition; but, pinioned under a great bar of wood, the lady crouched, apparently uninjured, and with her child clutched to her in a senseless, unconscious grip.

It was Julia who helped her to her feet, and led her away from the dreadful sights of wreckage; and she obeyed, perfectly docile, utterly powerless to reason for herself, to speak, or even to think. All the other victims had friends to come to them. Julia's benefactress alone was unclaimed, unidentified. They questioned her, but all power of speech or thought was gone. They sought for some name or address, but there was nothing about her or about her husband to give the slightest clue to their identity. The silver in the lady's dressing case was marked with the monogram of two M's entwined, and her linen bore the same initials.

Then arose the question of what was to become of this senseless, dumb, and penniless woman. And in Julia's mind there was but one place in the world for those who were in trouble to go for help. So it was that, on the evening when Miss O'Malley thought of Julia as arriving safely at her new home, a covered car drove up to Drinagh Lodge, bringing back the girl who had left only that morning, and with her were her two helpless charges. For weeks the lady lay unconscious. It seemed as though little Querida was to be doubly orphaned. Gradually, however, her mother crept back to life, and with returning strength the use of her mind was restored to her. But the past remained a blank, and she had lost the power of speech.

They had absolutely nothing, these waifs from no one knew where, except the dressing bag, which had been examined by the officials. But these men had overlooked a sliding drawer that fitted like a false bottom to the bag; and in this Miss O'Malley had discovered two small miniatures set with brilliants, some valuable diamond ornaments, and a rope of pearls worth a fortune in itself. Had she been

a rich woman, she would unhesitatingly have put these things in safety for the little child, who might some day find her own people; but, as it was, the pearls had to go. They brought a sum sufficient to buy an annuity which defrayed the actual expense of their living; and, ever since, they and Julia had shared Miss O'Malley's home.

"And the child, too?" questioned Lady Burke, who had listened with breathless interest to Mrs. Keily's recital. "Is she also with Miss O'Malley?"

"Yes: she has never left her," answered the other,—"never even gone to school; but, all the same, she has been very well educated. They did not like to separate her from her mother. But, of course, Miss O'Malley herself is a most cultivated woman, and Querida has had some excellent governesses. She is fit for any position in life."

"It seems almost incredible, in these days, that nothing has been found out about them," observed Lady Burke. "I suppose everything has been done?"

"Yes, everything," replied Mrs. Keily. "They must have come from Queenstown, but there was no record of any family answering to their description on any of the boats that came in that week; and, although Miss O'Malley kept on advertising from time to time for years, she has never been able to discover the smallest clue to their identity."

"And the lady herself?" questioned Lady Burke. "Has nothing been found out from her?"

"Absolutely nothing," said Mrs. Keily. "They tried at first to question her, but my husband had to forbid it. She became so upset that he feared for her reason."

"And has he no hope that she will ever recover?"

"It sounds rather contradictory," said the Doctor's wife. "But he says that there is the possibility that a shock, such as that which deprived her of her speech, may cure her. I am afraid, however, it is a forlorn hope, when such apparently

slight things as questioning her only make her worse."

"Poor, poor thing!" sighed Lady Burke.

"Yet I think Querida is happy," said Mrs. Keily. "Of course she is not like other girls, but that could not be expected. She has been deprived of her own family; though I am sure that Miss O'Malley and her people love her far more dearly than many families love their own."

"Then she helps Miss O'Malley with her good works?"

"Yes, to a certain extent," answered Mrs. Keily. "But she has her own work, too. Mr. Dillon has handed over all the sick and sorry in his village to Querida, and she looks after them like a Sister of Charity."

"Mr. Dillon?" questioned Lady Burke. "Is he not the owner of the mill?"

"The owner of the mill and of the village," replied Mrs. Keily. "He is the good genius of Drinagh. With such examples as we have in Miss O'Malley and Mr. Dillon, we ought to be a model community; and, indeed, Querida and Anthony O'Malley are not far behind their leaders."

"Anthony O'Malley!" exclaimed Lady Burke. "Mrs. O'Malley Devine's son?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Keily, smiling. "Poor Mrs. O'Malley! I am afraid she does not appreciate her son as we do in the village. He is Mr. Dillon's right hand."

"I think I don't quite understand," said Lady Burke, in a puzzled tone. "Do you mean that young Mr. O'Malley has an interest in the mill? I thought that his grandfather sold the business years ago, before his daughter's marriage."

"Yes, he did," replied Mrs. Keily. "And it is a philanthropic, not a commercial, interest that Anthony has in the place now. The thing is that when old Mr. Shaw made so much money speculating he could not be bothered to keep the mill going. It was no longer paying as it had done; for its machinery was out of date, and he did not care to renew

it. Hugh Dillon's father had been his manager for years; and he took over the business, such as it was, and worked it at a small profit until his death. His son, who was still at college, was, we all thought, studying for the priesthood; but when his father died he came back to Drinagh and began to do things on a perfectly new system. If he had closed the mill, as it was half expected he would, twenty or thirty families would have had to emigrate. But, instead of that, he has gradually enlarged the business, has bought machinery and started clubs,—not social ones, but societies for mutual benefit amongst his work people. He must spend almost every penny that he makes; for he has built houses and bought land for allotment gardens, and I can't tell you what else. Oh, he is a wonderful man!"

"And Mr. O'Malley helps him in all this part of his work, I suppose?"

"Yes, and I believe he understands a great deal about the business, too. My husband says (only this, I think, he would not like repeated, so I tell you in confidence) that it will not surprise him to hear some day of the mill being turned into a sort of co-operative business, with all the work people as shareholders; and if this is done and works well, Mr. Dillon will (of course this also is only guesswork) still be free to become a priest."

Whilst Mrs. Keily had been speaking, Lady Burke had felt sure that the silent worshipper whom she had seen in the church was Mr. Dillon himself, and these concluding words confirmed her thought. But the striking of a clock suddenly reminded her with a shock how much she had prolonged her visit. Rising hastily, she asked no more questions; and, finding that her apologies were not listened to, she turned them into thanks, and drove away, feeling that the two mysteries that she had encountered earlier in the afternoon had been explained to her as things of such deep interest as to be quite unprecedented in her experience of duty visits.

The Lonely Nest.

BY BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

HERE was a glow and a brightness and a beauty not easy to describe in the glorious autumn morning on which Kevin Rooney stood in the old rose-perfumed porch of the house in which he had been born, and held his mother's hand, and tried to tell her, in a husky voice, that he was going away only for a little while, that he would be home for nearly a month at Christmas, and that she ought not to feel so lonely; and several other things which Ellen Rooney knew full well to be true, but which at the same time did not ease her sorrow one bit, or check the hot tears which made the loveliness of the morning akin to the darkest day in November. She was losing the last of all she had reared; her heart and her home were to be desolate while she lived; the happiness of the past years was for all time dimmed; and God had given her a heavy cross to bear upon the shoulders that were already stooped,—that was all she could think of, and the thought brought only sorrow and bitter, burning tears.

She clung to her boy as if she were never more to look upon him, and kissed him again and again (at the touch of that kiss *his* heart overflowed, too, and the tears started to his big brown eyes and trickled down his cheeks), and would hardly let him go even when Mike, her husband, came bustling in, pretending *his* heart wasn't at all affected, and reminded her that it was "a good seven mile" to the town, that he couldn't drive the young mare very fast on such a sultry day, and that if Kevin didn't come away at once he would be late for the train; and a great deal more to the same effect, all spoken in a half-supplicatory, half-reproachful tone; until at last Ellen, by a great effort, succeeded in forming just one sentence with her quivering lips—

"God be with you, son of my heart!"—and let him go from her down the path leading to the gate beside the road, where the mare and car were waiting.

She watched them while they seated themselves upon the car, watched them as the mare jogged steadily down the road, watched them until they had climbed the hill and had disappeared over its crest; and then she went back slowly into the house, and sat down by one of the open windows of the little parlor, so that she could look out over the fields in the direction of the town, and allow her thoughts to go with them on the way they had taken. The sun was making gold of the ripened corn in the fields, the birds were singing with all the gladness of their hearts, the sky was blue and cloudless; but it was the loneliest, darkest day Ellen Rooney had known in all her long life.

The thought of that day had never occurred to her in all the years since she first came to live in the snug farm-house as the happy wife of Mike Rooney. She had never thought that one day she would be left alone to grieve and mourn for the birds flown from the nest. She had never dreamed when they were growing up around her, the delight of her heart, that one day they would all have gone, that she would sit alone in the house that had known their joyous laughter,—sit alone and feel the dreariness of desolation in her soul.

Kevin was the fifth who had gone from her. First, there was Maurice, who, because his father spoke harshly and reprovingly to him once for staying up late in a neighbor's house, card-playing, had got hold of the idea that home was a hard place to live in, and, without saying one word of farewell, had gone away to America with a young man of the Dempseys, who was over in Ireland for a few months. Maurice was the mother's favorite, and her heart was wild with grief when 'twas told to her that he had gone,—grief that became more acute in

after years when now and then, in the letters of neighbors' boys and girls, the news came that the world had gone against Maurice Rooney in the States, and that he was drifting from bad to worse. The last account, received a few months before the day of Kevin's departure, was that Maurice had fallen from a building on which he was working, and was lying very ill in the hospital. Not even then did kindly but stubborn Mike Rooney relent toward his erring son. "He made his bed," he said, "and let him lie on it." And the mother's heart was sore beyond all telling.

Then there was Joe, who always had a desire to be a priest, and who went on the foreign mission—to Australia—two years ago. Then Julia and Rose, the second and fourth eldest, who were married within six months of each other, to two young men from "the far end of the county," who had met them at a Feis, or "a Gaelic thing," as Mike Rooney called it, and soon after had come to coax them away from the nest. They were happy, indeed; and that was some consolation to Ellen. But their laughter was gone from the house; and the love of their buoyant hearts, that used to be all hers in the happy years gone by, was hers in full no longer. It seemed sometimes as if she had lost it entirely.

She never felt utterly lonely until Kevin—laughing, light-hearted Kevin—went to follow in Joe's footsteps, and to make easy for her and for Mike and for poor Maurice and all of them the way into God's fair home. As she sat there at the window letting one thought follow another out over the fields, she little cared how soon that last journey might be taken; for the world was empty and drear. She had tended her little flock and cared for them all through the years; and now they were gone—every one of them,—leaving cheerless and lone the nest that used to be so happy.

She mused for a long time thus, while the sun went higher in the heavens, and

the quiet freshness of the morning gave way to the glare and heat of noon. Then she thought of Mike, who was far away in the big town, under the gaze of strangers, and who must feel even lonelier than she was there at home. She thought of his words that morning as he tried to soothe her grief: "There were only the two of us here long ago, Nell; and the two of us are in it still; and we'll be happy yet, please God." And the memory of his words rallied her and drove the leaden loneliness, that was like despair, out of her heart, and made her again the brave, strong woman she used to be.

"It's God's will, and it's all for the best," she murmured, with a sigh of resignation, as she rose and moved about the house, performing her everyday duties. The dark thoughts gave way to bright ones of the golden, far-off days when she first came to the Glen as Mike's wife, and when all the hours were glad and bright with the sunshine of hope and promise. She felt that she could make the last years of a long life happy and peaceful for Mike, and find her own happiness in so doing; and that feeling gave her fresh strength and courage.

"The two of us are in it still; and we'll be happy yet, please God." Mike's comforting words came into her mind again and again; and after a while she found herself singing, unconsciously, the sweet old songs of her first days in the Glen.

The day wore on. The sun went down beyond the mountain, and a holy calm settled over all the earth. The voices of the birds became drowsy, and at last trailed off into silence, as they cuddled themselves up in their cosy nests to rest until the dawn of a new day. Ellen thought there must be many a mother among them, too, who, like herself, felt lonely for the young who had fled. She wondered then why Mike was not returning. She felt the loneliness and gloom creeping back into her heart again. What was keeping Mike? She knew that he had business to transact in town that would be likely

to delay him; but he should have been home long ago, delay and all. Could anything have happened to him? She felt restless and uneasy, and could not remain seated for more than five minutes at a time, but moved from the fire to the door and back again, murmuring now and then: "God send him home safe!"

Again and again she listened at the door for some sound, and peered down the pathway toward the road, and looked up at the calm, cold moon that rose above the wood, as if it could give her some explanation of Mike's delay. But not a sound did she hear save the barking of Nancy Mooney's dog, and the lilt of music coming from Dempseys' house, which was **higher** up the Glen than her own home.

It was about the twentieth time that she had come to the door since nightfall, when she heard the sound of car wheels and of a horse's hoof beats a little way down the road. The horse was walking.

Some one opened the gate, some one came up the path. The car remained on the road. It was not Mike who came toward her. It was Father Casey, and when she saw him she knew that something had happened.

"It's Mike, Father!" she said, in a low, scared voice. "What happened him? O Father, don't tell me he's dead!"

"No, Ellen, he's not dead; and there's no fear of his dying just now, if you only act like the brave woman you have always been. He's unconscious, and will be so for a little while longer; but he's not seriously hurt, the doctor says. He will be all right soon. 'Twas the mare got frightened at something a short distance outside the town, and I suppose poor Mike was thinking of the boy that had just gone away and was letting her have her head. She dashed off, and he held on to the reins, it seems, and only for a poor tramp who risked his life and stopped her (the poor fellow had his arm badly wrenched), there would have been an end to Mike Rooney. Some people came up then, and they sent for the

doctor and for me. Mike recovered some what, after-a while; but the shock was very severe and he has lost consciousness again. Now, Ellen, be strong and quiet, and all will be well."

She let a few tears fall, but she kept her hands tightly clasped, and never even a moan escaped her lips as they carried him in and laid him on the bed, limp and pale. The poor, hungry-looking, dust-covered tramp came in after them, seeming worn and weak. His shabby coat had been torn in the struggle with the runaway mare, and his right arm was in a sling. He leaned against the cross-wall and watched them while they tenderly laid upon the bed the man whose life he had saved.

"I'll stay here for a while, Ellen, until he regains consciousness," said Father Casey, as the men who had brought home Mike and had put up the mare, took their departure. "And the best thing you could do now would be to get something ready for that poor man in the kitchen. He must be nearly fainting with weakness and hunger."

Ellen went down to the kitchen, thinking for the first time of the man to whom she owed so much. He was weeping like a child, and he raised his worn, sad face to hers.

"Mother!—don't you know me?"

She looked into his tear-dimmed eyes with a glad, startled gaze.

"Maurice!—O Maurice! Thank God it is you!"

One wanderer had come, at God's bidding, to keep Death away from the nest.

Our Thoughts.

BY M. H. L.

Whither go our ideas? Into the memory of God.
—*Joubert.*

INTO the memory of God they go,
My thoughts, e'en though along the wayside
cast;
Gathered and garnered, shifted wheat and chaff,
To be my grief or solace at the last.

A Great and Good Man.

BY H. S. D.

IT may not perhaps be too late for one who several times came across his path to render a little tribute to the memory of the late Sir Joseph Walton, Judge of the High Court of England. If it be asked why an American public should be interested in the subject, the answer, I think, is just this. We have on both continents so many men who have attained success in the public eye and are Catholics, yet are not in the least known as Catholics, and seem to have no interest in making their Catholicism a part of their public influence, that it is an inspiration and an encouragement to hear of men of the other sort; setting before ourselves their example, and praising God for His glory shown forth in their lives.

Emphatically one of that "other sort" was Sir Joseph Walton, like his great predecessor and friend, Lord Chief Justice Russell, and that other great modern Judge, Lord Justice Mathew. All are now gone, with Hawkins, the convert Judge, in the public eye the most famous of all, the terror of the hardened criminal, but the kindest of friends to the weak who had been led astray. We have now no Catholic judge to lend dignity to the annual "Red Mass" on the opening day of Term; but it will not be long, one hopes, before the vacant place is filled.

A Liverpool man, educated by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, and winning the highest academical honors then open to Catholics, in the days when Oxford and Cambridge were still not available for them, Mr. Walton, when he came to the Bar, soon gained the confidence of Liverpool men of business; and went to London, after some years of local practice, with the reputation of the soundest of commercial lawyers and the most persuasive of advocates. In the metropolis he quickly rose to be a leader, acknowl-

edged first of his class in heavy commercial litigation; and, when the great general advocates, Russell, Webster, and others, left the Bar for the Bench, he was often summoned to lead, not unworthily, in cases of more human and general interest. Thus fame in his profession and large fortune came in due course, and a seat on the Bench was the natural sequel.

All this is "common form" in the history of a great lawyer. What is not so common is the personality of the man. A Catholic first and above all, Mr. Justice Walton spared no effort in public or private to forward the interests of the Church, to help the clergy in matters concerning his profession, and particularly to save the Faith of children threatened in their religion by Protestant litigants. Debarred as a judge from party politics (though always, like Russell and Mathew, a convinced political Liberal), he turned this disability to good account, and delighted in expounding to Catholic audiences our claims in the matter of education; the more impressively because his speeches were perforce devoted to general principles and broad statements of the rights and duties involved.

But great as is the value of such work in a Catholic public man, far greater is the value of character. And Sir Joseph Walton's influence in this respect among non-Catholics was peculiar. He had that charm of manner, that un-selfconscious humility, together with that aptitude for friendships and wide scope of general interests, which win the souls of men far more surely than the most brilliant gifts in a harder setting. A Protestant lawyer wrote of him just after his death, in one of the London papers: "His name will be held in affectionate remembrance as that of one of the kindest and most friendly of men, who took pleasure in making other people happy, and who, without a trace of austerity, impressed everybody by his goodness. . . . Nobody could doubt the reality of his religious belief, or fail to realize how his life was informed by its

spirit." And what better epitaph could a Catholic desire?

Most suddenly and unexpectedly Sir Joseph was taken from us in the prime of life, by a sudden attack of heart disease, which allowed him time neither for priest nor for doctor in his last moments. It was his happy lot to be ready for the call, but for us the loss is very great. The loss of such a personal influence, of such an example of the Catholic character in the daily walk of life, is heaviest. But in more public ways, too, he will be missed. The new Catholic social movement has lost in him a generous friend and most wise and constant counsellor; the clergy, a model lay coadjutor; and Catholics at large, a distinguished protagonist. As a judge he had not time to make that mark which was confidently expected of him; though he had already proved one of the soundest of jurists, and his decisions were very rarely reversed on appeal. And in some respects the virtues of his character prevented him from gaining the reputation of a "strong" judge; or at least he had not had time to accustom himself to the new responsibilities. He felt them so keenly, perhaps over-keenly; and so anxious was he to weigh every point, to make every litigant feel that all arguments, however sophistical, were being fully appreciated, to get not only justice done but litigants satisfied, that he was thought somewhat slow and "niggling" in his conduct of business.

In like manner he was thought too mild in criminal jurisprudence. A great and dashing fighter at the Bar, where his contests were so frequently over huge sums of money and nothing more, he became almost painfully cautious when, as a judge, he had the comparatively new responsibility of sitting in judgment on men's reputations or their personal liberty. The profession may prefer the strong judge like Mathew, who would go to the point of a case at first sight, and simply refuse to listen to anything irrelevant to

that point; the public may prefer a great judge like Russell, who would take the case up into his own strong hands, and guide it to its issue over the heads of counsel, jury and litigants alike; but to litigants I think the untiring, courteous attention of Walton was most welcome of all. And, after all, one of the great objects of Law is not merely to do justice but also to inspire confidence. It is characteristic of the man that one of his greatest interests as judge was in that new departure of English jurisprudence, the Court of Criminal Appeal. As the writer above quoted testifies, he ably seconded the present Lord Chief Justice's efforts "to make the Court that which it has become—the very embodiment of that spirit of generous and dignified tenderness toward misery, even though it be the misery of crime, which is the glory of our criminal jurisprudence."

To quote once more, "few men so successful have been so truly loved." At the Requiem Mass, his Jesuit sons, his brethren of the Bench and Bar, other friends of all classes, priests, nuns, ushers of the Court, judges' clerks—in short, people whom he had known in his professional or religious life, including some of the poorest of the poor, made up a congregation of mourners "whose chief thoughts were not so much of his learning and his career as of his immense kindness, the dignity and purity of his character, and his unfailing courtesy and charity." May he rest in peace!

INSTEAD of saying that man is the creature of circumstance, it would be nearer the mark to say that man is the architect of circumstance. It is character which builds an existence out of circumstance. From the same material one man builds palaces, another hovels; one builds warehouses, another villas. Bricks and mortar remain mortar and bricks until the architect can make them something else.—*Anon.*

In Marked Contrast.

IN a contribution to the discussion of "Faith Healing" and the "Lourdes Miracles," Father Thurston lays stress upon the scrupulous verification of the cures effected at Lourdes, and on the resultant importance of the factor of instantaneousness in such cures. He says:

A miracle in the Catholic idea is something done for the glory of God, and to confirm the faith of the vacillating. Hence the careful verification of miraculous cures is a praiseworthy act; and the Church invites the fullest publicity, and willingly invokes the aid of science that it may be clearly understood how far the processes of Nature can go, and what lies beyond their province. This attitude toward the verification of miracles is in marked contrast to that of Christian Science; and from this it follows, as I would submit, that when in the case of the Lourdes miracles the character of instantaneousness is claimed for many of them, this claim is in general a reliable one. . . .

Another point—and a capital one—is thus made by the scholarly Jesuit:

But by far the most important of the differences between the miracles of Lourdes and those of Dr. Dowie or Mrs. Eddy is, I would urge, to be sought in the fact that, whereas all the cures of the latter pair can be shown to be limited to functional disorders, the cures at the piscina do include many cases of the instantaneous healing of organic disease. Of course, there are a considerable proportion of hysterical patients who go to Lourdes, and these may or may not benefit by the emotional excitement inevitably generated, at least from time to time, in such an atmosphere. But when we see it stated that suggestion alone supplies the explanation of the marvels witnessed in the Pyrenees, I feel confident that the distinguished authorities who so expressed themselves would not have spoken thus if they had had time to study the question more carefully.

This is treating the "distinguished authorities" with a consideration to which they can really lay no claim. It was their business to give the matter due study before pronouncing their snap judgment. Had they consulted, for instance, Dr. Van der Elst's work on hysteria and hypnosis, they would find this reference to cures at Lourdes: "It has not been less easy for us to satisfy ourselves of the existence

of cures which have nothing to do with functional troubles, but have put an end to ascertained organic mischief. Among the number are such as could not have taken place without destruction or reconstruction of matter. Whatever interpretation one may put upon them, or whatever explanation may be given, there can in any case be no question of suggestion."

A Notable Tribute.

AS an illustration of how far-reaching the influence of the most humble life lived for God may be, we reproduce, from the October number of *Harper's Bazar*, where it occupies the first place, the following tribute to the late Sister M. Rita, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross. The writer refers to the many unusual tributes paid to this gifted, devoted, and beloved religious; but none of them shows a finer appreciation of her work and her worth and her influence than the present notice. It is remarkable indeed, both for insight and inspiration:

On Saturday, July twenty-third, Sister Mary Rita, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, died at St. Joseph's Hospital, South Bend, Indiana.

It is the admirable custom of religious communities to regard the end of a cloistered life as calling for no mourning. The departed Sister has found at last the reward for which she labored; and, as she had already renounced the world, her final departure can not deeply concern it nor those of it. Sister Rita, undoubtedly the most gifted woman in any community of her time, subscribed, like her Sisters, to this creed. She had the humility of the greatness that was hers. The last thing she could ever have imagined is that which has happened. For the news of her sudden and untimely death carried grief and consternation not only throughout religious circles, but to the hearts of those in the world who, as pupils or visitors at St. Mary's Academy, had touched her life and felt her wonderful influence. She has gone to her reward; but her going left her beautiful work unfinished, and darkened the world for those who needed her.

Many leading newspapers and magazines published editorial tributes to her—very unusual tributes, proving how impossible it was to write

of her in ordinary terms. The editor of the South Bend *Tribune*, in an editorial published the day she died, said: "No one who did not know her can appreciate her great worth, her wonderful ability, her charming personality; above all, her true, sincere, and devoted Christian character. Her coming was like the advent of a soft and wonderful light. . . . Her place can not be filled as she filled it." The editor of the Boston *Republic* wrote, in the issue of August 6, after a tribute to the high spiritual and mental qualities of Sister Rita: "She filled a room with splendor. . . . The loss to her community is incalculable." "Her soul," said another distinguished writer, "was the most beautiful that I have ever known." "I saw her only once," wrote a great novelist who visited her Western convent, "and was with her only half an hour. But she was the most wonderful woman I ever met, and I can never forget her."

Sister Rita was a teacher and a poet. She joined the community of the Holy Cross when she was only seventeen years old, and she died before she was fifty. There has rarely been her equal as an inspiration in the class-room. Her fame—for her death has proved that her fame reached far beyond her convent walls—rests not alone on the fact that her girls went forth by hundreds from St. Mary's, holding her torch high in a dark world; nor on her friendship and association with the many distinguished lecturers and writers who visited St. Mary's and carried away the imperishable memory of her. Nor does it rest on her poetry, for most of that was unsigned. The circle of her influence, which started in St. Mary's and widened till it took in the whole country, was due to her personal qualities and to their lasting effect on every individual who met her. Any one of a dozen attributes she possessed in a supreme degree would have lent distinction to an ordinary person. She had them all—breadth, tolerance, dignity, understanding, sympathy, charity, and a blessed sense of humor that bubbled up in her like an inexhaustible spring. But above and beyond all else, she had an exquisite, all-pervading spirituality, which touched everything she did, and which at the last enabled her to drop cheerfully the work she loved, and die as a happy child falls asleep.

All who read this remarkable tribute will wish that, when their own course is run, something of the kind may be honestly said or written of them; and will realize how true it is that, however humble or hidden, "every noble life leaves the fibre of it interwoven in the work of the world."

Notes and Remarks.

One of the most interesting papers read at the recent Catholic Congress in England was "Catholics and Penal Reform," by the Rev. John Cooney. Commenting on the statement of England's Lord Chief Justice, to the effect that "there is nothing that conduces more to the reclamation of prisoners than the operation of the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies," Father Cooney well says that much better results will be secured when these societies come to recognize more fully that what they exist for is reclamation, not the giving of general relief to undeserving persons. Of the plan for passing Catholic prisoners through Catholic aid societies, he writes:

For the only help that can be legitimately extended to such a man should contemplate his moral and spiritual needs, and should have for object the support and preservation of the resolutions which religion had already suggested. Such help should come out of the same source as his conversion. It should be a grace and ministration of his Church, a pledge of brotherhood and welcome home, of forgiveness on earth as well as in heaven. I venture to suggest that the time has come for committees to be formed in connection with all the prisons to aid the priest in his pastoral care for discharged prisoners, and to supply the special aid and supervision requisite for their welfare.

What Father Cooney has to say in concluding his valuable paper is true not only of England but of every country, and his appeal is of world-wide application: "Who can doubt the value of this continuous shepherding which will reach from the prison, through Catholic agencies outside, to the reinstatement of the man or woman in social and industrial life? What can excuse the absence of such a provision when other religious bodies are lining up for a great new effort to save their weaker brethren? There are 5,000 Catholics in English prisons to-day. Hardly a prison but contains some. They are our responsibility; they ought to be our burden. Catholics able and willing to undertake this duty are not rare; they

might well be admitted to the privilege of practising a work of mercy dear to the Heart of Christ, and of upholding the honor and traditions of their Church in this muster of the moral forces of the nation."

Those critical English and American Catholics who object to the recitation of the Litany of Loreto at Benediction, maintaining that in the presence of our sacramental Lord prayers and invocations, hymns and spiritual canticles should be addressed only to Him, forget that it is by order of His Vicar that the Rosary, with the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, is recited in presence of the Blessed Sacrament all through the present month; and are evidently unaware that the Litany is always sung during Benediction in Rome. It is impossible to secure exact mathematical proportion in devotion to Our Lord and devotion to His Blessed Mother. Persons who are troubled as to just how many "Hail Marys" should be recited for one "Our Father" or *Gloria Patri*, or as to the proper degree of profundity in genuflections before the Blessed Sacrament and relics of the True Cross should consult Dr. Diet. Attempt to regulate our devotions by rule and measuring-line would be as absurd as to accept heredity as a guiding force in business matters, or to legislate for marriage on scientific grounds.

The Wise Men from the East are the types of Gentile Christianity. They were drawn to Christ from afar by the light He gave them, and came to adore Him and surrender themselves to Him. And how did they find Him? "Entering into the house, they saw the Child with Mary His Mother; and, falling down, they adored Him." It is, then, no real difficulty if those who come into the Church from without—perhaps from long distances, and across many mountain ranges of prejudice and wide deserts of error—should find there the Child, not alone, but with Mary His Mother. The image of the

Madonna and Child is the symbol of the Incarnation, and the prophetic story of the Magi shows that devotion to the Virgin Mother is in some way especially fitting for Gentile Christians.

It will relieve the sense of incongruity which new converts sometimes experience when at Benediction, with our Blessed Lord solemnly exposed for adoration, we occupy a part of the time in singing the Litany of Loreto, to reflect that in so doing we are copying the Wise Men of old, our forefathers in the Faith. We see not the Child only, but "the Child with Mary His Mother"; and, while offering to Him our prayers and homage, we invoke that Mother, just as they must have addressed her while kneeling in the house of Bethlehem before her Divine Son.

"The object of a work of art," said the late Holman Hunt, in an address delivered many years ago at the opening of the Whitechapel Exhibition, "is neither to plaster over the walls, like wallpaper, nor to keep the rain out; nor has it the utility that boots and clothes have; yet it has a utility peculiar to itself—one not of small count in the days of a man. Its aim is this: to unfold to the spectator new delight in life previously unregarded by him." Art students will remember the lamented painter for many such wise sayings; but his memory will be cherished by the multitude on account of "The Light of the World," a picture that has been represented times without number since the year of its appearance—1854.

A Labor Day incident such as could occur only in a thoroughly Catholic country is noted by our Canadian contemporary, *La Vérité*. Addressing a large audience of workingmen at Saint-Sauveur, Quebec, Baron Xivry, of Belgium, delivered an inspiring discourse, in which faith and patriotism were equally prominent. At the close of his speech, he asked the Quebec laborers to join him in saying

a "Hail Mary" for Belgium, so that at the next elections, through the all-powerful intervention of the Blessed Virgin, the loss suffered during the last political contest might be repaired. "Then," says *La Vérité*, "in the midst of the perfect silence his words had created, the noble Belgian, without the slightest human respect, in a strong and suppliant tone, began his *Ave Maria*. Like one man, six thousand French-Canadians with the vigorous voice of laborers took up and echoed the prayer."

An Anglican clergyman (the Rev. Cecil L. Robinson, St. George's Vicarage, Leicester, England), who is greatly interested in the revival of the Angelus, in a letter to the *Church Times*, replying to some kindly criticism, says: "Let us be practical. At present we may assume that hardly a village church bell in England rings out for midday prayer; and Hodge, as he follows the plough with vacant mind, sends up no intercession to the Throne of God from morn to night; and, as he tramps back home at eventide, thinks of nothing but his supper and his well-earned rest. We want a church bell to set him thinking and lift his thoughts heavenward. We want to set him praying."

A very good thing for Hodge to do, and "the memorial of the Incarnation" is something very appropriate with which to begin. Mr. Robinson is as practical as he could wish anybody else to be. He announces that (doubtless at his suggestion) a well-known publishing firm are issuing cards with the Angelus "printed in full according to ancient form," for the use of pious Anglicans.

Not the least interesting of our exchanges is an eight-page weekly paper, called the *Mirror*, edited and published by the inmates of the Minnesota State Prison. It was founded in 1887, "to encourage moral and intellectual improvement among the prisoners; to acquaint the

public with the true status of the inmates; to disseminate penological information; and to aid in dispelling that prejudice which has ever been the bar sinister to a fallen man's self-redemption." The well-chosen motto of the paper is, "It is Never too Late to Mend"; and the editor seems never to forget it, or to miss an opportunity of saying a word of encouragement to his companions. "Cheer up!" he writes in a recent issue. "Don't be down-hearted and morbid. Spring a little sunshine on those around you. It will make everyone, yourself included, feel better." The editor's own good-nature is everywhere in evidence. Reviewing the warden's biennial report of the prison, he is careful to state that among its 706 inmates there is only one clergyman, one editor ("not including the present editor of the *Mirror*, who is classified as a printer"), one newspaper reporter ("so he says"); and no astrologers, chiropodists, ragpickers or umbrella-makers.

Since there appears to be no well-grounded hope that the Galileo story will ever be allowed to drop into innocuous desuetude, it is perhaps worth while reproducing what the *Bombay Examiner* has to say on one phase of the question:

When the Holy Office made its utterance against Galileo, no one of that Congregation, either individually or collectively, ever dreamed of making an absolute and irrevocable definition of faith—if only for the simple reason that no Congregation possesses or claims such defining power. They simply came to their conclusion in a human way, doing their best, and thinking it was all right; and had the courage of their convictions, and nothing more. The binding force of the decree was purely disciplinary in any case, requiring conformity with regard to the publication and reading of books,—that and nothing more. [It may be added by way of parenthesis that even the Pope himself does not claim infallibility in discipline, it being a commonplace of theology that even a Pope can fail in *prudence* in the government of the Church.] The fact that the Pope stood by and encouraged the Congregation or even approved of its decision, does not add anything of infallibility; for such an approval is not the work

of one officially teaching the whole Church or defining *ex cathedra* a dogma of faith. This being the case, nothing can be more irrelevant than to drag the question of infallibility into the Galileo case.

The trouble with most critics of Papal Infallibility was in 1870, and has been ever since, that their ideas of the prerogative have been altogether erroneous. Not a few reputable authors actually confounded infallibility with impeccability; just as others have confounded, and still confound, the virgin birth of Our Lord with His Mother's Immaculate Conception. In these days of cheap Catholic books, there is no excuse for misrepresenting Catholic doctrines, and the presumption is clearly against the good faith of the misrepresenters.

Heartly admiration for Mendel, "that unrewarded genius whose patient labors have been so fine a foundation for others who succeeded him," is expressed by Dr. Berry Hart, M. D., F. R. C. P. E., in a learned work just published by him, dealing with "Phases of Evolution and Heredity." He writes:

While Darwinism and Weismannism were in a condition of "stalemate," after many successful moves, the problem of the mechanism of the distribution of hereditary qualities in some of its aspects was being worked out by a then unknown observer of supreme intellect. It is not too much to say that Mendel's researches on variation in plants and on the distribution of the contrasted characters in the crossed plants, is the greatest single contribution ever made to evolution. . . . He viewed the whole problem as one to be determined, not by a limited number of experiments with a necessarily brief note of results, but one to be planned and carried out for years, if necessary, as any accurate experimental and statistical investigation should be. . . . What he did in his eight years' work seems to us now reasonable and sensible; but the more one thinks over it the more one sees the genius of the man: it is the eagle's swoop to the goal, simple and easy, but not to be attained by the flutterings of ordinary mortals. . . . He had the joy of the solution, if not in his lifetime the credit.

Dr. Hart suggests that Protestants would do well to follow the lead of Cath-

olics in encouraging promising students to work as Mendel did. We should then be spared, he says, "the spectacle of their acutest minds, when not occupied with investigation where thought is hampered, wasting their powers on the obscurities of Browning or the subtleties of Meredith." Mendel, as everyone knows, was a priest of the Order of St. Augustine.

In the course of a visit paid to Vancouver during his recent trip through Canada, Archbishop Bourne, of Westminster, attended a gathering of the Society of Londoners. Speaking of Vancouver's new Archbishop, who accompanied him, the English prelate told the Londoners: "You will, when you come to know him better, regard him more as a neighbor and a friend than a churchman." Archbishop McNeill lent considerable probability to this prediction when in his address, a few minutes later, he declared: "Apart from the question of faith, there are many ways in which we can work together. I am pleased to know you. I am sure you are making Vancouver better by your efforts. In your social work, in your philanthropic work, in all that is undertaken for the betterment of ourselves and of one another, let us co-operate; and no question of faith or creed need hinder efforts for the common good."

The spirit thus shown impresses us as being eminently proper in a Catholic prelate whose activities must be exerted in a community of diverse religious beliefs; and it is easy to foresee that the Vancouver prelate's forceful personality will do much for both Church and State in his new field of labor.

Writing to the *Missions Catholiques*, of the Congo Missionary Exhibit at the Brussels Exposition, Father Jeanroy says: "Let me add that it is an eloquent attestation of the success achieved by the missionaries in the Belgian Congo, at present one of the best evangelized

regions of Africa, since it has no fewer than a dozen religious communities, without counting the Christian Brothers who have just gone there, or the Capuchins and Benedictine Fathers who are soon to follow them,—the former to Oubangui, the latter to the south of Katenga.”

The celebration of the centenary of the Argentine Republic furnishes the *Catholic Press*, of Sydney, with an occasion for giving its Australian readers some interesting information about that South American Commonwealth. According to the last official census, which was taken May 10, 1895, the total population of the Republic was 3,945,911, distributed as follows: Argentines, 2,950,384; foreigners, 1,004,527. The male population was given as 2,088,919; the female as 1,865,992. Of the foreign population, 492,636 were Italians; 198,685, Spaniards; 94,098, French; 91,167, Spanish Americans (Bolivians, Chilians, Uruguayans, and Paraguayans); 24,725, Brazilians; 21,788, British; 17,142, Germans; 12,803, Austrians; and 1381 citizens of the United States of America. Under the second article of the Federal Constitution, “the Federal Government supports the Roman Catholic Apostolic religion.” According to the latest census, of every thousand inhabitants of the country there were 991 Catholics, 2 Jews, and 7 Protestants and dissenters of whatever kind.

The population of Argentina is at present in all probability nearer six millions than four, as in 1900 there was an estimated gain of twenty-one per cent over the figures given in the census of 1895.

From a series of brilliant papers on “The Holy Land,” contributed to the *Century Magazine* by Robert Hichens, and soon to appear in book form, the editor of the *Catholic World* selects the following passage, the beauty of which will appeal to every reader:

I heard, when I was about to penetrate into the low and dark Grotto in which Our Lord is

said to have been imprisoned and kept for a time by the order of Pilate, a soft and strangely, innocently sweet voice singing. I stood for some minutes listening, wondering whether the singer was a child. Then I went on softly. In a small and low cavern, containing a tiny wooden altar, I found an old Russian peasant woman. She had set a votive candle upon the altar. This was her only light. Dressed in a sort of tunic of some coarse and dark stuff, with a short skirt and thick woolen leggings, she was kneeling on the hard ground, holding a small book in her wrinkled hands and singing. Now and then the tears rolled down her cheeks. When I came in she did not look at me. I stayed for some time with her in the cavern. I do not think she knew I was there. Her soul was with Christ, imprisoned, maltreated, for the sake of all the poor peasants of Russia, of all the poor peasants of all lands. And the innocent tenderness of her heart, the gratitude, the sorrow, the faith of her soul, sent into her voice so indescribable a sweetness, almost as of virginal youth, that I shall not forget it. The votive candle on the tiny wooden altar burned low. I left her singing alone, yet surely with one hearer.

Another, and a notable, member of that army of valiant women who make up the Catholic Sisterhoods of this country, has passed away in Philadelphia. Mother Mary Clement, for twenty-two years Superior General of the Sisters of St. Joseph, died September 10, at Mount St. Joseph Convent, the mother-house of the community. The deceased religious was in her seventieth year. She had under her authority more than 660 Sisters in forty-eight different communities, where they conduct two academies, one high school, thirty-nine parish schools, with nearly 23,000 pupils; and three asylums, in which they care for more than 800 inmates. Mother Clement's death occurred just two days after the fiftieth anniversary of her receiving the religious habit from Archbishop Wood. During the past half-century, and more especially during the past two decades, she has been identified with the increasing growth and prosperity of her Congregation, and was held in the highest esteem by all who came within the sphere of her beneficent influence. Notably humble throughout her life, she

was exalted in death, her funeral service being attended by Philadelphia's Archbishop and his auxiliary, with many priests, and representatives from numerous religious communities. *R. I. P.*

It was hardly to be expected, perhaps, that the secular press, English and American as well as European Continental, should understand, or, at any rate, report, matters correctly in discussing the Pope's condemnation of the French "Sillon." Still, there was surely no excuse for propagating so preposterous an untruth as the statement that Pius X. was tearing down what Leo XIII. had built up. Had the sapient journalists read the Holy Father's letter to the French episcopate before discussing it, they would have noticed that it is precisely because the Sillonists did *not* conform to Leo XIII.'s ideas that they have been condemned. As *Rome* tersely puts it:

The Holy Father does not set aside Democracy as a political form of government, because the Church has always left it to the nations to choose their own form of government; but the Holy Father reminds his readers that Democracy must be understood in the sense defined by Leo XIII. The Holy Father says that on these different points the Sillon deserves to be reproved. It has opposed its program to the one traced out by Leo XIII. and has adopted a theory condemned by him. . . . Its theories tend to the political, economical and intellectual emancipation of the people, to the abolition of social inequalities, to the levelling of the classes, and to the suppression of all authority; which is to say that it wishes to overturn the old and natural foundation of society, and set up in its stead the autonomy of the individual, the equality of all, and the universal brotherhood in the love of "the common interests."

The same secular press is possibly entitled to some commiseration because the leader of the Sillonists, Marc Sangnier, has not seen fit to delight their fraternal hearts by bidding the Pope defiance. But what will you? M. Sangnier, able as he unquestionably is, recognizes that probably the Church is a safer guide to

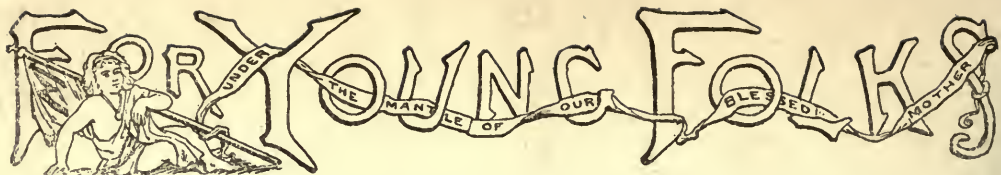
society than himself; and so, like a sensible man and a good Catholic, he submits to legitimate authority. While his letter of submission may impress phlegmatic readers as being slightly emotional in parts, there is no reason to doubt the sincerity with which he declares:

We know well, Most Holy Father, that this letter which we write to you, without perhaps disarming those who are impatient at having us beside them in the ranks of the Catholic faithful, is going to stir up against us the crowd of mocking unbelievers and sectarians who will never pardon us our fidelity to the Church, and who make our religious and indefectable attachment to the Pope a special reproach against us. That does not trouble us. We shall be proud, whatever happens, to be judged worthy to suffer for Jesus Christ. Even if God called us to the most horrible of trials, and condemned us one day to see our good-will and our loyalty doubted by His representative on earth, God helping us, we should none the less remain submissive and docile under the blows, still offering to Christ and His Church the gift of our bleeding but always faithful heart. God, who measures tribulations according to the strength of those to whom He assigns them, will, doubtless, always spare us such a trial, and you will not repulse your grieving and loving child who, now that he has written to you, feels that he has received renewed courage and fresh ardor.

Under the title "A Queer Conscience"—"Present in Body, Absent in Spirit," would perhaps be a more appropriate one,—the *Catholic Universe* publishes the following little incident. Though not new, it is worth telling again:

"What!" exclaimed a prominent person in Rome to an old woman of his acquaintance whom he saw coming out of the Methodist church in the Via Venti Settembre. She replied: "It is nice and warm in there. They always give me twenty cents, and it is such a comfortable place in which to say the Rosary."

That the blood of martyrs is the most fruitful seed of the Church has been strikingly verified in China. In the Apostolic Vicariate of Peking, the 39,000 Christians who survived the Boxer persecution (1900) have increased so rapidly that the faithful in that Vicariate now number more than 150,000.



October Joys.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

ON faded bower
And wilted flower
Is Autumn's power
For ruin seen,
Though colors glowing
On leaves down-blowing
With beauteous showing
Adorn her mien;
'Neath skies full sober
The trees' disrober,
Frost-bit October,
Doth hold her sway,
And harshly crushes
The beauty-flushes
That tell of Summer now passed away.
Yet not uncheery,
Or sad and dreary
The month, nor weary
We drag its length;
The Beads' fair garland
Brings near that far-land,
That morning-star land
Where lies our strength.
Each day repeating
Our love-voiced greeting,
And still entreating
Our Mother's grace,
We see October
With charms still robe her,
To win a welcome in Summer's place.

IT is surprising how we rely on metals for our metaphors and similes. Thus an orator is silver-tongued or golden-mouthed. A traveller is bronzed by the sun. A resolute man has an iron will. A sluggard moves with leaden feet. A millionaire is said to have "tin." A swindler is as slippery as quicksilver. A bold, idle beggar has "brass," and so on.

Sandy Joe.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XVII.—AT THE "OLD LIGHT."

DULL and monotonous beat the winter waves about the "Old Light," their whitecaps stretching out into the gathering darkness until they met the leaden twilight sky. The tower that had held the "Old Light" had toppled into hopeless ruin years ago; but the granite base, built to withstand wind and storm, still stood half buried in the shifting sands, above which the broken windows seemed to peer like the eyes of some old sea monster stranded in the dreary waste.

A faint light glimmered in one of the windows to-night,—a window left open to give air to the sufferer lying white and weak upon the wretched couch within the bare, cheerless room. A fire of drift-wood burned on the blackened hearth; and over it bent an old witch-like figure, with a yellow kerchief tied over her wigged head, while her crooked fingers stirred the pot of savory broth simmering over the glowing embers.

"*Bien!*" said La Vielle, pouring some of it into a cup and bringing it to her patient's bedside. "It is good; it will make you stronger, my poor Lisette! Try to eat."

"Grandmère, no, no, I can not!" was the faint answer. "Ah, you are good to me,—so good! But I can not. Oh, I am wild with fear and pain and guilt. Where is the child, grandmère?"

"Pouf for the child!" said the old woman, gruffly. "She is safe enough. It is for you I have come to this hole of a place. You must eat or you will die."

"Oh, I know,—I know!" was the shuddering answer. "Die with my sins upon

me! Die unforgiven, unabsolved! Die and be lost forever,—lost, lost!” The last word was a sob of despair. “O my God, if I could only see a priest!”

“A priest!” echoed La Vielle. “It must be, indeed, the fever madness that is on thee, Lisette. A priest here! Pierre would foam with rage at the word, as you know.”

“Oh, I know,—I know!” gasped the sick woman, faintly. “I must die as I have lived. And the child, grandmère? What will Pierre do with the child,—a devil like Pierre? My God! my God!”

A terrible fit of coughing broke the despairing cry, and left the wretched woman white and faint and almost speechless in her old grandmother’s withered arms.

But, despite her *quâtre-vingt ans*, La Vielle was still an expert nurse as well as cook. She had brought a cordial of her own make; and, pouring a few drops of it between the sufferer’s livid lips, she revived and soothed her into sleep. Then, taking a bowl of the broth in one hand, she picked up the flaring candle in the other; and, slowly hobbling over the rough floor, she lifted the old canvas sail that served as partition to a smaller room, where, crouching in the one narrow window, whose dull light broke the otherwise inky darkness, a little trembling figure was outlined against the leaden sky.

“*Eh, bien*, where art thou?” said La Vielle, blinking around. “*Petite peste, méchante*, where art thou? Come! Here is thy supper now. Eat, and then go to sleep. I have put a blanket in the corner for a bed.”

The small figure slipped from the window, and little Jackie, her soft brown eyes wide with terror, caught La Vielle’s skirt.

“Oh, no, no! I am afraid, — I am afraid!” she sobbed. “It’s so black and lonely, and there are rats in the wall. Oh, I won’t make any noise, I won’t even whisper, if you’ll let me go in there with Mamma Lisette.”

“Thou wouldst sleep with her,—with

the dying,” said the old woman, sharply, “and take the death from her? Little fool! Nô, no, no, thou must not go in! It will only madden her more to see thee, little curse that thou art! Thou must stay in here.”

“Oh, please, please, please!” sobbed Jackie, piteously. “She always let me sleep with her until you came, and I won’t make any noise. Oh, it is so dark and lonely and cold!”

And the little speaker burst into despairing tears that she could no longer restrain. But there was no Joe to comfort, no friendly Mrs. Bryan to soothe her now. Instead, La Vielle’s crooked fingers clutched the tender shoulder fiercely.

“Hush! hush! Is she not mad with the fear and pain now? Hush, I say, or I will shut thee in the black cellar below, where the rats will eat out thine eyes before day. There, there! Poor girl, she is calling again!”

And, as a faint moan came from the other room, La Vielle thrust the bowl of soup on the window-sill, and, snatching up her flaring candle, hobbled hurriedly back to her patient’s side; leaving the poor little prisoner of the “Old Light” still smarting from her tigerish grip; for La Vielle was suffering herself to-night with strange, half-forgotten mother-grief and pain. This wild, wayward Lisette had been left to her by her only daughter thirty years ago; and she had reared her as her own until, in early girlhood, impatient of French restraint, she had broken away.

Jackie set aside the bowl untouched, though a few moments before she had been thinking longingly of Mrs. Bryan’s bread and butter. She was now too choked to eat even La Vielle’s savory broth. She huddled up again in the low window, well set in the stone wall to protect it from wind and storm; and, with her wan little face pressed against the cracked, cob-webbed glass, peered through fast-falling tears into the deepening darkness.

How long she had been in this dread-

ful place Jackie was not mathematician enough to count. At first it had not been quite so bad; for the black-eyed "mamma" who had brought her here had talked and sung and played with her; and, although it had all been in a queer, wild way, altogether unlike Mrs. Bryan's motherly methods, some vague memory seemed to waken in the little girl's mind, as if she had really known this new, chattering "mamma" in some dim long ago. But for the dark-faced man who called himself her "papa" she could feel only dislike and fear. She always trembled at his coming, and was glad when he went away. As the black-eyed "mamma" had explained—when Jackie had cried so bitterly at losing dear Mrs. Bryan and Molly and Nora and Pat and Baby Ann, and above and before all her own Joe,—they were going to sail away over these wide waters to a beautiful land, where Jackie would wear lace frocks and blue ribbons, and have a new doll every day.

But the lace frocks and blue ribbons and new doll had not yet appeared; and in the meantime the old house by the water got colder and drearier, and the black-eyed "mamma" weaker and weaker, and the dark-faced "papa" darker-faced every day. And yesterday—was it yesterday? Poor little Jackie had quite lost count of time,—this old woman with the crooked fingers had come; this ugly old woman, who was even crosser and older and uglier than Gran. So thought the poor little girl as she peered out into the wild, darkening waste, where there was no light on earth or sea, not even the blinking lights of Squatter Town to break the gloom.

And the sky? Jackie lifted her soft brown eyes hopelessly. Where was the beautiful sky, the heaven, of which she had learned at Mrs. Bryan's, where dwelt the good God whom she must call "our Father," and who sent His beautiful angels to take care of little girls? Oh, if one of those white-winged angels of

whom Joe had once told her would take care of her now, it was so dark and she was so afraid! And Jackie dropped on her knees, as she had seen Molly and Nora do every night, and tried to remember the little prayer they had always said last before they went to sleep. "Angel of God," it began that way, Jackie knew, "Angel of God, who art my guardian, watch over me, protect me, defend me from all evil spirits, and all—"

The faltered words died upon the little girl's lips, and she sprang to her feet in terror as a thundering knock sounded through the house, and the voice of the dark-faced "papa" rose in angry dispute with the old woman who admitted him. They were talking in French, but the fierce tones chilled the little listener's soul.

"The child,—the child?" (Jackie had learned that *l'enfant* was the "papa's" name for her, and her heart leaped wildly at the word.) "Where is the child? I must take her away with me,—quick, old woman!"

"Wretch, villain, dog, devil, that thou art!" burst forth La Vielle, in motherly fury. "Dost thou not know that thy wife is dying? What is the child to us now? Begone or be still,—I tell you, begone or be still!"

"Idiot! fool!" came the hoarse, gasped answer. "The child, quick! They are coming—Harper and the rest—with a search warrant for her. They are behind me now! I am lost, betrayed! Give me the child! I will defy them all—all!"

"Angel" was surely a new rôle for fierce La Vielle to play; but, with her mother love roused in her old heart, she held her ground as "angel" now.

"Nay, thou shalt not go in and torture Lisette more. Devil that thou art, thou shalt not, Pierre Rochon! She shall die in peace."

"Let her die as she will!" cried the other, with an oath. "Give me the child. I can reach the water with her before—before—"

"Pierre! Pierre!" rose the dying woman's wild cry. "No, no, no,—in God's name, no! Jacqueline, *ma petite Jacqueline!*"

That last, despairing cry was too much for Jackie. Maddened with fear of some unseen danger within, she flung open the low, loose-fastened window and sprang out, she knew not where. But not into the dreadful darkness she had feared. Lights were shining just beyond, men were talking. Breathless with her wild leap, with her wilder terror, Jackie paused to hear.

"You go first, my lad," said a deep voice. "We don't want any trouble if we can help it. You know the old woman. Speak to her softly. You need fear nothing: we are right behind you. We'll take care of you."

"All right, sir. I ain't fearing nothing with Jackie in there, you bet!"

Joe! Poor little Jackie's breath and wits almost left her. Joe! Oh, it could not be! She was asleep and dreaming. That couldn't be Joe coming straight up through the darkness with a lantern swinging above his head! That couldn't be *her* Joe! But, oh, it was,—it was!

"Jackie!" the lantern dropped crashing to the ground as, with a rapturous cry, the child sprang forward into Joe's outstretched arms.

"Jackie, my own little Jackie!" And in that first glad moment Sandy Joe recognized no divided claim. "Here she is, sir! Here she is! But how she got out here only the angels know. Here is your little Jackie safe and sound, sir!"

"My child,—my little child,—Nell's child!" There was no doubt or question in the strong, deep voice. Little Jackie was caught in her father's arms and pressed to her father's heart, and the work to which the good angels had guided Sandy Joe was done.

But there was other work to be done at the "Old Light,"—work in which Joe and Jackie were too young and happy to take part. The dark-faced papa, who had

so terrified Jackie, made his escape in the darkness and was never heard of more. There was no need of his conviction or confession; for poor Lisette was left to tell all,—not only to Father More, who brought the comfort and peace for which she had prayed; but to Mr. Harper and the officer of the law who had accompanied him to the "Old Light."

She told how Louis Lamont, enraged at the loss of his expected inheritance, had plotted with his convict valet, then Lisette's lover, to remove the little child who stood between him and Madame Jacqueline's princely fortune. At first they had proposed that some cleverly-contrived "accident" should dispose of the little Jacqueline effectually; for, by the old Madame's will, if the child died before she was eighteen, the property would revert to the legal heirs, the Lamonts.

But Lisette, dominated though she was by her wicked lover, passionately refused to let her nursling come to any bodily harm; and, as the child's disappearance in any other way would have roused world-wide search, Pierre Rochon, with devilish cunning, suggested the fire that would destroy all hope for the parents, and enable Lisette to escape with the little Jacqueline to the beach, where he could meet them in a boat and conceal them until the first alarm of the tragic event was over. Afterward, when Louis Lamont had paid them their price, and Lisette and Pierre were married, Lisette still pleaded to keep the child; but her husband fiercely refused the burden, and they had left the little Jacqueline with Gran, as our story has told.

But God's curse had followed their evil doing, as poor Lisette declared. They lost their ill-gotten gains; Pierre turned into such wicked ways that the wretched wife, broken in spirit and health, was glad to accede to his proposition to return to America to draw more money for the child's care from Louis Lamont. How he worked upon that gentleman's guilty fear,

how he obtained possession of little Jackie, for whom Lisette had still a nurse's tenderness, we know.

They had taken shelter at the "Old Light" for convenience as well as safety. It was a place that had been shunned for years, since the last keeper had died by his own hand; and when Pierre had found his wife ailing he had persuaded her to take the child there, until the little wine schooner, in which he had bargained for cheap passage, could evade the customs, and, casting anchor just below the "Old Light," take them on board. Neither Lisette's illness nor death would have saved little Jacqueline from the cruel Pierre's guardianship, if the good angels and Joe had not intervened. But in the broken stories Joe had heard he had caught the angel's whisper, for which, in his simple, untaught way, he had prayed, and had been guided aright.

"My little girl,—my little girl!"

It seemed as if Philip Harper could never weary of the new music in the words as, with his arm clasping his recovered treasure, the whole happy party drove away from the "Old Light," leaving La Vielle ample means to care for the poor dying Lisette.

"My little girl and" (stretching out a kind, strong hand to Joe) "my brave, true boy. But, Father, Father!" And he turned to Father More, his shining eyes darkening with a new fear. "How shall I tell her mother? How can I break the news to Nell that her child lives—*lives*? My God, I am afraid in her weakened state she can not bear it! The shock, the joy, will kill her outright."

(Conclusion next week.)

THE mitre, the symbol of authority of the Jewish high priest, is also the attribute of our bishops. Cardinals anciently wore the mitre, but at the Council of Lyons, in the year 1245, they were appointed the scarlet hats that are so familiar to everyone.

The Sunday Stone.

In one of the English coal mines there is a constant formation of limestone, caused by the trickling of water through the rocks. This water contains a great many particles of lime, which are deposited in the mine; and as the water passes off, these become hard and form the limestone. This stone would always be white, like marble, were it not that men are working in the mine; and as the black dust rises from the coal, it mixes with the soft lime, and in that way a black stone is formed.

Now, in the night, when there is no coal dust rising, the stone is white; then again the next day, when the miners are at work, another black layer is formed. Then, if the miners keep holy the Lord's Day, a much larger layer of white stone will be formed than before. There will be the white stone of Saturday night and the whole of Sunday, so that every seventh day the white layer will be about three times as thick as any of the others. But if they work on that day, they see it marked against them in the stone. Hence the miners call it "The Sunday Stone."

Fire-Making.

The making of fire easily is a comparatively recent invention. People now living remember well how it was produced by flint and tow; and it is not long since savages rubbed two pieces of wood together in order to produce flame. It is not strange that they supposed that the fire really existed in the wood and was brought out by friction. In the early days of our country, before lucifer matches were invented, the only way of keeping fire over night was to bury it under the ashes of the fireplace. Often that plan was not successful, and one of the family had to go to a neighbor's, miles away perhaps, to "borrow fire." The ordinary conveniences of life have now become so common that they are not appreciated.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Messrs. Chatto & Windus have just published another book by John Ayscough entitled "Mezzogiorno."

—A new work by Mr. R. B. Cunningham-Graham, author of "Faith," "Progress," etc., bears the name "Hope: Stories."

—"The Tower of London," by Richard Davey, is among the new publications of Messrs. Methuen & Co. Mr. Davey, who is a practised historian, presents in this work much that will be new to most readers.

—The Oxford University Press has just issued a "Concordance to the Latin Original of the Four Books Known as 'De Imitatione Christi.'" The work has been prepared by Mr. Rayner Storr, an enthusiastic Kempist.

—Many readers on both sides of the Atlantic will welcome a new issue of the "Poems of James Clarence Mangan," edited by Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue, librarian of University College, Dublin. Messrs. M. H. Gill & Son are the publishers.

—We take pleasure in announcing the early publication of a new and revised edition of "Joseph Haydn: the Story of His Life," translated from the German of Franz Von Seeburg by the late Rev. J. M. Toohey, C. S. C. The work, which is of absorbing interest, will be new to most readers.

—The mass of books which are poured upon the public nowadays, and, though heralded as "great," "important," "epoch-making," etc., by obliging publishers, in short space consigned to oblivion, are not so harmless, in the opinion of a recent reviewer, as they would seem to be. "They and their advance reputations," he says, "confuse and bewilder the reader who really wants something worth reading. He is so stunned and bewildered by the vociferations of advertisement and its attendant band of parasites that he ceases to believe in any honest guidance, and takes his books by chance."

—"A Minister's Marriage," by Austin Rock (Benziger Brothers), is an interesting story, in which the majority of the characters, as will be inferred from the title, are non-Catholics. The marriage in question was a rather inconsiderate proceeding on the part of the bride, and proved about as unsatisfactory as usually happens in such cases. While there is not a surplus of controversy in the book, there is of course some contrasts between the doctrines of the Church and the Congregational views regarding religion

and creeds. The minister's wife, fortunately becoming a widow, eventually becomes a convert, and embarks again, with happy consequences, upon the matrimonial sea.

—"From Constable to Commissioner: The Story of Sixty Years, Most of them Misspent," is the modest title of an interesting book by Lieut.-Col. Sir Henry Smith, late Commissioner of Police in London. It includes some reminiscences of his cousin, R. L. Stevenson.

—Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. publish "A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands," by Mrs. Hugh Fraser. The work is described as "a remarkable record of a crowded life among notable people at the capitals of three continents." Mrs. Fraser is a sister of the late Mr. F. Marion Crawford.

—M. Craven McLorg has translated, from the Italian of the Rev. Joseph Chiaudano, S. J., and the International Catholic Truth Society has published in pamphlet form, "The Mystery of the Most Holy Eucharist and Human Reason." It is a thoroughly scholarly piece of work, and will prove a welcome addition to the literature of the ineffable Sacrament.

—A "Year-Book" that we have read with unusual pleasure is that of the Catholic Settlement Association of Brooklyn, N. Y. An attractively printed pamphlet of twenty-two pages (the Association is but a year old as yet), it gives a clear and succinct account of the work accomplished in 1909-1910,—work that will commend itself to all readers. There is one paragraph in the "foreword" of the Very Rev. Monsignor White, the Honorary President and Spiritual Director, so good that we must quote it entire:

A settlement is not a kind of laboratory where human specimens are prepared for inspection and classification; nor is it a centre from which alms are dispensed to the poor; but it is the bringing together in a spirit of kindness, by means of classes and various kinds of social assemblage, those whose different environments have kept them heretofore too widely separated. It is the creation of an atmosphere of hope and friendly service, of restfulness, of harmony and happiness among sordid surroundings, for overtired and undernourished lives. It is the protection and guidance of youthful energies, the opening of the door of opportunity to persons to whom their Creator has given capacities for a fuller life; and thus it is the expression of a truth we believe but do not always practise,—the truth that all men are brothers, all are one in Jesus Christ.

—Admirers of St. Francis de Sales' "Introduction to a Devout Life," a book sadly neglected nowadays, will be interested to know that it was a source of untold consolation and encouragement to the Catholics of England in

times of persecution. From the preface to a revised edition, "printed for T. D. in 1675," a copy of which lately came into our possession, we quote these quaint and significant paragraphs:

In affliction we commonly return to devotion. The former, our friends in England have not wanted of late; and we hope they have had the latter, at least in their desires. This piece, therefore, will come very seasonably to them. . . .

What is most precious to us we commonly carry about us—especially in a journey, where the ways are dangerous,—as well to secure it as to take the pleasure in often viewing it. This is a precious jewel, and our friends travel now in none of the securest countreys. We shall, therefore, advise them to wear it about them, and to view it frequently; not doubting but by God's grace the virtue of it will quickly pass through the eye to the heart; where, if it work the effect we desire—which is to enflame them with the love of God,—we hope they will remember us in their devotions. We have remembered them in our labours, and shall never forget them at the holy Altar.

—With exceptional timeliness, in view of the recent decree relative to the reception of Holy Communion by children of seven years "more or less," comes "Simple Catechism Lessons," by Dom Lambert Nolle, O. S. B. (London C. T. S.; B. Herder.) There are ninety-six admirable sketches of catechetical lessons intended for such younger pupils of Catholic schools as are preparing for their first confession and Confirmation. While the Blessed Eucharist is not treated at length, an intelligent catechist can readily apply the method here used in teaching the little folk all that it is requisite for them to know before making their First Communion,—pending Dom Nolle's publishing a supplement specifically dealing with the Blessed Sacrament, a course which we trust he will pursue.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "A Minister's Marriage." Austin Rock. 75 cts.
- "Simple Catechism Lessons." Dom Lambert Nolle, O. S. B. \$1.
- "The Imitation of Christ." (Pocket Classics.) 25 cts., net.
- "Father Paul of Moll." Edward Van Speybrouck. \$1.25.
- "Christian Symbolism." Mrs. Henry Jenner. \$1.

- "Towards the Altar." "Towards the Eternal Priesthood." Rev. J. M. Lelen. 15 cts. ea.
- "One Christmas Eve at Roxbury Crossing." Cathryn Wallace. 75 cts.
- "Heavenwards." Mother Mary Loyola. \$1.25.
- "Catholic Religion." Rev. Charles A. Martin. \$1.25.
- "Père Jean and Other Stories." Aileen Hingston. 70 cts., net.
- "De Ponte's Meditations." Vol. VI. \$1.80.
- "Handbook of Practical Economics." J. Schrijvers. \$1.35.
- "St. Francis de Sales. A Study of the Gentle Saint." Louise M. Stackpoole-Kenny. \$1.10.
- "The Laws of the King; or, Talks on the Commandments." A Religious of the Holy Child. 60 cts.
- "The Boys of St. Batt's." R. P. Garrold, S. J. 80 cts.
- "Cardinal Mercier's Conferences." \$1.50.
- "Meditations for Each Day of the Month of June." Charles Santley. 60 cts.
- "Astronomical Essays." Rev. George V. Leahy, S. T. L. \$1.
- "Sunlight and Shadow." P. M. Northcote. \$1.
- "The Beginnings of the Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes, A. D. 754-1073." Mgr. L. Duchesne, D. D. \$2.
- "A Compendium of Catechetical Instruction." Vols. I. and II. \$4.50.
- "A Private Retreat for Religious." Rev. Peter Geiermann, C. SS. R. \$1.50.
- "So as by Fire." Jean Connor. \$1.25.
- "Life's Little Day." D. J. Scannell O'Neill. 25 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Owen J. Synan, of the diocese of Columbus; Rev. William Sherry, diocese of Springfield; Rev. William Hennessy, archdiocese of Chicago; and Rev. James Karicher, C. SS. R.

Sister Stanislaus, of the Sisters of Charity.

Mr. Isaac Miller, Mr. Andrew Kraus, Miss Ellen Dailey, Mr. Bartholomew Suscik, Mr. Thomas Larkin, Mrs. Elizabeth Kaiser, Mr. James Murphy, Mr. M. F. Kent, Dr. M. A. Wesner, Miss Margaret Wilson, Mr. John Harkins, Celestine A. Buck, Mrs. Margaret Joyce, Mr. Joseph Bauman, Mr. John Isdell, Mrs. N. S. Gannon, and Mrs. Frederick Moss.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 8, 1910.

NO. 15

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

Queen of the Holy Rosary.

BY HENRY C. McLEAN.

QUEEN of the Holy Rosary,
This day we praise and honor thee!

Within thy humble dwelling-place
God's Angel spoke, "Hail, full of grace!"

And thou, a Virgin undefiled,
By grace conceived the wondrous Child.

Thy joy was sweet that blessed morn
When Christ, the Son of God, was born.

When spoke the saint in prophecy,
A crown of sorrow circled thee.

Thy mother's heart was sore dismayed
When Jesus in the Temple stayed.

Thou didst behold Him crucified,
Thou still wert near Him when He died.

Gladsome the morn when Jesus came
From out the tomb and spoke thy name.

Great was thy joy to see Him rise
Triumphantly to Paradise.

Mother of Christ, in heaven crowned;
Mother of men, on earth renowned!

This day we praise and honor thee,
Queen of the Holy Rosary!

—•••—
WE should pray with as much earnestness as those who expect everything from God; we should act with as much energy as those who expect everything from themselves.—*Colton.*

Some Recent Cures at Lourdes.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

MOST striking are the manifestations of maternal tenderness with which Our Lady of Lourdes continues to favor her clients, — manifestations that are all the more deserving of attention because Dr. Boissarie, who directs the Bureau des Constatations, is loath to write the word "miracle" until time has set its seal upon the cure. An example of this farsighted prudence is afforded by the case of Aimée Alopée, a woman from Angers, who was suddenly cured on May 28, 1909. Only at the end of a year has the Bishop of Angers, following the lead of the Lourdes doctors, pronounced the cure to be miraculous.

Aimée Alopée, aged thirty-seven, had gone through several grave operations, that had afforded her momentary relief, without removing the internal tumors that were the cause of her sufferings. These continued to increase, and in July, 1908, they became almost unbearable. At the same time there formed on her right side large abscesses, from which issued a quantity of corrupt matter. She was unable to touch solid food, could sleep only with the help of morphine, and was of course confined to her bed.

When, on May 25, Aimée, at her earnest request, was taken to Lourdes, her condition, as is stated in the medical certificates, was extremely critical; the abscesses

showed no signs of healing, and discharged a quantity of pus and also of blood. The invalid performed the journey lying on her back; and the nursing Sister who attended her certified that, on arriving at Lourdes, the running wounds were worse than ever. On being taken to the fountain, the patient fainted; and, instead of plunging her into the water, the devoted infirmarians had to be satisfied with applying compresses to the wounds. She was then so weak that she seemed insensible to all that went on around her; and when, on Friday, the 28th, she was for the second time carried to the Grotto, she was more like a dead than a living person. She was able, however, to receive Holy Communion; but, as rain was falling, it was decided to take her back to the "Abri," where she would be under cover.

Hitherto, being carried to and fro had always increased Aimée's sufferings, however gently the *brancardiers* acquitted themselves of their task. Now, although they walked more quickly than usual, she felt a curious sensation of relief; and, on arriving at the "Abri," to the utter amazement of all present, she rose from the stretcher with a happy cry: "I am cured!"

From that moment, without passing through the intervening stage of convalescence, she became a healthy woman. It was found that the open wounds had suddenly closed; and, only five days after her departure from Angers, Aimée Alopée, radiantly happy, returned home. The doctors, who had pronounced her condition to be extremely critical and her abscesses impossible of cure, could only certify that she was now thoroughly sound and well. Again in 1910, after the lapse of a year, they have given testimony that she is in possession of perfect health.

Such are the bare facts of the case. They are summed up in the document issued by the Bishop of Angers. In this paper Mgr. Rumeau declares that, after a minute and thorough examination of the case, he believes that the cure may be

safely considered as miraculous. He bases his opinion upon the following facts: (1) The cure was *sudden* and *radical*, both internally and externally; contrary therefore to the usual laws of nature. (2) It has been lasting: at the end of a year, Aimée's doctors pronounce her condition to be excellent. (3) It took place at a moment's notice; the wounds ceased running, and were healed without the application of any human remedy. The Bishop concludes that, there being no nervous element in Aimée's case, but visible, tangible evils that no natural means could remove in this sudden manner, he is justified in declaring the cure to be supernatural,—a judgment that is confirmed by the doctor who treated the sick woman before her journey to Lourdes, and who again examined her on her return.

The calm, judicial tone of the document to which we refer is calculated to inspire the utmost confidence. Human prudence and human science are brought to bear upon the case, not in a spirit of scepticism, but with a view of controlling any imprudent enthusiasm, and of surrounding the extraordinary fact with every proof that may serve to confirm its truth and authenticity. In the same spirit, Mgr. Cateau, Bishop of Luçon, ordered an inquiry to be made into the case of Madame Biré, whose story is as follows.

Madame Biré, a dressmaker by profession, in 1904 had a stroke of paralysis, from which, although comparatively a young woman (she was only thirty-eight), she never recovered: on the contrary, for four years she became a prey to a variety of disorders. She could neither eat nor sleep, she fainted continually, spit blood, and occasionally she remained for several days together in a state of coma. These and many other symptoms are duly and scientifically explained in the official report of the medical men who attended Madame Biré.

On February 25, 1908, a new trial fell upon the unfortunate woman: she became suddenly blind, and the doctors who

attended her pronounced the cause of her blindness to be atrophy of the nerves of the eye. In August, 1908, Madame Biré went to Lourdes; and on the morning of August 5 she suddenly recovered her sight at the Grotto.

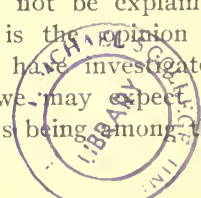
The medical examination that followed revealed what is the most peculiar and curious feature of this particular case. Dr. Lainey, an oculist of Rouen; Dr. Larrien, of Toulouse; Dr. Guinier, of Montpellier; Dr. Mairiany, a Belgian specialist, and others, after minutely examining Madame Biré's eyes, had come to the same conclusion—that the case was, humanly speaking, incurable. From August 5, however, she could see perfectly, and read even small print without fatigue. The doctors summed up their opinion by affirming that her cure is "inexplicable unless we admit a supernatural agency." For the last two years her sight has remained perfect; and two months ago the doctor who attends her habitually certified that since August 5, 1908, her cure has held good, and is "perfect, entire and absolute" ("*la guérison est parfaite, entière et absolue*"). This paper is signed by Dr. Hibert, of Luçon.

It is yet early to speak of the miracles of 1910. Next year, when twelve months have passed by, if their condition continues satisfactory, the *miraculés* of the last National Pilgrimage will be allowed to consider themselves as the privileged objects of Our Lady's bounty. But meantime many of them, with grateful hearts, are praising our Heavenly Mother's power, and are privately thanking her for favors received.

The cure of a young Belgian, Mr. Depasse, which took place last August, resembles in some respects that of Claire Bignon, already mentioned by THE AVE MARIA. Emile Depasse, accompanied by his mother, arrived at Lourdes August 4. He was completely paralyzed, owing to an inflammation of the spine; and he carried a certificate of Dr. Leuridan, of Jumet, stating that his case was incurable

and that he probably would not live many months. On August 5, stretched on a mattress, the sufferer was taken to the Grotto and bathed in the piscina. He felt a sensation of extraordinary relief, sat up, and was carried to the Bureau, where Dr. Boissarie and his colleagues authorized him to stand, if possible. Depasse got off his stretcher, and, wild with joy, actually jumped with delight at his newly recovered activity. A minute examination of the case followed, with the result that all the medical men present agreed that Depasse was absolutely cured. Dr. Boissarie, whose prudence is well known, insisted, however, on sending a telegram to the Belgian physician who had attended the happy *miraculé*. He informed him of what had just happened, and requested him, if possible, to come to Lourdes. Dr. Leuridan obeyed the summons. Although a good Christian, he had certain misgivings as regards the miracles of Lourdes, which he was inclined to attribute to nervous excitement. On arriving, he proceeded to the Grotto, where his patient awaited him with a beaming countenance. Together they went to the Bureau des Constatations, where Dr. Leuridan carefully examined the case, comparing his client's present condition with his observations in the past. The other physicians present were keenly interested in the matter, as Dr. Leuridan's mental attitude with regard to the miracles of Lourdes made his testimony doubly valuable.

The conclusion of his examination may be briefly summed up as follows. Emile Depasse had been for four years afflicted with a disease of the spine that was, humanly speaking, incurable. On the 5th of August, at nine in the morning, he was suddenly cured. The cure seems quite complete, as no signs of disease can now be detected. This sudden removal of an incurable disease "can not be explained scientifically,"—such is the opinion of the medical men who have investigated the case. Next year we may expect to hear of Emile Depasse's being among the



happy *miraculés* whose presence at Lourdes is a proof that their cure has stood the test of time, and can be duly recorded in the annals of the wonder-working shrine.

The story we have briefly rehearsed has a twofold meaning: it serves to illustrate once more the power, compassion, and helpfulness of her whom the Church hails as the Health of the Sick and the Help of Christians; it proves also how wisely, in the matter of miracles, the Church combines the claims of faith with those of human science. While she believes in the existence of miracles in general, she is critical as regards each miracle in detail; and her attitude in this respect is prompted by her filial devotion to the Mother of God. All that touches upon faith *in* and loyalty *to* Our Lady of Lourdes must be above suspicion; hence Dr. Boissarie's desire that medical men of all countries, whatever may be their belief, should be free to examine the cases that are brought under his notice; hence the frankness with which he courts rather than shuns criticism; hence also his strict rule that no cure, however striking, shall be pronounced supernatural until it has been tested by time.

These conditions invest the miracles of Lourdes with an importance that even unbelievers are forced to admit. In the Ages of Faith, such strict control of miraculous agencies was not necessary; in our critical and hostile twentieth century, the Church considers it her duty to fall in, up to a certain point, with the spirit of the day. It is encouraging and satisfying to see how victoriously Our Lady's manifestations of power stand the test of scientific criticism, and yet how closely they bring home to us, the sense of the supernatural, which our utilitarian spirit is inclined to set aside.

Most of us pass through the world leaving little more trace of our individuality than a traveller leaves in a hotel room.—D. G. Phillips.

Nameless and from Nowhere.

BY A. DEASE AND M. LACHESE.

III.—MOTHERS AND SONS.

IT was so late when Anthony O'Malley got in on the evening of Lady Burke's visit to Ballyadden, that he went straight to his room, and so did not see his mother until dinner time.

"Whom do you think I had a visit from this afternoon?" began Mrs. O'Malley as soon as they were seated; but, not waiting for an answer, she went on: "From Lady Burke. She sat with me for ages, and we had such a nice chat! Sir Richard is just your age, Anthony; and he is an artist. Just imagine that! I said he must see the Glen, so you are to take him there to-morrow."

"To-morrow, mother!" said Anthony, and a look of annoyance crossed his face. "Why, who arranged that? In the first place, I don't know Sir Richard; and, in the second, I have an engagement for to-morrow morning."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Mrs. O'Malley, quickly. "Lady Burke and I settled it all. You are to ride over and make his acquaintance, and then he will go with you to the Glen."

"I am sorry you said I would go," replied Anthony, quietly. "I must send a note over first thing in the morning to explain that it is impossible."

"You'll do no such thing!" cried his mother, angrily. "I have said you will go, and go you must."

Mrs. O'Malley had ruled for so long over her quiet husband that she expected the same submission from her son; and she could not realize that now, being no longer a child, he had opinions and occupations as well as a very decided will of his own. But Anthony, whilst endowed with much of his mother's strength of mind, had inherited his father's quiet ways; and, though determined to keep his own engagement, and not to give it up for the one

his mother had made for him, he said nothing more; and, after insisting once again, and telling him exactly what was expected of him, his mother went on to talk of other things.

She did not question him as to the nature of his previous engagement, for she guessed that it had something to do with Mr. Dillon and the people of the mill; and, in spite, or perhaps it was in a measure because, of her own family connection with the business, she could not bear her son to have anything to say about it. That he was helping in the moral and material well-being of those amongst whom he lived was nothing to her. Philanthropy was not "the fashion" in Mrs. O'Malley's world; and she was afraid that "the county people," of whom she spoke and thought so much, would think that she was still connected with the mill if they heard of Anthony's friendship with Mr. Dillon. And, besides this, another though less utterly foolish objection to her son's repeated visits to Drinagh had lately arisen.

Mrs. O'Malley had always disapproved of her sister-in-law's method of bringing up the little foundling girl, the child who had not even a name of her own, for Querida which was what Julia had overheard her mother calling her the first time she had seen her at Limerick Junction was really only a pet name, being a Spanish equivalent for "little darling." Julia had noticed the word as something very unusual, and so had remembered it. Mrs. O'Malley ever maintained that the child ought to have been brought up to do something for herself, and she would never own that she was a fit playmate for her children. Consequently, Querida and the children at Ballyadden had seen very little of one another; and it was only since Anthony had taken to helping Mr. Dillon in his philanthropic schemes that he and his aunt's adopted daughter had come really to know each other well. As a child, Querida had been, according to Mrs. O'Malley, lanky and sallow, and it was

with surprise not unmixed with annoyance that she had seen the change that time and grown-up dresses had made in the girl.

Like her mother, Querida was tall and graceful. Her head was so small as to be almost overweighted by the masses of golden hair that she wore in severe coils, which to some people would have been a trying style of coiffure; but it suited her pale face and statuesque features. Her eyes were large and dark, and in this she differed from her mother; for the tragic eyes that had haunted Lady Burke were blue, whilst those that Mrs. O'Malley feared, for Anthony's sake, were brown and plaintive. Querida was the second reason for Mrs. O'Malley's dislike to her son's infatuation, as she called it, for Mr. Dillon; but she had not as yet breathed her fears even to her husband or to Fanchea, and one at least of the two concerned was utterly unconscious that such an idea would cross any one's mind.

The evenings were long and bright, and Mrs. O'Malley would have gone to bed in a less contented frame of mind had she known that after dinner Anthony had caught sight of a workman who had been delayed in the yard, and who was only then starting for his home, which lay close to Ballyadden, and had given him a note to deliver, as he passed, to Sir Richard Burke. But, as it was, ignorance was bliss; and she sat up till quite late, writing an account to Fanchea of her afternoon's visit; to which she added that Anthony, after making a ridiculous fuss, had agreed to take Sir Richard to see the Glen next morning.

Whilst the O'Malleys had to listen to one account of the afternoon's proceedings, Lady Burke was telling her version of the same to her son, as they sat together in the newly-decorated, and yet still old-fashioned, dining-room at Ardrum. The windows opened onto the terrace, where two chairs stood invitingly together; and as soon as dinner was over they passed out and sat where they could watch the red sunset glow on the distant mountains,

After seeing to his mother's comfort, and wrapping her in a shawl that he insisted on getting for her, Dick threw himself back in his chair and watched the ever-changing scene before him with deep contentment, smoking lazily whilst his mother talked. It was only when she told of Mrs. O'Malley's plan for him that he roused himself.

"Master O'Malley is to come for me to-morrow and take me out for a ride, like a good little boy! I say, mother, that's rather much! I have hundreds of things to do to-morrow. He must be a slightly officious youth."

"He had nothing to say to it," replied Lady Burke, smiling. "Probably he is now telling his mother what he thinks of her plan."

"Then you can't even tell me what he is like. I must take him to my heart in blissful ignorance,—or, rather, I must submit to his mother placing him there. I wonder if he will find it comfortable?"

"What a ridiculous boy you are!" cried his mother, laughing. "I really couldn't get you out of to-morrow's ride. But, seriously, if the young man is half as nice as he is said to be, you will be very lucky to have him as a friend."

Lady Burke's opinion of Anthony O'Malley had been very much altered since her conversation with the doctor's wife. But she knew Dick too well to refer in more than a laughing way to the perfections of his friend-to-be; and she went on to tell of her visit to Drinagh, and of the tragic story told to her by Mrs. Keily.

She had not finished her recital when Dick interrupted her to call to a man who was making his way to the hall door, asking what he wanted at that time of night.

It was Anthony O'Malley's messenger; and, to the young man's surprise, he handed him a note, addressed in writing that was unfamiliar, with the information that it was from "Master Tony."

"From my bosom-friend!" exclaimed Dick, as he sat down again. "Really,

mother, this friendship is becoming quite overpowering!"

"Take care that it is not a refusal to comply with his mother's arrangements!" responded Lady Burke. "I don't see why else he should write to you."

"So it is!" cried Dick. "My longing for friendship is not to be gratified. Your paragon, my dear mother, is a young man who does not intend to be let in for promiscuous friendships." And he handed the note to his mother. It ran thus:

MY DEAR SIR RICHARD:—I am so sorry to find that my mother, not knowing that I was engaged for to-morrow morning, offered you my services as a guide. If you care to arrange any other day this week, I shall be very glad to act as cicerone. Curiously enough, my engagement to-morrow is to attend the funeral of an old man who, as a boy, lived at Ardrum and knew your grandfather. Only last week he asked me if he could see you, and I promised to mention his wish when we met; but he failed so quickly that I had not time to do so. You will, I am sure, understand that my promise to attend his funeral must stand.

Very truly yours,

A. O'MALLEY.

"I like that letter!" observed Dick decidedly, as his mother handed him back the paper. "Poor old chap! I wish I'd known sooner. Fancy his remembering grandfather—more than I do, by the way,—and wanting to see me on the strength of it! I've a great mind to go to his funeral myself."

"That's my dear boy!" said Lady Burke quietly, laying her hand for a moment on his knee.

Half ashamed, however, of the impulse that had prompted his words, he tried to turn them off.

"They are very picturesque, these country funerals," he remarked, as though a wish for artistic effect was his only reason for going. "Freville told me that the people follow on their ponies; the women, in their red petticoats and

fawn-colored shawls, sitting behind their husbands, who wear their ordinary banin costumes."

"You make me feel inclined to come, too," said his mother, laughing and falling in with his humor.

"Do, then!" cried Dick. "You can pray and I can sketch!" he added maliciously.

But his mother knew him too well to be taken in, as he had hoped she would be; and before they entered the house it was arranged that Lady Burke should drive over to the Drinagh chapel in time for the Mass that would precede the funeral; and that Dick should ride down a little later, so as to show the last sign of respect to his grandfather's old retainer, and at the same time make acquaintance with the friend who turned out to be less officious than he had been accused of being.

IV.—MEETINGS.

Dick had been right in predicting that the funeral would have a following of riders; and when he reached the church next morning, he found twenty or more ponies fastened to the rings that were put for the purpose in the walls of the chapel yard. Finding one of these unoccupied, he tied up his own beast and made his way to the door, not wishing to attract too much attention when the people came out. The benches were half full of countrymen in banin, and countrywomen in fawn and scarlet; and besides these there were a group of people who were evidently mill hands.

Dick also caught sight of his mother's dark gown, and of a slim figure dressed in dark blue, with a wealth of golden hair under the wide brim of a shade hat. From what he had heard, Dick thought that she must be the daughter of the dumb lady his mother had seen,—the foundling girl, who owned nothing in the world but a queer Spanish pet name. He looked at her with interest; but her face was hidden from him, and he could only admire the graceful lines of her

figure and the glorious gold of her hair; and soon his eyes roamed on to a bench where two men sat together. The elder was unmistakably Mr. Dillon; for, Mass being now over, he stood up and gave directions in a low voice to the men who were to carry out the coffin.

His companion, of course, was Anthony O'Malley. Dick examined him critically. He was not, as a rule, given to much study of character, but his artistic instinct taught him to read faces aright. His summary of Anthony O'Malley was made as the latter walked slowly down the church: conscientious and persevering, though not perhaps especially brilliant; determined, yet with lines that denoted a love of peace and a strong dislike to causing pain. Had Dick known Mrs. O'Malley, he would have realized that these last qualities accounted for the worn and anxious expression that was remarkable on so young a face, and that made Dick conclude his reflections with the conviction that the man who was now close beside him might not be an amusing companion, but he would certainly make a reliable friend.

He followed him out of the chapel, and went up to him whilst the procession was forming.

"I say," he began half shyly, "you're O'Malley, aren't you? I'm Dick Burke. I got your note all right last night. I wish I had known about the poor old chap sooner. I—I suppose it would have pleased him if he had known that I came this morning—"

"Perhaps he does," replied Anthony, smiling. "It's awfully good of you, in any case. And his old wife will think no end of it."

Anthony had not regretted having a good excuse for not carrying out his mother's plan. He had heard vaguely that Lady Burke had bought Ardrum, so that her son should have some definite interest to occupy him; and he had thought of Dick as a wealthy, idle, and probably spoiled youth, with whom he

would have nothing in common. This, however, showed him that he had been mistaken in his surmises, and he gladly owned it to himself.

"They are taking him back to Ardrum, you know," he said, not sure if his companion meant only to put in an appearance at the church, or to follow as he himself intended to do.

"All that way?" said Dick. "Oh, I suppose he wants his dust to mingle with that of his forefathers! A queer old fancy. You're riding, I suppose?"—with a glance at his companion. "That's my nag over there; but my mother is in the church, and I must just see if she wants anything before we start. Don't go without me, like a good fellow!"

"Of course not," replied Anthony, in a tone of unmistakable heartiness; and whilst Dick turned back to the chapel he went round to fetch his own horse. Just outside the gate, four roads met; and as the funeral began to wind along one, a car drove up on the opposite road, and so was obliged to stop to let the others pass, close to the place where Anthony had tied his pony. He knew that Fanchea was expected home that morning, but he was not aware that his mother had gone to meet her—she had only been "dining and sleeping with one of the neighbors,"—and a look of amusement that quickly gave way to a somewhat grim expression crossed his face when he saw who it was that was being thus delayed by the funeral.

The ladies had their backs to him, but Fanchea turned her head; and as her mother asked the coachman why he was stopping, and sharply bade him drive on, she caught sight of her brother's pony standing amongst the others, differing from them only in the way it was saddled and groomed.

"Why, there's Grania!" cried the girl. "And Tony, too! Oh, of course he is burying old Rooney! I forgot the funeral was to be to-day."

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. O'Malley, a sudden disagreeable doubt

as to her son's amenability crossing her mind. "Tony, did you say? Impossible! He has gone for a ride with Sir Richard Burke."

"Then he must be taking him for a drive after the funeral," said Fanchea, with a rippling little laugh; "for if you turn round, you will see him for yourself, mother."

Mrs. O'Malley did turn round, but even then she scarcely believed her eyes. It now occurred to her that Dick's last words on the subject had certainly been that he did not intend to change his plans. But she herself had said so much more afterward that she had imagined he was overcome. It was not the first time that the boy (as he still was to her) had gone his own way, irrespective of her wishes, in cases when their ideas of right and wrong did not coincide; and this new proof of his quiet determination smote her with a sharp presentiment. If her fears concerning Querida ever came to be justified, the struggle between them would be keener than she cared to contemplate.

"How dared he! How dared he!" she exclaimed in a low voice of such concentrated anger that Fanchea looked at her quite startled. "That Dillon has absolutely hypnotized him. He is a positive curse!"

"Hush, mother!—oh, hush!" cried Fanchea quickly, in real distress; for, although she was never allowed to go to the mill or its village, and knew Mr. Dillon very slightly, she shared her brother's admiration for him, and realized what an influence for good he was to Anthony personally, as well as to the neighborhood in general; and also she was afraid of her mother's words being overheard and repeated. "Besides," went on Fanchea, "unlikely as it may seem, what I said in jest is true. Tony has brought Sir Richard Burke with him. At least, I don't know who else that can possibly be,"—and she pointed to the chapel door, where Dick and his mother were now standing.

"It is!" cried Mrs. O'Malley, in amaze-

ment. "It must be, for that is Lady Burke with him. How too astonishing!"

"Now that I come to think of it," said Fanchea, "I remember Tony saying a few days ago that he meant to call at Ardrum, so as to find out if it would be any use to tell Sir Richard that old Rooney wanted to see him. He was a retainer or something of the Burke family in prehistoric ages. He must have told him, after all. And how nice of him to come!"

"He deceived me," said Mrs. O'Malley. "Why did he not tell me this last night? He defied me—drive on!" she continued imperiously, turning to the coachman. "I am not going to remain here and be made a fool of by my own son," she added in a lower tone.

"But they're on the road yet, ma'am," answered the coachman. "I can't cross till they're done."

"Drive on, I say!" called out Mrs. O'Malley, now losing all control over herself. "Drive on, or I'll take the reins and drive myself!"

At that moment Querida came out of the gate. It was one of Mr. Dillon's rules that no wakes were to be held in the village. If a certain number of the men wished to attend the Mass that was always said before a burial, a free hour was allowed out of their work time for them to do so; but no one, except near relatives, was given leave to waste a whole day attending a funeral. The village people, therefore, walked at the end of the procession, which they would follow only for the short distance that lay between the church and their houses; and a little apart, but close to the foremost women of this band, Querida walked alone.

"Take care, mother! You will knock her down!" cried Fanchea in alarm; for the man, uncertain what to do, had touched the horse which, already impatient to get home, gave a bound forward.

There was a quick movement amongst the crowd of women; only Querida stood still. At the sight of her startled face, Fanchea's own temper—she was, after

all, her mother's daughter—got the better of her.

"You shall stop!" she whispered; and, springing off the car, she stood at the horse's head.

Seeing this, the man gladly pulled his beast back from the frightened women. This left the two girls standing together, the crowd only forming a background to their figures.

At that moment Anthony became aware of what was going on. In the eyes of the rest, Fanchea's manœuvre had succeeded. Even Querida thought that the horse had really been unmanageable, and Dick had started forward to the man's assistance; but, seeing at once that his help was not needed, he stopped again, and just stood looking at the picture before him.

Neither of the girls could have chosen a companion who would have shown her off to better advantage, and yet their perfect unconsciousness of such an idea was absolutely apparent,—Querida, tall, fair, and stately, smiling at the sparkling little face that was upturned to her own; and Fanchea, small and dark, with grey eyes that were flashing now, and with cheeks almost as deep in color as the red lips of the small red mouth.

"I am so sorry, dear Querida!" she said. "I am afraid we frightened you badly."

Querida *was* frightened, but she would gladly have undergone half a dozen similar frights to hear such words as these from Fanchea. As a child she had not missed the companionship of other girls; but lately, since they had both grown up, she had often wished to have Fanchea for a friend. Curiously enough, it was not only for her own sake that she had this wish. Even now Mrs. O'Malley was averse to her daughter's having much to say to her aunt's adopted child; but, without making an open quarrel in the family, she could not prevent Fanchea from going occasionally to Drinagh. And if ever the girls had any talk together during these

visits. Querida learned that, in spite of all, there were many compensations in her own life for the things that were missing, and that Fanchea's life was not spent upon a bed of roses. Like her brother, the girl realized that every human being has his own duty toward his neighbor; and that, to be really happy, a life must have something more than amusements to fill it.

Anthony was able to strike out his own line, in spite of his mother's opposition; but for Fanchea any such thing was impossible. Anthony enjoyed his day's fishing or shooting, his afternoon's tennis or his evening's dancing, twenty times more than he would have done if he did not go to them with the knowledge that he was doing something to justify his existence in the world.

Fanchea, too, enjoyed her amusements to the full; but when they were over the inevitable question "*Cui bono?*" often troubled and depressed her. A little intercourse between the two girls would have been of such mutual advantage! Querida would have helped Fanchea to provide an answer to her question, and Fanchea would have taught Querida how to laugh. For they were mutually attracted to each other; and, although as yet neither of them was conscious of the fact, Anthony formed a strong bond between them.

"By Jove," murmured Dick under his breath, as his eyes rested on the two girls standing together, "what a picture!"

"How pretty!" said his mother at the same moment, looking only at Querida, and not realizing, as Dick did, how great a share the bright, dark little figure had in the beauty of the scene.

"Ripping!" he agreed shortly, as his mother turned to him to endorse her opinion.

But as she spoke the picture dissolved. Fanchea, at a second call from her mother, had gone back to the car, which, at Mrs. O'Malley's order, had turned round and was now driving off in the direction

whence it came; and Querida, still smiling, had taken her place once more amongst the women of the village.

Lady Burke's carriage now drove up; but as she seated herself in it there was yet another delay. Mr. Dillon, who had been detained in the church, came out to his horse, which was waiting near to where Dick's and Anthony's had been led.

"Here comes Mr. Dillon!" said Anthony, whom Dick had already made known to his mother; and at the same moment Lady Burke spoke.

"Will you introduce him to me, Mr. O'Malley?" she asked.

She had hesitated before making the request; for, at the sight of the fine, ascetic face, a remembrance of what she had seen in the church came back to her with startling intensity. She felt as though she knew something of him that was a secret to others; and then it was a distinct relief to her to find that, meeting him face to face, he was all and more than all she had expected.

"Anthony tells me that Sir Richard is coming with us to see the last of poor old Rooney," he said, in a voice that was peculiarly attractive from its unusual mixture of softness and strength. "Poor old man, he thought so much of the family (there was no family but the Burkes of Ardrum to him) that he would have been thoroughly touched by your son's kind thought."

He looked at Dick as he spoke; and Lady Burke, who understood every expression of her boy's face, knew with a throb of deep gratitude that before long he would be as ready as Anthony now was to make a hero of this man, whom she herself felt to be somebody quite unusual. And as Dick rode off between his two new friends, his mother sent another fervent thought of thanks speeding across the sea to Father Raymond.

(To be continued.)

LIGHT words are often weighty sins.

—Coventry Patmore.

Washington from Dumbarton Towers.

BY S. M. B.

EASTWARD and south the city lies adream,
White shaft and golden dome and soaring
tower

Enwrapped in violet haze of Autumn hour,—
Asleep beneath magician's spell they seem.
Across the wold, Potomac's storied stream,
Whose banks the trailing willow trees embower,
As fall the sun rays in a golden shower,
Beneath the sky's blue concave bright doth
gleam.

Like as the city of an artist's brush,
Serene it lies amid a landscape rare;
Naught hinting of life's turmoil, din and rush,
But breathing rest and joy forever fair;
And e'en from morn till twilight's holy hush
A coronal of peace it seems to wear.

A Case of Demoniactal Possession.

INTRODUCTION BY J. GODFREY RAUPERT.



IN an age in which the supernatural is increasingly receding from the minds of men, and in which attempts are being made to construct a Christianity which does not in any wise resemble the Christianity founded by Jesus Christ and taught by His Apostles and by the Doctors and Fathers of His Church, it is but natural that belief in the existence and action of the preternatural, too, should be steadily on the decline. The "New Theology," which has room neither for the Divine Christ nor for the personal devil and his angels, is determined, at any cost, to interpret life and its phenomena without the reality of either.

That magic word "science," moreover, with which some of our modern thinkers have learned to conjure so successfully, and which is so often made to do service for the concealment of the most profound ignorance, has cast its spell over some of the very best minds; and there is abun-

dant evidence that the Catholic sphere also is becoming increasingly conscious of the fascinations of that spell. Unfortunately, it is but too true that minds manifestly made for a great deal of thinking are not always made for *accurate* thinking, much less for the accurate observation and statement of facts; and the consequence is that the world to-day is suffering from a mass of misconceptions and misinterpretations which, in their effect and tendency, are simply demoralizing.

Some man, noted for his discovery or supposed discovery in the sphere of the physical sciences, need but utter a word derogatory to long-cherished beliefs and convictions, and the multitude is ready to echo his sentiments, and to conclude that the foundation upon which those beliefs are established has been shaken or even hopelessly destroyed. And a mass of high-sounding phrases and of newly-coined scientific terms, which can often be shown to be wholly meaningless when they are fully analyzed, are made to assist these destructive processes of thought. The matter is determined, not by the force of evidence and of actual fact, but by the authority of some great name which, for one reason or another, has secured the attention of the thinking world. We can see the process of thought at work in the intellectual life of to-day, and we can trace it more particularly in the sphere of morals and religion. Many books and articles in popular magazines show how rapidly, and on what flimsy grounds, some of our modern thinkers are departing from the old creeds and foundations.

But in no department of human thought are these radical transformations, with their grotesque assumptions and their hasty inferences, more apparent than in that of psychology and of what is now termed psychical science. It is true that the reality of the abnormal phenomena which the most recent research along these lines of investigation has elicited is now universally admitted by those accurately acquainted with the subject.

The facts are too clearly established, and the phenomena have been too long and too searchingly studied, to admit of doubt on this point. As regards the interpretation of these phenomena, however, hopeless confusion still prevails, and the most ridiculous and wholly inadequate theories are proposed. Any and every view is regarded as scientific except the view which is held by the thinkers of the Universal Church, and which the observation and experience of centuries have confirmed.

Without being in the least able to tell us in any intelligible manner how it comes to pass that an ignorant peasant girl understands Latin and other languages, exhibits the most extraordinary and incomprehensible physical strength, knows of the presence of objects which she can not possibly see, has an unaccountable knowledge of the history of the lives of persons with whom she has never come in personal contact, they boldly attempt to account for these things by some supposed scientific but often quite meaningless term, and thus evade the very heart of the problem. We can often see in this scientific tight-rope dancing the attempt of the modern mind to escape an unwelcome inference and, at all costs, to resist an admission which might tend in favor of the actuality of the "unscientific" and the preternatural.

But the facts incontrovertibly establishing the existence and action of the preternatural in the modern world are now becoming so abundant that it will be seen to be increasingly difficult to throw dust into the eyes of the public; and, indeed, some scientific men of the better type are beginning to realize the futility of this effort. With the steadily developing spiritistic practices and psychic investigation, the preternatural is giving increasing evidence of its existence and action; and it is plainly seen that in this matter, too, God is not leaving Himself without a witness. In every country of the civilized world, doors admitting the closer approach to men of entities claiming to be the spirits

of the dead, but unable to substantiate this claim, and often devastating the lives of those to whom they come, are being opened; and the consequence is the occurrence of instances of obsession and possession which are sometimes terrible in their nature and effect.

The Holy Father seems to be well aware of the danger threatening the souls of men from this quarter, and to be anxious to guard against it. How is it that the interest of the clergy is such a feeble and half-hearted one, and that some of them are not yet even aware that there are phenomena which are engaging the keen interest of scientific men, and respecting which an interpretation is being sought? Should they not prevent a great evil by making themselves acquainted with the facts, and by intelligently explaining to the faithful what that interpretation must necessarily be? It is surely too late in the day to imagine that we can crush this movement by hiding the facts or by ignoring them, or by imagining that the Catholic sphere will remain permanently unaffected by them.

In the following narrative the reader is presented with a well-authenticated instance of diabolical possession, one of many that might be recorded. All of them, be it remarked, have features that recall the Gospel narrative.

Amongst the numerous pilgrims who in May, 1842, flocked to the city of Luxemburg for the feast of Our Lady Comforter of the Afflicted was a poor girl, Maria Anna Catharina Pfefferkorn by name, and born at a small place called Viller, in German Lorraine.

This girl was believed by the people of her own village to be possessed by the devil. Maria's father was a pious and industrious weaver, who had seven children, of whom Maria was the fourth. She went into domestic service at the age of thirteen, and it was at the age of about sixteen that she experienced the first signs of her terrible affliction.

From the records of this extraordinary case, it would appear that various stories were in circulation as to the manner in which the trouble first originated; but, as these stories had their foundation in mere local gossip and hearsay, it is scarcely necessary that we should notice them here. It was the common belief that she had been "cursed by some beggar, who had approached the house when Maria was quite alone in it, and against whom she had closed the door. However that may be, it seems certain that about a month after this incident the poor girl's eyes would suddenly become fixed and her features strangely distorted. But as this did not prevent her from doing her ordinary work, nobody seems to have paid much attention to it.

Shortly after this she left her first situation and entered the service of some people at a place called Morhange, where she remained eight years. Toward the end of the seventh year she appears to have suffered from violent convulsions, which ultimately compelled her to leave her situation and to accept one at a place near Saargemünd, where, however, she remained only a year.

The state of excitement and irritability into which she passed in the course of these convulsions, and which was accompanied by fearful screams, made it impossible for her to retain her situations for any length of time. Nobody cared to keep her, and she had to be taken back to her own home. But there, too, she could not remain, as she constantly howled in the most fearful manner, inflicted bodily injury on herself, and was possessed of such extraordinary and super-human strength that six of the most powerful men of the locality could not restrain her. While this was going on she would speak freely in Latin, and disclose to the people whom curiosity brought to the place what sins they had committed in their lives.

She was then taken to Metz, where she spent four months in the Hospital of

Bon Secours, without, however, the least change taking place in her condition. In the belief that she was insane, she was from there transferred to an asylum. It soon became clear, however, that this belief was a mistaken one, and Maria was consequently once more sent back to her parents.

After a time, and at the request of the Bishop of Metz, she was again taken to the hospital in that city, where two Jesuit Fathers used the prescribed forms of exorcism. These did not entirely effect the desired end; but they were instrumental in improving her condition, and in rendering her more calm and composed. In the course of the prayers and exorcisms the girl would incessantly exclaim: "You will not succeed! You will not succeed! If you want to cure me, you must send for one who wears the tall hat." Maria was then advised to go to Luxemburg, to Bishop Laurent, where she had been once before; and she went there accompanied by two of her sisters.

These introductory details have been taken from a statement of the pastor at Viller, who had them from the mouth of a sister of the possessed girl. From an account given by the hospital chaplain at Metz and addressed to a private individual, we gather the following facts.

The physician under whose treatment Maria was at Metz, despairing of her cure and anxious to get rid of her, had asserted that she was idiotic; but at a subsequent meeting of medical men, convened on the girl's behalf, it was declared that she was not insane, although her mental condition was pronounced to be extraordinary. The doctor then treating her agreed with this opinion of his colleagues, and held her to be afflicted with demonomania and entirely beyond the skill of physicians.

"I can assure you," says the chaplain, "that it is a case of possession. Several of my fellow-priests are as fully convinced of this as I am. Prince Hohenlohe, whom I approached on the subject, is of this opinion, and has sent the girl a form of

exorcism which she is to carry about her and to pronounce frequently. As Maria Anna is German by birth, I had to get her a German confessor, who one day, in my presence, questioned her in Latin. He asked her her name. She replied in the same language, 'Do you want to know my name?' And she accompanied this question by a movement of her head, which was to indicate that she would not tell.

"On another occasion she declared that she was possessed by devils, and mentioned them by name, at the same time uttering the peculiar cries of various animals, her face meanwhile assuming a fiendish expression, and becoming distorted into a mocking and satanic laugh. This happened especially when any one prayed for her. Her tongue would then protrude from her mouth and her eyes would present a terrifying aspect. The presence of a priest, or a cross or Rosary or image of the Mother of God brought near her, *without her being aware of it*, would cause her to break out into a fearful rage; and such tests as these were often applied in order to make absolutely sure that it was not merely a case of a morbid and disordered imagination."

From a statement made by Archpriest Groos, of Cattenom, near Diedenhofen, we quote this paragraph:

"Herr Wittman, definitor of the canton of St. Avold, paid a special visit to Maria at Viller, in the course of which he carried on a conversation with her in Latin. He commanded her to translate the following sentences: '*Dic mihi hoc.*' She replied: 'Tell me this.'—'*Quomodo vocaris?*' Her answer was: 'What is thy name?'—'*Taceas!*' to which Maria replied: 'I am to be silent.'—'*Descendas in infernum!*' ('Go to hell!') She answered: 'Go there yourself!'—'*Exeas ex ista persona!*' Maria answered: 'Go out of this person.'—'*Descendas in infernum!*' ('Go to hell!') 'The time has not yet come,' was the reply."

Maria had made her first pilgrimage to Luxemburg in November, 1838; and

for a time it seemed as though this had effected a perfect cure. The girl herself declared that if she could have stayed another two days she would have recovered entirely; and she was determined to return to Luxemburg. This second pilgrimage, however, did not take place until May, 1842. We shall now let Bishop Laurent himself describe the subsequent progress of events.

Last Monday Maria paid me a visit, accompanied by her sisters. . . . I had scarcely begun to talk to her when she suddenly shot up in the air, came flying up to me with the swiftness of an arrow, and exhibited a face which I shall not forget if I live to be a hundred years old. The very memory of it still fills me with horror. And all the while she roared in a manner compared with which the roaring of a lion may be regarded as music. As she approached me I could only just muster sufficient self-control to raise my hand in order to make the Sign of the Cross. This movement of mine seemed to undo the Evil One utterly, and he now threw the unfortunate girl on the floor at my feet, where she lay writhing in dreadful contortions. The same diabolic face continued glaring at me. I have to confess that I was weak enough to lose my presence of mind and to rush from the room.

When I had somewhat recovered myself, I called my chaplains, and, in the company of two of them, and of Professor Föhr, of the Seminary, I returned to the room and with fear and trembling began the exorcisms. While these were being pronounced, the Evil One continued to throw his victim from one corner of the room into the other, the three powerful men being pushed hither and thither by this delicate girl. After a while, when I had succeeded in assuming a firmer attitude, there was a cessation of these manifestations of strength. But the exorcisms, although continued for two hours, merely had the effect of producing the most fearful contortions, and there was

no cessation of the appalling screams.

I then resorted to the recitation of the Litany of Our Lady, and, although it was apparent that the time of release had not yet come, the invocation of the Queen of Heaven had a very notable effect. The rigidity of the arms of the poor sufferer, and indeed of her entire body, relaxed; her face became transfigured into that of a weeping angel; and such a marked expression of repose came over her that I ceased operations. Throughout the whole of that week, however, the interior conflict continued night and day, and Maria was tormented more than ever. She experienced burning and stinging pains all over her body, and her sister came to me several times to beseech me to continue the work of liberation.

As I was still suffering acutely from the effects of my recent experiences, I required four or five days to make up my mind and to prepare myself for a further ordeal. I finally arranged to resume this terrible work—the most serious work surely that a priest can be called upon to undertake—on the following Sunday afternoon at five o'clock, in the church and with closed doors. As it happened, however, I was *commanded*, two hours before the time appointed, to appear at a Court dinner; and I consequently commissioned three of my own clergy, with three others, and several pious men and women, to take my place.

When I returned home from Court, about eight o'clock in the evening, I was informed that messenger after messenger had been dispatched for me, since all the efforts made by the clergy had proved unsuccessful. I proceeded to the church with a heavy heart, and, while yet some distance from it I could hear the screams of the girl intermingled with the prayers of the clergy.

I was told that, at the beginning of the invocations, the Evil One had thrown the rigid form of his victim right across the altar into the body of the church, and with such violence that the noise of her fall

on the stone floor could be heard by all present, although no bodily injury appeared to have been done to her. The fiend had then, like a resisting dog, suffered himself to be dragged back to the altar by means of a stole with which the poor girl had been bound. For three hours in succession he had continually roared and screamed, producing all the varieties of the sounds made by animals, especially those of the wolf and of birds of prey. These had been intermingled with sentences in languages which Maria can not speak in her normal state; and they had been uttered in a harsh and hollow voice, wholly different from her own.

The prayers and exorcisms seemed to have caused the demon exquisite torment. Every now and then the poor girl would succeed in making brief ejaculations, such as: "Jesus, Mary, Joseph! O Mary conceived without original sin, pray for me!"—and this in her own natural, sweet, and imploring voice, just as she had done during the first attack in my own house.

When I entered the choir she became quite calm for a moment; but the instant I commenced operations the demon became more violent than ever, and began recounting my own sins and weaknesses. I commanded him to be silent and to speak only when questioned by me,—a command which he obeyed. He then endeavored, as on the previous occasion, to assault me; but I placed my stole on Maria's head, and this arrested him,—the girl all the while gnashing her teeth. I now proceeded to invoke the aid of Mary Comforter of the Afflicted; whereupon he screamed pitifully, and finally cried like a child. I renewed the exorcisms.

Of what was then uttered by his victim's mouth, I can cite only the following words. Upon my demanding whether he was going to depart, he replied: "I shall have to stay a long time yet in hell, *toujours, toujours, toujours brûler!*" ("to burn forever and ever and ever.") He also declared that Maria had to do penance for the sins of others, especially for those

of the clergy of the land, who were indolent and indifferent. He threatened to make things as uncomfortable for me as I was making them for him. Any mention of the Incarnation and of the Passion of Our Lord brought about the most violent agitation, causing him to cry out: "*Oui, oui, oui, j'irai!*" ("Yes, yes, yes, I shall go!") I asked, "When?" and he replied defiantly: "*Pas aujourd'hui, non, non, non!*" ("Not to-day,—no, no, no!") After again emphatically commanding him to depart, he finally exclaimed: "*Demain à neuf heures!*" ("To-morrow at nine o'clock.") It should be observed here that, although the demon did not speak in Latin, he for the most part, replied intelligently to the questions which I put to him in that language.

Again and again he endeavored to confuse my mind in a mocking kind of way. But I was becoming increasingly conscious of the power dwelling in me, and kept him in check. From time to time he uttered fearful blasphemies, but he never mentioned the name of God; and when he spoke of our Blessed Saviour he referred to Him as "the Jew." . . . He then threatened to cause his victim still greater torment during the night. I forbade him to do this; and, although he continued his threats, he obeyed.

Without Maria's being able to perceive it, I then drew from my pocket my relic of the True Cross, and told the demon in Latin that I would torment him by means of "the Wood," and that that Wood would vanquish him. Upon this he again became violent; while the poor girl, almost suffocated, touchingly implored the aid of the Holy Cross. I then placed on her head a particle of the alb of St. Philip Neri; but this, too, proved to be fire and torment for him. In this manner I labored with the most intense effort for two consecutive hours, while six or seven of my priests remained on their knees in prayer and supplication.

After several more attempts that day to cause him to depart, I finally told

him with all solemnity that the following day would be the day of the girl's deliverance, to which statement he offered no protest. . . . I then said to the afflicted girl: "*Maria, vade in pace.*" ("Go in peace.") And that moment the Evil One withdrew, the struggle ceased; the poor creature sank upon the floor faint and exhausted, her face assuming an expression of sweetness, tenderness, and submission.

Upon this we all returned home in silence, engaged in serious thought. While we remained together we seemed to cling to one another; when we withdrew to our respective rooms, an uncanny and anxious feeling took possession of us. It was only by the exercise of all my powers of faith that I was able to remain by myself during the night, in which I slept but little. The previous day had been one of the most dreadful of my whole life. I had never before experienced such a feeling of utter despair and wretchedness, and such a sense of having been forsaken by God. The very foundations of my religious faith and trust seemed to have been shaken, and I would have given all the world to have nothing further to do with the matter. By the grace of God, however, so undeservedly bestowed upon me, I continued firm in my resolution to persevere with the work in hand, and with His help to finish it.

In the evening of next day, about six o'clock, I returned to the church, accompanied by my chaplains. The poor sufferer sat at the entrance to the choir, externally calm, but apparently greatly troubled and tormented internally. Approaching her, I exclaimed: "*Accedas, impie, ad altare Dei, ut confundaris et expellaris.*" ("Draw near, unholy one, to the altar of God, that thou mayst be confounded and driven out.") The moment I pronounced these words the howls and screams began again. The poor girl raved and gnashed her teeth, and the combined strength of six priests could not prevent her from being dragged about, my stole alone accomplishing this.

While we were reciting the Litany of the Saints she became so violent that I had to pause several times and command the demon to be silent. When I mentioned the Archangel Michael, he exclaimed: "Yes, it was he who cast me out of heaven, and I am quite as much an archangel as he."

We then began the exorcisms and prayers, and recited Gospels and Psalms. Whenever I noticed that the words which I pronounced seemed to cause the demon special torment, I paused at those words and repeated them with the priests. He often shrieked out: "I am being fastened with new chains! I am being bruised and burned!" On this occasion it was the mention of the Holy Ghost that seemed to cause special suffering. On the preceding day the girl had been unable to pronounce the words, *Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto*; but to-day she succeeded in doing this several times, although she was almost choked. The Evil One was also made to tell us his name,—a horrible name like *Erroro*. He had told us some time previous to this that their number had originally been ten.

When asked as to the time of his withdrawal from the unfortunate girl, he exclaimed: "I shall yet remain another hour." When I demanded what minute precisely this would take place, he refused to tell me. When I commanded him (not her) to repeat the *Gloria Patri*, etc., in his own (not in her) voice, I thought he would kill the unfortunate girl, so that I had not the heart to insist. He caused Maria to put out her tongue, to gnash her teeth, and to kick me; this, however, causing me no pain whatever. I told him (always speaking in Latin) that if he would not give Almighty God the honor due to Him by word of mouth, he should do so by acts, prostrating himself on the ground and laying his head in the dust. He obeyed me at once. I then commanded him to kneel before the Blessed Sacrament. He fought against this, but was again obliged to obey. I then bade him

rise and present the girl's forehead to me, so that I might impress upon it the Sign of the Cross. He obeyed. Ten times at least I commanded him to lift up Maria's face, which was turned away from me and downward; and he obeyed immediately. I then commanded him to let the sufferer sit down and rest; and this, too, was done. Every now and then he would revert to blasphemy. When I mentioned the name of Almighty God, he murmured: "I have nothing to do with Him." Upon my asking, "with whom?" he replied: "With Him of whom you are speaking." He again called Jesus Christ: *ce juif* (that Jew). I now commenced the recitation of the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, and by a great effort Maria joined in this prayer. Hitherto she had been unable to pronounce the words, Comforter of the Afflicted; but she was now able to repeat the title three times.

The demon then exclaimed: "If this continues much longer I shall be obliged to depart. He asked: Where am I to go? I replied: "*In abyssum, unde venisti!*" ("To hell, from which thou hast come!") He said: "Let me go to some other place." I replied again: "*In abyssum.*" . . . I think it was at this time that he again moaned out those fearful words: *Toujours, toujours!* ("Forever, forever!")

Utterly fatigued and exhausted, I commissioned a very holy priest (Professor Engling) to continue the exorcisms. Immediately he began, the demon mocked him and spoke of him as "this wretch" (*ce vilain*),—a term which he had frequently applied to a saintly elderly lady present who was trying to assist the poor girl. Of her he spoke as, "*cette vilaine femme*," ("this wretched woman"). She retaliated by exclaiming: "You will have to go back to hell, all the same!"

I then repeated over Maria the angelic song, "Holy, holy, holy!" Whereupon the demon became violent, pulled us all about,—without, however, being able to withdraw the girl's head from the stole which had been wrapped round it. All

present now repeated the angelic song, upon which her sister, an intelligent, pious and simple-minded girl, declared that she saw a huge spider issue from Maria and crawl away.

When evening came I adjured Satan to depart from the girl at the sound of the Angelus bell, and I began to recite the Joyful Mysteries of the Rosary. Maria quietly joined in the recitation of the first two mysteries; at the third, however, the struggle was renewed, and it was only by a supreme effort that she succeeded in uttering the words. Kneeling before the Tabernacle, my eyes fixed on the statue of the Blessed Virgin, I recited the last three mysteries with ever-increasing fervor, all the priests present joining me. And it seemed at that moment as though the Queen of Heaven descended into our midst, and, by a sweet glance of her eyes, promised us deliverance.

When the last *Ave* had been said, I told the sacristan to go up into the tower and ring the Angelus bell. This was at half-past nine o'clock. It was a moment of solemn silence. I now once more commanded the demon to go out of the girl and to depart into hell, without noise, without inflicting any injury, and without leaving even a trace of his presence behind him. Then, calling the girl by name, I bade her kneel down, we all kneeling around her, and I placing the stole on her head.

As the bell sounded, we all recited the Angelus. When the closing words had been spoken, Maria exclaimed: "Three more *Glorias* must now be prayed." This done, I recited the proper Collect. After a moment's silence, I inquired with a beating heart: "Maria Catharina, do you believe that you have been delivered from the demon through the intercession of the Mother of God?" She replied: "Yes, my Lord" (*Herr Bischof*). And, as I looked into her transfigured face, breathing a deep peace, a voice within me told me that she was indeed free. Weeping aloud, I intoned the *Te Deum*, in which all the priests present joined;

while Maria, sinking upon her knees, recited the Lord's Prayer and the Angelus. When I concluded, she said with childish simplicity: "And now for the thanksgiving!" And with this she crawled up the steps of the altar upon her knees, and, lifting up her hands began to recite the Rosary.

I now ordered the candles on the altar and before the indulgenced image of Our Lady to be lighted; and the girl then, in a firm voice, with arms outstretched, recited the entire Rosary, we making the responses with hearts full of gladness. We all felt that the atmosphere was clear, and that the evil spirits which had tormented us with such strange thoughts and violent temptations had been banished, the angels round about Our Lord and His Blessed Mother having come to our aid.

When we had finished the Rosary, I pronounced the concluding exorcisms over Maria for purposes of protection, sealing her deliverance with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. She thanked me on her knees, repeated her vow of perpetual virginity, and promised to perform various works of penance. We also renewed the promises which, in view of her deliverance, we had made to God on the previous day. I then commended myself and the others to Maria's prayers, and we left the house of God.

The news of what had taken place in the church had meanwhile spread amongst the people, and a crowd of several hundred had gathered at the doors. They had, however, kept very quiet, and had joined us in our prayers. When Maria appeared amongst them, she looked happy and exclaimed: "Blessed be Jesus Christ!" They responded with a fervent "Amen!" and then conducted her in triumph to her home.

She came to me yesterday morning to make her confession and to receive Holy Communion, which latter she is now to do daily. She passed the day praying before the Blessed Sacrament. She

remains entirely free, and is quiet and happy. In a few days' time she will, if God permits, return to her aged mother in the neighborhood of Metz; and she desires after that to enter a convent,—most probably that of the Mother of God at Luxemburg, where she hopes to spend the remainder of her life. I propose to take the necessary steps about the matter, and shall look for an abundant blessing for myself through Maria's intercession. Yesterday afternoon she paid me another visit and spoke to me for a quarter of an hour or more in a natural, simple, and unrestrained manner. On her taking leave, I gave her a Rosary, a relic, and some sacred pictures, which made her very happy.

My chaplains tell me that the people question them about the matter wherever they go, and that they often weep with joy when the story is concluded. Our church is better attended than ever before. Thanks be to God and to His Blessed Mother!

Personal inquiries have elicited the following additional particulars. Bishop Laurent stated that language could not express how unspeakably difficult it was for him to conquer the feeling of pity and compassion which he experienced at those words, "*Toujours, toujours, toujours!*" It had completely overwhelmed him, as it had called for the exercise of all his faith in order not to flinch before the enemy of God and man, a liar and a murderer from the beginning.

It appears that when the Bishop entered the church on his return from the royal dinner, the demon exclaimed: "Look at that saint who is to cast me out!" To which the Bishop replied with firmness: "Thou proud and puffed-up spirit! I am no saint, but a poor miserable sinner, of whom, however, the grace of God can make use as an instrument. And who has made me a sinner? Is it not thou, who didst also tempt our first parents in paradise? Art not thou the cause of all

sin that has ever been committed? But, although I am only a poor sinner, I nevertheless command thee to come out of this woman." When the demon saw that he would have to yield, he threatened the Bishop in a fearful manner and said amongst other things: "Thou castest me out, but I will also cast thee out. Thou makest it hard for me ["hot" is the word], but I will also make it hard for thee." Words which the Bishop had reason to remember, as those acquainted with his after career could testify.

Respecting the subsequent life of Maria Pfefferkorn, the following has been ascertained. The exorcism of the Right Rev. Bishop Laurent proved a complete success. The girl returned to her family and became a daily communicant. A slight relapse, producing a condition similar to the original one, occurred once or twice; she did not, however, scream as before, but, on the contrary, remained very quiet. Three days before her death she had to endure a fearful attack, which was attended by convulsions; but it continued only a few moments. This last severe trial was followed by a great calm, and Maria died a happy, peaceful death. Many persons of prominent position saw her, and it was generally admitted that her strange condition must have had a preternatural cause.

It may be added in conclusion that those solemn words, so awfully pronounced, "Forever and forever," made such an impression upon two of the priests who were present at the exorcisms that, when Maria was relieved, they retired to a religious Order.

THERE is so much to be set right in the world, there are so many to be led and helped and comforted, that we must continually come in contact with such in our daily life. Let us only take good care that we do not miss our turn of service, and pass by those to whom, possibly, we might have been sent on an errand straight from God.—*Anon.*

The Afterglow of the Congress.

THE exceptional fulness with which the daily press has reported the proceedings of the Twenty-first Eucharistic Congress—not merely the major and outstanding features, such as the Midnight Sacrifice in Notre Dame, the open-air Mass on Fletcher's Field, and the culminating triumph of the magnificent procession of the Blessed Sacrament; but the minor events and functions, civic receptions, young men's assembly, children's parade, public meetings, and sessional conferences—renders quite superfluous any merely descriptive account of the grandest manifestation of religious faith ever witnessed on this Western Hemisphere. The home-thoughts of the fortunate visitor who spent Congress week in Montreal are doubtless as multifarious as they are deep and consoling; but he necessarily discovers that any attempt of his to report what he saw and heard has been forestalled by an army of journalists who suffered not the slightest detail of the great celebration to escape their trained vision and facile pens. The externals of the Congress are at present a twice and thrice told tale; the afterthoughts inspired thereby can alone claim with justice the right of expression.

One such thought is that the second week in September saw in Montreal the greatest, the most impressive, and also, we doubt not, the most effective, mission to non-Catholics ever held in America, not to say the world at large. It matters not that the essential purpose of the Congress was quite other than this,—that it was primarily a spontaneous outburst of Catholic love for Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament rather than an appeal to non-Catholic hearts to recognize His claims and admire His beauty: it was none the less, to all outside the Fold, a mission framed in an incomparable setting and prosecuted with unparalleled solemnity and ardor. Who can number the thousands of non-Catholics privileged to see,

and the tens of thousands that heard described, the glorious procession in honor of the God of the Host, who, in years to come, joyfully accepting the doctrine of the Real Presence and the faith of which it is the central sun, will date the awakening of their soul to its truth and its charm from that memorable Sunday in Montreal? How many a religious and reverent soul, starving on the husks of a Mass-less Protestantism, has been led by the cumulative stupendousness of the recent Eucharistic triumph to pass in review the reasons why he dissents from the hundreds of millions who adore Christ on the Catholic altar, and will find his reasons inconclusive?

At the very least, how great must be the multitude of non-Catholics whom the religious demonstration on the banks of the St. Lawrence has forced to do that for lack of which the prophet Jeremiah declares the earth is made desolate—to think in his heart! Yes; surely the Twenty-first Eucharistic Congress has been, if nothing else, a great mission to non-Catholics.

This, however, was merely an incidental and indirect achievement; the direct and most beneficent results of the Eucharistic Week affected us Catholics ourselves. And they affected not only those of us who were privileged personally to participate in the splendid and inspiring devotional functions, but all of us who have read the graphic reports of those functions and followed only in our mind's eye the glorious sequence of religious events in the Rome of America. The solidarity of the whole Catholic world has been strengthened and confirmed by the spectacle of absolute doctrinal union so vividly portrayed during those eventful days in the Canadian metropolis, when the Patmos vision of the inspired Evangelist seemed realized on earth, and representatives of all nations and tribes and peoples and tongues stood before Mount Royal's tabernacle-throne and in sight of the Lamb, greeting Him in multitudinous acclaim: "Blessing and

glory and wisdom and thanksgiving, honor and power and strength to our God for ever and ever. Amen!"

In the more restricted sphere of individual experience, who shall measure the forces of intensified faith, of redoubled love, of resolute determination, of spiritualized activities, of devotional fervor, of attachment to frequent Communion, of preservation from Modernistic tendencies, of fraternal charity, and of wise discernment of the one thing necessary, that flowed in upon hundreds of thousands of souls while the Eucharistic Lord held high court in the most Catholic city of the modern world? Imperishable memories of that transcendent week will often during the coming years uphold many a falterer on the path of duty, stimulate many a laggard on the narrow road, lead many a transgressor to the fount of mercy, and urge on many an adorer to the heights of holiness.

In School as well as Home.

To those who have the welfare of this country at heart and who can not fail to see that the character of its future citizenship is being compromised by the religionless training given in the public schools, it is a genuine pleasure to welcome among the opponents of such training any citizen of recognized standing and consequent influence. Such a citizen is Governor Fort, of New Jersey; and his attitude on the matter under consideration was made abundantly clear the other day in the course of an address to the Central Verein. "Not only do I believe in religion," said the Governor, "but I believe in religious education; and religious education not only in the home but in the school."

There must be a large number of prominent American non-Catholics who believe as does the Governor of New Jersey, but who feel that it would not be politic at present to imitate his fearlessness. May the day speedily arrive when they will all have the courage of their convictions!

Notes and Remarks.

Discussing, in the *Missionary Gazette*, the veneration of the Blessed Virgin, and the Protestant view that it is derogatory to the honor due to Christ, Prior Gilbert Higgins makes the point that non-Catholics do not understand the dignity of the Mother because they lack an adequate conception of the Son. He writes:

I am going to speak very plainly. If we would clear up this question of the veneration and invocation of Mary, there is no help for it but to go to the root of the matter. And the root of the matter lies precisely in the difference between the Catholic and the non-Catholic appreciation of God. Our views concerning the Divinity are fundamentally different from those held by the great bulk of our fellow-countrymen. Ask the first man in the street you come across what he thinks of God. If he is a non-Catholic and can express himself in decent English, he will practically confess that God for him is a magnified man,—that is to say, he takes the most perfect human being he has ever known or dreamed of; he then raises this being's good qualities to the highest degree he can conceive—a millionfold and more. The result gives his conception of God—the notion of God generally received among Christians outside of the Church. Now, a Catholic thinks differently. His idea of God is immeasurably superior. For him, God is not a magnified man, however exalted, or a magnificent angel of the highest imaginable perfection. God, for the Catholic, is a Being unique in every respect,—in His nature, His life, and His every attribute and quality. God stands in a class by Himself. He stands in no list, not even at the head. He is supreme in every respect. Nothing that He has made is like Him in the sense we usually give to likeness. Compared with the Supreme Being, the whole earth bulks as a grain of sand.

It is a necessary corollary of such a conception of God that the incomparable Woman whom He chose to be His Mother merits the highest veneration short of supreme worship, due only, as every Catholic child knows, to God Himself.

Protestant as well as Catholic missionaries testify that instances of demoniacal possession, like the remarkable one related in our present number, are common

in heathen countries. The Rev. Dr. J. L. Nevius (Baptist), in his learned work, "Demon Possession and Allied Themes," cites many cases which came under his own notice in China. That demoniacal possession still exists also in civilized lands is borne witness to by all who have spent much time in studying what is known as Occultism or Spiritism. Three very recent cases have come under our own notice, and in one of them we have had occasion to intervene. To deny the possibility of such a thing as demoniacal possession is plainly to reject the authority of Holy Scripture; and to assert that Christ did not exercise the power to cast out devils, and promise a share in that power to the Apostles who were to found His Church, is to question the truth of the Gospel.

Dr. C. Williams, a recognized authority upon mental diseases, and the author of a number of books dealing with his specialty, in an address lately published says: "In the séance room, even more than in a lunatic asylum, one sees the truth of the theory of Possession demonstrated; and any one who frequents these places night after night, as I myself once did, will have any scepticism on the point scattered to the winds. Understand, however, that I do not by any means recommend the course of observation.... I am perfectly convinced that the movement known as Modern Spiritism is thoroughly and unmistakably diabolical."

The late Professor William James, of Harvard University, writing of "mediumships" or "possessions" in his work entitled "The Principles of Psychology," makes this remark: "The subject during the secondary consciousness speaks, writes or acts as if animated by a foreign person, and often names this foreign person or gives his history. In old times the foreign 'control' was usually a demon, and is so now in communities which favor that belief." Professor James, as we happen to know, was very much inclined, toward the end of his life, to

favor it himself. In another place the same eminent psychologist has these significant observations in reference to the medium trance:

We believe in all sorts of laws of nature which we can not ourselves understand, merely because men whom we admire and trust vouch for them. If Messrs. Helmholtz, Huxley, Pasteur, and Edison were simultaneously to announce themselves as converts to clairvoyance, thought-transference, and ghosts, who can doubt that there would be a popular stampede in that direction? We should have as great a slush of "telepathy" in the scientific press as we now have of "suggestion" in the medical press. We should hasten to invoke mystical explanations without winking, and fear to be identified with a bygone *régime* if we held back. In society we should eagerly let it be known that we had always thought there was a basis of truth in haunted houses, and had, as far back as we could remember, faith in demoniacal possession. Now, it is certain that if the cat ever does jump this way, the cautious methods of the Society for Psychical Research will give it a position of extraordinary influence.

The present writer (not wholly insensible to the ill consequences of putting himself on record as a false prophet) must candidly express his own suspicion that sooner or later the cat must jump this way.... Knowing these trances at first hand, he can not escape the conclusion that in them the medium's knowledge of facts increases enormously, and in a manner impossible of explanation by any principles of which our existing science takes account. Facts are facts, and the larger includes the less; so these trances doubtless make me the more lenient to the other facts recorded in the "Proceedings."... The trances I speak of have broken down for my own mind the limits of the admitted order of nature. Science, so far as science denies such exceptional facts, lies prostrate in the dust for me; and the most urgent intellectual need which I feel at present is that science be built up again in a form in which such facts shall have a positive place.

A non-Catholic writer in a London paper reminds his English readers that the principle underlying the "Salvation Army Suicide Bureau" is anything but new, and has been acted on for centuries by the old Mother Church. As our readers doubtless know, the Bureau in question is an experiment in arresting the growing tide of self-destruction. Intending suicides

are implored to ask advice of the promoters of the Bureau, who promise to discuss their troubles with them, by way of dissuading them from their intended crime. Crude as the experiment undoubtedly is, it appears that it is meeting with appreciable success. The writer to whom we have referred informs his fellow-Protestants that Catholics receive in the confessional just such help as the Bureau seeks to give; and he declares that the crowds of applicants responding to the Salvation Army invitation is "a testimony to the psychology of those early Fathers who recommended individual confession as a means of grace."

Compared with the usual tirades of abuse of the confessional to which we have become accustomed from ultra-Protestant pens, this tribute is distinctly refreshing.

The recent visit of Bishop Broyer, of Apia, Samoa, to Sydney, N. S. W., has afforded the *Catholic Press* of that city an opportunity of getting some first-hand information concerning the gratefully remembered defender of Father Damien. We quote an extract or two from the interesting article:

Bishop Broyer naturally revives memories of Robert Louis Stevenson, whose friend he was. His Lordship lovingly recalls his visits to the great author's home at Vailima, during the last years of Stevenson's life in the beautiful island of Samoa. Stevenson was very partial to Catholics; and Bishop Broyer is firmly convinced that, if death had not struck him down so suddenly, he would have died in the Catholic Faith. The champion of Damien thought deeply on religious matters; and he grieved that Dr. Broyer, fearing to arouse the jealousy of the English Consul, did not visit him more.

That the Bishop's conviction was not without plausible grounds is clear from the fact that Stevenson, having asked his stepdaughter's boy if he would not like to be a Catholic, and having received an affirmative answer, took the boy (Austin Strong) to Bishop Broyer and had him baptized. Even Miss Black, the Presbyterian lady who published a little work on

Stevenson, bore testimony to the novelist's sympathy with Catholicism. Describing his death, she writes: "His family lingered in the dear presence; the heart-broken Samoans knelt and kissed his hand; and, at the request of his favorite servant Sosima, who was a Romanist [sic], the solemn and touching prayers of the Church of Rome were, with a certain fitness, recited over the man who had been the champion of Father Damien, and among whose friends were numbered the earnest and faithful Roman Catholic missionary priests of the South Sea Islands."

While the Catholic world had been prepared for several months to hear of the passing of one of the most effective champions of Catholic truth that ever wielded voice or pen in America, there was still great grief, if not much surprise, when the news spread that on Sunday, the 25th ult., the end had come to Father Lambert. A full life has come to a fitting close. While on his deathbed in New Jersey, he was yet speaking to the first Eucharistic Congress held in America; and the plaudits that greeted his masterly paper, "Popular Objections to Belief in the Real Presence," demonstrated that age had not dulled the brilliancy of his intellect or weakened the force of his resistless onslaught on sophistry and falsehood. Lambert's "Notes on Ingersoll" is one of the classics of controversy, and in a very real sense was an epoch-making book. Protestants and Catholics alike, thirty years ago, sang the praises of the simple parish priest who had punctured the rhetorical fallacies of the popular "Bob" Ingersoll, and vindicated the Christian religion against that infidel lecturer's outrageous and blasphemous charges.

In his own quiet but forceful way, Father Lambert had, ever since his first notable triumph, been doing effective service for Holy Church, both as the author of several excellent apologetic works and as chief editor of the *Freeman's Journal* of New York. No more appropriate

funeral sermon could be preached above his bier than the resolutions passed by the Eucharistic Congress, a few weeks ago, in commendation of his labors,—resolutions which merely echoed the comprehensive statement made last year by Bishop McFaul on the occasion of the dead priest's Golden Jubilee: "No man, whether ecclesiastic or layman, has done a greater work for the Church in this country. He has been an inspiration to bishops, priests, and laymen." *R. I. P.*

John Brown, the Abolitionist, seems to the present generation a figure of such remote history that most Americans probably read with surprise the other day that the last of his sisters has just died at Bendon, Michigan. There are still, however, living links with a past much more remote than the period in which "Ossawatimie" Brown loomed large. Sir Henry Lucy, quoted in the *Freeman's Journal*, of Sydney, writes of one such link:

Goldwin Smith used to boast that he had talked with a man who talked to the Prime Minister of England in 1801. The Premier was Pitt; the interlocutor, Addington. That is certainly a far-reaching touch; but it is in point of time excelled by the experience of a well-known Oxford Don, alive to-day, and hearty in spite of his fourscore years. Among his contemporaries at Oxford sixty years ago was Dr. Routh, President of Magdalen College, born in 1755. Dr. Routh died in 1854, having lived into the opening months of his hundredth year. He had a clear recollection of stopping in High Street to gaze on Dr. Johnson as he rolled up the steps of University College. As Johnson was born in 1709, this carries us back over a period lacking a year of two centuries. That is pretty well, but it is exceeded by another of Dr. Routh's opportunities. One of his aunts had known a lady who saw Charles the First when he visited Oxford. Putting the story in the rhythm of the tale of the House that Jack Built, we have to-day a man, living among motor-cars and aeroplanes, who was intimately acquainted with a man (Dr. Routh) whose aunt knew a lady who had looked upon Charles the First in the flesh. And Charles the First was born in the year 1600, three centuries and a decade ago.

We are not sure whether there are still living any of the multitudinous old Negro

"mammies" who used to know "Marse George Washington"; but if their tribe is extinct, the Oxford Don is entitled to some consideration as an interesting link with the days of yore.

French fondness for phrase-making is evidenced in the anti-religious *Action's* declaration as to the procedure to be adopted by the French Government in the prosecution of its war against the Church, which, by the way, it not inappropriately styles the "eternal enemy,"—as the Church undoubtedly is, of most that France's atheistic rulers stand for. Says *L'Action*: "Against the eternal enemy Republican policy must take the most supple forms." The phrase "supple forms" is felicitously descriptive of MM. Briand & Co.'s recent manœuvres; but *Rome* is of the opinion that honest, direct action based on right and truth will always defeat intrigue. For instance:

It was very "supple" of the French Government to instigate its Union of anti-religious schoolmasters to bring an action against the bishops for their outspoken condemnation of some of the books used in the lay schools. But the prosecution fizzled out. It was very "supple" again to prosecute a priest because he dared to mention Joan of Arc in the hearing of the schoolchildren. But the bishop of the diocese has declared his intention of taking the priest's place, if need be, and doing the same thing; and all the other bishops in France are ready to follow his example. It is in the face of straightforward action such as this that policy, however "supple," is powerless.

And, sooner or later, let it be added, the millions of Catholic Frenchmen will follow their bishops even to the polls; and then governmental suppleness and subtlety will have had its day.

Speaking recently, to a body of Australian Catholics, of Cardinal Moran's need of funds for the completion of his cathedral, Archbishop Kelly said:

I will tell you a little story about a priest who was very fond of money. In a certain district in Ireland there were some Catholics of good fortune who had fine establishments. These

people thought they ought to have the reins in their hands (an Irish priest never submits to that), and on one occasion a good lady among them applied to a visiting priest named Father Burke, the great Dominican preacher. He happened to visit the town on a special occasion, and by his eloquence thrilled all the people. He was entertained by this particular family, and the good lady said to him: "We should be very well here, but our priest is always wanting money, and we don't know what to do with him." — "Give him plenty of it!" exclaimed Father Burke. Now, the Cardinal is very fond of money. Let us give him plenty of it—so long as he makes good use of it. Patrick Francis Moran is a great citizen, and in undertaking the work of completing St. Mary's Cathedral, he is doing a great work,—one in which all the citizens of Sydney shall rejoice for generations and generations. So "give him plenty of it."

We feel that the same advice is applicable to the Catholics of the overwhelming majority of parishes in this country. The financial needs of the average pastor, for the support of church and schools, and for charitable purposes of various kinds, are so genuine, and very often so urgent, that his parishioners should feel it incumbent on them to co-operate with him as much as possible. And, nine times out of ten, the more they give, the less will it inconvenience them.

"Home Life in Ireland," by Robert Lynd, an American edition of which, with some excellent illustrations from photographs, has just been issued by Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co., is a book of many charms, not the least of them being the temperament of tolerance shown in every chapter. Introducing the one entitled "Priests and Parsons," the author says:

The Irish priest is the most difficult of all subjects for any one writing about Ireland. It is easy enough to make generalizations about him, and even to believe them. But to see him fairly as a human being, to appreciate his virtues, and to understand his faults and the cause of them, would involve a knowledge, an imagination, and a sense of justice such as have been united in no writer of Irish critical books, that I can remember. Emphatically, I am not the person who can fill this gap of perfectness. For one thing, I was reared a Presbyterian, as they say in Ulster; and priests are not an

essential part of the color of my life as they are of the life of an Irish Catholic.

Another chapter of this delightful book on Ireland, from the pen of a Presbyterian, opens with the following paragraph:

If you are in a little town in any part of Ireland—except the northeast—about noon, when the chapel bell rings for the Angelus, you will see all the men suddenly taking their hats off and crossing themselves as they say their midday prayers. The world loses its air of work, or of commonplace idleness, and the streets take on an intense beauty for the moment, as the old people and the young half hide their eyes and murmur a rapid prayer to the Mother of God. The boy walking by a loaded cart stands still with bared head, or stumbles forward, praying as he walks. In the doors of the houses, in the entries, on the bridge over the river, the town assumes a multitudinous reverence as the tide of prayer sweeps through it to the dinning music of the bell. Even the policeman, ludicrously stiff in his military uniform, lowers his head with a kind of salute and offers homage to Heaven. I confess I like this daily forgetfulness of the world in the middle of the world. It brings wonder into almost every country town in Ireland at least once every day.

"Home Life in Ireland" is in every way a notable book, one which all who love Irish life will welcome. It deserves a place on the same shelf with such standard works as the Abbé Klein's "Land of the Strenuous Life."

Patagonia probably connotes in the mind of the ordinary reader a wild and scarcely inhabited region of South America. The following paragraph, from the *Salesian Bulletin*, may accordingly prove of general interest:

In the south of Patagonia are rising flourishing settlements, where but a few years ago, there was scarcely a shed in which the missionary might give his occasional instructions. Among these scattered centres, however, the missionaries have established regular services, and have also organized societies for social development, and clubs for promoting the interests of Catholics. A combination of these clubs has recently held a general meeting at Viedma. Its importance may be gathered from the fact that the governor of the province, and all the local authorities took part; and the whole movement augurs extremely well for the future progress of Catholic life in the rising State.



In the Stable.

BY GERTRUDE E. HEATH.

WHEN the breath of the cows and the oxen
Into silvery vapor is formed,
The peasant will say: "Now, this is the way
That the little Lord Christ was warmed."
For Our Lord was born in a stable,
And the cattle went down on their knees;
And they fought with Death with their living
breath
(For Our Lady was like to freeze).

O blest be the stable lowly
Where Mary the Mother divine
And the little Child of that Mother mild
Were warmed by the breath of the kine!
For when breath of the cows and the oxen
Into silvery vapor is formed,
The peasant will say: "Now, this is the way
That the little Lord Christ was warmed."

Sandy Joe.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XVIII.—AT LAST.

NOW, who would dare break the wondrous news to Nell? It was the question with which all Pinehurst was athrill. Even the venturesome little birds, planning their nests in the cedar boughs, seemed to catch the tremor in the air, and burst into soft twitterings of joy and fear. For while the family council, with stately Grandmamma Harper at its head, held excited discussion below, Nell lay on her couch upstairs, white and frail as a lily, whose snowy petals would scatter at a touch. Only last week the doctor had warned Mr. Harper that, in his wife's weakened state, he must beware of the slightest shock to her. And big Phil Harper, in all the strength of his love

and joy, trembled, too, at the thought of what the shock of rapture might mean.

"I should blunder over it and kill Nell, I know," he said in a shaken voice. "You could go about it better, mother."

But though Grandmamma Harper had learned all the wisdom taught in the old and new schools, she was, for once in her sixty years, unequal to the occasion.

"Do not ask me, Phil," she said helplessly, shaking her handsome old silvered head. "I simply can not!"

Nor could Aunt Aline just now. Shut up in her room, that poor lady was striving to bear up under the revelation of her son's guilt, which all Philip Harper's generous sympathy could not keep from her.

"Corinne, Corinne, the shock of it all will kill poor Nell, I know!" she sobbed. "And the sin will be upon my wretched, wretched boy!"

"O mamma, no, no!" Corinne's brave young voice trembled as she tried to comfort her. "Bear up, mamma darling; though how Louis could bring such sorrow, such shame on us all I can not—can not see. And Phil is so good, so noble to him even now. He has telegraphed him money to take the next steamer to Europe. He will hush everything up as best he can, for our sake. O mamma, let us pray that all may come right in spite of this dreadful, shameful wrong; that dear Nell may be spared to her husband and child! Her child! Try to think of the rapture of that word to poor Nell! Her own child!"

"Have you seen the child, Corinne?" faltered the lady through her tears.

"Oh, yes, yes! Madam Harper brought the dear little thing with her this morning,—the loveliest little creature you ever saw, with Nell's hair and Phil's own brown eyes. You would know them at a

glance. Madam Harper broke down at sight of her, and cried like a child; and Grace and Elise are just 'daft,' and I don't wonder. She is a perfect beauty, in spite of all that she has gone through; but so bewildered, poor little tot, with a strange grandmother and aunts and everybody hugging and kissing and crying over her! They say that she just clings to that big rough street boy, that found her for Phil, as if he were father, mother and everything else to her. They had to bring him here with her this morning; they could not bribe her, with French dolls or candies or anything, to let go his hand. As Elise says, the Harpers and all their millions are not 'in it' with 'Sandy Joe.'

Meanwhile the little subject of all this excited discussion had been domiciled for the time by her perturbed family in the great conservatories; her faithful Joe still on guard,—Joe, who seemed, amid all these lightning changes, the one true, sure thing in Jackie's dissolving world; Joe, who, in his torn shoes and patched jacket, was guiding her now through labyrinths of beauty and bloom as simply as he had guided her through the bleak wintry streets two months ago; Joe, who had been warned by an excited bevy of lovely ladies that Jackie's mamma was very ill upstairs, and that she must be kept down here among the flowers until the doctor should come and decide if it was safe for mother and child to meet just yet. So, a little awe-struck by this view of the situation, for the lovely ladies had been tearfully impressive, Joe was doing guardian duty still.

"Look out there, Jackie! That rosebush is full of thorns that will tear your pretty frock. And if you hold that fine doll like that, you'll break her sure. Put her head up."

"O Joe, look at those flowers,—those lovely white flowers! Do you think we could pick some?" asked Jackie breathlessly, as she righted her unaccustomed treasure at Joe's command.

"I guess you can. The lady—I don't know whether she is your grandmother or aunt—said to let you do as you pleased until they called for you. My, there's a lot of pretty ladies looking out for you now, Jackie; and they've dressed you up fine, sure" (for grandmamma and aunties had costumed the little girl with dainty simplicity from top to toe). "Better let me pick them flowers for you, so you won't get your grand clothes dirty or wet."

And, with the same watchful care that had protected Jackie in the old shanty of Squatter Town, Joe proceeded to pluck the Annunciation lilies that grew tall and white in the rich, moist earth.

Meanwhile, all unconscious of the tender anxiety that was filling the hearts of all who loved her, Mrs. Harper lay among the silken pillows of her couch, looking dreamily out of the broad window at the little birds twittering in the cedar boughs near by. It was early for nest-building, she thought with a little pang, as she remembered her own nest-building in the happy long ago. Ah, well, that was all over! Perhaps that lost nest had taught her to use the wings that seemed bearing her up nearer and nearer every day to the little child that her Heavenly Father had taken home. Her sweet baby! She felt that she would see her soon; and then—then how short, how slight would seem these darkened years of loss and pain!

Her eyes turned, as they often did now, to the oratory in the corner where the red light shone before the bleeding Heart of her Lord. Ah, Corinne had forgotten to put fresh flowers there to-day! The lilies of yesterday were quite faded. Dear, heedless Corinne! Probably there had been a letter from Italy, where her artist lover, Maurice Wynn, was wandering, that had distracted pretty Corinne from her usual pious cares. There should be fresh lilies every day before the Sacred Heart, and surely she was strong enough to make that little offering still. Dear Aunt Norinne would scold if she found her

wandering around; but it was only a few steps down the backstairs to the conservatory, and no one need know.

"Really, I am not quite dying yet!" thought the gentle invalid, with a faint smile, as she rose from her couch and, with her dainty soft negligee trailing over the carpet, took her noiseless way down the stairs to the "winter garden" that stretched warm and green and blooming below.

Softly she opened the door, and then paused, amazed, indignant. The lilies,—the beautiful lilies! Right before her was a rough boy, in a patched jacket, holding the very last snowy petalled bloom.

"Why, you bad, bad boy!" she began, warming up into sudden strength and spirit at such juvenile outlawry. "Who let you in here to steal flowers like this?"

"*Stealing*, ma'am!" Joe looked up to confront another "lovely lady" in the soft laces and ribbons and trailing gown that made them all seem so bewilderingly alike to his untrained eye. "I—I ain't stealing. They are for Jackie here. You—they—somebody said to give her anything she wanted."

"Jackie!" echoed the lady, recognizing with a start the sandy head and honest face of the young merchant of the windy corner. "Jackie!" she repeated, as her eye fell on the little white-robed vision that emerged from the flowering oleander at his side. "Why—why, it's that lovely little brown-eyed girl again! O you darling, you darling! Who dressed her up like this and brought her to see me? Phil! Of course it's like one of his dear tricks. You little brown-eyed darling!" And a soft flush came into the lady's cheek as she sank down on a rustic bench under the oleander, and drew Jackie into a tender encircling arm.

Something in the loving clasp was so reassuring that the little one nestled closer to this lovely lady, whom neither Joe nor Jackie recognized in her invalid negligee as the beautiful fur-robed lady of two months ago. Nor did Joe dream of asso-

ciating this graceful presence with the very ill mamma so anxiously guarded upstairs. She was simply another of the lovely beings that seemed to belong to Jackie's new life.

"And you have a doll, too!" continued Mrs. Harper, the long-silent mother-tone thrilling in voice and heart as she recognized this further proof of Phil's tenderness. "Such a beautiful doll!" She drew the child closer to her heart. "O you poor little darling, it seems dreadful to give you a glimpse of all this and then—let you go!"

"But I'm not going!" said Jackie, who felt this last experience to be altogether satisfactory. "I'm going to stay here always; ain't I, Joe?"

"Always?" repeated the lady, smiling a little sadly into the brown eyes lifted so trustfully to her own.

"Always!" re-echoed Jackie, who, bewildered as she was by all the claims upon her, had taken in some facts clearly. "I am going to stay here always with my beautiful mamma, who lost me when I was a little baby only two years old. It has made her heart sick and broken; but now I have come back, and she will get well again."

"What—what does she mean?" said the lady, faintly.

"That she is going to stay here all right and straight enough, ma'am," laughed Joe.

"Why—how? I don't understand." The color was coming and going in the speaker's face; but the little head nestling so trustfully on her heart seemed to still its startled flutter; the brown eyes—oh, whose glance was it those soft brown eyes recalled? "Phil—Mr. Harper has adopted her, you mean?" And she shrank at the thought, with paling face.

"No, ma'am,—no!" And Sandy Joe rushed in where neither angels nor men just now dared to tread. "No, ma'am: she is Mr. Harper's own little girl,—the baby they thought was dead, but she wasn't. Mr. Lamont paid the nurse to steal her away and give her to Gran; and

I found out all about it, and we tracked Lisette to—"

But Joe's recital was never finished.

"Phil—Phil—Phil!" The wild, rapturous cry reached the family conclave in the library and brought all its members hurrying in afright to the conservatory, to find Jackie strained to her mother's heaving breast. "Phil, is it true—is it true? Oh, I feel—I *know* it is! This is our baby,—our lost baby! Tell me it *is* true, Phil,—what this boy says! Tell me it *is* true—true—true!"

"Nell darling, yes, yes!" Philip Harper gathered mother and child in his strong arms. "It is true, Nell. But call Weston quick, mother!"—as he felt her sink closer in his embrace. "Quick! This will be her death!"

"Death? Oh, no, no, Phil!" And the radiant face lifted to his dispelled all fear. "It is life—oh, thank God for His mercy!—life! For, with you—you—and our baby again, it is life—life—life!"

And so the angels and Sandy Joe brought Jackie to her own at last. And that Jackie and Jackie's papa and mamma were properly grateful, it is needless to say. In the beautiful new life that opened to the little girl that day, Joe kept and still keeps his big brother's place, brave, bold, cheerful and strong; "Sandy" still in word and deed, though the bright locks have taken on a darker hue, and he treads paths that lead to even higher places than the windy corner sky-scraper.

But Joe still remembers the friends of the old rough days. Poor La Vielle, who, after Lisette's death, came back, rather broken in spirit and voice, to be cared for by old Parley Voo, was looked after kindly. For Micky Fay and Tim Monaghan and other old neighbors of Squatter Town, Joe ever had a friendly grasp and a helping hand.

Old Nance, her "conjured sperrit" laid, gave up dying for the nonce, and was soon, as Uncle Jeff declared, "spry" as ever again. Louis Lamont, whose evil deeds were screened as far as possible by

the Harpers for his mother's sake, did not long cause that tender heart any anxiety. He died within a year after his flight to France, where Philip Harper had generously provided for his needs.

The blackened ruins of Larchmont have long since been cleared away; and on the sunny slope, swept by the breeze from the sea, stands the Home of the Angel Guardian, where one hundred friendless little ones find tender care.

And in the wide pretty lodge at the gate where the white-winged Angel of Joe's fever dreams ever stands on guard, good Mrs. Bryan lives with her happy brood, like—as she declares to her old enemy but present crony, Mrs. Mullan—"a lady born." And, despite all the splendors of Pinehurst and Grandmamma Harper's, Jackie finds in this humble, cheerful home an unforgotten charin. The old clock ticking on the mantel-shelf, the flowered china in the corner cupboard, the braided rug before the blazing fire, bring back memories that keep the lovely heiress of Pinehurst, amid all the splendor of rank and wealth, the sweet, tender little Jackie of old.

"Sure she's the darlinest little creature in the world, and always was!" declared Mrs. Bryan after one of Jackie's visits. "As for Joe"—and the kindly woman's face beamed,—“he hasn't that red head for nothing. The way he fought and worked for that child surpassed anything I ever saw. Sure, as I told good Father More when he was out here saying Mass for us last Sunday, and Joe serving on the altar and looking fine in his surplice, whether it's lawyer or doctor or priest Sandy Joe turns into, none can tell; but it will be the great, grand, Christian nobleman he will make,—of that I am certain."

(The End.)

"GOOD-BYE" is the contraction of "God be with you." Therefore, whenever you say "Good-bye" to a friend you say "God be with you."

A Speedy Reward.

Bishop Grant, first Bishop of Southwark, liked to see holy things surrounded by tokens of outward respect. He had, for instance, a great devotion to the practice, so common in Catholic countries, of keeping lamps burning before the statues of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother. He went one day to bless a statue of Our Lady in a convent, and, after remaining some time in prayer before it, said to the superioress:

"Make a promise to our Blessed Mother that you will keep a lamp always burning before her image. I have known this pious practice to be blessed by real miracles."

He then went to the schoolroom, where the children were assembled, and related the following extraordinary fact, which had just occurred to a lady of his acquaintance.

She was visiting a convent near London, and, observing a beautiful statue of Our Lady, she felt a sudden desire to have a lamp lighted before it. She mentioned this wish to the nun who was showing her over the house, and begged her to get a suitable lamp, which she would pay for, as well as for the oil which it would consume. The Sisters were delighted, and promised to let her know the day and hour when the lamp would be first lighted, so that she might join in spirit with the community in saying the Rosary for her at that moment.

It so happened that when the letter came informing her of the appointed time, she was setting out on a journey with her daughter. She did not, however, forget the rendezvous, and when the hour came she took out her Beads, and called her little girl, who was seated in front of her, to come and sit beside her, that they might say them together.

Before they had finished the first decade they were startled by a frightful crash, followed by a great noise. The child, dis-

traught, clung to her mother, who clasped her in terror, but still held tight her Rosary, and continued to recite it. In an instant their carriage was cloven in two, struck by the engine of a railroad train; the front part, where a moment before the child had been seated, was dashed over a precipice while the rear part remained on the rail, quite uninjured.

A Pretty Story of the Sistine Madonna.

Raphael, so the story goes, was one time painting an altarpiece, which was, for the nonce, veiled from the curious gaze by curtains while the paint was in process of drying. The artist, weary with his work, had fallen asleep before the closed hangings; but, though his body slumbered, his wondrous mind still wandered through the realms of fancy; and as he lay in sleep he saw the curtains open, and standing between them, surrounded by myriads of angels, a vision of the Madonna and Child. For a moment only the apparition lasted, and then the painter awoke to find the curtains closed before the altarpiece just as they had been left.

Next day he received an order to paint a Madonna for the Sistine Chapel, introducing Pope St. Sixtus. Raphael, still haunted by the remembrance of his dream, resolved to paint what he had seen. He sketched the Madonna and Child surrounded by angel heads, with the green curtains drawn back on both sides. St. Sixtus knelt down in adoration, his tiara resting on the altar ledge. St. Barbara occupied the other side of the painting. The picture was complete; the vision was there, and the requirements of the order fulfilled. Still something was wanting. The bare ledge troubled the artist's eye, till one day going to his studio he saw two boys leaning on the side, looking intently at his work. He seized the happy moment and fixed them on his canvas as adoring angels.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The *Catholic Home Annual* for 1911, besides the information proper to yearbooks, contains a variety of good reading and numerous attractive illustrations. This excellent publication is now in its twenty-eighth year. Benziger Brothers, publishers.

—We are glad to see an American edition of Mrs. Henry Jenner's admirable little book on "Christian Symbolism," which has already been noticed in these pages. It is issued by Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co., who can also supply Mrs. Jenner's other book, "Our Lady in Art."

—The best edition of the "Raccolta" in English is the one translated by Father Ambrose St. John, of the Birmingham Oratory, and published by Messrs. Burns & Oates. The 1910 edition, as it is called, is brought up to date, and much improved in externals. Paper, print, and binding are all that could be desired.

—From Ch. Caron, Paris, we have received "Le Grand Orient au-dessus des Lois," a brochure of fifty-five pages, containing a speech against Freemasonry, delivered in the French Chamber of Deputies, in 1904, by Mr. L. Prache, member for Paris. The discourse is a thoroughgoing demonstration of the theorem forming its title,—that Freemasonry in France is above the law.

—"Miguel Hidalgo y Costilla" (A. C. McClurg & Co.) is an attempt, on the part of A. H. Noll and A. P. McMahon, to rehabilitate the Mexican priest and revolutionist who, conspiring with the Indians, raised a general insurrection against the Mexican Government in 1810, and was degraded from his priestly office and shot in 1811. The authors of this little book of two hundred pages think that Hidalgo not only merits the distinctive title of "The Father of Mexican Independence," but is entitled to a place "among the world's great heroes who have lived and died for the cause of human freedom." Some of their readers, possibly, will agree with them.

—The second volume of "Meditations and Instructions on the Blessed Virgin," by the Rev. A. Vermeersch, S. J., translated by W. Humphrey Page, K. S. G., comprises many good and solid meditations on Our Blessed Lady—her graces, virtues, and glories,—one for each Saturday of the year. A supplementary part, in smaller print, contains meditations on the Holy Ghost, on some movable feasts, and for the "Five Sundays" and feast of St. John Berchmans.

The work is excellently printed and bound, and the volumes are of the most convenient size. Published by Messrs. R. and T. Washbourne, whose agents in this country are Messrs. Benziger Brothers.

—It is announced that the reproduction of the Cædmon MS. in the Bodleian will be undertaken as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers have been secured. This MS. of the late tenth and early eleventh century is of exceptional interest, both linguistically and artistically.

—A granite monument, bearing a bronze plate with an exquisitely appropriate inscription taken from one of his own books, has been placed at the grave of Joel Chandler Harris at Atlanta, Ga. Catholic children all over the world, to whom "Uncle Remus" is so dear on account of his stories of Br'er Rabbit and Br'er Fox, are glad to know that he became a convert to the Church in his last illness.

—In "Old-Fashioned Fairy Tales" (Rand, McNally & Co.) Marion Foster Washbourne gives new and delightful versions of "Little Red Riding-Hood," "Puss in Boots," "The Sleeping Beauty," and "Hop o' my Thumb." Mrs. Washbourne tells the tales in prose with occasional recourse to the oldtime jingles of verse. The colored pictures are sure to please the little folk. The only drawback to the book is the inconvenient wire stitching.

—A second edition of St. John Chrysostom's well-known treatise "On the Priesthood," translated by the Rev. Patrick Boyle, C. M., from the Greek text, as found in Migne's collection of Greek Patrology and the works of the Saint, has been issued by Messrs. M. H. Gill & Son. In a short preface, Father Boyle gives an account of this classic work on the priesthood, which is also an important testimony to the faith and discipline of the Church in the fourth century. An appreciation of St. John Chrysostom as an orator and administrator is also afforded.

—In a pamphlet of 64 pages (Sands & Co.; B. Herder) Father Joseph Egger, S. J., discusses in a thoroughly practical and satisfactory fashion a question of perennial interest to all Christians. "Are Our Prayers Heard?" is a little work that is bound to commend itself to the intelligent layman not less than to the professional theologian; for it abounds in a quality that appeals universally—the sublimity of common-sense. The lesson of the whole treatise is summarized in the concluding paragraph: "The more we think about God's boundless mercy and goodness,

love, kindness, wisdom and power, or about the promises and assurances He has given to us, the better we come to understand that it behooves us, on the one hand, no doubt, to do what we are bound or able to do by our own natural powers or with the help of God's grace; and, on the other hand, to cherish unlimited confidence in God and in prayer, and this in our own poor and imperfect prayers for divine help and assistance."

—"Forgotten Shrines" is the appetizing title of a new, illustrated work by Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B., dealing with some of the most romantic of the old manor-houses of England, which were the homes or hiding-places of martyrs in times of persecution. The tragedies enacted in them will be recalled, their secrets disclosed, and their traditions put on record. Among the families specially dealt with are the Fitzherberts of Norbury and Swynnerton, the Inglebys, Stonors, Barlows, Throckmortons, Poles, Cottons, Napiers, and Holdens; while there are complete biographies of Venerable Father Postgate, the aged martyr of Yorkshire; Father Ambrose Barlow, the Lancashire monk and martyr; Father John Wall, the Franciscan apostle of Worcestershire; and Father George Napier, the Oxford martyr. Much that is interesting is also told of Blessed Adrian Fortescue, Margaret Pole, Edmund Campion, the martyrs of Derby, those of the Rising of the North, Father Edmund Arrowsmith, and Margaret Clitherowe, "the Pearl of York." The concluding chapter of the work will give an exhaustive account of the relics and memorials of the English Catholic martyrs still preserved by religious communities or by old families of the ancient Faith.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Meditations and Instructions on the Blessed Virgin." Vol. II. Rev. A Vermeersch, S. J. \$1.35.

— "Are Our Prayers Heard?" Rev. Joseph Egger, S. J. 15 cts.

"Raccolta." 1910 Edition. \$1.

"A Minister's Marriage." Austin Rock. 75 cts.

"Simple Catechism Lessons." Dom Lambert Nolle, O. S. B. \$1.

"The Imitation of Christ." (Pocket Classics.) 25 cts., net.

"Christian Symbolism." Mrs. Henry Jenner. \$1.

"Father Paul of Moll." Edward Van Spey-brouck. \$1.25.

"Towards the Altar." "Towards the Eternal Priesthood." Rev. J. M. Lelen. 15 cts. ea.

"One Christmas Eve at Roxbury Crossing." Cathryn Wallace. 75 cts.

"Heavenwards." Mother Mary Loyola. \$1.25.

"Catholic Religion." Rev. Charles A. Martin. \$1.

"Père Jean and Other Stories." Aileen Hingston. 70 cts., net.

"De Ponte's Meditations." Vol. VI. \$1.80.

"Handbook of Practical Economics. J. Schrijvers. \$1.35.

"St. Francis de Sales. A Study of the Gentle Saint." Louise M. Stackpoole-Kenny. \$1.10.

"The Laws of the King; or, Talks on the Commandments." A Religious of the Holy Child. 60 cts.

"The Boys of St. Batt's." R. P. Garrold, S. J. 80 cts.

"Cardinal Mercier's Conferences." \$1.50.

"Meditations for Each Day of the Month of June." Charles Santley. 60 cts.

"Astronomical Essays." Rev. George V. Leahy, S. T. L. \$1.

"Sunlight and Shadow." P. M. Northcote. \$1.

"So as by Fire." Jean Connor. \$1.25.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Louis A. Lambert, of the diocese of Rochester; Rev. Anthony Walburg and Rev. Felix Didier, archdiocese of Cincinnati; and Rev. Matthias Zumbulte, diocese of Fort Wayne.

Sister M. Laurian, Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Sister M. Pauline, Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. William Byron, Mr. Francis Harper, Mr. Daniel Traill, Mr. Peter McCrudden, Mr. John McCrudden, Mr. L. C. Engler, Miss Catherine Kelly, Mr. Francis Bailey, Mr. John Whealon, Mrs. Delia Bollard, Mr. Patrick Murtha, Mr. Thomas Haskins, Mrs. John Walsh, Mr. George Beck, Mr. Andrew McKeon, Mr. Theodore Hilke, Mrs. Daniel Coughlin, Mr. James George, and Mr. William Schmidt.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 15, 1910.

NO. 16

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

The Rosary-by-the-Sea.

BY "MERCEDES."

"AVE MARIA!" Above the roar
Of the booming surf on the sandy shore,
Touching the beads of my Rosary chain,—
"Ave Maria!" again and again.
The waves hear the "Mystery" old, yet new,
And the high spray dashes it up to the blue.

"Ave Maria!" The sun goes down,
The ocean is wearing a jewelled crown—
Opal and sapphire, ruby and gold;
The billows are crested with splendor untold.
The Rosary, gliding my fingers through,
Is telling Our Lady I love her true.

"Ave Maria!" 'Tis twilight now,
With faint stars seeming a crown for her brow;
The white moon floats to its place at her feet,
With silvery loveliness, pale and sweet.
I catch my breath in the velvet space,
And watch for the sky to reveal her face.

But the darkened waters grow black in the
gloom,
And the breakers echo their solemn boom;
And the deep-toned sea moans its evening
prayer,
And the lonely vastness seems terrible there.
But up in the sky *She* is smiling on me,—
Queen of the Rosary, Star of the Sea!

SEA ISLE, 1910.

Catholics and the "Motu Proprio" after Six Years.

BY HERBERT S. DEAN.

I.

"FILLED as We are with the most ardent desire to see the true Christian spirit flourish in every respect and be preserved by all the faithful, We deem it necessary to provide before aught else for the sanctity and dignity of the Temple in which the faithful assemble for no other object than that of acquiring this spirit from its first and indispensable fount, which is *the active participation in the most holy mysteries and in the public and solemn prayer of the Church.*"

How far, after six years, have these aspirations of the Supreme Pontiff, standing as they do in the very forefront of his great decree for the reformation of the music of the Church, been realized? There is much to be thankful for: a considerable diminution in the graver abuses, though hardly as much as one would have anticipated; the publication and wide diffusion of a sound Plain-song text; manifold endeavors both on a large and (still more welcome) a small scale to put that text into practical use; and at least some signs, in English-speaking countries, of the rise of a school of modern music for church use, which shall conform to the injunctions of his Holiness and be agreeable to their spirit. But, in the Church's corporate service of prayer and praise, do we yet see many clear signs of that general restoration of liturgical unity which it

COURAGE for the great sorrows of life, and patience for the small ones; and then, when you have accomplished your task, go to sleep in peace,—God is awake.

—Victor Hugo.

was our Holy Father's root intention to attain, — that unity of musical note with word, of common speech with common prayer, of people with choir, and of both with clergy? Notice the scope and emphasis of his Holiness' words. It is the "active participation" of *all* in this divine work that he describes as "*indispensable*"; and it is the lack of such participation which is seen on analysis to have produced both the abuses which it was the object of the *Motu Proprio* to correct in detail, and the defects which it sought to make good.

It is impossible, I believe, to lay too much stress on this fundamental principle; and I am convinced that our small progress is due simply to the diffusion of reforming energy upon details, — to our attempts to build the house without first laying the foundations. One has read, for instance, during the last few years, a great many books, manuals, pamphlets, and so forth, issued with the admirable purpose of furthering this reform; but in how few has its foundation principle been adequately treated, or treated at all! One has seen the subject treated as simply a reform of the church choir, with bare reference or none to the real reform, which is the bringing of the congregation into their proper place in the threefold scheme of clergy, choir, people. One has seen it treated, again, as simply a question of restoring Plain-song; and it has lost itself in a maze of technicalities, with or without the accompaniment of mutual recriminations. Again, on the artistic side, one of the most learned and most practical of our leading reformers has expounded the church music of the *Motu Proprio* as a convention, and defended it on the ground that all art must have its conventions, and that the conventions in question are suitable to divine worship in a way those of the theatre and concert room are not. A view true enough, and necessary to the defence of certain more elaborate types of church music, Gregorian and polyphonic alike; but surely inapplicable to the

matter as a whole, and particularly to its central and vital principle.

The whole mischief has, in fact, arisen from the practice of considering church music as something with a scope and aim of its own; an adornment of divine worship, not one thing with it and in it; as something, therefore, that can be fashioned upon its own principles or conventions, and æsthetically appraised on its own independent merits or demerits. Such an art, do what you will to regulate it, inevitably becomes a centre in itself and for itself; its practice passes from the people to the experts; the congregation becomes an audience; as an audience it demands, not something it can participate in, but something its ear is accustomed to find pleasurable; and the supply follows the demand. Inevitably, too, conventions in such music, based upon its relationship to the worship it accompanies, and intended to insure congruity therewith, weaken and do what you will to preserve them, at last disappear. To remedy all this, his Holiness lays down various regulations of detail. But he does not do so until, in the forefront of his pronouncement, he has placed the governing principle and directed us to the only radical remedy. It may perhaps not be useless to consider this principle a little more in detail, however briefly and inadequately.

The Liturgy, with all its accessories, says Dom Guéranger, is simply prayer in its social aspect. Analyze the concept of prayer, and what do you get? First and at the basis, the simplest and indispensable element, the *elevatio mentis ad Deum*, — the "affective actuation of the soul toward God," as Father Augustine Baker defines the essence of prayer to be. So far we need no words, even formed in the mind. Be it the momentary aspiration of unworded penitence in the sinner returning to God, or the prolonged undistracted gaze of love in the soul of the contemplative, it is in principle one thing. But we do not stop there. We add words, and the prayer becomes vocal prayer.

We choose words, however; and the Church puts into our mouth words which directly express our aspiration, and are their fitting garment, congruous in substance and in style with the thought,—not words adapted from the latest topical song because it is “popular,” nor composed for the occasion by Mr. A or Madame B because his or her literary product gratifies the prevalent taste. And when we add word to aspiration, and so make vocal prayer, we are adding something extrinsic and non-essential so far as *prayer* is concerned, but something vital and essential to that further thing which, beyond simple prayer, the Church approves and enjoins—namely, vocal prayer.

This is common ground and common practice. But the Church goes further. From simple prayer and vocal prayer, which may both be quite individual, she proceeds to common prayer,—the prayer of the faithful in common; and this process is analogous to the former one. She gathers the faithful together to offer in common their praises and supplications, to present before the Almighty their corporate devotion, their “prayer in its social aspect.” And while it is true, as before, that the “active participation” of the assembled people is not vital to the act considered as prayer (or to the Mass considered as Mass), yet it is vital to the act considered as *common* prayer, and to the Order of the Mass considered as an offering of common prayer and praise.

Of course it is not necessary that this “active participation” should necessarily extend over the whole of even the people’s part: the practice of the Church throughout the best liturgical days proves the contrary. Even in the monastic choir the scheme was threefold—the officiant, the special singers grouped round the lectern, and the main body in choir,—not twofold, officiant and congregation. But obviously there must be such reasonable, substantial participation on the part of all as to give the whole function the tone and

atmosphere of a common offering of vocal service. It may be said that the mere concourse of the faithful at a liturgical service, and their consentient minds, suffice to give it this tone. And doubtless these things help greatly; everyone feels the difference between being one of two or three in some small private chapel, and being a unit in a great congregation; and each experience brings its different form of that “delectatio” which St. Thomas teaches us to expect as ordinarily one of the fruits of prayer. But, plainly, they fall short of the fulness of the act of common prayer,—short of its naturalness, short of its obviously fitting expression. And hardly by any stretch can they be described by his Holiness’ adjective of “active.”

Certainly they are short, too, of what the Church expressly provides when she places before us on entering the Church a form of service, appointed beforehand and printed for our use, with prayers which we are to follow and seal with our “Amen,” responses we are to make, and anthems and hymns we are to sing. Common prayer, in this sense, is as much our privilege as is vocal prayer; not to engage in it from time to time is to lose something of the fulness of our heritage; not to offer it, as far as our powers and the circumstances permit, is to deprive the Almighty of something which He has asked of us. And for those in authority so to arrange matters as to make this practice difficult or impossible is an abuse,—the very abuse which our Holy Father set himself to eradicate in the *Motu Proprio*. “To restore all things in Christ” is the motto he took for his pontificate, and not least among them this great principle of liturgical unity among the faithful.

We have not yet arrived at any question of music. But to do so we have only to continue our synthesis in its natural order. As simple prayer is aspiration, and vocal prayer the same aspiration with an added element of congruous words, so common

prayer takes to itself, by the mere force of nature, a certain form of utterance—the musical. It is no convention: it is a physiological necessity. You may hear in any infant school nature producing the complete article. No one tells the children to sing lessons they are learning together vocally, yet insensibly they fall into a quasi-musical recitation; they pitch upon a certain note because it is the natural, easy thing to do; they rise or fall another note at the cadences.

It is a complete mistake to suppose that the confused murmur of speaking voices we are accustomed to hear in our vernacular services is a natural thing; it is not: it is the result of mumbling instead of speaking out, clipping the words instead of saying them completely, rushing them out in mouthfuls instead of uttering them deliberately. One person by himself can enunciate very rapidly and yet clearly; two or three together can go fairly fast; but five hundred together *must* go deliberately if the words are to reach the ear as an intelligible whole,—which liturgical worship, as distinguished apparently from our vernacular services, demands.

Again, one person by himself can sustain his vowels in a loud *speaking* voice; but several together, be they few or many, *must* get on to a common musical pitch if they are to retain the deliberation of pace required for distinct corporate enunciation. The reason is simply physiological; a vowel sustained in the speaking voice does not retain a level pitch, but varies always considerably and sometimes enormously; and each person's individual variation is different. The simultaneous utterance of five hundred of such differing variations is manifestly intolerable; hence congregations, if not provided with a musical pitch on which they can centre, naturally abandon an impossible method of utterance, sacrifice deliberation of speech, and, not out of carelessness or irreverence, but simply of necessity, fall into a gabble or a murmur.

One may make here two practical notes. Firstly, it is not only useless but unjust for teachers to blame children for irreverence, as one sometimes hears done, when the latter hurry their recitation of spoken vocal prayers; still more unjust is it to charge them with disobedience if they directly revert, as they must, to that practice when left to themselves; for they can not put their vocal organs to a use for which God has not constructed them. No doubt some sort of slow spoken utterance can be obtained by cutting the sentence up into a number of detached words, and destroying the rhythm which gives it its meaning. But the result is contrary to nature, reason, and reverence alike. All that is needed, if deliberation of utterance is desired, is that a low musical note should be adopted. It is noteworthy in this connection that in the religious choir, when Office is being "said" as well as when it is being technically "sung," not the speaking voice but a musical recitation is adopted.

The second practical remark is that in our reaction from the slow "hammered" rendering of Plain-song in pre-reformed days, we take care not to adopt a pace quicker than the singers can comfortably adopt. An "Alleluia" full of long ornamental passages sung by a few trained and carefully practised singers (and so only can it be sung) must go as lightly as possible; an Introit sung by a fairly large choir, more deliberately; but a nearly syllabic *Gloria* or *Credo*, sung by a whole congregation, more slowly still,—not slower, certainly not much faster, than the pace of deliberate speech, or the rhythm (and with the rhythm the sense) will be lost.

It would be easy, reverting once more to the theory of the subject, to show how not only musical recitation but modulation of musical pitch arises inevitably, at the dictate of nature, in any deliberate and corporate vocal utterance, and to illustrate this law both from the experi-

ence of the infant school and the structure of Plain-song. But space forbids. One must, instead, sum up briefly the conclusions to which this disquisition will, it is hoped, have safely led.

In its essence, church music is simply a function of public prayer; it is just a form of utterance which the people are led naturally to adopt when engaged upon uttering in common the appointed words. Whatever it be, ancient or modern, simple or elaborate, spontaneous or conventionalized, this must be its beginning and its root; its fitness for this purpose must be the ultimate standard of our judgment upon it. Does it afford a natural, practicable, fitting medium in which people can do their part in the common offering of corporate vocal prayer? Beside this, all other questions, however interesting in themselves, fall into the category of the non-essential. If the Holy Father holds up Plain-song as the norm, he does so not more by reason of tradition and prescription than because in itself Plain-song so admirably fulfils all the required conditions, in its almost syllabic chants for the *Gloria* and *Credo*, its responses at Mass, its psalm tones, the great proportion of its hymn melodies—which things, after all, and not the elaborate pieces, form the bulk of what is actually sung in church.

But, as his Holiness says, other forms of musical recitation, new or old, are freely permitted just so far as they fulfil the conditions,—just so far as, in their “movement, inspiration and savor,” they “approach the Gregorian form.” This manifestly covers classes of music to which his Holiness does not expressly allude, probably because they have not come within his personal and local experience. Such are the Masses of the type found in the French *paroissiens*, commonly called “French Plain-song,” though of course they are not Plain-song in the historical sense. At any rate, very many of them are worth our attention. Such also is a type of music now arising in

English-speaking countries—the simple unison services expressly written for congregational use, generally within easy compass, and without repetition of the words, and often with a considerable element of recitation in them; though sometimes it is to be feared that they would have to be ruled out on account of a rhythmical movement certainly not “savoring” of the Gregorian form, or of anything sacred at all. Personally one may not care for them, or may doubt whether they meet any need which the simpler pieces of Plain-song would not far better supply. But who dares say that to substitute them for the performances of a paid quartette would not be a great step in the direction of fulfilling our Holy Father's wishes?

But be that as it may. It is the principle, not details, that I want most earnestly to insist upon. It is the restoration of liturgical worship that we are working for, and for the right music simply as a part of it. And it is practicable; for there is in this liturgical whole not only dignity, not only congruity, but also, most happily, a certain stately simplicity—even a bias toward simplicity—which brings it within the reach of the humblest congregations of the faithful according to the measure of their means.

The strangest misconceptions are abroad in this respect. The Church allows—nay, encourages—elaborations in music as in ceremonial, if they be of the right kind. The genius of a Palestrina (or even of a Gounod, if you like) may have its full scope, his art its high mission, provided his work takes its due place side by side with that of the people, not usurping theirs, but leaving the function substantially a common act. But such additions add nothing to the essential completeness of liturgical worship, which is insured in its fulness whenever a congregation of the faithful assembles together, and offers to God the prescribed form of prayer, with the appointed ceremonial actions, clothed

in even the simplest form of appropriate vocal utterance. Anything more may be well, but is accidental. Anything less may be devotion, may be prayer, may bring glory to God and grace to man, but it is not that "public and solemn prayer of the Church" in which the Supreme Pontiff holds it so "indispensable" that the faithful should "actively participate."

Let us hold to this central fact, and try to clear the subject of the maze of controversial details in which it has got entangled,—historical and technical controversies about Plain-song, artistic controversies about schools and styles of music, ecclesiological controversies about extra-liturgical and vernacular services, empirical controversies about popular likes and dislikes, and so forth in infinite variety. If we bring each practical suggestion to the test of this principle, without bothering at first about Plain-song or styles of music or church choirs, all the rest will follow in due time, and we shall attain in the end to a completed reform. But if we allow the matter to be obscured by a mass of side-issues, however interesting or important in themselves, we shall continue to flounder about aimlessly in the cross-currents of controversy; and, in consequence, no progress whatever will be made.

(Conclusion next week.)

A FATHER may turn his back on his child; brothers and sisters may become inveterate enemies; husbands may desert their wives, and wives their husbands. But a mother's love endures through all. In good repute, in bad repute, in the face of the world's condemnation, a mother still loves on, and still hopes that her child may turn from his evil ways and repent. Still she remembers the infant smiles that once filled her bosom with rapture; the merry laugh, the joyful shout of his childhood, the opening promise of his youth; and she can never be brought to think him all unworthy.

—*Washington Irving.*

Nameless and from Nowhere.

BY A. DEASE AND M. LACHESE.

V.

HAD any one told Lady Burke when she was leaving London that in six months' time the mountains that were to bind Dick to his motherland would have laid their charm upon her as well, she would not have believed it. She had been willing to buy Ardrum and to live there, because she thought it was the best thing she could do for her son; nevertheless, it was a sacrifice that she made for his sake. But as the months passed by she began to take root in her new surroundings as she had never done elsewhere. She found in Miss O'Malley the friend that Father Raymond had foretold; and, besides this, Mr. Dillon and his work were subjects of the deepest interest to her. Then there was Querida. Lady Burke had never realized that all these years a place had remained empty in her heart, because she had no daughter, till Querida had crept in and filled it.

At first much of her time had been taken up in returning calls and making acquaintance with the kind people who thought nothing of even a fifteen-mile drive to pay a visit. But as soon as she found that Dick was taking his place amongst his neighbors for tennis or shooting, or whatever else was going on, she often pleaded fatigue after long drives as an excuse for remaining at home; and was thus able to devote herself to her garden, to the poor people around her, and to the schemes, both charitable and economic, which Mr. Dillon had started, and which he and Anthony O'Malley, with help in certain departments from Querida, kept going.

As a young man, Hugh Dillon had spent some months in Belgium; and when, on his father's death, he had become the owner of the mill, he had tried to put in practice at Drinagh the methods he had seen successfully carried out abroad.

There was a night school and various classes of handicraft for the men and boys. There were allotment gardens, with lectures explaining how to cultivate them; and a society by means of which the best seeds and plants and fruit trees could be bought. Then there was a savings bank and a society for providing for time of illness, besides a library and a club; and those who kept goats, pigs or poultry were also banded together for mutual benefit.

Querida's department included sewing and cooking classes, simple health lectures, and she was also Dr. Keily's right hand in times of illness. With these matters Lady Burke soon became familiar; and in the many cases when care and tender ministrations are more wanted than a doctor's skill, she often went with the girl to the bedside of the sick, and helped her with her knowledge and experience.

She had been delayed one evening in a house where a child had been burned; and, though she said it was too late for Querida to walk home with her, she was not sorry to meet Mr. Dillon, and accepted his company very gladly; for it was seldom that she had a chance of talking with him. He was a busy man, and had little time to spare from his business and all its branches; but, whenever Lady Burke had met him, the impression he had made upon her at their first meeting was intensified. Dick, however, had seen more of the mill-owner than his mother had done; for, to her great joy, the acquaintance begun at old Rooney's funeral had ripened into friendship. Dick had by degrees got into the habit of running over to Drinagh when nothing else was going on; and, beginning by helping Anthony, he had before long undertaken helpful tasks on his own account.

"I have been wanting to tell you how very, very glad I am that Dick has undertaken these drawing classes," said Lady Burke, as she and Mr. Dillon walked along together. "I am so thankful, so grateful

that he has found such friends as he has made since we came here."

"He would make friends anywhere," began Mr. Dillon, smiling; but Lady Burke interrupted him quickly.

"I know, I know!" she cried. "And that is the reason I am so thankful he has you and Anthony O'Malley. It is so hard for a woman to help a boy in just the right way," she added wistfully. "One tries one's best, and sometimes one does just the things that worry—"

She broke off with a sigh, and her companion hesitated for a moment before answering. There was something about Dick Burke which, as he had said, would make friends for him anywhere; and, both for his own sake and for his mother's, Mr. Dillon had taken an interest in him. Yet he hesitated to tell her the conclusion to which he had come, thinking that his words would surely hurt her.

"It is bad to worry too much," he said slowly. "Trust in Providence is the only thing to carry one through. Dick has certainly taken up this drawing class in a most energetic way,—and the gardens, too. I am beginning to wonder now how we ever got on without him."

He smiled as he spoke; but, now that Lady Burke had him to herself, she did not want to be put off with such generalities. She was anxious to find out what Mr. Dillon really thought of Dick.

"He is becoming more sensible, don't you think?" she asked anxiously. "He is beginning to realize the — well, the responsibilities of life?"

"I think he *does* realize them, at times much more so than many in his position do," replied Mr. Dillon, slowly. "But—will you forgive me if I say anything that seems hard to you?—he is like a man rowing in a boat who knows that there is a friendly hand on the tiller. He rows along gaily, doing his part of the work fairly enough, but knowing all the time that any little lapse on his part will be counteracted at once by the steersman, who is always watching him."

"You mean," said Lady Burke, "that I am always on the watch to make up anything that he may leave undone, so that he is keeping on the straight course not so much by his own efforts as by mine?"

"Practically that,—not that I think he wishes to go any but the right way; only he gives one the idea of not standing firmly enough on his own feet,—of depending too much upon you."

"And the remedy?" asked Lady Burke, faintly.

"Ah, that is what I feel is so cruel!" answered Mr. Dillon, gently. "And, of course, I may be wrong. Dear lady, you are stronger than he, and you have made the right way so pleasant to his feet that now he would turn away in disgust from any other. But—and, for the sake of those one loves, one must consider these things—how would he get on alone? You and he together seem for the present an ideal household; but, from what I have seen of him, I think Dick would make a better man, a more useful servant to his Maker, if he had some one to fend for instead of being fended by, as, from your two dispositions, you must do. It sounds hard, I know, even brutal; but believe me I have thought—yes, and prayed—about it. Dick's is a character that must grow. He can not always remain a creeper; and is it not better to help him bravely now to grow alone than to think of him later deprived of his mainstay, trampled underfoot or growing rankly as a weed?"

"I see,—I understand," murmured Lady Burke. "Then you think I have failed?"

"No,—oh, no!" exclaimed Mr. Dillon, eagerly. "You have done admirably, quite admirably, and Dick is a credit to you. But I do think that the time is coming when he would take firmer strides on the road where you have started him, if there was some one to make him fight his own fight, to struggle with him instead of upholding him."

"In fact, you think he wants a wife,"

said Lady Burke, smiling now a little.

A few months ago she would have felt that, in pronouncing these words, she was cutting herself off from her boy, or rather that with her own hands she was placing some one between him and her. She had looked forward to welcoming a daughter-in-law as another great sacrifice, that, when the time came, she would accept willingly for Dick's sake; and it was only lately that she had thought that his wife might indeed be a daughter to her. She was prepared, therefore, for Mr. Dillon's words, and was relieved to find that nothing harder was suggested.

"You don't think, then, that he is too young?" she added, for that had been her fear. "Do you think he wouldn't still let himself be carried away?"

"I sincerely hope he *will* be carried away, when the right girl comes," said Mr. Dillon, laughing. "But I doubt his thinking of matrimony for a while yet, unless you tell him it is expected of him. You are such a very happy couple as you are."

The sound of a horse's feet on the road behind made them move aside; but as they did so a cheerful voice announced that the subject of their long talk had himself come to interrupt it.

"Why, mother! Where do you come from?" he cried. "Mr. Dillon, please give an account of your stewardship."

Dick jumped off his pony and for a moment laid his hand caressingly on his mother's shoulder.

"I think it is more necessary for you to give an account of yourself," she said laughingly. "Considering that this road comes only from Drinagh and goes only to Ardrum, there can be little doubt of what Mr. Dillon and I have been doing."

"According to that, mother, I must have been doing the same as yourself," said Dick, teasingly; "so the story of our afternoon's work is hardly worth telling."

Then, suddenly remembering what he really had been doing, he turned seriously to Mr. Dillon.

"Anthony has gone to your house, sir," he said. "I am afraid we have not a very hopeful report to give you."

"You have been up to the Pothole, then?" observed Mr. Dillon, eagerly. "And it is not hopeful, you say?"

The look of anxiety that Lady Burke had noticed on his face when she first met him that afternoon deepened; and Dick, seeing his mother's look of perplexity, answered Mr. Dillon's query by making a request.

"Won't you tell her about it, Mr. Dillon?" he asked. "She is as safe as—" he paused uncertainly for a comparison.

"Yes, of course," replied Mr. Dillon; and then, addressing himself to Lady Burke, he gave the desired explanation.

For some years the water supply that was used for the mill's machinery had been failing slightly,—so little as to give no cause for anxiety until a question had arisen of replacing some of the existing machinery and of adding several new-fashioned looms. Mr. Dillon had mentioned the slight fall in the river to the engineer who had come down for the preliminary examination; and the latter had advised that no steps should be taken until the alteration of the water supply had been tested, and, if possible, accounted for. The test had been applied with unsatisfactory results; and it had been decided that, unless a rise could be noted in the Pothole in the mountains—where, in the same way as its greater sister the Shannon, the Drinagh river had its source,—it would be unwise to make the enlargements in the mill that had been proposed. In fact, if the loss of power in the stream continued it would be impossible to employ even the machinery already working; and this would lead to the closing of the whole mill, to the ruin of the village. It was considered more prudent to keep the state of things secret as long as any possibility of improvement existed; and the men who had been working for the engineer who was vainly trying to discover the reason of the

phenomenon were told only that if the water supply could be increased, the mill would be enlarged so as to give employment to a larger staff of hands.

"And can nothing further be tried?" asked Lady Burke when all this had been explained to her. "Are there not water experts who might be more successful than the engineer?"

"Lonergan has already consulted the best men we know of about it," replied Mr. Dillon, sadly. "I am afraid there is only one thing left to us."

"And that?" questioned Lady Burke.

"Prayer," said Mr. Dillon, simply.

For a moment the cloud was lifted from his face. It was not only that personal ruin was threatened (for it was evident that the profits of the mill had been spent year by year on the village and its people), but it was also the annihilation of the dreams and the work of a lifetime. It was not only he who would have to go out into the world and begin his career afresh, but his people, too, would be obliged to emigrate; and they were to him as his own children.

"You say Anthony has gone up to my place?" he queried, turning to Dick. "Then, Lady Burke, if you will excuse me, I will go back to him. You have a better escort now than mine," he added, smiling.

He held out his hand, and Lady Burke took it silently. She had for a moment forgotten the talk they had had, in the overwhelming news that had been told to her so quietly; but now her companion's words came back to her, and she wanted to tell him that she was not hurt, but only grateful for his interest. Yet, with Dick's arm on hers, her tongue was tied. She looked up at Mr. Dillon as her hand rested in his, and somehow she felt that he could read her thought.

"Good-bye, and thank you!" she said.

If Dick had considered the matter, he might have thought it a more fervent thanks than the occasion called for; but Mr. Dillon understood.

VI.

Lady Burke's conversation with Mr. Dillon had given her food for much reflection. She did not for a moment question his judgment; but she went further than he had intended in imagining that his words applied to one girl alone, and that girl Querida. She had thought before this how, had the thing been possible, she would have welcomed her as Dick's wife; but the mystery that surrounded the girl had made her put the idea from her. Now, however, she began to look upon it in a different light. If others, if a wise, good man thought that the objections were not insurmountable, why need she do so? She knew that many mothers would have exclaimed in horror at such an idea being presented to them; but, after all, everything about Querida proved that she was of gentle blood.

Besides, the chief thing was that the girl was so perfectly suited to Dick. Contrasts are proverbially said to agree, and nothing could be more dissimilar than Querida's calm, strong, well-regulated disposition and Dick's cheery, careless, erratic temperament. Yet they were the best of friends. Perhaps Mr. Dillon had noticed that, and so made his suggestion; for Lady Burke was so firmly convinced he had been referring to Querida that it did not occur to her mind Dick would have to fend for her; that, like Lady Burke herself, Querida was the stronger character of the two; and that, in marrying her, Dick would only pass from one guidance to another.

Querida's intercourse with other young people had always been very slight. The few she met from time to time at Miss O'Malley's house had treated her as something quite unlike themselves. Fanchea had certainly ignored this difference; but she had seen so little of Fanchea. And even Anthony had accepted the difference, though she always felt that it only made him treat her with more consideration than he would have shown to her otherwise.

With Dick, however, all this was different. Miss O'Malley sometimes said that, until Dick came, Querida had never learned to laugh. Certainly he brought out all the brightness of her quiet character, and she herself was surprised how much she enjoyed his teasing.

"Was that a sigh I heard?" he said to her one day, with mock seriousness. "Miss Querida, have I not told you how bad anything that is not cheerful is for my health? I am beginning to think you are very inconsiderate."

"I am sorry," answered Querida, smiling in spite of herself. "But you seem to be bearing up fairly well, on the whole."

"If you are sorry you must be willing to do penance," persisted Dick. "Confess to me now the reason of that mournful sound."

"I was thinking how nice it would have been to have had a brother," replied the girl, sadly.

Dick was silent for a moment, but his eyes expressed both contrition at having inadvertently made her touch on a painful topic, and sympathy for her as well.

"I say," he went on softly, "when facts are contrary, don't you ever comfort yourself by imaginings? Let's imagine that I am your brother. It will be the next best thing to having a real one—"

"Or the next worse," said Querida, laughing. But she took the hand that he held out to ratify their compact, and from that day they were firmer friends than ever.

Lady Burke, however, knew nothing of this; and, seeing only the results of it, they made her think that Dick would welcome any move on her part that would show her approval of his choice. But, as he had not spoken, she thought it best to act as though she had noticed nothing. She realized that if Querida was to be received by the county as Dick's wife, it would be advisable for everyone to be aware of her own approval of the match. And she also thought that if Dick saw the girl, amongst other people, where,

dressed as Lady Burke intended she should be, she would attract universal attention and admiration, he would be more likely to think seriously of what, without encouragement, he might only look upon as a passing fancy.

The outcome of all these reflections was that, not long after the day of her memorable talk with Mr. Dillon, Lady Burke announced her intention of giving a ball. Dick had been urging her to do something to return all the hospitality that had been lavished on him; but even he had not contemplated so big a thing as his mother now professed herself ready to undertake.

The whole neighborhood awoke when the invitations were sent out; and every house declared itself willing to put up such a party that even Lady Burke was amazed at the number whom she finally wrote down as certain guests. Scarcely any refusals had been sent to her; on the contrary, in roundabout ways many demands for further invitations had come in. At the very beginning, however, there was one refusal which threatened to upset her entire plan. With Miss O'Malley's card, Lady Burke had sent a note saying that, although she knew how seldom she and Querida deserted their invalid at home, she counted on them both for this one evening, as a solitary exception. Great, therefore, was her disappointment at the answer, which was a plea to be excused.

"Who won't come?" asked Dick, looking up from his own correspondence. "Miss O'Malley, you say? Oh, but she must! Mother, write and tell her that you are giving the ball on purpose for Miss Querida's debut; and that, if she doesn't bring her, I'll go and fetch her myself."

Had Lady Burke been aware of the brotherly and sisterly compact, this speech would not have sounded as hopeful to her as it now did; but, as it was, it made her start off for Drinagh, determined to take no refusal at least from Querida, even if Miss O'Malley remained inexorable.

But half an hour's mingled argument and persuasion did its work, and she returned home triumphant, with the assurance that the two guests whose presence was of such importance to her would, after all, come to the dance. She had greater difficulty in prevailing upon them to accept the dress that she had set her heart on giving to Querida for the occasion; but in this, too, she was eventually successful. Only on the night itself did any further doubt of her success come to her.

Almost all the expected guests had arrived, and dancing was already in full swing, but there was no sign of Miss O'Malley and Querida. As Lady Burke moved from her place near the door, she wondered if, after all, they were going to fail her. Looking round the room, she realized two things distinctly. The first was that there was not a girl present who could compare with Querida, as she had seen her two days before, arrayed in the shimmering satin dress that had been ordered in Dublin and fitted by Lady Burke's own maid; and, the second, that Dick was not enjoying himself. He was dancing away, doing his duty nobly; but there was an unmistakable cloud upon his brow, and the careless gayety that was so characteristic of him was entirely absent.

He was not the only one in the room with whom things were not going right, although it was not until later in the evening that Lady Burke noticed that there was anything wrong with Mrs. O'Malley-Devine (it was on occasions such as these that she insisted especially on the second name that the rest of her family ignored) or with her son.

Was it Querida's absence that was spoiling Dick's enjoyment? His mother was asking herself this when the butler's voice reminded her that, late as it was, there were more guests waiting for her to greet them; and, turning, she saw the two whom she had missed.

Miss O'Malley was in black—her only respectable frock, so she had told Lady

Burke,—softened by a fichu of delicate old lace; and Querida—ah, Querida was all that Lady Burke had expected! Taller than most of the girls present, she carried her head with the dignity of a queen; and the folds of her white gown, although almost severe in their simplicity, added to the regal effect. Her hair was loosened from the severity of its usual bands; and shining in its golden coils was the beautiful diamond butterfly, the finest and most valuable of the pieces of jewelry which had been kept all these years in the hope that some day they might help in the identification of their owner.

"I am afraid we are very late," said Miss O'Malley, as she greeted her hostess; and, seeing that Querida was at a little distance from her, she made her explanation. "Just as we were going to start, her poor mother came in. We had not meant to let her see the child in her dress: we are always so afraid of anything out of the common upsetting her. But, as it happened, she seemed quite to understand, and to be pleased and satisfied—at least no, she was not satisfied. Fancy, she insisted on taking down the child's hair, and certainly it has never been so well done before! Then she went to her own room. We were never sure that she realized that the jewels were hers, or knew where they were; but she went straight to the case and took them out. But they are not too much, are they?"

"No, indeed," replied Lady Burke, warmly. "They are lovely, and so is she."

And this was not only her opinion.

"Who is the tall girl in white?"

"Who is that who has just come in? I say what a stunner!"

Dick heard these and many other exclamations as he made his way across the room toward the newcomers.

There were a few amongst the guests whom Querida had met before, and some whom she knew by sight; but the greater number were strangers to her, and her only friends there were Dick and Anthony. This latter had also moved forward when

he saw her enter. But Dick was before him; and, as soon as she had returned Lady Burke's greeting, she moved away at his side to take her place amongst the dancers.

"It is no use saying you can't dance," Anthony heard him tell her; "because I've seen you at it on 'off days' with your work-girls."

"But they dance 'half sets' and reels," she laughed, "not waltzes; or at least when they do I have to be gentleman."

"And two-steps?" asked Dick. "Don't you let them dance the two-step that I took so much trouble to teach them?"

They passed away where Anthony could no longer overhear their remarks, but he had heard enough to set him thinking. He knew that Dick and Querida were friends, but he had no idea that the former ever penetrated the precincts of the work-room, where, in reality, as a sort of inducement to attend the classes, Querida sometimes gave her girls tea, and played for them to dance and amuse themselves. Long as he had known her, Anthony had never yet dared to penetrate to this sanctum. His nature was so different from Dick's that he could not understand the other's having turned in to the work-room because, in passing by, he had happened to hear the music, and spending half an hour in teaching and then in dancing the two-step with a dozen shy, eager girls, with no thought beyond pleasing himself and them.

Anthony O'Malley had loved Querida since before either of them were grown up; but it was not until to-night, when he saw her floating round the room in Dick Burke's arms, with looks of admiration following her wherever she went, that he realized to the full all that she was to him. Two reasons had kept him from her in the past; the first was that he felt she still looked upon him as her childhood's friend, and he did not wish to disturb her peace until he had some hopes of overcoming the opposition that he knew his mother would make to their marriage.

It had, somehow, never before occurred to him that any one might come between him and Querida; and now it struck him like a blow that he had been too dilatory: he had not stretched out his hand, he had not even attempted to secure her, when he might have had a chance of success. And now had Dick, carelessly passing by, been given what was dearer to him than his own life?

Certainly as she danced she looked radiant, brighter and more animated than Anthony had ever seen her before; and when at last the music ceased, and Dick had to desert his partner to do his duty as host, she promised to keep more dances for him, and then turned in the simplest and most friendly way to Anthony and gave him the dance he asked for. Whether or not she loved Dick, Anthony recognized with a pang that for him she had nothing but the merest friendship; yet he felt that he could have won her, could have made her life fuller and more completely happy than ever Dick Burke could do. Querida was not a perfect dancer: she had had too little practice; but she was lithe and graceful, and the swing of the music carried her on.

"Isn't it lovely!" she said, as the crowd stopped them for a moment. "O Anthony, I never thought dancing could be like this!"

"No more did I," returned Anthony; but his voice was harsh, so unlike his usual way of speaking that his companion looked up at him in swift anxiety.

"What is the matter?" she asked quickly. "Shall we stop?"

"No, no!" broke in Anthony; and, seeing an opening, he swept her out into the stream of dancers again.

But for her the charm had been broken. She could not read what was written on Anthony's face, but she saw that he was troubled—he, her friend! And when the dance was over, and he led her out onto the terrace, where the moonlight was cool and white after the heat and glare of the ballroom, she repeated her question.

"What is the matter with you to-night, Anthony?" she asked. Then, trying to hide her anxiety, she added more lightly: "Or are you always like this at a dance?"

"How many dances have you promised to Dick Burke?" he asked abruptly, ignoring her question.

"Why do you ask?" she said, struggling with the queer new sensations that had come to her so suddenly.

"Is that you, Miss Querida? And you, Tony?"

Dick's voice was almost a relief to both of them; though it struck Querida even then that it, too, was changed. For a moment tears sprang to her eyes. A while ago she had thought a dance the most delightful thing on earth, where everyone was as happy as she had been; and now all of a sudden she found that two at least of her friends were anything but happy. There was a hard, unnaturally cheerful sound in Dick's voice that rang falsely in her ears as he went on:

"It's all right if it's you, old man, because you took her from me just now; so it's only tit for tat. See, Miss Querida," he continued, turning to the girl, "I have all these free still!" And he showed her a goodly number of blank spaces on his programme. "I want you to give these all to me; and, as we're not having any ceremonious going in to supper, I want you to let me take you in, and not to book yourself for any of the extras."

He took her card impetuously and scribbled down his initials; and she, unused to society's ways, and troubled by this strange new shyness toward Anthony that had suddenly come upon her, let Dick do as he wished without remonstrance.

"He has been waiting for her!" thought Anthony. "He must have kept those dances on purpose."

And he had kept them on purpose, but not for Querida. Some one else had disappointed him, had purposely disregarded him, and he was still boy enough to be glad to pay her back in her own coin.

He would give all the dances that she had refused him to some one else, and no one in the room could soothe him as Querida did. There was something peaceful about her; and, then, were they not by compact brother and sister? So he needs must see that she had plenty of dancing at her first ball. Again and again they danced together. Querida was a little afraid of the strangers who asked to be introduced to her; and Anthony had, it seemed, deserted the ballroom altogether.

Lady Burke looked round the room as the evening went on, well satisfied with all she saw. Everything was going well; everyone seemed to be enjoying himself and herself. Certainly Fanchea O'Malley was a fascinatingly bright little thing, she thought to herself, as she watched the radiant face flashing past her, first with one and then with another of a seemingly endless stream of partners; and she wondered if Dick had done his duty in asking her before devoting himself as he was doing to Querida. Perhaps he had not, and that might explain the unmistakable cloud that hung upon her mother's face. But Lady Burke's own wishes seemed too near fulfilment for her to be able to spare much thought for the disappointment of others. And as "my two," as she lovingly styled them to herself, came in sight again together, she forgot all else in gladness at what she looked upon as the success of her scheme.

(To be continued.)

The Riches of Poverty.

BY P. J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

YOU up there in your gilded hall,
 With glitter of lights
 'Mid revel of nights,
 Think you have life, love, happiness—all.
 I, down here at my cottage door,
 Would not take your gold
 Nor your gems untold
 For my babe that plays on this earthen floor.

The Abbey of Longchamp.

BY M. BARRY O'DELANY.

HOW very few people in these days associate the name of Longchamp with religion, or pause to remember that the racecourse, as it now is, was once the site of a world-famed monastery whose four foundation stones were laid by royalty; and not by royalty only, but by saints as well! And it is, indeed, difficult to realize that here—where the crack of the jockey's whip now cuts the palpitating air like a pistol shot, and where straining-necked and fleet-footed horses tear along, while the many-colored jackets of their riders flash through the vivid green of the spreading trees of the surrounding wood, and the frenzied cheers of the densely packed spectators grow louder and louder as the foremost horse nears the winning post,—convent bells once called to prayer, and grey-gowned nuns intoned the Vesper chant! Yet such are the facts, to which, however, only a few crumbling walls now bear witness.

The Bois-de-Boulogne, where Longchamp is, covers an area of 2250 acres; and is only a fragment of the old forest of Rouvray, so called from *rovertum*, the Latin for holm-oak. The village of Boulogne, which has since given its name to the beautiful park that is the pride of every true Parisian, is of little importance now; but in bygone years it was the scene of the long celebrated pilgrimage of Notre-Dame-de-Boulogne-sur-Seine. Some Parisians made a pilgrimage to Notre-Dame-de-Boulogne-sur-Mer in the reign of Philip V., surnamed "Le Long," and were filled with devout enthusiasm by all they saw and heard. Upon their return to Paris, they asked and obtained the King's permission to build a church at Memus (as Boulogne was then called), and to establish a confraternity there. This church was constructed on the model of that at Boulogne-sur-Mer, and was consecrated as Notre-Dame-de-

Boulogne-sur-Seine. Its Madonna soon became as popular as her prototype of the sea; while Menus, or Memus-le-Saint-Cloud, was rechristened in her honor, and became Boulogne—the name it bears to-day.

The Abbey of Longchamp was founded by the saintly Isabelle de France, sister of Saint Louis, King of France. "I am anxious, for my soul's sake, to do some good work," this pious princess wrote to Hémeric, then chancellor of Notre-Dame. "King Louis IX., my father, has made me a grant of 30,000 *livres paris.** Ought I to found with it a convent or a hospital?" The chancellor suggested that the princess should found a convent of nuns of the Order of Saint Clare; and the King decided that it should be established in the forest of Rouvray. He sent his own chaplain, Père Mathieu, to choose the ground. The portion of the forest eventually selected, and which then belonged to Henri de Montmartre, had an unenviable reputation. It was infested by bands of evil-doers, who went by the only too appropriate name of *coupe-gorges*, or cut-throats.

The ceremony of the laying of the first stone of the abbey church was attended with much pomp and magnificence, the King and Queen and the entire court assisting. It took place on June 10, 1256, in the presence of an immense crowd. A cross having been planted in the ground by order of the King, he proceeded to lay the first stone with his own royal hand. The second stone was laid by Queen Marguerite; the third, by Prince Louis, the heir apparent; and the fourth, by Isabelle de France herself,—for, although she was the foundress of the abbey, she refused, out of humility, to lay any but the last stone. As the stone laid by the princess sank into its place, three snow-white doves of dazzling brightness were

seen circling in the air above the spot where the royal party stood. All present were filled with admiration at the sight. No one had ever seen such beautiful birds before. They regarded them as heaven-sent. Queen Marguerite was particularly impressed by the apparition; and, taking the Princess Isabelle by the hand, she said: "I am sure that these birds which you see, my sister-in-law, are a sign that the Holy Trinity approves of your good work."

The King then addressed the assembly; and when he had finished speaking Sister Tremblay de Courcelles, who represented the superioress, knelt before his Majesty; then, rising, she thanked him with the deepest humility for his kindness and condescension. The Pope, Alexander IV., sent his blessing to the work of Isabelle de France, and expressed his warmest approbation of all the encouragement and aid it had received from her royal brother.

The Abbey was finished in 1259, and the nuns took formal possession of it on June 23, 1260. They were thirteen in number, and came from the convent of Saint Damien d'Assise, at Reims; Isabelle de Venise being their first superioress. The royal family was present when the nuns entered their new home; and the King celebrated their arrival at Longchamp by a gift of more land.

A cluster of little houses soon sprang up around the abbey, and was known as the village of Longchamp. The first of these houses was built by Isabelle de France; and she chose it as her residence in 1263, preferring its humble roof and peaceful situation, within the shadow of the abbey towers, and within sound of her beloved convent bells, to all the comforts and luxuries to which she had been accustomed in the royal palace at Vincennes. These historic houses were few in number and small in size. They were reserved for those persons who, though not much desired to model their lives, so far as it was consistent with living in the world, on the lives of the daughters of Saint Clare. Isabelle de France lived in the greater

* A *livre paris.*, or Paris pound, though of less value than the pound sterling of to-day, was, still, when it came to 30,000 *livres*—a considerable sum at its date.

poverty at Longchamp, making and mending her own clothes and those of the poor. Her food was of the coarsest description, and she invariably cooked it herself. No matter how severe the weather, she always went down to the Seine to draw with her own hands whatever water she needed for household purposes. The chronicles of the time say that her exquisite hands were all chapped and broken by the hard work to which, in her humility and love of penance, she constantly subjected them. She was revered as a saint by all who knew her, and when, on February 22, 1269, the sad news spread that she was dying, it was received with universal consternation and regret.

After the example of her mother, Queen Blanche, in her last moments Isabelle de France, when she felt her end approaching, caused herself to be laid on some straw strewn upon the ground. She then summoned her companions and bade them a touching farewell. She expired a few moments later, at the comparatively early age of forty-five. It had been her wish to take the veil, but she finally decided not to do so, fearing that, as her health was very delicate, concessions would be made for her that might lead to a relaxation in the severity of the rules of the convent. But in her little house at Longchamp she lived as penitential a life as any religious could have done; and when she lay dead the nuns mourned for her as for a beloved sister.

Saint Louis was about to set out on the journey to Palestine that was destined to be his last when he heard of his sister's death. He was overwhelmed with grief, for he had loved her tenderly, and he at once started for Longchamp. He assisted at the funeral, and stood himself at the door of the abbey church to prevent any one who was not essential to the ceremony from entering,—a precaution against the overcrowding of the church; for the people had flocked from far and near to do honor to the memory of the saintly Isabelle de France. When all was over,

he exhorted the community to resignation; and added that he was leaving in his will sixty *livres parisis* for the benefit of the abbey his dear sister had loved and served so well.

In the following year the body of Isabelle de France, dressed in the habit of the Order of Saint Francis, was placed in a shrine, and exposed in the abbey church for the veneration of the faithful. It was then covered with a robe of purple silk, richly embroidered with *fleurs-de-lis*. Afterward the shrine, which was of oak, and about six feet long and two feet wide, was put in a stone coffin, and laid beneath a tombstone. It stood in the choir, and was raised a foot and a half above the ground. An effigy of the princess, taken from life, surmounted the whole, and the words, *In pace factus; est locus ejus*, were sculptured round it. Numerous miracles were worked at this tomb, and it was the object of pious pilgrimages for centuries. In 1637, Pope Urban VIII. allowed the body to be taken from the tomb, and again exposed to the veneration of the faithful.

The Abbey of Longchamp was of vast extent, but rather long than lofty. The church was built in the Gothic style, and was constructed entirely from stones taken from the quarries of Chaillot. It had a great many fine pictures, some of which were painted by the foremost artists of the day.

When, in 1360, Edward III. of England and his troops occupied Chatillon and Montrouge, the nuns of Longchamp fled to Paris, terrified by the accounts that reached them of the outrages perpetrated by the English soldiers. The depredations committed by the notorious Robert Knolles—*ce grand routier*, as the gallant Du Guesclin called him—filled them with particular dismay. When Joan of Arc appeared, and while the King of France was vacillating at Saint Denis, and all the night of England was mustered against one weak girl, the nuns of Longchamp fled again to Paris; for the lonely situation of the abbey left it at the mercy

of the invaders. During their absence it was much injured.

The Abbey of Longchamp depended for its internal government upon the Pope alone, the King of France having no voice whatever in matters of the kind. Thus when, in 1674, Louis XIV. wished that Claude Isabelle d'Aubusson should be elected abbess of Longchamp, he was opposed by the entire community. The King persisted, and the matter was referred to Rome. The Pontiff, Innocent II., sided with the nuns, and the King was obliged to yield.

In 1425 the celebrated Franciscan, Richard, who had just returned from the Holy Land, preached at Longchamp on the feast of Saint Mark. An immense crowd assisted, and so deeply were the people of Paris affected by the sermon that, upon returning to the city, that same evening they burned, in the public streets, their gaming tables, billiards, cards, dice, and various articles of luxury.

The best music in France was heard at the abbey; and, especially on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of Holy Week, vast crowds came to listen to it. The chanting of *Tenebræ* was particularly beautiful. It often happened that the church doors could not be closed, owing to the crowd that blocked the way. Those who could not get into the sacred edifice, listened to the music from outside. A long line of carriages extended from the church doors to the road that led from Paris to Longchamp, and was the origin of the famous Promenade de Longchamp, in which the most fashionable ladies in France took part.

The admission of the laity to lodge in the convent, as well as other gradual relaxations in the rule beloved by the saintly Isabelle de France, led eventually to many abuses. At the outbreak of the Revolution the abbey was demolished. The only vestige that now remains of the celebrated Abbey de Longchamp is a clump of ruins, so small and unimportant that the average visitor would probably overlook it, if it were not pointed out.

Lilies of Memory.

BY M. J. KEHOE.

"ARE you going to the Rosary this evening, girleen?"

"Yes, mother dear, — at least I was thinking of it; but, somehow, you don't seem too well. Shall I stay and say it here with you?"

"No, love! Go to church. I am sorry I can not go with you."

"You will soon be able to come again, — Dr. Jacob says so. There now! I am putting my own little stool under your feet and my pillow at the back of your head. It is too dark to sew or embroider any more, and too early to light our lamp. Rest until I return, darling!"

"Yes, child, I will."

The girl bent and kissed the pale, tired face resting among the pillows; and, with a last loving injunction—"Do not bother about anything until I come back,"—went out and closed the door softly behind her.

They lived in the top of the house, four floors up. Betty stood on the landing and sighed,—a long, tired sigh.

"Pardon me! But I just knocked on this door twice, and I was awaiting an answer," the voice of a stranger, whom she had not observed, said quietly.

"We did not hear your knock. Pray excuse us," Betty apologized gravely. "My mother is ill, and we are not accustomed to callers."

"H'm! My name is Beck, — George Beck. I am a kind of relation of your mother's, Miss, — or, rather, let me say your mother was married to a relation of mine."

"My mother's name is Henderson."

"Exactly. She married John Henderson, of Highlow. How is it, may I ask, that you are living four flights up?"

Betty smiled. The landing was very dusky, but not dusky enough to hide the smile. The stranger saw it.

"We can not afford to live any lower down," she explained simply. "Perhaps you will be kind enough to call on mother to-morrow, Mr. Beck?"

"I am sorry I can not call to-morrow. I am going out of town to-night. But I will come in a month or six weeks, as I have a proposal to lay before your mother."

Betty bowed gravely.

"Mother will be pleased to see you," she returned politely. "I hope she may be able to accept your proposal."

"Thank you,—thank you! May I inquire your name?"

"Elizabeth," the girl replied quietly; "but I am generally called Betty."

"Ah! Well, Miss Betty, I must be going. I have to meet a gentleman on business at seven. Here is my card. Please hand it to your mother."

He lifted his hat and went down the stairway.

The last bell was ringing when Betty entered the Church of St. Monica. She had scarcely time to get to her place and bring her thoughts back to her surroundings, when Father Maguire came out from the vestry and began the Rosary.

Mary Henderson meantime lay back in her armchair, and, crossing herself devoutly, took a quaint old ivory and silver Rosary from her pocket. She was a woman with whom life had dealt rather harshly; but all its wear and tear had not taken the sympathy from her heart, the sweetness from her face, or the kindly smile from her lips. Early in life she had married a young country doctor and followed his fortunes to the city, where after a few years he had died, leaving her and her little Betty with the small sum of ninety-five pounds a year to live upon. Mrs. Henderson was disinherited by her family when she married young Henderson. He was a "son of the soil,"—or, in other words, the son of John Henderson, of Highlow. She was Mary Hamelton, a daughter of Sir Rodger Hamelton, of the Hall. Still, her marriage was a very happy

one, and truly and sincerely she had mourned her loss.

Her first letter to her father, after her husband's death, was left unanswered, and she had never repeated the experiment of writing another. She took up the burden of life bravely, and lived on her small income as best she could, devoting all her time and care to the education of her little girl. And Betty had fully repaid all her love and solicitude.

To-night, as the tired woman took up her Rosary, memories of other days came stealing down along the years,—memories of her youth and her mother; for the old ivory Rosary once belonged to Lady Hamelton, and was given to little Mary when she first learned to say the Rosary at her mother's knee. Now, as she lovingly drew the polished beads through her fingers, and looked out at a tiny star twinkling over the housetops, she wondered if, beyond the stars, she would see that mother's face again.

"Ay, Missy, those are the homes of the angels,—those big bells of Our Lady's lilies. Sure, alanna, you might easy know the smell of Paradise is off them; and they're as white as snow, to show God's angels never stop any place but in a house pure and sweet, with no spot or stain at all. We're all to be like those lilies when we reach the Kingdom of Heaven,—as white and as pure and as sweet, in the eyes of God and His Blessed Mother. Don't pull any more of them, avourneen; for the mistress wants them for the altars to-morrow."

The listener bent a branch of the fragrant blossoms toward her (there was quite a hedge of them growing against the old red brick wall of the court gardens), and peeped inquiringly into one of the deep white blossoms.

"Where are the angels, Marjorie?" she asked. "I don't see a single one."

"You can't see them, alanna! 'Tisn't given to us to be looking at the beauty of the inhabitants of Paradise. But they're

there, deep in the lily bells. Keep yourself as good and sweet and wholesome as the lilies, Missy; and your angel will leave his home in the flowers and dwell in your heart. And when you get to heaven he will show you to the Blessed Mother and say: 'Here, O Mother of God, is a lily that grew down on earth, in a little place called Highlow; and she's as sweet and pure and fragrant as the lilies of heaven. As she loved you so much there, keep her close to you forever now.'

"And then, Marjorie? Then? Go on, please! What will the Blessed Mother say, Marjorie?"

"What will she say, avourneen? Sure she'll say: 'Welcome home, my precious one!' And she'll take your hand in hers, and lead you up and down the paths of Paradise. And you will hear birds singing sweeter than the thrushes; and butterflies will be flying with golden wings; and flowers will be springing up in the pathways to kiss the Virgin Mother's feet as she passes; and the winds will be full of sweetness as they go by, and filled with music like the music your mother makes on the harp; and you will be as happy—as happy—"

The old woman paused and viewed a figure coming up the lily walk,—a tall sturdy boy, with reddish hair and kindly blue eyes.

"What's the matter, George dear?" Dame Marjorie asked gravely. "You're not allowed to come into the mistress' garden, and well you know it."

"I know, mother,—yes, I know. But William wants you. He—he has had a fall."

"A fall! How a fall, child?"

"A fall from a horse he was training. He is very bad. They're afraid he's dying."

"O Blessed Mother, have pity on us! Take me to him at once!"

Mary Henderson, with a start, comes back to the present, and smiles a little sadly to find she has been "daydreaming" in that old garden of her childhood, and

that the lilies of memory are as fragrant as they were in those dead-and-gone days. Perhaps Betty's flowers are accountable. She looks up with a smile, to see them gleaming through the dusk.

"Are you asleep, mother?"

"No, love! I have just finished my Rosary. And I have been daydreaming, or star-gazing, or something."

She turned with outstretched hand to clasp the loving one held toward her, and looked up with tender eyes to the young face bent over her.

"Did you have a pleasant walk? Is the night fine?"

"Beautiful. I have had an adventure."

"An adventure? A pleasant one, I hope?"

"A friend to see you. He is coming again in six weeks' time, as he had to leave town to-night. He spoke of a proposal he had to make to you. His name is Beck;—George Beck."

Mrs. Henderson looked surprised and a little puzzled.

"Can you describe his appearance, child?"

"Tall, slight, with white hair."

"Ah! I wonder if he could be any relation of old Marjorie's?"

"Marjorie! Who is she, mother?"

"The old nurse of my childhood, dearest! She had two sons—William and George. One was killed by a fall from a horse; the other emigrated to America."

"It must be the emigrant. He is coming in six weeks, whoever he is,—quite a nice man. Now I will light the lamp and finish that piece of embroidery. Your dear eyes are tired of it, and—"

"No, child! I will finish it to-morrow."

"Indeed no, mother darling! I am tired of the books, and I want a change of employment. You can read aloud, if you are not too weary."

She flitted about, chattering brightly; and at length seated herself near the brilliant lamp, with her mother's work-basket and the disputed embroidery.

was an altar cover of white lilies on a dark crimson ground,—an order Mrs. Henderson was finishing for a big establishment in the city. So, in a four-story room, made pleasant and homelike by their own taste and skilfulness, these two ladies, belonging to an old and honored family, made the best of my Lady Poverty and her surroundings.

It was a May morning, nearly six weeks later, when Mrs. Henderson's caller put in an appearance. The sun was trying to make his way into the small sitting-room, and driving a lark, imprisoned in a cage in a window across the way, nearly wild with longing for the blue skies and fresh air of his young larkhood.

And Mrs. Henderson's thoughts were in keeping with those of the little bird; for once more she stood on a sunny upland, drinking in deep draughts of scented hawthorn air, and listening to the cuckoos calling in the woods of her old home.

She turned with a little start to bid her visitor enter; and, with a smile, went a step forward to meet him.

"You do not remember me, Madam," he said gravely. "Let me reveal my identity. I am George Beck, son of old Marjorie, as she was called, who once filled the post of nurse and housekeeper at the Hall."

Mrs. Henderson's face became very grave and wistful.

"I remember you now," she said politely. "You went away early in life to America."

"Yes, Madam. I have been absent thirty-five years. You may not be aware of it, but I claim relationship with John Henderson, of Highlow."

"I am aware of it," she answered. "My husband often spoke of you and of your brother William. I hope fortune has treated you well, Mr. Beck?"

"Better than I deserve, Madam,—better than I deserve. I am a fortunate man, so far as the goods of this world go. But," he added, looking at her with eyes full of

sympathy, "you will pardon me if I remark that the jade seems to have turned her wheel the wrong way for many since I was last in this country."

"For me, yes" (smiling faintly). "Yet life has held compensations. I have my daughter. But will you not be seated? It was a long climb up to our attic."

He thanked her, and took the chair she indicated.

"I am a business man, Madam," he went on quietly. "It is in order to arrange a business matter that I intrude on your privacy this morning. I returned to this country in the hope of securing a property advertised for sale in the home papers. That property is Hamelton Hall. I have purchased it."

"I did not know the old place was for sale," she answered, a little surprised. "I lost touch with my people when I married. My father—" (she paused, with a sad smile),—"my father is dead."

He bowed gravely.

"Yes. Mrs. Hamelton, his second wife, preferred life in other countries; so Hamelton Hall is now in my possession."

"I hope you may live to enjoy it for many years. I am sure it could not be in better hands," she answered sweetly. "Are you coming to reside there?"

"Oh, no! My wife and I prefer the other side. But my son—he is a young man, and is travelling at present. His heart and soul are in this old country. He wishes to become a landowner,—to settle down at home. I thought Hamelton Hall would suit. It was my ideal of all that's beautiful when I was a young chap; and so—"

He paused, looked at her gravely, and then resumed:

"The place is falling into decay. It wants opening up,—airing, fires; in fact, it wants living in. I thought that perhaps you and Miss Betty would—would come back—well, that you would reside there, oversee things for my son until he wishes to settle down in the old homestead. I will pay you five hundred a year for doing so. All I ask is that you will receive my

boy when he comes over,—receive him as a friend, and make him feel at home.”

“But, Mr. Beck—”

“I know, Madam, — I know! It is certainly a presumptuous request from a man of my standing; but, under the circumstances—” •

“It is not that, believe me. Your offer is too liberal. How could I ever accept it?”

“It is not that you object to receive my boy, then?”

“Why should I object? Why should I not receive him? It is the money. Ah, you do not know what returning home would mean to Betty and me!” (She flushed and paled by turns.) “It would be delightful—only for the money. I could not accept the money.”

“My dear Madam, this is purely a business transaction. I could not ask you to undertake the post of overseer for nothing. A lady in the old place means everything to my son. If it is only the money—” he paused inquiringly, looking at her keenly.

“It is only that, Mr. Beck.”

“Then, Madam, confer a favor on—may I say an old acquaintance? Act hostess for my son. I think you will like him; for, although he *is* my son, I can say he is a nice fellow. When he comes—”

“When he comes, Mr. Beck, Betty and I will welcome him. And, even for a few months, the change down to Highlow, to the Hall—”

She flushed, then turned away, but not before Mr. Beck saw her eyes full of tears.

“When may I have the pleasure of conducting you to Highlow? I want to see you settled in the old place before I leave for the other side. May I say the fourteenth of the month? I have an engagement down there on that date.”

“We shall be ready then, Mr. Beck,” Mrs. Henderson said happily.

A year later, one summer night, when the moths droned musically over the sleeping flowers, and a golden moon threw shadows from the pear trees on the lilies

of “Our Lady’s garden,” a young man and a maid paced the moss-grown paths together.

“It has been such a happy year!” the girl exclaimed softly,—“the happiest I have ever had. I love this old garden and the flowers,—all for Our Lady’s altar. Just fancy! These are the very lilies that bloomed here when mother was a child,—the lilies she looked to find the angels hid in. What a beautiful idea! And it was taught her by Marjorie, your dear, saintly old grandmother.”

“Beautiful indeed! There is one angel I know who hides herself pretty often, where I can not find her. She is a very human angel, though; and her name is Betty.”

Anything but Exact.

THERE was, no doubt, considerable reason for the demonstrations of approval which greeted the declaration of the Anglican Bishop Ingram: “Why am I not a Roman Catholic? Because, thank God, I am an English Catholic!” We can quite understand that the non-Catholics of Montreal should recognize therein an occasion for relieving their minds of some excusable exasperation. At the same time, however, the Bishop’s statement was anything but exact. With all proper respect for that English dignitary, he is *not* an English Catholic. The English language, nowadays, is not the exclusive possession of the British Isles or even the British Empire; and no man is competent to restrict the meaning of an English term or phrase to a purely technical signification when that term or phrase enjoys a world-wide acceptance in another and quite different signification. An “English Catholic” means, the world over—even in the current use of London and Montreal,—a native or naturalized Englishman who in religious matters professes the faith and obeys the spiritual mandates of the Sovereign Pontiff. Archbishop Bourne or Father Vaughan, or the English Labor

representative who won the admiration of his hearers at one of the sessions of the late Eucharistic Congress, is an English Catholic; Bishop Ingram, despite his protestations to the contrary, is — and from Melbourne to Calcutta, from Dover to San Francisco, is recognized as being — an English Protestant.

Apropos of this matter of religious names, or names of religions, we notice in the *Bombay Examiner* that some correspondents have been telling the reverend editor, that in the preliminary drafting of forms for the next year's census Catholics are to be put down as "Romans." In the course of a lengthy comment thereon, Father Hull says:

Our traditional designation—universal in the early and Middle Ages and down to the Reformation—was purely and simply "members of the Catholic Church"; or, simpler still, "Catholics." And this is our proper designation now. We do not even accept as correct the term "Roman Catholics." This name is in vogue only among our Catholic soldiers and others, who are constantly seeing themselves designated "Roman Catholics" in the army orders, and hearing themselves called thus by their officers and non-Catholic comrades. In other words, "Roman Catholics" is a purely Protestant invention, foisted on us gradually by an outside majority, and never adopted domestically among ourselves. Nevertheless, since the name has got fixed in the public mind, and is invariably used in government papers, we are obliged to recognize it and answer to it, and (at least in official dealings) to make use of it ourselves. And so no objection is raised to the continuance of that name. Only, having consented thus to be dubbed by a name otherwise unknown to us, and unused by us, please do not trade on our good nature, by labelling us with a name which no one in the world ever heard of or made use of down to now.

And also, please, do not dub yourselves by a name, "Catholics," the universally recognized copyright of which belongs to the members, not of the "Church of England as by law established," or of the "American Episcopal Church," but of "the one, holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church," whose central See is Rome, whose supreme head on earth is Pius X., and whose existence is world-wide.

Notes and Remarks.

The only person we know of that has sad memories of the Eucharistic Congress in Montreal is Bishop Sellew, of the Free Methodist Church. In an address delivered in Pittsburg on the 22d inst., he said: "My heart is greatly grieved at spiritual conditions as they exist generally in the world. I am not at all optimistic. I have tried to be, but I can not be. The spirit of Protestantism in the United States is in decay. At the Catholic Eucharistic Conference held recently in Montreal, 300,000 persons slept out of doors. Mrs. Sellew and I despaired of securing a bed, but finally succeeded in finding one. Protestantism is dying out and will soon be a thing of the past."

If Brother Sellew were more broad-minded, he would nevertheless rejoice that Catholicity, on the other hand, is very much alive. This conviction must have been forced upon him, if he was present in Fletcher's Field when 100,000 people prostrated themselves in adoration before the Eucharistic God. Protestantism is only three hundred years old, yet a representative Protestant declares it to be dying; and the Old Church, whose end has so often been prophesied, lives on in undiminished vigor. There must be a reason for this. We urge Brother Sellew to try to find out what it is by diligently searching the Scriptures and humbly invoking the Father of Lights.

The following paragraph, from the *Examiner* (Bombay), apropos of affairs in Spain, is a succinct summary of the journalistic views with which we are all too familiar. Before the newborn Portuguese Republic celebrates its first anniversary (should it survive twelve months), we are likely to be served with a new edition of just such arrogant assumptions:

The papers are at present full of the kind of journalism which is typical wherever a difference has risen between a civil government

and the Holy See. The accepted axioms of the subject seem to be as follows: (1) that the government is sure to be right, and the Vatican sure to be wrong on all points at issue; (2) that the Pope's motive is always to maintain the temporal power of the Church against a State determined to emancipate itself from the clerical yoke; (3) that the Pope's claims are "pretensions," while the government's claims are "rights" and "liberties"; (4) that the clergy and religious Orders are an incubus on the commonwealth; (5) that it is a movement in the right direction to harrass or expel them; (6) that the Papal policy resisting such movements is intransigent, ultramontane, medieval and retrograde.

Judging from a letter of an experienced grade teacher in one of the public schools of New York, addressed to the *Sun* of that city, English composition is the *bête noire* of American schoolboys, probably on account of their having so many other studies which demand less expenditure of time. Yet nothing could be of greater importance to them than a practical knowledge of their own language. In other countries, Germany in particular, this is considered the central point of all the elementary teaching in public schools of every grade. "Why do you send your son to a *Volksschule*?" was asked of a professor in one of the best known German universities. He replied: "Because I wish him to know and to love the language and literature of his own country thoroughly before he studies anything else." With us everything else seems to have precedence. The New York teacher's letter concludes with these despondent words: "The system is 'rotten,' the fads legion, the classes over-crowded, the pay miserable, the responsibility of learning lifted wholly from the shoulders of the children,—and there you are!"

A correspondent of the London *Tablet*, who was in Milan for the celebration of the tercentenary of St. Charles Borromeo, declares that the behavior of the people of the Lombard capital on that occasion gave no support to the charge so often

repeated that irreligion and unbelief are spreading on all sides in Italy. "The many thousands who crowded the Duomo," he writes, "gave every sign of deep faith and of a piety that was often enthusiastic—witness the congregational singing at Benediction and the *Te Deum*,—and they were made up of every social class. Another feature particularly struck me, both in Milan and in the neighboring districts. Nowhere else have I seen such extraordinary respect for a bishop, even though quite unknown, and such eagerness to obtain his blessing. We were also much edified by the state of religion in some of the districts around the Lombard capital. We visited, for instance, one large manufacturing village of perhaps five thousand inhabitants, all being factory hands, where the five-o'clock Mass in the large handsome church is crowded every morning, and where the average of daily Communions is no less than three hundred."

If there is any truth whatever in the assertion of physicians that adulterated confectionery is quite as injurious to children as adulterated liquor to their elders, it is plain that food inspectors should keep a sharp eye on the "candy men." Immense quantities of all kinds of confectionery are consumed by children in this country. It must supply some need of their system, or there would not be such a craving for it. The average child, as everyone knows, is never quite so contented as when supplied with "a box o' candy." And yet we are told that the sugar used in the manufacture of a large percentage of the confectionery sold everywhere is nothing else but concentrated crystallized acid. The injury to the teeth, the stomach, and other organs resulting from the consumption of such stuff is probably greater than is generally realized. A little water in the milk, a slight admixture of something foreign with the flour, butter, etc., may be borne with, but crystallized acid and white clay in

lieu of confectionery calls for vigorous protest. Any merchant knowingly offering such a concoction for sale deserves to be beaten with many stripes.

No doubt there are some "candy men," as the children call them, who put the best and purest materials into their confections. Such a public benefactor, as he well deserved to be called on this score alone, was the late Mr. John S. Huyler. He held that the very best confectionery was the only kind to give to children; and that was the only kind he made. A Catholic friend of this millionaire merchant sums up a eulogy of his integrity, generosity, etc., by declaring that he was "as good as his candy."

Those who are troubled by the doubts which recent criticism has cast on the authorship of the books of the New Testament may derive consolation, says the *Athenæum*, from a most erudite work entitled "Einleitung in das Neue Testament," by Prof. C. R. Gregory, one of the most distinguished of contemporary Biblical scholars. He will not allow that the First Epistle of Peter and that of James were written by any one but the Apostles to whom they are attributed by tradition, or that the Pastoral Epistles are not the work of St. Paul; and he maintains that the Fourth Gospel had St. John for its author. Another of Prof. Gregory's contentions is that none of the Apostles was illiterate.

Even the *Chicago Israelite* is constrained to admit that the Mayor of Rome was ill-advised in his recent "September-twentieth" utterances. Its editor declares:

Thoughtful Jews all over the world will regret the controversy between the Pope and the Mayor of Rome, Signor Ernest Nathan. The attitude of the Mayor will cause them sincere grief, and may occasion serious trouble. While it is not advisable to pass judgment on any newspaper report before details are known, this much may be taken as certain: Signor Nathan went out of his way when he criticised recent enunciations of the Pope on internal Church matters, for which there would be no

justification, even if Nathan were a Roman Catholic. A municipal officer, like any other public man, must refrain from meddling with internal ecclesiastic affairs, unless they directly affect general political questions. In this case nothing of the kind is evident. . . . The attitude of Signor Nathan is also very unwise. As a Liberal, he ought to know the futility of public officers meddling with internal Church affairs as Bismarck did in his Kulturkampf; and as a Jew he ought to know how indelicate it was on his part to make himself the spokesman of anti-clerical sentiments. . . . It would be a very advisable step, if the whole Jewish press should protest against the tactless utterances of the Mayor of Rome.

While we have no particular fondness for the Jewish activities most prominently before the world at present, we do not mind avowing our conviction that it was Nathan the Freemason rather than Nathan the Jew whose unqualifiable insults lately provoked the indignation of the Holy Father. And, yet, perhaps Jew and Freemason—in Europe at least—are fast becoming synonymous terms.

From no sensational yellow journal with a fondness for hysterical denunciation of real or alleged wrongs, but from the eminently sane and conservative *Catholic Standard and Times* of Philadelphia, we borrow this strong editorial utterance:

We have refrained until now from giving vent to the feeling of horror which pervaded the breast of every Catholic who read of the consignment of the corpse of a beloved priest, one of God's holy anointed, to the waves of the ocean, because of a feeling that no opinion ought to be formed until all the facts of the case were laid bare. Now that we are in possession of them, it is impossible to stifle the indignation that everyone ought to feel at the absence of such accommodations on board a large ocean steamer as would obviate the necessity of resort to so inhuman and unchristian a mode of disposing of mortal remains. So far as we can see, no attempt was made to save the feelings of relatives or the priest's parishioners and friends from so dreadful a shock; and we think some steps ought to be taken to make the Anchor Line people aware of Catholic sentiment over the gruesome business. Can it be possible that no arrangements are made to provide against such terrible contingencies on board those huge floating hotels, as they may properly be called? If

that be the case in reality, then the sooner the amazing oversight is remedied the better. As to this most mournful case itself, there does not appear to have been one palliating circumstance for the disrespectful treatment accorded the remains of a pastor who was the especial pride of his own people and one of the most devoted of God's servants on earth. We take leave to express our disbelief that had it been a Protestant clergyman who died under similar circumstances, the remonstrances of his relatives and friends would not have saved his remains from so cavalier a treatment.

We have merely to add to the foregoing that the facilities for embalming corpses are nowadays so common, and comparatively so inexpensive, that failure to find them on an ocean steamer is an excellent reason for patronizing some other line than that which owns the steamer, thus inadequately equipped. Some ocean liners provide altars for the use of our priests; all of them should at least be able to preserve a body incorrupt for the few days that remain before landing.

A life of singular fidelity to every religious and civic duty and a precious death widely and deeply mourned, more especially by the poor, were those of the venerable Peter A. Cassidy, of Albany, N. Y. He was the sort of man that people "swear by," so high were his principles, so irreproachable was his conduct. Though honored as a model citizen and venerated as a soldier of the Mexican War, who was in the same company with General Grant, his unwearied devotion to the unfortunate constituted Mr. Cassidy's special claim to distinction. For half a century he was an active member of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, devoting his time as well as his means to its charitable works. One who knew him well tells us that he was often seen late at night carrying provisions to poverty-stricken families. Only in heaven is it known how many desolate homes were cheered by the visits of this Good Samaritan. "There is no record of his charities," writes the editor of one of the Albany papers. "His work was done

by stealth. When he could hide his good acts they were hidden. When he was questioned about them, he was silent. For the faults and frailties of humanity he quoted the Gospel: 'Let him who is without sin cast the first stone.' His charity was universal. Peter Cassidy was a just man." Peace to his noble soul!

A little more than half a century ago Archbishop Hughes began, in the green fields far beyond what were then the northern limits of New York city, the erection of the greatest cathedral in the United States. Last week the completely finished and debt-free temple, St. Patrick's, was consecrated, its site having become in the intervening years the very heart of the great metropolis. The ceremony, as was eminently fitting, was a solemn one, its inherent grandeur being enhanced by the presence and participation of no fewer than three Cardinals—their Eminences Vannutelli, Logue, and Gibbons,—scores of bishops and hundreds of priests. Synchronizing with this auspicious event in the history of the Church in this country was the celebration of the centenary of America's first Prince of the Church, Cardinal McCloskey.

We agree with the correspondent who has sent us the following paragraph, clipped some time ago from one of the London dailies, that, in these days of general graft, such an item merits the widest possible circulation:

On behalf of a man who twenty years ago stole a quantity of books and umbrellas from a Manchester institution, a priest in the West of Ireland has sent £5, 5s. to the officials. The priest stated that, after the man had removed from Manchester to Ireland, he began to save all his spare pence; and when he had expressed his penitence and shown a practical desire to make restitution, the writer supplemented his savings to the value of the stolen property. The letter added that the penitent stated that the purloined articles were invariably pawned for food.

Could honesty go further?



No Flower so Fair.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

"**N**OW pure they are! What sweetness breathes
Between the greenness of their sheathes,
Hiding in some secluded place
The beauty of each tiny-face!
I do not think that anywhere
There is another flower so fair.

"I found these nestling in the grass,
Where busy footsteps seldom pass,—
By that old house, where long ago
They say a poet lived, you know.
Perhaps he planted them one day,
And left them to their own wild way."

"Where shall we place them, love?" I said.
Quickly she raised her golden head:

"I think they will be far more sweet
If left to bloom at Mary's feet,
They are so like her. Mamma dear,
Where could we leave our pets but here?"

A Nautical Adventure.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

I.

I DO not think that there could be a pair of boys who had a more care-free existence, happier homes, or more indulgent parents, than the two heroes of this little tale—Edward Rock and Clinton Fielding. They were neighbors and inseparable friends. Their home was in a New England town, bordering on the Atlantic Ocean.

Edward was the elder of the two, and the leader in all their games, sports, and adventures. In spite of the opportunities for enjoyment which they possessed, they were not happy unless some adventure out of the ordinary was either contemplated or in progress. And they had in

common one very strong desire, at which their parents laughed most unsympathetically whenever it was mentioned.

Because of this they had concealed it more and more in the depths of their own bosoms, longing and hoping for the time when they could put it into execution. They wanted to be sailors, these two inexperienced and impressionable lads; the sea appealed to them persistently and most persuasively. And when one had a real calling for a thing, it was right and proper to follow it. So reasoned the two friends, quoting their respective fathers as authority for the assertion; though, in reality, they thought their fathers were not consistent when it came to agreeing with the desire and fostering the maritime ambition of their sons.

Their home town had once been a great commercial centre, but the growth of railroads had left it far in the background. The two boys enjoyed nothing half so well as spending their leisure hours at the foot of some old wharf, watching the waves lap against the decaying piles; perhaps listening to the yarn of a retired sloop captain or whaler, whose reminiscences were calculated to increase their romantic admiration for the sea and those who go down thereto in ships.

There was in particular one old man, called Caleb House, who had followed the sea until long after he was sixty, and who was still, at eighty-five, able to read without glasses and to walk without a cane. He was an Englishman, but after many voyages had chosen the United States as his home. He was small and slight, and, from long familiarity with the sea, rolled terribly in his walk, almost suggesting one of the toy mandarins of which children are so fond. The homes of the boys stood on the hillside overlooking the bay; old Caleb lived in a little

cottage at the foot of the hill; and whenever they saw him issuing forth, they generally hastened to accompany him to the quay, or to pay him an afternoon visit as he sat sunning himself on the garden bench before his own front door. An old woman, the widow of a former seafaring companion, kept house for Caleb.

The parents of the two boys were never afraid to have them in the company of Caleb, who had a reputation for honesty, clean speech, sobriety, and even piety—for he was a good Catholic. He had a smooth-cheeked, ruddy face, and long white hair, which since his retirement he had allowed to grow, in order to shield his neck from the wind, being subject to a slight neuralgia in the back of his head.

One afternoon, after school had been dismissed, the two friends were playing in the Fieldings' garden.

"There goes Caleb!" said Edward. "Let's go and have a chat with him."

"All right!" replied Clinton.

They threw down the balls they had been using; then, instead of taking the road, they scampered down the hill, meeting Caleb just as he was turning toward the water.

"Well, boys," he said, "isn't this a fine day?"

"Splendid!" answered Clinton. "Lovely for a sail, wouldn't it be, Caleb?"

"Yes, if the sailboats weren't all out."

"Where are they, Caleb?"

"Why, don't you know? There's a school-ship at anchor out yonder, and the fellows have all gone out to see it."

"What's a school-ship?" asked Edward.

"A ship where they train boys for the navy."

"I thought Annapolis was the place they did that," said Edward.

"Them's the officers," rejoined the old man. "You've got to be appointed by your Congressman or by some influential government friend for Annapolis, and then take an examination. If you fail, you've got to wait till you can get another appointment—and maybe you can't never

get it. And you'll have to take the examination over again. But if you don't fail, after four years, if you've kept up with your class, you graduate with the rank of 'middie.' And so by degrees you creep up and up till maybe you end by being an admiral. But these here fellers on the school-ship, they just enlist like the privates in the army. See?"

"I'd much rather do that than go to Annapolis," said Edward. "Think of the jolly life at sea!"

"Yes, it has some advantages," observed Caleb, musingly. "But it ain't none so easy as you think. And there's some pretty hard cases on them there school-ships,—boys that won't behave at home, and their parents get them put to sea; and some homeless boys that don't know what else to do; and some foolish little fellers that run away and think they're going to have a jolly time."

"How old must they be?" said Edward.

"Sixteen, I think."

"But if they're tall?"

"I don't believe that makes any difference," answered Caleb, who did not see the drift of Edward's question. "Queer you didn't notice that steamer," he said as they approached the quay.

"We did, but we thought it was a regular liner with a broken propeller, or something."

"I wasn't never on a steamer—that is, to travel—but once," continued Caleb; "and that was when I come from Sydney, New South Wales, to Hull, on my last voyage. I got a fine berth. I'd saved the captain from drowning once, and he brought me along free. Steamers were scarce in my young days."

They had reached the quay, and the trio sat down on one of the benches.

"Queer," Caleb went on, "I never could get used to believing that ships didn't need canvas. What a change!—what a change!" he murmured, shaking his head.

"Maybe it's better that way," replied Edward. "It must be, or they wouldn't have them. But Clinton and I are like

you, Caleb: we prefer sailing-vessels. I think they're the prettiest, don't you?"

"A thousand times!" answered the old man; "a hundred thousand times! Fancy the masts being used only as supports for derricks and hoists! Pretty soon they'll abandon them altogether. And look at them immense, heavy chain cables! When I was first at sea they had only hempen anchor ropes. They tell me the best man on a modern barque is the steam winch. When I was a-sailing we all had to—

Hang on and heave together, boys,
Hang on and heave together.
There's nothing like a jolly crowd
In fair or stormy weather!"

Caleb sang in so feeble and cracked a voice that the boys could scarcely forbear a smile.

"Seems to me, boys," he resumed, "there's just as many shipwrecks as usual, spite of them improvements. Strange that in all my travels I wasn't never shipwrecked. The boys used to like to ship with me,—said I was lucky."

"Yes; you've been everywhere, haven't you, Caleb?" asked Clinton, admiringly.

"Pretty near, except in Northern Seas. I've been in China and India more times than I can count; the East Indies and the West, and along the whole Pacific coast."

"Caleb," said Edward, "do they allow people on board that ship?"

"Didn't I tell you the whole fleet of sailing and fishing boats had gone out to view them?" answered the old man.

"Maybe we can go on board to-morrow?" said Clinton.

"She's going to leave at dawn, at high tide," rejoined Caleb. "But she'll be down this way again in two or three months, they tell me, on her voyage to the Floridy coast."

When the two boys returned home that evening, their minds were full of the training ship. The goal they had so long desired was almost within their grasp, yet they were powerless. But, in two months, what might not be done? As Edward said, the chances, however, were that their

parents would not for a moment entertain the idea of allowing them to enlist on the training ship, for three very good reasons: they did not wish them to be sailors; they would not approve of their associations, if it were true, as Caleb had said, that many of the boys were 'hard cases'; and the third and insurmountable reason was that they were both too young, having just passed twelve.

But for several weeks after the boys, rising surreptitiously from their beds in the middle of the night, stole over in the darkness to wait for the dawn and the departure of the ship; they thought, spoke and read hardly anything but what pertained to the navy and the training ships of their native country, procuring books from the Circulating Library.

If their parents had not been so indulgent, their folly could scarcely have gone so far as it did. From nautical books, the boys passed to stories of adventure by land and sea; and before the two months had expired they had formed a plan which, they firmly believed, was to shape the course of their future lives.

Convinced that they were formed by nature and designed by Providence for a seafaring life, they resolved to take their fate and their future into their own hands, fully persuaded that the course of events would prove to their parents they had chosen well and wisely.

Vacation had arrived. The long summer days were filled with projects and hopes which the boys felt assured were soon to be accomplished. One morning Clinton came running over to the Fieldings. He found Edward in the garden.

"Ed!" he called out excitedly. "The *Minotaur* has come!"

"What is that?" inquired his friend.

"The school-ship. Caleb told me just now that is the name of it. They'll be here only till to-morrow. They came for provisions. The little boats have begun to run back and forward already. What shall we do?"

"Do? Just what we said," responded Edward. "Come along down."

But Clinton hesitated. Now that the decisive moment was approaching, his courage began to fail. He looked around the pleasant garden; then at his own, green and fragrant in the early morning coolness; presently suffering his gaze to wander to the waters of the bay, broad and blue, beyond which lay the ocean, boundless, fathomless, treacherous, and unknown. At least so it appeared to the untravelled, inexperienced boy. And at the same moment he fully realized that he and his companion were about to commit an act of disobedience and inflict pain and anxiety upon their kind and indulgent parents.

But Edward had not yet arrived at this stage; he thought only of the wonderful scheme they were about to put into execution. Taking his friend by the arm, he dragged him down the steep hill, and along the narrow streets till they came to the water-side. Yes, there she was, the beautiful ship, placidly at anchor,—the ship upon which to-morrow they were to sail away into the great wide world!

Lying not far from the quay, under a pile of tarpaulins, was the small row-boat by means of which they proposed to reach her. It had belonged to a young man who died in the spring; and it was now, with the tarpaulins, for sale. Caleb House had been appointed to take charge of it; and one day, while the boys were preparing their plans, Edward had asked him how much it was worth.

"Not much," he answered. "Most anything I can get for it."

The boys had given this reply its widest signification, and had arranged to leave five dollars and a half, the sum of their worldly wealth, on Caleb's doorstep the night of their departure.

"Maybe the ship's people will pay us something for the boat if they take us on," said simple little Clinton. "Then we can send more money to Caleb. I

think five and a half is very little to pay for a boat, don't you?"

"He said most anything," answered Edward, who was not quite so scrupulous as his friend.

"Well, we'll think it over," said Clinton.

Every day for a month they had lifted the tarpaulins to see if the boat was still there; for without it they could not accomplish what they had planned to do, as neither of them would have thought for a moment of stealing or even borrowing a boat that had an owner.

Again this morning, before they began to retrace their steps homeward—for neither of them had yet breakfasted,—they examined the tarpaulins. The boat still lay undisturbed beneath them. And Edward's eyes sparkled and his cheeks glowed as he turned once more to look at the vessel which, he confidently imagined, was to be his future home.

"Won't it be grand!" he exclaimed. "This time to-morrow, Clint, we'll be sailing out with the tide!"

"What if they won't take us?" rejoined his friend.

"Take us! They're always glad to get boys."

"But we're not old enough."

"We're tall for our ages, they say."

"But we'll have to tell them a story."

"What story? We'll say we're not quite sixteen, — and we're not."

"But what if they ask about our fathers and mothers?"

"They'll think we haven't any. Don't you know we arranged to say we're a pair of lonely boys? And so we are, — lonely for the sea. That isn't a lie, Clint."

"All right!" replied Clinton, who felt that he would give a great deal to "back out" of the project.

It was only loyalty to his chum that kept him from doing so then and there. But Edward, full of the plan, noticed nothing unusual in his manner. They parted near their own homes, to meet later in the day.

The Poet's Stratagem.

A whimsical story is told of a king who denied to poets those rewards to which usage had almost given them a claim. This king, whose name is not recorded, had the faculty of retaining in his memory an ode after having heard it only once; and he had a memlook (a male white slave) who could repeat an ode which he had twice heard, and a female slave who could repeat one that she had heard thrice.

Whenever a poet came to compliment the king with a panegyric ode, he used to promise him that, if he found his verses to be his original composition, he would give him a sum of money equal in weight to what they were written upon. The poet, consenting, would recite his ode; and the king would say: "It is not new; for I have known it some years." He would repeat it as he had heard it; after which he would add, "And this memlook also retains it in his memory"; and would order the memlook to repeat it; which, having heard it twice—from the poet and the king,—he would do. The king would then say to the poet: "I have also a female slave who can repeat it"; and ordered her to do so. Stationed behind the curtains, she would repeat what she had thus thrice heard. So the poet would go away empty-handed.

The famous poet El-Asma'ee, having heard of this proceeding, and guessing the trick, determined upon outwitting the king; and accordingly composed an ode made up of very difficult words. But this was not his only precautionary measure; another will be presently explained; and a third one was to assume the dress of a Bedawee, that he might not be known, covering his face, except the eyes, with a lithám (a piece of drapery), in accordance with a custom of Arabs of the desert. Thus disguised, he went to the palace; and, having asked permission, entered and saluted the king; who said to him:

"Whence art thou, O brother of the Arabs, and what dost thou desire?"

"May God increase the power of the king!" the poet answered. "I am a poet of such a tribe, and have composed an ode in praise of our lord the Sultan."

"O brother of the Arabs," said the king, "hast thou heard of our condition?"

"No," answered the poet; "and what is it, O king of the age?"

"It is that if the ode be not thine, we give thee no reward; and if it be thine, we give thee weight in money of what it is written upon."

"How," said El-Asma'ee, "should I assume to myself that which belongs to another; and knowing, too, that lying before kings is one of the basest of actions? But I agree to the condition, O our lord the Sultan!"

So he repeated his ode.

The king, perplexed, and unable to remember any of it, made a sign to the memlook; but he had retained nothing. He called to the female slave, but she also was unable to repeat a word.

"O brother of the Arabs," said he, "thou hast spoken truth, and the ode is thine without doubt! I have never heard it before. Produce, therefore, what it is written upon, and we will give thee its weight in money, as we have promised."

"Wilt thou," said the poet, "send one of the attendants to carry it?"

"To carry what?" asked the king. "Is it not upon a paper here in thy possession?"

"No, O our lord the Sultan!" replied the poet. "At the time I composed it I could not procure a piece of paper upon which to write it, and could find nothing but a fragment of a marble column left me by my father; so I engraved it upon this, and it lies in the court of the palace."

He had brought it, wrapped up, on the back of a camel.

The king, to fulfil his promise, was obliged to exhaust his treasury; and, to prevent a repetition of this trick (of which he afterward discovered El-Asma'ee to have been the author), in future rewarded the poets according to the usual custom of kings.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Katharine Tynan's new novel, "Freda," is said to have all the quiet charm and real appeal of its popular predecessors, "Peggy the Daughter," "Mary Gray," etc.

—"Mercedes" is a name too well and too favorably known to the reading Catholics of this country to render necessary any extended recommendation of her literary output. Accordingly, it will be sufficient to state that "Aunt Polly's Thanksgiving Visit," a comedy in one act (for female characters), is a bright little play with an excellent moral. To be had at St. Xavier's Academy, Beatty, Pa.

—In a new work, entitled "Dante and the Mystics," Mr. Edmund G. Gardner attempts to trace the influence upon Dante of St. Augustine, St. Bernard, Richard of St. Victor, St. Francis, and other Christian mystics. The book deals also with the relationship between the "Divina Commedia" and the earlier Medieval visions of the other world, and with the great Florentine's position in the Franciscan movement.

—"Pleadings for the Holy Souls," a neatly printed booklet of 150 pages, is a good translation, by E. Leahy, from the Italian of Father Giuseppe Rebaudengo, archdeacon of the cathedral of Saluzzo. Of the eight chapters of the little work, all worth while, the sixth and eighth—"Vain Excuses" and "Suffrages which Avail Nothing"—are particularly good reading for the coming Month of the Departed. Brown & Nolan, publishers.

—Discriminating readers of Miss Mary E. Waller's latest novel, "Flamstead Quarries" (Little, Brown and Co.), will recognize in it a concrete verification of Boyle O'Reilly's philosophy of race-progress, as given in his poem, "The Exile of the Gael":

Exile is God's alchemy! Nations He forms like metals,—
Mixing their strength and their tenderness;
Tempering pride with shame and victory with affliction;
Meting their courage, their faith and their fortitude,—
Timing their genesis to the world's needs!

The Flamstead quarries of the title are granite hills and mountains in Maine; and their exploitation by sundry captains of industry brings into a typical New England district hundreds of laborers of various nationalities, with other visitants. Among the latter are two—Father Honoré, an Americanized French priest, and Aileen Armagh, an Irish orphan—who prove to be, in effect, if not intentionally on the author's part, the hero and heroine of the story. It is a long one (493 pages), and a strong one as well.

There is abundance of both humor and pathos throughout the book, which, on the whole, is well worth while, if only for the nobility and dignity attributed in its pages to work, to physical labor.

—The Very Rev. Dean Phelan, V. G., furnishes an interesting number of the Australian Catholic Truth Society's publications—"The Mission of St. Ignatius Loyola." The first third of the 24-page pamphlet is devoted to a picture of the events leading up to the Reformation; the remainder gives a comprehensive account of the life and labors of the founder of the Society of Jesus.

—In answer to the question, "What Makes a Novel Immoral?" Miss Corinne Bacon, of the Newark Public Library, says in part: "A novel may have nothing objectionable about it, so far as its love affairs go, and yet be a thoroughly immoral book. For morality includes the whole of life, not simply one relation. The book which degrades our intellect, vulgarizes our emotions, kills our faith in our kind, is an immoral book; the book which stimulates thought, quickens our sense of humor, gives us a deeper insight into men and women and a finer sympathy with them, is a moral book, let its subject-matter have as wide a range as life itself."

—The death is announced from Ratisbon of Mgr. Franz X. Haberl, D. D., the author of the well-known "Magister Choralis," and one of the leaders of the Cecilian movement. He was considered the highest authority concerning church music, the reform of which he labored indefatigably to promote. Among other important services rendered by him was the foundation of the School of Ecclesiastical Music in Ratisbon, and of a Palestrina Society for the completion of the edition of Palestrina, begun by Dr. Franz Witt and others in 1862. In 1899 he was appointed president of the Cecilian Society, and six years ago became a member of the Pontifical Commission on Sacred Music and the Vatican Edition of Plainchant. *R. I. P.*

—Any new book of Francis Thompson's must face the challenge of his earlier published work. There is the Thompson of golden song and ethereal prose, as in the essay on Shelley and "Saint Ignatius Loyola." Now comes the Thompson of "A Renegade Poet." To our mind, this last is a lesser Thompson. But it must needs have been so. There was a tide in his

genius. Heretofore we have got but the crest of the wave. In "A Renegade Poet, and Other Essays. With an introduction by Edward J. O'Brien." (Boston: The Ball Publishing Co.), we have, very often, subsiding waters, and maybe, too, now and then, only spray. Such surely is the essay called "A Renegade Poet," iridescent and beautiful though it sometimes is. Only "Mæstitiæ Encomium" is as good as any of the writer's other prose work; and—to leave comparing Thompson with himself—"Finis Coronat Opus" suggests Poe at his best, while it has a poetic beauty of imagination Poe never achieved. The literary criticism which the book presents is keen in judgment and direct in method. The question, however, why one criticism was taken and another left by the editor is bound to occur to one familiar with Thompson's magazine writings. An essay on Milton, one on Coleridge, and another on Mangan, contributed to the *Academy*, might, to our notion, well displace almost any of the essays contained in the present collection. Yet in almost everything this author wrote there was a something of greatness. The Thompson of Mr. O'Brien's Introduction is decidedly Mr. O'Brien's Thompson. "Swarths," on page 126, is a wrong reading.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Flamstead Quarries." Mary E. Waller. \$1 50.
- "A Renegade Poet, and Other Essays." \$1.25.
- "Meditations and Instructions on the Blessed Virgin." Vol. II. Rev. A. Vermeersch, S. J. \$1.35.
- "Are Our Prayers Heard?" Rev. Joseph Egger, S. J. 15 cts.
- "Raccolta." 1910 Edition. \$1.
- "A Minister's Marriage." Austin Rock. 75 cts.
- "Simple Catechism Lessons." Dom Lambert Nolle, O. S. B. \$1.
- "The Imitation of Christ." (Pocket Classics.) 25 cts., net.
- "Christian Symbolism." Mrs. Henry Jenner. \$1.

- "Father Paul of Moll." Edward Van Spey-brouck. \$1.25.
- "Towards the Altar." "Towards the Eternal Priesthood." Rev. J. M. Lelen. 15 cts. ea.
- "One Christmas Eve at Roxbury Crossing." Cathryn Wallace. 75 cts.
- "Heavenwards." Mother Mary Loyola. \$1.25.
- "Catholic Religion." Rev. Charles A. Martin. \$1.
- "Père Jean and Other Stories." Aileen Hingston. 70 cts., net.
- "De Ponte's Meditations." Vol. VI. \$1.80.
- "Handbook of Practical Economics. J. Schrijvers. \$1.35.
- "St. Francis de Sales. A Study of the Gentle Saint." Louise M. Stackpoole-Kenny. \$1.40.
- "The Laws of the King; or, Talks on the Commandments." A Religious of the Holy Child. 60 cts.
- "The Boys of St. Batt's." R. P. Garrold, S. J. 80 cts.
- "Cardinal Mercier's Conferences." \$1.50.
- "Meditations for Each Day of the Month of June." Charles Santley. 60 cts.
- "Astronomical Essays." Rev. George V. Leahy S. T. L. \$1.
- "Sunlight and Shadow." P. M. Northcote. \$1.
- "A Compendium of Catechetical Instruction." Vols. I. and II. \$4.50.
- "A Private Retreat for Religious." Rev. Peter Geiermann, C. SS. R. \$1.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Edward Dempsey, archdiocese of St. Louis; and Rev. Raymond Daniel, O. S. B.

Sister Damien, of the Sisters of Mercy; Sister Teresa Walsh, Sisters of St. Joseph; and Sister M. Bertrand, Sisters of St. Dominic.

Mr. William Young, Mrs. Margaret Elliott, Mr. James Hugh Purcell, Mr. Henry Beter, Mrs. Margaret McBarron, Mr. Arthur Carville, Mr. Peter A. Cassidy, Mr. Charles Fanley, Mr. Henry Sharkey, Mr. William Rice, Mr. John Horan, Mr. Maurice Joy, Mr. Maurice O'Connor, Mr. Vincent Aylward, Mr. P. F. Doyle, Mr. Luigi Boggiano, Mr. W. J. Dee, Mr. John Bruen, Mr. John Duffy, Mr. Frederick Janis, Miss Catherine Reilly, Mr. William Laska, Mrs. Rose Brady, Mr. Joseph Riha, Mr. John Keleher, Mr. Frank Robbe, Mr. John Guilfoyle, Mr. Otto Neugaber, Mr. Joseph Farrell, Mr. James Walker, Mr. Henry Meyer, and Mrs. William Ledger.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 22, 1910.

NO. 17

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

Our Lady's Rose Garden.

BY THE REV. HUGH F. BLUNT.

I SAW God's Mother at the morn
In blessed Nazareth,
Among the blossoms newly born
That opened to her breath.
With gentle hand from off the tree
She pulled five roses white;
I heard her tell the mystery
Each rose brought to her sight:
"Gabriel, Elizabeth, and humble Bethlehem;
Simeon; and Thou, my Son, found in Jeru-
salem."

I saw God's Mother at the noon,
When morning's toil was done.
The blossoms bent them 'neath her shoon,
To kiss her every one.
From off the tree five roses fair
She pulled, and all were red;
Then, deep in meditation there,
These mysteries she said:
"Bloody sweat, and bloody scourge, and blood
of piercing thorn;
Heavy cross; and Calvary, where died my
Only-Born."

I saw God's Mother at the night,
Alone among the flowers;
The coming of the morrow's light
Would end life's weary hours.
She pulled five roses, wet with dew,—
Five roses, yellow-gold.
"Magnificat!" she sang anew,
And this dear story told:
"Risen Son, ascended Son, and Thou descending
Dove;
Rose of my death; and thou last rose of Jesus'
crowning love."

Catholics and the "Motu Proprio" after Six Years.

BY HERBERT S. DEAN.

II.

SO far, we have dealt mainly with principles and generalities; we may now consider briefly a few details arising out of them—objections that suggest themselves, or practical steps that may be available for propagating our principles. Our root principle, it will be remembered, is that of liturgical unity,—the unity in one common prayer, of spirit with word, and of both with vocal utterance; and in this vocal utterance, the unity, the "active participation," of priest with choir, and of both with people. We have seen, too, how Nature herself dictates the form of such vocal utterance. It will be musical; it will be of the nature of recitation, or "recitative" (to use the phraseology of musical science), with variations from the reciting note at the appropriate points in the sentence; it will be susceptible of a rhythm as widely variable as the rhythm of a prose text, and therefore it will not take the strictly metrical form of modern music; its melodies will satisfy the ear by their own strength, and will not depend, as the melodies of modern music are apt to do, upon accompanying harmonies or upon the harmonic (as opposed to melodic) suggestions these make to the ear. Because Plain-song so eminently fulfils these conditions, and not merely because of any convention or prescription attached to

it, our Holy Father declares it to be the norm of church music, and approves or disapproves of other forms of music just as they do or do not conform to its spirit.

The objections, I know, are obvious, and as many in number as the pages of the "*Liber Gradualis*." "What have we here?" triumphantly demands the modern choir-master. "Spontaneous recitatives, with thirty-three notes to a syllable, curving in and out, and returning upon one another like the Cretan maze; natural utterances of the text, in which you have to take breath in the middle of a syllable; a simple and straightforward music, full of ornamental neumes of which nobody knows the interpretation, save that all are difficult, and one probably denotes the most difficult and showy piece of vocalization in existence—the trill." Nor is the difficulty removed when one points out that nobody proposes to put into ordinary parochial use the Graduals, Tracts and Alleluias of the "*Graduale*." For many of the pieces provided for the Ordinary of the Mass are of a considerably ornamented texture.

Let me not be misunderstood. Given the small amount of special knowledge necessary, plenty of practice together, and the simple rendering of the ornamental neumes now universally adopted, this "melismatic" Plain-song is not too difficult for any decently competent choir. Indeed, the demands are small compared with those of the polyphonic music, or of many of those modern compositions which our singers often so light-heartedly undertake, with results frequently disastrous alike to the intentions of the composer, the feelings of the listeners, and the reverence due to the sanctuary.

Nor, again, is this class of Plain-song really inconsistent with the conditions we have noted. True, it is an elaboration; but analyze it, or even listen carefully to the most elaborate examples of it, and you will find that they do not break up but amplify the feeling of the words, if the musical text be a sound one. It is the

arbitrary redactions of Ratisbon and Mechlin, and the alien structure of Mozart and Weber, that really were against the text. The melismatic Plain-song is an extension of the simple, the same in principle and in structure; a "song without words" of those hidden meanings that lie too deep for speech, like the *jubila* at Milan which so overwhelmed St. Augustine, wherein, as he says, the "surpassing flood of our emotions suffers not the restraint of syllables."

Of course these Plain-song pieces are not congregational: they are for the choir, which has its place in liturgical worship,—a place it can amply fill without also usurping that of the congregation. But the bulk of the Gregorian melodies, taking them all round, are, as has been pointed out, quite feasible for congregational singing. In this respect, unfortunately, the Mass music, which one wants chiefly to restore, is not, on the face of it, so easy as that of the Offices. But three things may be said which should quite dispose of any difficulty. First, there are, after all, a very fair number of quite feasible melodies for each part of the Ordinary of the Mass in the Vatican Kyriale. Secondly, there is not the slightest need of incessant variation in the melodies chosen. Anciently, one *Credo* sufficed for all occasions,—that marked number one in the Kyriale. And such variation is not merely unnecessary, but harmful. Only by its constant repetition will the people get thoroughly to know a melody, till they join in it almost unconsciously; only by its constant repetition will they come to learn that Mass music is not a vehicle for successive, separate and varying æsthetic enjoyments, but simply a means of uttering the words appropriately. They do not cry out for the *Pater Noster* to be sung to different music each time; when they come to feel that the music of the *Credo* is a thing in the same order of being, they will not cry out for this to be continually varied either.

In one case in my own experience the

melody for the *Sanctus* and *Benedictus* on Ferias in Advent and Lent has been adopted as practically the permanent melody for those pieces, and is sung heartily by the whole congregation. To ears accustomed to full liturgical music, it may sound a little strange on feast-days, and rather too reminiscent of Mass for the Dead; but it is simple and natural; it makes the people's singing just an extension of the priest's melody in the Preface; it marks emphatically the connection of the latter with the *Sanctus*; and it does not overload the singing at a point where the singers—being also the worshippers—naturally want some space, corresponding to the priest's pauses in the Canon, to make their own mementos of the living and of the dead. Moreover, where, quite legitimately, the congregation do not sing the whole of the music, those parts undertaken by the choir may well give opportunity for reasonable variety in the service, the people's part being left comparatively unvaried, and therefore better known and more likely to be universally sung.

The third point is one which was made in a different connection in the previous section,—that, despite the protests of extreme Plain-chantists, we may go outside the body of historic Gregorian melodies for our music, if it seems useful so to do,—whether to the easy "French Plain-song" or to suitable modern productions. We have at our back not only the Holy Father's precept but his practice in this respect. It will be remembered how his Holiness summarily closed the rather disedifying controversies of the antiquarians over the preparation of the Vatican Kyriale, by taking the matter out of their hands and placing it wholly in those of the veteran Dom Pothier,—a man who is at once the modern founder of true Plain-song and the unswerving promoter of broad and practical views about it. So far did he go in this direction that, in the early Solesmes books of twenty years ago, he even included Henri Du Mont's "Messe Royale," brought into conformity with

true Plain-song principles. He did not like the thing, but he put it in because to do so was a practical step forward. It does not appear in the Vatican book, but other pieces outside the early MSS. do, notably the last thing in the book—a simple and beautiful little *Agnus* which I have heard sung week after week with eminent fervor and devotion by a small and quite untrained congregation. Purists may say, as one of them has publicly done, that "the Vatican Kyriale can not stand." But, if broad principle and practical sense are to be our guides, not only will it stand, but its method will be extended.

From the music itself, we must turn to the more difficult question of getting it sung,—which must here be treated, I fear, in an equally desultory way. It is often said that the present generation of Catholics is hopeless, and that all one can do is to begin with the children. It is a very good way of beginning, and one wishes one could see more signs of it than are at present apparent, especially in our Catholic colleges. But, as our Holy Father said in his Pastoral to the people of Venice in 1895, "there is altogether too much abuse of the word 'people'; in reality, they show themselves to be far more devout and reliable than is generally believed." The fact, of course, is that the people have never had a chance. What is now offered to them is something quite new to their experience, and contrary to the traditions in which they have grown up. In the nature of things, therefore, beginnings must be small, and progress gradual. One has seen many a disappointment, indeed one has seen reforming movements abandoned in despair, because some sudden and complete change has "emptied the church." It is not unnatural; and one sometimes feels that extreme reformers who stand out obstinately for "all or nothing" are as great a hindrance as the old unreformed choir.

It is equally clear, on the other hand, that nothing can be done if the carrying out of even gradual changes is put into

the hands of people who have not the matter really at heart, and are not in earnest about it. At least, some nucleus of positive enthusiasm is required. There can be few large congregations in which one can not find such a nucleus; some few people who would welcome the right sort of thing if a little corner could be found for them to start it in, supposing the chief services can not yet be reformed. Opportunity might well be provided at one of the earlier Sunday Masses, and also more especially on weekday feasts when there is otherwise no sung Mass,—of course at an early hour. The only obstacle is an exaggerated view of what is needed. Half a dozen people, to keep the singing going, will do; and they need not form at first a liturgical choir, but act simply as members of the congregation. At first a Low Mass, with the people singing a simple *Kyrie*, *Gloria*, *Sanctus*, and an easy Latin hymn at the Offertory; then the Mass sung, with the people adding the responses; then perhaps a full Missa Cantata, with the first nucleus of singers formed into a choir for the Proper.

Such a scheme is simple and practicable, and would have great incidental advantages, in that it would help to restore the selected weekday feasts to their rightful prominence, and would lead to the restoration of the full liturgical observance of days like Candlemas and Ash-Wednesday. It would also have one most valuable further result—in helping to restore our sense of liturgical unity by bringing once more the reception of Holy Communion into close association with a fully rendered service. The difficulties alleged are the time required and the difficulty of singing early and fasting. Neither has much foundation. A Mass in Plain-song sung in the proper way, or even in modern music of a recitative character, takes much less time than those think who have never tried it. Habit will soon overcome the second difficulty, especially if it is remembered that a natural easy recitation is wanted, not a full volume of voice and

an *ore rotundo* method. My own experience with a small congregation of boys who frequently sing fasting at an early Mass, is that they often do better then than at night, if they are attentive—and have had enough rest not to be too sleepy. Congregational singing does not mean what so many people seem to think—yelling and shouting.

To come now to the chief services, especially those of the Sunday midday and evening, one must protest urgently against the application of that dictum, so true in its proper place, that “small reforms are the enemies of greater,” as they may well be if they leave what is still unreformed more firmly established in its monopoly. This is not the case here. Once let reform get a foothold, however small, and it will strengthen and widen its position, however slowly,—and the better if slowly. For it is one of those reforms which needs only to be shown in its true light, to appeal immediately to the real spirit of Catholic worship so deeply imbedded in our people. Their eager participation in what are called “popular” services is surely a pledge of what may well be when the treasures of liturgical worship are put before them as their own to use and to enjoy.

Again, I would plead for concentration upon what is immediately practicable. Few congregations would be ready suddenly and at one jump to “participate actively” in a sung High Mass and in Vespers; and to take up the attitude that, because these are the ideals, nothing else is of any use, is to ruin one’s own cause. Through the known to the unknown, through the familiar to the unfamiliar, is the practical way. Here and now a more liturgical tone can be gradually introduced into the more familiar devotions, and so prepare people’s minds for the unfamiliar. Take only the matter of hymns. The earlier hymn tunes had many of the characteristics of the Plain-song melodies,—melodic as distinguished from harmonic strength, freedom of rhythm

as opposed to fixed duple or triple time, dignity and simplicity of style. There is an enormous mass of such material—English, French and German—ready to be worked. It is not only good stuff but popular; it is the product of the people for the people; and, in one's own experience, the samples one has disinterred have been heartily welcomed.

Conversely, good and solid tunes already known to the people may be made a vehicle for popularizing unfamiliar words, and especially the unfamiliar language which we have to bring into use as part of the reform—Latin. This step has been found particularly useful at the Offertory at Mass. To introduce there an easy Latin hymn to a good, well-known tune is a really practicable first attempt to bridge over the gulf between congregational and non-congregational services; it means inducing the people in time to open their mouths at a service in which English is not used; it strikes a blow at just that part of the professional music which is apt to savor most of the concert room.

Our most hopeful course lies, I feel sure, in thus bringing our popular devotions more into union with the liturgical spirit; making what the people actually sing more like what we want them ultimately to sing. Speaking without experience on the point, I venture to question whether so much good can come along the lines of those vernacular imitations of Vespers or Compline which have been commended in the columns of THE AVE MARIA. They may foster familiarity with, and even love for, the best things; but this very fact, if they do so in an alien medium, may lead us farther from our goal instead of helping us toward it. Through non-liturgical Latin to liturgical seems a more likely path than through quasi-liturgical English to anything liturgical at all, seeing that Latin is the liturgical language. We are, perhaps, too apt to forget that even in the difficult matter of Latin we are not entirely left without something to go upon. At least there are scraps of Latin, if

nothing more than scraps, familiar to the mind and even the tongue of all practising Catholics. They are something we can work upon. We are on the way if we can get people to add to the *Ora pro nobis* of the litanies the *Agnus* that follows them; to the Litany of Loreto, that of the Saints; to the Benediction hymns, others like *Adoro Te* and *O Esca Viatorum*. From these it is an easy step to pieces more nearly approximating in their form to psalmody—such as those so popular in Northern France, *Attende Domine* and *Rorate Cali*,—and so the way is prepared for the Divine Office; Compline first, as the easiest; then the more difficult Vespers.

But to discuss details would be an endless task. One will have amply succeeded in one's purpose if these desultory notes suggest a few fresh points of view, or indicate a path or two which practical workers can open up. After all, the important thing is to be clear as to what we are aiming at, to see what is essential and what is not, to distinguish between our ultimate aims and the means we may be able to take here and now toward realizing them.

What, fundamentally, was our Holy Father's reform intended to be? Nowhere—whether in the *Motu Proprio*, or in the mandatory letter to the Vicar-General of Rome, or in the Venetian Pastoral letter of 1895—do we find it to be simply a restoration of the Gregorian Chant, though that is given a large place in the scheme; nor simply a rectification of abuses connected with the choir, though that is an essential element in the reform. The whole stress lies in the simplification of sacred music, its reduction to its proper place in divine worship as simply a vesture of the sacred text; and, in the very forefront, its restoration in normal use to the hands of the people.

As an artist—for, like so many of the Popes, Pius X. is this,—his Holiness is anxious to reform our choirs,—to banish the triviality, the vulgarity, the blatancy that have so often disfigured our music,

and too frequently driven people of taste altogether away from the sung services. He is anxious, too, as an artist, to restore those two beautiful art-forms, so noble in themselves, and so worthy to find their home in God's House—the melismatic Plain-song and the sacred music of the polyphonic school; but to restore them only to their due place. As ruler, his Holiness is concerned to preserve the purity of liturgical worship; to see that its texts are not mutilated nor its decencies outraged. But above all he is a pastor, a true shepherd of souls; and as such his desire is to feed his people with the true food of God's Holy Word; and, with this end, so to order the Church's services that his children may find in them the food of their souls. He would "restore all things in Christ." By his reform in the matter of frequent and daily Communion, he would restore their "active participation in the most holy mysteries" to all its fulness, and feed them with the True Bread, the Manna of the saints, even Christ Himself. By his parallel reform in the matter of the liturgy which enshrines this Gift, he would also restore their "active participation in the public and solemn prayer of the Church," which, with its common offering of praise and prayer—

As holy psalmists give the word,

And holy Paul the deed,—

is, as he warns us, so "indispensable" to the formation of "the true Christian spirit."

Let us, then, make the Holy Father's aim our aim, his way our way; his view of the proportions of the matter, our view; and so direct all the practical steps we may take in this reform that, in his Holiness' own words, "the faithful may again take a more active part in the ecclesiastical Offices, as was the case in ancient times."

As without faith it is impossible to please God, so without mildness it is impossible to please men, or to gain influence over them.—*St. Bernard.*

Nameless and from Nowhere.

BY A. DEASE AND M. LACHESE.

VII.

LADY BURKE and her son did not find themselves alone together until the second morning after the ball. They had just seen off the last of their guests, and Dick was turning away when his mother slipped her hand through his arm.

"Well, dear!" she said, with a sigh of relief. "Now that it's all over, tell me if you are satisfied."

"Satisfied that it's all over?" repeated Dick, with a short laugh. "Yes, mater, quite."

His mother looked at him in quick surprise.

"What do you mean, Dick?" she asked. "What is wrong? Don't you think everything went off well?"

"Capitally, of course," replied Dick; "only don't you yourself feel that it is a comfort to have a little quiet again?"

This sentiment was so unlike him that Lady Burke was not yet pacified, and she looked at him wonderingly. Could it be that he was troubled over *Querida*?—that he did not realize that she had seen and approved of his devotion to her at the ball? She did not know whether or not to speak openly about it. But his next words decided her.

"By the way, mater, have you answered Aunt Clare's letter?" he asked abruptly.

"Aunt Clare's letter?" she repeated, in amazement. "Do you mean her invitation? No, dear boy; but I was going to write this afternoon. Why do you ask? Hadn't we decided not to leave home until the days begin to shorten?"

Dick moved uneasily.

"Yes, I believe we did," he answered unwillingly. "But I was thinking afterward that, if you would go to her for a bit, I'd join Freville and the others in

Brittany for that sketching tour they are getting up."

Then Lady Burke knew that something had happened; for only a week ago he had laughed at the idea of leaving the beauties around him for the sake even of picturesque Brittany.

"Dick," she said gently, "it is no use pretending that something has not happened: I know you too well to be deceived. I did not speak before, because I was not sure; but, after the other night, you can't expect to keep it a secret. My dear, dear boy, won't you tell me if it is that you think I won't approve? Or is it Querida herself—"

At his mother's words Dick had flushed crimson. For a moment he had been about to stop her; and then the name of Querida had shown him suddenly that, after all, his secret was still his own.

"Querida!" he exclaimed. "Why, mater, what on earth do you mean?"

His absolute bewilderment was so unmistakably real that she, too, stood aghast. She had been wrong. All her cherished castle in the air came tumbling about her ears. But even in the midst of her own disappointment the thought of the girl flashed upon her; for surely she could not have been as blind as Dick to her approval. Oh, were they only to bring more sorrow into her sad life?

"Dick dear," she gasped, "do you mean that it isn't Querida?"

"Did you imagine that I was thinking of Querida,—wanting to marry her?" he asked, answering her question with another. "But, mater, how could you? A girl who does not even know her own name,—whose father may have been—goodness knows what! Why, it never struck me till this moment that any one could think such a thing possible."

"But," faltered his mother, — "but, dear boy, then, why did you single her out as you did? I knew you saw a good deal of her at the mill village, and I thought—of course I know her mysterious antecedents are a great drawback; but

she is so good and sweet, and really she looked so beautiful at the dance, any one might have been proud of her."

Once again the color had come into Dick's face.

"I know—I know! There was no one in the room to touch her. But—" He hesitated, and then went on quickly: "It's all past and over now, and I wanted to put it away and forget it. That's why I thought of going with those fellows, after all. But I suppose I must tell you. I—I—you don't know Fanchea O'Malley as I do,—or rather," he corrected himself bitterly, "as I thought I did. I've seen a lot of her all this summer—" His voice was husky and he paused for a moment. "I never said anything to her, but I thought she knew. And, then, the other night when I asked her to dance, she—she wouldn't have anything to say to me. I suppose she must have seen that I was in earnest, and she wanted to show me that she had only been fooling with me, as she was with those fellows she danced with all night. I had kept as many dances as I dared for her; and then Querida came in, and I was too angry to think. I asked her for them all, and she gave them to me. But, mater, I don't think she ever had a thought like that." And he went on to tell of the day they had made the brotherly and sisterly pact.

"If only I had known," said Lady Burke, sadly, "I might have saved her." For even yet she could not bring herself to believe that Querida could possibly be indifferent to her darling son. "Or if you had told me something about—"

She hesitated, for the thought of Fanchea came back to her with a great pang. True, she knew the girl very slightly. She realized her fascination, but had thought of her merely as a butterfly—pretty and attractive, but with none of the strength of character she had hoped to see in her future daughter-in-law.

But even as she thought this Mr. Dillon's words came back to her. She understood now that from the first she had

blinded herself. "Some one to fend for" (to fight with), he had said. How could she have persuaded herself that he could have thought thus of Querida? "To fend for,"—that the husband of such a bit of quicksilver as Fanchea O'Malley would certainly have to do; but to fight with? Maybe there was enough of Anthony under those brilliant, careless ways to justify this as well. Only then she remembered that it seemed as though the girl had not even enough sense to want her Dick; and she did not know whether to be relieved at this or to resent it.

"I couldn't tell even you, mater dear!" said Dick, in a low voice. "It was, somehow, all hers, not my own to speak of—" Then, pulling himself together: "Why, what a fool I am! It was nothing only a fancy. But *you* will understand." And there was an intonation in his voice that made him quite her own again. "*You* understand that I want to get away for a bit,—to start afresh away from it all."

"I do understand, my darling!" his mother answered softly. "We shall both go over to England together. That will seem quite natural to everyone; and then you shall do as you like, whilst I stay with Clare."

Dick bent down to kiss her, drawing her to him with a protecting arm.

"There never in all the world was a little mother like mine!" he said fondly. "You and I together—we'll defy everything!"

She laughed for a moment, as he had meant her to do; but then she quickly grew serious.

"What is it?" he asked, studying her face.

"It's Querida," she answered. "O Dick, if only we could be sure, quite sure, that, between us, we have not hurt her!"

He stood for a moment, thinking.

"I *am* sure," he said at last,—"*as* sure as one can be of such things. Why, mater, that girl wants a real first-class sort of a chap, not a rolling-stone like me! But, for all that, we're friends; and she's had

hard luck. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll go down to say good-bye to them. (We can get off in a few days, can't we?) And if she's the least, tiniest bit different from what she's always been, I'll tell her the truth. She's to be trusted." He shook himself as much as to say it was hard luck to have to go back on what was past. "And, after all, I owe it to her if I made people talk, even though I'm not such a conceited donkey as to think that I could have made her care even if I had tried."

Two hours later Dick started off to pay his farewell visit to Drinagh. Although he felt almost certain that he would not have to tell Querida how much Fanchea O'Malley's ignoring him had hurt (he knew already that she had noticed it, for she had asked him why he was not dancing with her), the fact that Fanchea had shown him that she did not care for him, did not want him, was almost unbearable. He felt that he could not see her again until time had healed a little the wound she had inflicted; and as long as he was in the neighborhood there was a chance of their meeting.

The sound of a horse coming behind him along the road made him turn apprehensively. But it was only Anthony; and Dick, glad to escape his own thoughts, pulled up to wait for him. But things seemed to be going no better with Anthony than they were with Dick. Before the end of the dance he had come to the conclusion that Dick must have spoken to Querida. Had it not been in his own house, or had it been with any one but Querida, he would probably have looked upon it as one of the many flirtations that were going on around him. But he knew the girl did not know how to flirt; and Dick—he was too loyal to his friend to believe that Dick would make her so conspicuous, and then think no more of it; for either Dick had kept his secret well, or Anthony, like Lady Burke, had been looking so intently for something else that the real state of the case had

never for a moment crossed his mind.

"Halloo!" called out Dick as soon as he drew near. "Well met! You're bound for the village, of course?"

"Yes," returned Anthony. "And you?"

"I?" replied Dick, hating himself for not being able to speak as unconsciously as he wished. "Oh, I am going to say good-bye to Mr. Dillon and to the ladies at Drinagh!"

Then, seeing Anthony's utter astonishment, he added airily:

"Didn't you hear that we're off in a few days?"

"Off?" exclaimed Anthony. "Going away, do you mean?" This was so contrary to what he had expected that he was almost speechless from surprise.

"Yes: off to England for a month or two, for what the people call a 'holiday.'" He was more assured now, and went on; though he sailed a little near the wind as to absolute accuracy. "One of my aunts has been wanting us to go, and my mother needs a change and a rest after the ball."

"Dick," said Anthony quite suddenly (for whilst the other was speaking it had occurred to him that he could not bear to wait two months without knowing how things stood between him and Querida), "are you and Querida engaged?" He spoke so calmly that for a moment Dick did not guess at the reason which prompted his question. Once again the color flew to his face and a great fear clutched at his heart. Had he—was it possible that he had made Querida feel some of the pain that he himself was suffering?

"I—I? What do you mean?" he stammered. "No, of course not!"

Then suddenly his eyes fell on his companion's hands, where, through the tan of the skin, the knuckles were showing round and white from the tension with which the reins were being grasped. From the hands he looked quickly to his friend's face, and there he caught in a flash the whole truth, before the mask of determined

endurance came back and hid the real feelings away.

"Tony!" he cried, and now his voice was quite changed,—the embarrassment had gone, and it was boyish and convincing as of old. "Don't look like that! You needn't pretend, because I know what you mean. And, dear old fellow, I wish you the height of luck and the best of everything! But listen to me for a minute. I was a selfish brute the other night, and never thought what people would think if we danced together so often. My mother has been at me already; and if I didn't know that the girl would no more look at me than at Tim Dardis over there" (he pointed to a man working in a field near by), "I'd—I'd feel inclined to ask you to give me the biggest horsewhipping you could manage."

They had stopped in their excitement. Dick's face now brightened and he turned his pony.

"I was going to say good-bye, as I told you," he went on; "and—and to explain, or rather to apologize if necessary. But now that's all right; for you're going there; aren't you, old man?"

"I don't understand what you mean exactly," said Anthony, who had followed all this with an air of bewilderment,— "at least nothing beyond that you're not engaged, and you say she—she doesn't expect it."

"Well, that's the chief thing certainly," answered Dick with a smile. "And it seems to me that the next is for you to go in and win."

"I'm afraid," said Anthony, — "I'm afraid it's no more use for me than you say it would be for you."

For, now that the great stumbling-block was out of his way, the fear that had kept him silent for so long came back to him, and seemed more formidable than ever. But Dick, all impatient that any possible slight which his thoughtlessness might have put on Querida should be wiped away, urged him at least to try his luck.

"What is the use of waiting?" he

insisted. "Remember that all the county has seen her now. Any day some other chap may step in, and she might say 'Yes,' just because she never knew you cared."

It seemed to Anthony that this was so very near what had already happened, and Dick's advice agreed so well with his own inclination, that he did not really need much persuasion. He had, in fact, set out that afternoon with the intention of speaking, whether Querida was prepared to listen to him or not,—at least if he found, what he had hardly dared to hope, that Dick had not already claimed her. And even after Dick had left him, and he went on his way alone, the cheery, friendly words rang in his ears, and gave him more courage, more determination, that, come what might, he would win her to him.

Though he and Dick were stanch friends, he had no more idea than Lady Burke had had that the flirtation his sister Fanchea had indulged in with Dick had anything in the least serious about it. Certainly Fanchea had been quieter of late, and had taken more interest in the village and in Anthony's doings there; and more than once she had owned to being sick of the continual rushing from place to place,—something which, when she first came out, she had found delightful. But if he had thought about it at all he would have decided that she and Dick had seen very little of each other. It would not even have occurred to him that they had not danced together had not his mother spoken of it on the way home from Ardrum; and even then Fanchea's impatient assurance that her card was too full, as it was, seemed to him ample explanation.

Mrs. O'Malley, however, was by no means satisfied.

"What did you mean by the way you behaved last night?" she demanded, going into her daughter's sitting-room the morning after the dance.

"How did I behave?" replied Fanchea. But she looked at her mother defiantly,

showing that she knew perfectly well what was referred to.

"Why did you refuse to dance with Sir Richard?" said Mrs. O'Malley.

"Because," replied Fanchea, in a low voice (for, despite her apparent calmness, it was only with a great effort that she was able to control herself),—"because you told me 'to make sure of him before all the county'; to catch him if I could, so that he would not be able to get out of it."

It was true she had said that; not realizing, in her overwhelming desire to secure the best match in the county for her daughter, that she was revolting the girl by her crudeness and vulgarity. She at least had seen that Dick was attracted by her brilliant little butterfly girl; only she did not know that, with them both, it had gone deeper than any one thought,—deeper on his side than Fanchea dared hope; and so deep on hers that her mother's words had cut her to the quick and made her treat her lover barely with civility, for fear he and others might think she wanted to "catch him," when all she wanted was for him to let her love him and to love her back. If Mrs. O'Malley could only have guessed all that had come about, and was still to come, from her warning words, well intentioned, though certainly very imprudent, she would have bitten her tongue sooner than have spoken them.

(To be continued.)

Obedience Better than Sacrifice.

FROM METASTASIO, BY JAMES GLASSFORD.

COMPOSE thy mind, and, void of fear,
To meet the will of God arise;
To Him such offering will be dear
Above all other sacrifice.
In costliest victim that we slay
We give another's blood alone;
But our own hearts before His throne
Are offered up when we obey.

A Change of Heart.

BY PATRICIA MANLEY.

RUTH had been orphaned in infancy, and had ruled her doting aunt with a rod of iron until death deprived her of even this inefficient guardianship, and left her, a young and inexperienced girl, to cope with the world. This she did in a surprisingly able manner. To be sure, her fine nature was undisciplined and led her into many an intellectual error and excess; but her character was above reproach, and she managed her modest income in a businesslike way. Her girlish dignity repelled undesirable acquaintances; while her refinement and a loveliness born more of intellect than of feature won her many admirers. Her earnestness of purpose led her to pursue to their ultimate conclusion the "oologies and ologies" with which she had been filling her sunny head under the wise guidance of the faculty of the State University for the past two years.

This learned body of instructors gave fresh proof of their wisdom by ordering her to lay aside her books and studies and try to forget her perplexities for an entire summer, that she might enter with renewed mental vigor upon the autumn term. Truth to tell, they knew no more of the riddles of life than this troublesome pupil; and it was simpler to assume a fatherly interest in her welfare than to own that they were unable to answer her searching questions as to the origin and destiny of the earth and the fulness thereof.

And so they had been instrumental in sending her to this remote dot of a village in the northern Sierra Nevadas. Acting on their advice, she had left her beloved books in Berkeley; and after a week of intercourse with the "natives," as she termed them, she would have given worlds for a touch of their soft bindings and crisp leaves; but, with characteristic self-control, she refrained from sending for them.

Accustomed from infancy to the refinements of life, she was frankly bored by the dulness and horrified by the crudeness of her present surroundings. Far from banishing the questions that troubled her waking hours and haunted her dreams, this solitude seemed to bring them before her with greater intensity. The very majesty of these towering peaks and primeval forests, the vastness of the heavens strewn with stars that seemed appallingly near when viewed from such heights, seemed to speak of a Creator, thus disturbing her mental attitude when she had at last decided to accept the assurance of her professors that no such Being existed. The swift rush of the Pitt River's crystal waters seemed forever asking, "Why? Where?" in a tone as provokingly insistent as her own had proved to her learned professors. Why, a few short years of animal existence, with no motive for charity or morality—since Humanity was divine, and its code of laws nothing more than the ever-changing will of the majority,—and then where? No heaven or hell, no reward or punishment, no God, only man. Life meant a short passage across the stage of earth, only to be swallowed up in nothingness or merged into the deity of professorship—Humanity. A dreary philosophy, but the best she could evoke from the tangle of creeds that months of feverish attendance at Fellowship, New Thought and Theosophical meetings had thrust upon her bewildered brain. Man was divine, and social service was the whole law and the prophets.

From the heights of her intellectual superiority she looked down with contemptuous pity on that portion of the community so benighted as to attend Mass in the little chapel at the head of Cedar Cañon's solitary street. And yet she deigned to bestow her daily companionship on one of these same benighted beings—quaint, kindly old John Carolan, proprietor of a tiny sawmill some two miles above the village. She had chanced upon the place in one of her lonely rambles up the

river, and the ill-assorted pair soon became fast friends. The slender, girlish figure, the glint of sunny hair, and the sweet tones of her young voice, recalled the old man's only daughter Aline, whose early death left a sad blank in his life; while Ruth found his quaint humor and keen intelligence delightfully refreshing after the dreary platitudes to which she was accustomed. And gradually she had established the custom of passing a part of each afternoon in his company.

The second and sole remaining member of the mill's crew never ventured forth from the engine room during her visits, and, in fact, seemed totally oblivious of her presence. This was rather provoking, as Ruth was accustomed to admiration and regarded it as her due, though she apparently ignored its bestowal. The indifference of this handsome, athletic young fellow she regarded as a mild form of treason. Had the usual amount of admiration been forthcoming, she would scarcely have bestowed a second thought upon him; but now she found herself picturing his tall muscular figure clad in the blue and gold of her beloved Varsity. "A diamond in the rough," she termed him, and mentally resolved to serve the sacred cause of Humanity by converting him to her creed, and persuading him to seek an education. His very silence became a source of gratitude on her part, since his uncouth speech would doubtless grate on her sensitive ear. Meanwhile the object of all this solicitude pursued the even tenor of his way, in blissful ignorance of the plans for his regeneration.

She began the campaign for his conversion by explaining to the old man in his presence the tenets of her belief.

"See here, little sister!" said John. "Do you mean to tell me that this here universe made itself, and that you and I are divine?"

"That is the impression I meant to convey," Ruth replied, secretly enjoying his astonishment. "You see, the intellectual world has long since rejected the

idea of a personal God; in fact, it is generally conceded nowadays that there is no such being as a Creator."

She hoped this speech would prove the opening wedge for the introduction of her new doctrines. Of its effect on the young man she could not judge, since his face was averted; but it was plainly evident that it failed to impress the elder.

He removed the stumpy, black pipe from his lips, and, waving it toward the shining engine on which the engineer was earnestly employed, albeit with a covert gleam of amusement in his eye, he said:

"Do you see that engine, little sister? Well, she's been running upward of fifteen years, and she's been repaired some ten times. Now, if the man that planned her was divine and yet she goes wrong, you'll have to explain to me how it is that this here world's been running on all these years and has never slipped a cog, if nobody planned it." And John shook his head in emphatic disbelief.

"Let me explain, Mr. Carolan," interjected Ruth. "The formation of the earth is doubtless due to the fortuitous combination of atoms and—"

But she got no further in her explanation, John's disgust overmastered his politeness, and he broke in upon her remarks.

"Saints o' glory," he cried, "did you ever hear such nonsense! 'The fortunate condemnation of Adam' indeed! Here, Bern avic," turning to the engineer, "you go up to the house and get this girl a catechism. She has not been properly educated."

And, though Bern strove to conceal his amusement, she heard him remark to the old man as he passed from the mill: "Rather an unfortunate condemnation, I should term it." And his language was quite as perfect as her own.

When he returned he lifted the shabby cap from his brown curls with the grace of a courtier, and presented a small paper-bound volume, on which was inscribed in

a bold, boyish hand, "Bernard Carolan. His book."

Ruth accepted the proffered book, and, after a few trivial remarks, passed down the trail, divided between pity for John's ignorance and amusement at the failure of her first attempt at conversion. One thing was clear: Bernard Carolan was not the unlettered person she had supposed him to be, and she was sure he had secretly enjoyed her discomfiture.

After traversing the trail a short distance, she turned aside and entered her "bower," a favorite resort, just at the river's edge, where many of her idle hours were spent. A bower it was in very truth. The gnarled roots of a giant alder had interwoven until they formed a rustic seat, and the branches drooped so low as almost to conceal the spot from passers-by on the trail which ran scarcely an arm's length above, along the river-bank. Ferns and wild flowers ran riot about the place and the rushing waters and sweet-voiced birds filled the air with music. A massive peak rose skyward on the opposite shore, clad with dark, tapering pines, cedars, and redwoods. Just at Ruth's feet a narrow strip of glistening sand bordered the stream; while in the branches overhead bits of driftwood bore witness that this was only a summer paradise. But she, too, was a bird of passage, who would take wing before the angry waters raged above her tranquil nest.

Her daily visits to the mill grew shorter, and her zeal for the conversion of Bernard Carolan diminished; while she spent a longer interval in her favorite retreat, pondering afresh the world-old riddle of existence, reawakened by the perusal of the little catechism. Ruth was a fair-minded antagonist, and the pitying contempt with which she began its study gave place to admiration of the clear and concise statements of doctrine, supported by Scriptural and historical authority, which it contained. Although she could not assent to these doctrines, she envied

the sturdy faith of those who could. Day after day she pondered these statements, and saw in them, for those who could believe, a reason for existence, a help to bear the trials of life, a promise of reward for the simplest action well performed, a motive for charity and morality; laws fixed and immutable, founded upon truth which should always be truth; laws which forbade the commission of sins that not all the changing whims of humanity could ever paint white. And her hungry heart yearned toward the tender Father here portrayed, whose love exceeded that of the fondest parent. From mazes of doubt and perplexity she breathed the old prayer: "O God—if there be a God,—show me the light!"

But it seemed her prayer was unheard, since, beyond losing her weak faith in her former creed, her spiritual condition remained unchanged. She could see now the absurdity of accepting the unsupported statement of men, however learned, on a matter of such supreme importance,—a matter entirely beyond the natural comprehension of mankind. She pondered upon the divinity of man as manifested in its expounders, the professors; and she wondered if Herr Hinkle's fondness for beer and vaudeville were attributes of the deity; if the divinity of Doctor Ashe and of M. Gaspard caused the one to be so pompous and overbearing, and the other to ogle and pursue with unwelcome attentions every pretty co-ed in his class. Were the janitor and the scavenger divine? Her professors had assured her that these men were yet upon the lowest plane of spirituality; and that in time all men should rise above such menial tasks, though they might pass through many incarnations in the spiritualizing process. It occurred to her that the earth would be a decidedly uncomfortable and unsanitary place when the last janitor and scavenger should become spiritualized. And so darkness descended upon her old lights, though no new ones shone in their place. And all the while the tattered

catechism was her constant companion,—because it was the only book in her possession, she told herself; but some of its charm must have lain in the autograph of its former owner, although Ruth herself was scarcely aware of this.

Her scorn for the natives was diminishing, and almost imperceptibly a warm regard for her neighbors was taking its place. Mrs. Brook's solicitude for the comfort of her guest must in time have impressed a heart of stone; and the beguiling ways of the erstwhile troublesome little Brooks (the "rivulets," Ruth called them) had disarmed her hostility. The very simplicity of the daily lives of these uncultured people charmed where it had once repelled her. Their readiness to give of their poverty to those less fortunate, the kindly little attentions or the generous sacrifice of time and services to the sick, even the personal interest in their neighbors' affairs which she had at first attributed to curiosity, appealed to her sympathy.

Here all was peace. No din of speeding cars, no whirl of motors, no rumble of wheels, no clash of bells or scream of whistles disturbed the brooding calm of golden mornings and purple nights. Softly through the clear air came the musical rush of the waters, the warble of birds, the hum of bees, and now and then the lowing of cattle or the sound of a woodman's axe. Ruth's heart sank at the thought of leaving this enchanted land for the turbulent life of the busy world beyond those guarding hills. How she should miss it all,—Mrs. Brook's kindness, the prattle of the children, the cooing voice and clinging fingers of the first real baby she had ever known, the cheerful greetings of her neighbors, and these solitary rambles through the towering forests! Here, she felt, was life stripped of its tawdry robes of convention and pretence, and clad in the quiet garments of simplicity and truth.

One morning in early August, as Ruth set forth upon her daily walk, Mrs. Brook

accompanied her to the gate, the laughing baby in her arms catching to the sunbeams that crept through the trees above. Before parting, Ruth summoned courage to ask, with assumed indifference, a question that had trembled on her lips scores of times before:

"Who is that handsome young fellow up at Carolan's mill?"

"What! That boy? Is he home?" queried Mrs. Brook, shifting the baby to her right arm. "Why, that's old Carolan's son, and he's studying to be a priest. He must be home on vacation."

But the conclusion of her remarks was lost on Ruth, who passed along the familiar trail with a queer little pang at her heart, which she mistook for pity for the misguided boy who intended sacrificing himself to an ideal.

She understood now his averted glances, his indifference to her charms; though of late he had grown more friendly, sometimes joining in the conversation between his father and herself, and again giving her a pleasant greeting and farewell. What a pity that so bright and cultured a nature as she found his to be should content itself in such a life! Why, this was even worse than burying himself at home and serving his father in his present lowly capacity! His life would be a dull, monotonous round of poverty, obedience, and out-of-date ceremonies. He would rise in the morning, clothe himself in strange archaic vestments, and repeat prayers, and perform at an altar rites that were hoary with age centuries ago. He would study from books that were written long before science enlightened the world; he would teach and preach those doctrines to others; and all this, when he might give his services to Humanity in a far more practical manner! How many were winning golden opinions in settlement work, as dispensary doctors, or lecturers on the prevention and cure of various diseases, as expounders of the influence of attractive environments upon the evolution of the human race.

Yet she felt a tinge of admiration for this handsome man, who had chosen to turn his back upon the comforts and emoluments of earthly position and embrace a life of such austerity. And, after all, there was no argument which she could produce in opposition to his belief. The existence and authority of his Church stretched back in unbroken succession to the founding of Christianity. No other creed could claim the same distinction, and no other creed could produce proof of its doctrines so convincing as those set forth in the catechism which lay beside her. She had no heart for conversation to-day, and so she omitted her customary visit to the mill, and sat for hours in meditation, heeding neither the flight of time nor the beauties which Nature spread so lavishly before her.

There was a strange hush in the air,—an unwonted heaviness; the aroma of the pines was almost oppressive, and even at this high altitude the heat was intense. The sky was a strange, burnished blue, and ominous black clouds hung over a giant peak a few miles up the river. But Ruth heeded none of these things,—was conscious of nothing but the dreary sense of desolation which had descended upon her summer paradise, until her reverie was disturbed by the furious beat of horse's hoofs on the trail above. Just opposite the bower they halted for an instant, and then pounded madly on again; while Ruth felt herself lifted and borne swiftly up the steep hillside in the strong arms of Bernard Carolan. And not an instant too soon; for scarcely had they reached a place of safety when with a mighty roar a seething wall of water swept over the spot where a moment before she had fancied herself so secure.

"Thank God!" gasped Bernard, still holding her fast. Then, recollecting himself, he apologized. "You must think me very hasty in bearing you away without a word of explanation," he said; "but it was a time for action, not for words. I saw the cloud-burst on Lookout Peak as I was

riding along the river above the mill, and my first thought was of you. I put Black Prince through his paces; and, thank Heaven, we reached you in time! I knew I could not ride him up the hillside, so I dismounted and urged him on when I reached your retreat. His life depends upon his speed. If he can reach the rise on the opposite side of the gulch in time, he is safe. But why those tears? You are quite safe now, you know."

"It isn't that," Ruth replied in a tremulous voice. "I've lost my catechism. Yes, you may laugh; it sounds absurd I know for a pagan like myself to bemoan the loss of a catechism; but that book has been my constant companion throughout the summer,—the only book I possessed."

"That is easily remedied," returned Bernard. "As to books, mine are at your disposal. And if you will accept my company, I shall be pleased to show you the beauties of our mountains. My brother is at home now; and, as he can take my place at the mill, I am free to go and come at will. Meanwhile it would be madness to attempt to return to Cedar Cañon until the water recedes; and as that will occupy several hours you must come home with me and have tea. Mother will be delighted to meet you. But please do not air any of your pernicious doctrines about the 'condemnation of Adam,'" he added laughingly. "My mother is a dear old saint who would be shocked at such revolutionary theories, and my brother Hugh is at home on vacation from Menlo Park, where he is studying for the priesthood."

"What a little prig I was!" said Ruth; and then, sadly: "There is no fear of my defending doctrines which I no longer hold. The truth is, I am utterly at sea. I have lost the little faith I once had in my old creed, and I can not bring myself to accept any other."

"I shouldn't worry, Miss Dean. If you are honestly seeking the light—and I am sure you are,—it will come in time. The darkest hour is just before the dawn, you know," rejoined Bernard, simply. And

his calm assurance was strangely comforting to the perplexed girl.

As they talked they ascended the hill, and from its crest Ruth gazed upon a lovely little valley set like a gem amidst the encircling hills. How peaceful it was, with its spreading trees, its rich green meadows, dotted here and there with grazing cattle; its crystal brook welling up from a tiny, placid lake; and, crowning a green eminence, a rambling, white-walled, many-windowed house, with red-tiled roofs and broad arched porches, half concealed by rose vines, whose red and creamy blossoms filled the air with fragrance.

As the young people passed up the gravelled walk, Mrs. Carolan came forth to meet them; and her greeting was such a perfect blending of warmth and dignity that the girl's heart went out to her at once. How like a fair old-fashioned flower she looked, in her soft black gown with a bit of real lace at the throat, her white hair rippling back from the kindest face that Ruth had ever seen! At the end of the broad veranda was Mr. Carolan in the homely comfort of slippers and smoking jacket; while near by stood a young man so classically handsome that to any but prejudiced eyes Bernard must appear commonplace beside him.

After the greetings and introductions were over, Mrs. Carolan bore Ruth off to her own room for those mysterious "freshening-up" processes so dear to the feminine heart. As they passed through the spacious entrance hall, the girl noted with approval the simple elegance of its furnishings: its polished floor strewn here and there with shreds of beautiful carpet. Through an open door she caught a glimpse of a lofty room, its walls lined with well-filled bookcases that proclaimed Bernard's offer of books as genuine. And everywhere were crystal bowls filled with fragrant roses. Ruth half feared that her afternoon's experience was but a dream: it all seemed too delightful to be true.

After a dainty meal served on the

veranda, Bernard accompanied Ruth home,—a fact that added not a little to her enjoyment of this day of surprises. "What an eventful day it has been!" she thought, as one by one its incidents passed through her mind,—her own deliverance from death; Mrs. Brook's information regarding Bernard's plans; Bernard's desire for her company on those proposed excursions, which, however alluring, she felt that, under the circumstances, she must forego; and the astonishing revelations of the Carolan home!

"I hope you will forgive me for touching on a subject so personal," she said to Bernard as they neared the village; "but I can not understand how a mother can be so cheerful at the prospect of her sons' entering on a vocation which must sever them from home and kindred."

"My mother's faith is very dear to her, and she rejoices in Hugh's vocation," he answered. "And you know I shall remain with my parents."

"But," said Ruth, thoroughly puzzled, "I thought you, too, were studying for the priesthood?"

"Did my angelic expression lead you to that conclusion?" he asked, laughingly. "Or has some one misinformed you? I never entertained the idea, though to my mind there is no higher vocation."

"Why," said Ruth, "it was only this afternoon that Mrs. Brook told me—but, there! I am betraying myself. You wouldn't think me such a gossip, would you? If you will promise not to become vain, I shall tell you just what was said of you. I asked the identity of that handsome young man at Carolan's mill, and she told me it was Mr. Carolan's son who was studying for the priesthood."

Bernard's boyish laugh was good to hear.

"The joke is on me," he said. "You see, the residents of this benighted place fail to appreciate my charms, and when one refers to the 'handsome' Carolan boy one always means Hugh. The mistake was quite a natural one, since you applied that adjective to me. But really, after all these

weeks did you not know who I was? Such ignorance is appalling. Now I propose to become better acquainted; and, if you will honor us with your company to-morrow, mother and I will drive you to some beautiful spots along the river. You will be glad to know that Black Prince reached home safe a few moments after our own arrival."

And, thanking Ruth for her assent, Bernard lifted his hat and strode whistling through the gathering twilight, leaving a happy-hearted little maid beside the battered gate of the Brook domicile.

Then followed days of enchantment for Ruth, who viewed the loveliness of mountain, sky and stream through a rose-colored mist of happiness. In her leisure time she read with keen enjoyment the books with which Bernard deluged her; and with him she explored secluded nooks along the river, or ascended majestic peaks whose virgin soil the foot of man had never sullied. Each day they returned home so laden with ferns and fragrant flowers that Mrs. Brook's humble home began to take on the appearance of a conservatory.

One of their rambles led them back to the bower which had so nearly proved Ruth's undoing; and as they sat reviewing the events of that memorable day her eye caught the flutter of paper in the branches above.

"O Mr. Carolan," she cried, "I am sure that must be my poor little catechism! Will you please rescue it for me?"

And when the rescue was effected Ruth felt as though she had regained a lost friend; for, tattered and water-stained as it was, the contents were still legible.

"But see!" she said. "The water has effaced your writing. May I have your autograph again?"

Bernard took the ragged little volume, and, drawing out his fountain pen, inscribed some words upon it; while Ruth continued:

"I have another and greater favor to ask of you. Do you remember telling me not to worry,—that if I honestly sought

the light it would come in time? It *has* come, thank God! The books you lent me, the consistent Christian lives which I have seen in your home, and the beautiful faith of your mother, have hastened its coming. That little book in your hand contains my rule of faith. I have studied it well. May I ask you to act as my sponsor in baptism?"

Bernard was overjoyed; yet he said, half-quizzically, half-tenderly:

"You are asking the impossible, little girl. My position as sponsor would interfere with my matrimonial plans." Then he continued earnestly, "I aspire to a nearer relationship," — and he gently placed in her hands the tattered little catechism on which he had inscribed, "Ruth Carolan. Her book."

Then together they passed through the fragrant dusk, adown the quiet little valley, to seek the blessing of the mother and father who were henceforth to stand in the place of the parents whom Ruth had never known.

And if the learned professors mourned at the defection of this brilliant pupil, their sorrow was tempered with comfort that her searching questions would trouble them no more.

To acquire perfection in general and all the virtues in particular, even to attaining union with God, it is necessary to set before ourselves an example, which may serve as a guide for all our actions and all our progress. Now, it is certain that we can find no safer or grander example than that which God Himself has offered us in the person of His Divine Son; and happy is he who shall make the best copy of it. This, then, should be our book and our mirror, in which we ought to look, whatever circumstances may occur,—that is, we should consider in what manner Our Lord behaved in similar cases, and what instruction He has left us in regard to them, and then follow generously His sentiments and example.

—*St. Vincent de Paul.*

A Consoling Sick Call.

WHEN the celebrated Monseigneur Dupanloup, afterward Bishop of Orleans, was curé of a parish in a certain French city, he received one evening an urgent summons to a deathbed. A carriage was waiting to convey him all the more speedily to his destination, which he found to be in one of the most aristocratic quarters of the city. Alighting before an imposing mansion, he was received by one of the family, who sorrowfully explained matters to him. The mistress of the house, the Duchesse de L., had been suddenly seized by mortal illness. The physicians held out no hope. One of them had recommended the immediate administration of the Last Sacraments, lest unconsciousness should supervene.

"O Father," added the lady, "it is such a sad case! The poor sufferer is only twenty, and has been married little more than a year. Her parents are here; they and her husband are distracted. No one has courage to tell her of her danger. Will you break it to her?"

Receiving the Father's assurance that he would do all in his power, she conducted him to the dying lady's room. His heart sank as he noted the magnificence of his surroundings and recalled the circumstances. How hard it would surely be for this petted child of fortune to hear the dread *fiat*! What, then, was his surprise when the patient at once addressed him.

"Thank you for coming, Father! If my life is in danger, do not fear to tell me, that I may make ready at once."

Inexpressibly relieved and much edified, Father Dupanloup began his holy task. It was one the remembrance of which, in after years, ever filled him with consolation. Here was this young creature, with all the advantages that illustrious birth and wealth could shower upon her, ready to sacrifice them all,—ready to part from those who idolized her, since such was the will of God. When the priest expressed his hope that she did not fear

to die, she replied, with a radiant smile:

"Oh, no, Father! How could I? On the day of my First Communion I took the resolution that no day should pass without my saying the Rosary. I have kept that resolution. That means that fifty times each day I have asked the Blessed Virgin to pray for me at the hour of my death. She will help me, I know."

And, clasping her hands, she fervently recited the *Ave Maria*. The same sweet prayer was on her lips when, a few hours later, she entered into her agony. With her last breath she continued it as far as the words, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners! Pray for me now, Mother,—*now!*" And with these words she passed away, to receive the "Welcome!" of that Mother she had so faithfully honored upon earth.

The Saints and Ourselves.

A COMMON error of our time—a wrong notion shared by many Christians as well as by most worldlings—is to imagine that religion prevents the development of the natural qualities of man; that it confines the thoughts, and is wholly incompatible with enlightened elevation of character and anything like warmth of feeling; and that, in consequence, the greatest saints are furthest removed from normal human qualities and sentiments. As Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie observes in a pleasant essay on "The Humor of the Saints," in the current number of the *Outlook*, "instead of perceiving that in a saint the human qualities bloom in the sunniest exposure to divine truth and love, men have too often felt that sainthood involves a dehumanizing process, and that one becomes a saint by ceasing to be a man." This error arises from a wrong conception both of God and of religion. It misrepresents the saints and is calculated to nullify our desire to imitate them, which is the very object of the Church in their canonization. No

doubt there were some among the saints whose natural disposition was gloomy, but it was not on this account that they were canonized. The vast majority of holy men and women with whose lives we are familiar were especially distinguished for cheerfulness. It was a natural result of their habitual union with God, of the state of innocence which they had preserved, or to which by penance they had attained.

"How lovely is religion!" the Blessed Curé of Ars used to exclaim. It is said that he was never known to laugh, but he smiled habitually, in a way to encourage cheerfulness and to inspire confidence. Although, of course, no saint could ever be frivolous, most saints have been humorous, if not on account of being so holy, on account of being so sane. All of them, needless to say, were distinguished for intense earnestness, of which humor is the saving grace. The Blessed Curé, though one of the most mortified of men, was charming in conversation, always ready with quick answers, which were now and then gently satirical. Those who were privileged to know him intimately have reported many sparkling remarks, full of similes and sweetness. One thinks of St. Jerome as the personification of austerity, yet lashes of humor are to be found in his letters. He was, in reality, a very human saint. Even the Evangelists were not lacking in the "saving grace." Who can read without a smile of the healing of the man born blind as related by St. John? The humor is certainly there. And may not St. Luke have smiled to himself while writing of those forty Jews of Cæsarea who took an oath that they would eat nothing "till they had killed Paul,"—thinking how hungry they must have become?

The dignity of the saints is not obscured by attributing to them the natural qualities shared by all human beings. "You may live in the same house with the 'saint,'" writes Coventry Patmore, "and never find out that he is not a sinner like

yourself, unless you rely on negative proofs, or obtrude lax ideas upon him, and so provoke him to silence. You must make allowance for him, and remember that the knowledge, which is to you a superficiality is to him a solid. I once asked a person more learned than I am in such matters," adds Mr. Patmore, "to tell me what was the real difference between the 'saint' and any other ordinary man of the world with a prudent regard for the common proprieties. The reply was that the 'saint' does everything that any other decent person does, only somewhat better and with a totally different motive."

Concluding the article to which we have referred, Mr. Mabie tells of "two beautifully human saints" whose goodness was the natural flowering of their nature, the childlike unfolding of pure souls. Those who were privileged to know the late Sister M. Rita, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, will not need to be told who the teaching nun is to whom so gracious a tribute is paid:

One was a Methodist, whose life had been one long and blessed service of others. At seventy she entered upon ten years of increasing suffering; for five years she was helpless. She was more than heroic: she was a spring of life and joy. Age seemed to have passed her by while Pain waited beside her. Her face never lost its bloom nor her eye its merry gleam. Her humor to the last hour was a flowing stream, in which faith, gayety of spirit, and clear intelligence mingled and moved harmoniously. Long before she went, her Calvary had become a Mount of Transfiguration; her mortality put on immortality like a shining garment.

The other was a teaching nun in a convent school. She wore the dress of her Order as naturally as if it were the universal dress of women; and her religion was at once faith, service, poetry. She was set apart to a life of holy thoughts, but her beautiful humanity was not obscured but made luminous by it. Her face was wonderfully responsive to fine thoughts and beautiful speech; she taught literature as one who lived beside fountains of its inspiration. She had a quiet seriousness, a charming humor, a natural gift of judgment. To know her was to be in the atmosphere of the saint without any blurring of the grace and sweetness of the woman.

Notes and Remarks.

There is a quality, or combination of qualities, in the sermons of Bishop Hedley which renders them eminently attractive. Whatever the subject may be, one is disposed to "sit up and take notice." They must be listened to with close attention, they are all so interesting in print. We have never read one without finding something to quote. The latest—an address, as it is called, delivered on the Golden Jubilee of the consecration of St. Michael's Church, Hereford, England,—contains this fine passage:

Christianity is the presence of God amongst men, — God in speech and in touch. Through our holy Catholic Faith we know that the far-off God is wonderfully near, the silent Almighty speaks, the most pure Spirit walks to and fro. But this is done by means of a human ministry. Jesus Himself was on this earth only a short time. When He left us He constituted a body of men, to be ever renewed, by whose word and act He is always with us; and the everlasting God is with us. For the ministry is a means to an end, — a most gracious means to the supreme end and purpose of life. That men may love God more strenuously and more continuously, God has become man, and has willed that there should ever be on earth, not merely the memory of that Incarnation, but a dispensation of Sacrifice, Sacrament, and a teaching Church; and this dispensation is embodied in the priesthood. God is manifested upon earth, not by prophets clothed with the robes of inspiration and of miracle, not by the waters of a deluge, or the terrors of Mount Sinai, but by men endowed with invisible power, whose office is recognized by Faith.

What an exalted idea of Christianity and of the Christian ministry is conveyed by this paragraph!

The *Academy* has published two admirably written articles on "Oberammergau and Its Passion Play," by E. Ashmead-Bartlett, who was an enthusiastic witness of the recent performance. "It is a great pity," he declares, "that a few actor-managers do not make the journey to Oberammergau and pick up some hints

on how to stage historical productions. The acting of these villagers is, throughout, infinitely superior to that seen on our own stage; and the handling of the crowd, sometimes 500 strong, an object-lesson. It is the triumph of naturalness. The performers live all their lives in the atmosphere of the parts they have been selected to create, and study them incessantly until they become part and parcel of the character, with the result that the acting is almost perfect and as near historical accuracy as can be obtained. Some of the tableaux could not be excelled,—they are perfection; and the manner in which the figures are grouped, and keep their positions for several minutes while the choir is singing, is almost incredible."

The writer believes that the pilgrimage to Oberammergau will become more and more popular in the succeeding decades. "Nowhere else in the world is found this unique phenomenon of a mountain village which is composed of born actors and actresses, who live all their lives in a deep religious atmosphere for the single purpose of presenting every ten years 'The Story which Transformed the World.'"

From time to time one meets with a particularly striking verification of the statement once made by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, that, whatever may be thought of Catholicism as a religion to live in, it seems certainly to be the best one to die in. In a wreck on the Lackawanna Railroad in Scranton the other day, fireman William Tobin was very seriously injured, being pinned beneath the wreckage for an hour and twenty-three minutes. Priests from the episcopal residence were soon on the scene, and Father Hurst attended to the injured fireman. The latter's brother Joseph, being informed that it was a man named McCormack who was pinioned in the engine, and seeing that every assistance was being rendered to him, hastened to be of service to the injured passengers. It was fully fifteen minutes before Joseph, learning that it

was his brother William who was held prisoner, hastened to cheer the sufferer, begging him not to lose courage: that he would soon be "all right." Without a whimper, William responded to his brother's pleadings: "I'm all right now: I've had the priest. You watch and see that they don't catch my head with the hood. I'm fast. I can't move either foot."

"I've had the priest"! Yes, let the Socialist philosopher ignore religion, deride its adherents, and scoff at its ministers as he will: there comes to every man, day laborer or millionaire, an unfailing moment when all his hopes centre in the opportunity of making his peace with God; when his being "all right" or the reverse depends on whether or not he has enjoyed the unspeakable consolations of religion,—has "had the priest," as poor Tobin expressed it.

Viscount Halifax among English Protestants, like the Duke of Norfolk among English Catholics, is the foremost layman of his communion, and his opinion may accordingly be supposed to be of some weight with his coreligionists. Speaking at a meeting of the English Church Union at Cambridge recently, the Viscount said that the law as to divorce was a direct incentive to and encouragement of sin; that it enabled the parties who had sinned to profit by their sin, and that it had been a bar in the way of any real repentance.

More and more clearly do those outside the Fold come to recognize that the Church's attitude as to divorce—which, after all, is merely Christ's own attitude—is the only truly effective one. "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

In a speech at the general assembly of school inspectors under his jurisdiction, the Minister of Education and of Worship for the Kingdom of Saxony declared that "the Government is firmly and unanimously determined to preserve for the people, religion, faith and Christian

morality. That is possible only by the decided maintenance of denominational schools. . . . There should be no contradiction, as to religious teaching, between the Church and the school. The teaching should be in all points conformable to the doctrines of the Church, which assures us that Christ is the Son of God and our Saviour. Such instruction can be given to Protestant children by Protestant believers alone, to Catholic children by the recognized organs of the Catholic Church."

From a Protestant official in a Protestant country, such doctrine is as gratifying as it is noteworthy.

Some practical dogmatic theology for the man on the street is served up in the *Pilot* by the writer of "Talks to Young Men." Discussing infallibility, he says:

As a sane, practical man, you see in every contest the necessity for an umpire, a referee, a judge, a tribunal, an authority with recognized power to end disputes. The decisions must be made in accordance with accepted rules and laws; must be regarded as final, irrevocable; and therefore, in their own sphere and scope, are acknowledged as free from error. This principle, so necessary for the maintenance of good order in every phase and avenue of human action, is much more essential in the regulation of the multitudinous thoughts, words, and deeds controlling all possible relations and transactions between man and man and between man and his God.

Without an infallible tribunal, without a supreme court for the settlement of disputes concerning matters of faith and morals, every article of Christian belief would be involved in bewildering confusion and difficulties. Controversy would simply be endless; and men, not knowing what to think, would not know how to act. . . .

Suppose upon an ocean liner each of the passengers should claim the right to guide the ship in his own way. He might demand it, because he had studied a little geography, and in addition had a smattering of other sciences. He might allege his skill in the accumulation of wealth, his bulging muscle, his physical beauty; his prominence in politics, in society, in literature, or in anything else. Would the captain be justified if he were to admit that the passenger's success in other things qualified him for the

position of commander? Would the other passengers consider themselves secure under such guidance?

This sort of "talk" is clearly of use, to young men or old. While of course not new, it is newly put, and apt to make an impression.

The following paragraph from the *Osservatore Romano* constitutes another and a notable tribute to the magnificence of the recent Eucharistic Congress:

The Church finds itself, after seven years of the present pontificate, in the midst of difficulties greater and more numerous than those which have beset it at any time since the loss of the Temporal Power; but in the piety evoked by the Eucharistic Congress his Holiness finds consolation for every misfortune. The occasion brings out the essential nature of the present reign—its religious tone, the importance it attaches to morals and to piety as distinguished from the successes of diplomacy.

Morals and piety are necessarily of paramount importance to the Pontiff whose aim is, not to shine as a diplomat or statesman (though even in these rôles he has achieved genuine distinction), but "to restore all things in Christ." We can quite understand how gratifying to him must have been the honor everywhere paid to his Legate, but above all the homage rendered to the Lord of the Tabernacle.

Recent developments in Portugal render more timely at present than when it was written a few weeks ago an article on "Religious Orders" in the *Catholic Herald of India*. Apropos of the cosmopolitan calumnies published about these Orders by journalists whose real knowledge of the subject is sadly imperfect when indeed it is not non-existent, the *Herald* asks:

What is there behind that sudden and uniform outcry—expressed in almost identical terms in England, India, America, and throughout the anticlerical press? Religious Orders are everywhere the same; their life is the same; their object is the same; their usefulness to the Church and to society, to the poor and the sick, to suffering humanity, is what we see it under our eyes. If there did exist any difference, if

there were any abuse, why, the remedy is at hand. Religious Orders can not exist without the sanction of the Head of the Church. By him they can be suppressed; by him they can be called to account and checked—if need be. Spain, in particular, is bound by its Concordat to treat such questions with the Vatican. But it is not, after all, the question of finding a remedy for an alleged evil that troubles the Spanish Government. The real truth is that religious Orders, religion itself, stands in the way of those who hate Christ and His Church. These haters—call them whatever you like—are in power; and if they aim at the destruction of the religious Orders, it is because they mean to attack the secular clergy after that, and finally to separate Church and State.

Just so. Now, as ever, the religious Orders form the vanguard of the Church, and they invariably bear the brunt of the first attacks made on her in any country. Like the Church herself, however, the Orders are immortal; and they will still be flourishing with perennial youth when the immature republics that "suppress" them will have lapsed into anarchy and social chaos.

A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind, and a great many residents of a great many cities will appreciate the *Montreal Star's* treatment of a recent accident in the Canadian metropolis:

On Friday afternoon, Mr. Gustave Levesque came into collision with one of the Montreal Street Railway Company's construction cars at the corner of Sherbrooke Street on St. Lawrence Boulevard. The gentleman had to have his leg amputated, but the public generally will be relieved to know that the car was uninjured. We have no desire to reflect upon a man who suffered so severely; but the recklessness with which ordinary citizens use the streets of Montreal must be exceedingly annoying to the ever-popular Street Railway Company, and its scrupulously careful motormen. Cars are delayed; the Company's officials have to waste time attending coroner's inquests; and the Company has to spend money in legal expenses, including libel suits,—all because pedestrians and other private citizens assume the right to use the streets almost on an equality with the Company itself. This kind of thing must be stopped. Capital must be protected; and the question should be settled, once and for all, whether people who have been granted no street

privileges by the City Council are to be permitted to interfere with the peaceable possession of the streets by the only Company in the nominal enjoyment of a public franchise in that connection. It is absurd to allow street railway traffic to be interfered with by mere pedestrians. . . .

The sympathy which the *Star* lavishes on the Street Railway Company might well be extended to the owners of automobiles, who are nefariously barred from traversing the rural districts at a speed of sixty miles an hour by the impertinent acts of country residents, who persist in the delusion that they have any right to their own roads. Such pigheadedness is lamentable.

Emperor William's recent declaration concerning the divine right of kings has had the result of acquainting the world with what, we imagine, has hitherto been unsuspected information relative to the Kaiser's inner life. A Hamburg journal quotes the ruler of Germany as saying, and vouches for the authenticity of the utterance:

I can not understand why so many people occupy themselves so little with the Word of God. In all my thoughts and actions I ask myself what the Bible says about the matter. For me it is a fountain from which I draw strength and light. In the hours of uncertainty and anxiety I turn to this great source of consolation. I can not imagine a life which is inwardly estranged from God. We must all go through our hours of Gethsemane.

This, we submit, is manifestly Christian talk; and none but his enemies will decry the Kaiser's religious sentiments, or question their sincerity.

"Social Work in Switzerland" is the subject of an extremely interesting paper contributed to the *Catholic World* by Virginia M. Crawford. This extract summarizes her conclusions:

In Switzerland, after thirty years of active, if intermittent, agitation, based largely on the teaching of the Leonine Encyclicals, much has been accomplished in labor legislation, in housing, in education, in the development of the civic sense. In Switzerland we find no

extremes either of poverty or of wealth, with their blighting evils,—no destitution on the one hand, no enervating luxury on the other. Everywhere there is to be found a widespread observance of Sunday rest, and almost complete religious toleration. Hence at St. Gall, although in point of fact the population is only three-fifths Catholic, the social student can watch the Church at work under normal and healthy conditions in an environment favorable to spiritual growth. And the conviction is forced upon him that in the world of to-day only democracy, wisely understood, furnishes such a basis.

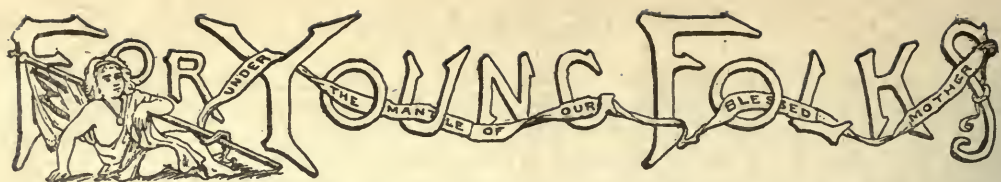
Evidently conditions in Switzerland are far from being so disheartening as in some other lands that pride themselves on ranking "foremost in the files of time." The reference in the foregoing passage to the Encyclicals of Leo XIII. is noteworthy. Those luminous documents are well worth the most earnest study.

Apropos of a subject frequently touched upon in these columns—the civic duties of Catholics,—Cardinal Gibbons says:

Let more young men of education and virtuous ideals give themselves to the public service; and if they do so with clean hearts and hands, the pregnant evils of government must be eliminated. In serving our country we are serving God. I have preached this and written it again and again.

The better class of our citizens too often stand aloof from practical politics and the conduct of campaigns. One result of universal suffrage is that elections very frequently turn upon the votes of that large class made up of the rougher and baser sort. As I have written in "Our Christian Heritage," to influence and organize this vote is the "dirty work" of politics.

And it is precisely aloofness and affected disgust for political activity, on the part of so many respectable and educated citizens, that make this "dirty work" effective. If the decent, honest, clean-handed voters of any average community manifested one-half the energy of their opposites, politics would be relieved of much of the stigma that now attaches thereto. No man—save perhaps a hermit on a solitary island—is immune from civic duties and responsibilities. To neglect these is to proclaim oneself not only a bad citizen but a bad Catholic as well.



The Winner of a Prize.

BY M. R. SHEA.



T was that bothersome question about the "Northwest Territory" that confused Alicia. "It must mean the land covered by Oregon, Washington, and Idaho, surely. That was the northwest part of the country. Still—still, wasn't that Oregon Territory?" So reasoned Alicia, and her poor little head became more and more confused. That question had been annoying her since she first looked through the examination. Suddenly something put before her mind the region of Minnesota. Was not that the "Northwest Territory"? But that was not in the northwest part of the United States. The Ordinance of 1787 flashed before her. Yes, she was sure—that is, almost sure—that it was this part of the country to which the puzzling question referred.

At this important moment, Lettie Shanley set her paper upon Sister Rose's desk, and walked out of the room with a very satisfied air. She and Alicia had been the last two to finish. Considering how much there was at stake in this test—the final and general examination, covering the work of the whole year,—no time limit had been set. But it was now after twelve.

Supposing Lettie Shanley should get the prize? The thought came with horror to Alicia, as she watched the Shanley girl, her close rival in history scholarship, pass out of the room. Sister Rose raised her eyes and closed the ink-well on her desk.

"Aren't you finished, Alicia?" she asked, looking in the child's direction.

"I shall be in just a minute now, Sister.

I've done the tenth, but must go back to one of the others."

"Well, finish as quickly as you can," said the nun. "Meantime I must go."

Picking up the pile of examination papers, she set out for the dining-room, pausing only to give Alicia directions about putting her paper into a certain desk drawer before leaving. No child more worthy of trust had ever attended St. Joseph's, so Sister Rose walked away without hesitancy.

"Yes, Sister," Alicia replied to the parting injunction, and resumed her writing.

In a moment she paused. Alicia was *quite* sure that the answer she had in mind was correct,—so sure, in fact, that she had begun writing it; but why not make *altogether* sure? Something suggested that; and the idea, once in mind, was hard to abandon. She was *perfectly* sure now, she told herself; so what was the harm of looking into the history for a minute? She knew just where to find it. She had intended to do so as soon as her paper was passed to Sister Rose, so why not do it as well before as after? It was all the same, Alicia's evil prompter told her. Would she do it if Sister Rose were present? An invisible something asked her this. Sister Rose knew she was honest,—everybody knew it; she had often fulfilled missions of trust. There was no harm at all in the idea, she suddenly decided; for, no matter what the history said, she would write that answer exactly as she had intended before looking. Then, why not write it now, if the answer was to be unchanged anyway? But the book was already open and she might as well look. Her fingers trembled as she turned the pages. Yes, there it was, plain enough, in black and white, as she had decided the question. There was no need of any change in the answer—

she had known there would not be.

But on her way home Alicia was tormented with questions that kept crowding her brain. Who was asking them? *She* was not; she wanted to forget the whole matter; her head was very tired. But the questions refused to cease. "If you were so very sure, why didn't you write it before looking to see if it was correct? If you would have made no change in the answer anyway, why not have written it just as well before as after? If Sister Rose had been there, would you have done the same? Would you like to have your classmates know what you have done? Would Sister have left you alone if she had not known how trustworthy you used to be?"

"Used to be"? Then, wasn't she trustworthy any more? Alicia's face paled. She could eat no dinner. She was glad when her mother's anxiety about her weariness and loss of appetite kept her from school that afternoon. By to-morrow she could appear more unconcerned in discussing the examination with the other girls; also she could meet Sister Rose's penetrating eye more steadily.

"I know I failed in one question," said Lettie Shanley, next morning. "I always did get the Northwest Territory mixed up with the northwest part of the country. It ought to be named something else. Did you look to see if you got that question right, Alicia?"

Alicia flushed; for, in her guilt, she was sure that Lettie must have found out her terrible secret. The question was pointed.

"I always look to see, right after every examination; don't you?" continued Lettie. "That's the only one I got wrong, I think."

"Oh, yes! I didn't know what you meant at first. I always look, too. Mine are all right, so far as I can tell."

Alicia's voice was calm. How quickly she adapted herself to the deceit!

"Well, you'll get the prize, of course; we all knew that you would. But I don't mind telling you that I tried hard for it, and would have taken that gold piece

from you if I could. I had hopes, too, after the second last examination; I had even planned just what I was to do with the ten dollars."

"Don't count your chickens before they're hatched," said one of the girls.

"Maybe you'll get second or third prize," consoled another. "Your last two history papers were pretty high."

"What had you planned to buy?" asked Alicia, just for the sake of joining in the conversation.

Lettie hesitated.

"It's something my mother needs,—or, at least, would like very much," she stammered; "and I was going to surprise her. But I don't believe I'll tell. She might not like me to, you know."

Both Lettie and Alicia were day pupils, and each knew, in general, the financial circumstances of the other's family.

"I really do not need the ten dollars, Lettie," Alicia hastened to explain, out of sincere sympathy and generosity. "What I enjoy is the winning. If I get the prize, I shall give it to you."

"Just like your unselfishness, Alicia Redmond!" commented one of the boarders. "You are always doing something like that."

And the other girls all joined in praising Alicia's magnanimity.

"I couldn't take it, really," said Lettie; "though if I won, I'd be very glad. But even if I were willing to take it from you, Alicia, mother would not allow it, I'm sure. You are generous indeed to make the offer. I shan't forget it for you."

All the kind words and praise smote Alicia's heart. That night she could not sleep, her head burned so. At daybreak, a long sunbeam danced through her eastern window, and pointed directly at her,—like a finger of scorn, Alicia thought.

"I will go to Sister Rose to-day," she resolved, "and tell her the truth. I can not take the prize. I'm afraid to take it."

Twice that day she tried to carry out her purpose. The first time, her courage failed her; and when about to make the

second attempt, some one interrupted their conversation.

"I should like to see you about something, Sister," said Alicia, trying once more the next noontime, as she followed the nun out into the corridor.

"Oh, yes, Alicia! I think I know about it. Your music lessons? Your mother told me she thought you had better not finish out this quarter; and I think so, too. You don't seem very well lately."

The busy teacher hurried away about her duties.

"I've done my part," thought Alicia, with set lips. "I'll try no more; I can't help it. But I will throw that gold piece into the river and say I lost it. And I *do* hope that's the last lie I'll have to tell as long as I live."

The day came for the finishing exercises of the grammar department of St. Joseph's Academy. In his opening address to the children, Father Boyle spoke much of honesty and honor. He cautioned the children against weakness in the struggles and temptations which must come to all. Many a parent's eye was moist, for the truth of the priest's words impressed them; and pathos mingled with pleasure in beholding the brave, earnest little souls launching forth into womanhood.

Alicia was trembling. Never had she prayed more ardently to win a prize than she now petitioned the Almighty to escape the ignominy of receiving one dishonestly. The prizes for English composition had been given out, Lettie receiving second. That was unexpected; for Lettie's only hopes had been centred on history, her favorite study. But now it was time for history,—the moment of Alicia's doom had come. Her name was being called, but she remained sitting in her place, helpless, seemingly turned to stone.

"Alicia Redmond!" repeated Father Boyle, looking in her direction.

Muttering an ejaculation to the Sacred Heart for help, Alicia finally commanded herself, and stood. But she did not move forward.

"The prize is not mine, Father Boyle!" she said, in a low, hoarse voice. "I must not take it. I cheated. Sister Rose trusted me and left me alone to finish the last history examination, and that is what I did when she went,—I cheated. I tried to own up to it twice already, and both times something happened to prevent my confession. But I have to speak now. I can not take the prize; the shame would kill me. It has made me sick already."

She sat down, her poor little body trembling terribly. A momentary hush followed. But Father Boyle tactfully withdrew attention from her by continuing the exercises almost immediately.

"Then the winner of the second prize in history," he announced, "may come forward and receive the first—Miss Lettie Shanley!"

And in a short time the program was finished. But in his concluding words, Father Boyle referred to Alicia:

"What she, a little girl, has done to-day many a strong man has been afraid to do; and the fear which makes one afraid to tell the truth has ruined many a soul. The details of Alicia's wrongdoing we do not know; maybe it is not so bad as it seems to her. I feel sure it is not. But by her bravery to-day she has won a victory that the angels are recording; and, for her soul, a prize with which, as to value, no earthly prize can compare."

"You are the dearest and honestest girl in all the world, Alicia Redmond!" cried Lettie, just as soon as she could reach Alicia after the exercises, and put her arms around her. "Everybody else is saying the same thing. I never could have the courage to do it. But you always do exactly what is right; and having done a wrong thing once, we might have known you would not let it go. And I'm sure you'll be glad to hear what I shall do with the prize. Mother has not had a best dress for three years, on account of my school expenses, and I'm to have the joy of buying her one with this. Now aren't you glad you let me

win the first prize, Alicia Redmond?"

There was no resisting the sweet comfort of Lettie's bright smile; and, indeed, instead of suffering dislike and reproach—which Alicia expected as her just due—from her other comrades, she seemed to have grown suddenly more dear to each and every one of them. Years afterward she became a prominent teacher in a girls' school; and, among her other lessons, never ceased to instil into her pupils' minds the principles of truth and honor. The incident of the only dishonest act of her life, she told to many a girl; and the lives she inspired with honesty and bravery were part of her soul's prize to which Father Boyle had reference, on that far back but well-remembered day when he applauded her for her courageous admission.

A Nautical Adventure.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

II.

Clinton was so quiet at dinner that his mother asked him if he did not feel well. He replied that he was perfectly well, only he thought it a little warm. Later, when she bade him good-night, he clung to her so fondly that she said:

"Surely, my dear boy, you are not well! Or have you something on your mind?"

"No, mother," he answered. "I just love you,—that's all; and don't you forget it!" Then he ran quickly upstairs, and closed and locked his door.

With Edward the manner of procedure was different. All through dinner he was so boisterous that his father was obliged to reprove him two or three times.

"Guess you'd be sorry you didn't let me make all the noise I wanted to, if I was dead—or anything."

Mr. Fielding laughed.

"Leave your note?" asked Edward of his friend, when they met as planned.

"Yes; did you?"

"Yes. I put it near father's plate on

the dining-room table. Won't they be surprised in the morning!"

"I stuck mine under mother's bedroom door," said Clinton. "And I came pretty near stumbling downstairs afterward. I felt so queer and it was so dark."

"Glad you didn't," remarked Edward. "It would have spoiled everything, for they'd have been sure to wake up. Come on, Clint!"

They took their way down the hill; silently they reached the road. Edward carried a large valise containing a few articles of his own and Clinton's clothing, while Clinton had secured a kitchen knife from the pantry and had fastened it in his leather belt.

"What's that for, Clint?" asked Edward.

"I don't know," replied the boy, bashfully. "I thought we might meet some highwaymen, maybe."

"Put it there on the garden paling," said Edward. "That thing wouldn't cut a fly."

Clinton laid it down obediently, and, each catching a handle of the valise, they walked on.

"This time to-morrow night—" began Edward.

"We may be dreadfully seasick and wishing we were home in bed," interrupted Clinton.

"Never was seasick in my life," replied Edward, disdainfully. "Neither were you."

"We were never on a big ship before. Don't you know, we read in 'Boys of the Navy' that sometimes you never get over being seasick, no matter how long you are on the water, nor how often?"

"Yes, but that's the exception," said Edward.

"And who knows," continued Clinton, in a melancholy tone,—"who knows whether we'll ever get back? According to the 'History of the United States Navy,' we won't be kept long on the same vessel."

"Yes, we shall until we're finished. You're thinking of officers now, Clint. We can't expect ever to be, except

'noncommish'—and that's good enough for me."

"Yes, I remember it said in that book about the sailors: 'The rank and file of the army and navy are made up of such as these.'"

"Oh, yes! And it's every word true. I've read lots of things like that."

"We *can* be changed, though, Ed, very soon. Sometimes they transfer boys from one ship to another."

"Well, what if they do? Wouldn't you like it? Couldn't we see more of the world that way?"

"What if they sent us to the Indies or the Mediterranean or to Algiers? And there might be corsairs and pirates."

"That would be fun."

"I guess it's all right," said Clinton, rather sorrowfully. "I hope the folks won't feel too bad—or too mad."

"Probably they'll feel both. But, when they think it over, they will know it was best for us to choose our own careers. There, I can see the lights of the ship! Aren't they splendid?"

"I wish it wasn't so dark here," said Clinton, as they groped their way along the shore.

"I brought some matches," replied Edward, laying down the valise and feeling in his pockets for the matches. "And I've got a piece of candle, too."

With an air of being very resourceful, he first lit a match, then the candle-end, which he stuck on a board near the tarpaulins. With some difficulty they dragged the boat to the edge of the water; and Edward, having put out the candle and thrown the valise in, was about to enter it, when Clinton exclaimed:

"O Ed, we forgot to leave a note with the money at Caleb's!"

"Sure enough we did!" replied his companion. "But it will take us some time to row out to the ship, and she might start without us. Then where should we be?"

"We'd have to march home again."

"I move we send Caleb the money by mail."

"How can we do it?"

"Don't you suppose those fellows on board write letters?"

"Yes; but Caleb will think we're thieves, till he hears from us."

"We can't help that, Clint. 'Twon't be for long,—not more than two or three days. We'll write to Caleb the first time we write home."

"Well, I guess it will be all right," said Clinton, preparing to take his place in the boat, in which Edward was already seated.

"We ought to have had two pairs of oars," replied Edward.

"Shall we each take one?"

"I don't see how we can do that. Halloo! There's Rover!"

As he spoke a little black water spaniel, barking loudly, rushed into the boat, and began making demonstrations of joy at having found his young masters; for he belonged to both.

"What shall we do with him?" asked Clinton.

"Keep him,—take him along. He'll be lots of fun for us and the other fellows. Maybe he'll be a mascot."

"That's so.—Lie down, Rover!"

They were rather glad than otherwise at the arrival of the dog, as they were deeply attached to him.

"I'll take the oars for a while and you steer," said Edward. "When I get tired, I'll sing out and we can change places."

"I can row backward," said Clinton. "It isn't safe to change places, and it's going to be awfully dark."

"Here, I'll take one oar and you the other. Turn round! Get here in front of me."

Clinton changed his position; and, each taking an oar, they began rowing vigorously. The tide was rising; they were with it; the waters of the bay were calm. When they came to the bridge, Edward laid down his oar.

"We'll rest here a while," he said. "Sailors always rest under a bridge."

"How do you know?"

"I've seen them—in pictures."

"They never do here."

"But these aren't real sailors. We're going to be real ones."

"Are you tired, Ed?" asked Clinton, bravely.

"No; but it's awfully dark, isn't it?"

"See, the moon's up!" said Clinton. "We'll have plenty of light soon."

They resumed their course, but did not make much headway. The tide was strong enough to have borne them out; but, their object being to reach the ship, which lay at one side, they had to work hard to get there. At last the vessel began to loom up closer. They were about to steer directly toward it—a proceeding which would probably have resulted in swamping and drowning them,—when a voice behind them called out:

"Who's there? Where are you going?"

"Ship ahoy!" shouted Edward, making a trumpet of his hands,—a thing he had heard it was proper to do under the circumstances.

A boat loomed out of the darkness.

"Crazy!" answered the voice, belonging evidently to a large and muscular man, if the volume of sound betokened anything. "What! A pair of kids! What are you doing here this time of night?"

The boat had come alongside their own small craft. It was manned by two sailors; and the man who addressed them was the ship's cook, though in the darkness the boys believed and hoped it to be the captain.

"We are two lonely boys," said Edward, bravely. "We have come to join the ship. We are going to be sailors."

This explanation was greeted by loud laughter from all on board the strange craft.

"I'm the ship's cook," said the big man. "All you'd be fit for would be roast meat. You'd be tender enough, I bet; and I'd like to serve you up. Get right back home and tuck yourselves in your little beds.

"But we want to join the navy," said Edward.

"The navy! *You!* Do you know what they'd do with you on board the *Minotaur*, if you did manage to sneak on to her?"

"No," said the boys.

"Well, first they'd give you both a good wallop for running away from home—as I know ye've done,—and then they'd pitch you overboard. See!"

"That isn't true," said Edward. "They wouldn't dare do it."

"They wouldn't? Well, maybe not quite so bad as that, but you'd get the wallop. What was that Captain Cary did to the fellows that hid away at Plymouth, Jim?"

"He had a sailor to wallop them good, and had them put in irons on bread and water."

"And what else, Jim?"

"He sailed round the world with them, just to make an example of them; and when they got home their folks had moved; and the boys were so sickly and fallow from travelling in hot countries they weren't used to, that their folks didn't know them and wouldn't believe it was them, when they got to where they'd moved to; and so they were arrested as vagrants, and the last I heard of them they were on the chain gang, breaking stones on the Green Mountains."

"Hear that?" said the cook, in a tone of triumph. "Now will you be good, and go home to your mammas?"

"'Tisn't so easy," said the sailor, who had been addressed as Jim. "They'll have the tide against them going back, Philpot."

"That's their business," rejoined the cook, who was not, to say the least, either a fatherly or a very sympathetic man.

"Keep out of the wake of the ship, boys, and from under it," said another of the sailors, "or you'll be sucked in. Remember that, now!"

"So 'long! We're late!" sang out the cook, addressing his two companions; and they parted company with the young voyagers, who remained motionless while the ship's boat pushed rapidly through the water and away from them.

All their courage and nautical aspirations had left them under the swift, sharp disillusioning words of the cook and his companion, of which they believed enough to conclude they had made a mistake.

"Let's get along toward the bridge if we can," said Clinton, after a short silence. "It's dangerous here; the ship may start any time, and then where shall we be? They're getting up steam fast."

With some difficulty the boys made their way back toward the bridge, where they rested.

"Let's get home as soon as we can now," said Clinton. "The tide's rising fast."

"Home?" cried Edward. "I'm going to see that ship go out first. We may as well stay till morning, as we're here."

"And have the folks find the notes, and Caleb find the boat gone? We'd cut a pretty figure, Ed, if they knew what we'd tried to do and failed. Let's get back. I don't want to see that old ship go out, anyway. I hate the sight of it."

"Guess we'll have to stay," said Edward. "Don't you see how the backwater is getting rougher and rougher? Let's get under the bridge. There won't be any danger there of being swept away, and we can see the ship go out."

In a moment they were safe under the bridge. Edward pulled out his watch.

"It's one o'clock. They ought to be off by two," he said.

It was cold and damp under the bridge, and the boys began to feel it, especially since the exercise of rowing had previously covered them with perspiration. It was fully two o'clock when the vessel got away, the dawn already beginning to break beyond the mountains. As she passed, the impetus sent the surging waters far behind and around her; the little boat under the bridge rose and fell in a very unpleasant manner.

When the vessel disappeared, they lifted their oars and rowed out into the open water; and, though the incoming tide was high, the cross-current was so

strong that they could not make any headway toward the shore. They had not been in this predicament long when Edward said:

"Clint, instead of getting in, we're going out. What shall we do?"

"Try as hard as we can to make shore; and then, if we can't, get back under the bridge till the tide falls. There is nothing else to do."

"I believe that will be best," rejoined Edward.

Bending all their efforts to accomplish their purpose, they rowed strenuously for a short time. But it was useless: the boat began to dance on the waves like a shell; they did not seem to have any control over it.

"We can't even make the bridge now," said Clinton.

"There's no use trying any more," answered his companion. "We're drifting out to sea."

(To be continued.)

Haydn's Answer.

The famous musician Joseph Haydn was the son of a poor wheelwright at Rohrau, in Lower Austria. His father played on the harp, to the music of which his mother would often add that of her charming voice. This it was which first awoke the musical talents of the great composer.

One day, when he was in company with several other distinguished musicians, the question arose as to the best way of refreshing the mind when one is wearied with mental labor. "For my part," said one, "I find nothing so effective as a glass of good wine." Another remarked: "When my ideas begin to flag, I quit my work and go into company."—"And how is it with you, Haydn?" asked one of his companions. "I take to my Rosary, which I always carry about me," he answered, modestly. "After a few decades I am sure to feel refreshed both in body and in mind."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Messrs. Methuen & Co.'s list of new publications includes a pocket edition of Mr. Belloc's charming book, "Hills and the Sea."

—A revised edition of "Beowulf," translated into English prose, with notes and Introduction, by Dr. J. R. Clark-Hall, is among forthcoming books of Messrs. Sonnenschein. Much new matter has been added.

—The death, at the venerable age of sixty-nine, of Mrs. J. E. U. Nealis is announced from Brooklyn, N. Y. She was a poet of distinction, and some of her best work appeared in these pages. She was a contributor also to various Catholic newspapers by whose older readers she will be pleasantly remembered.

—Yet another beautiful edition of the Roman Missal, a convenient 24mo, for private use, has been issued by Messrs. Pustet & Co. The print is admirably clear, the paper not too thin, and the binding flexible. Those who make frequent use of this book will be sure to appreciate the index, the markers, the rounded corners, the case, and other features. It is a delightful little volume to have by one. No seminarian should be without a copy of this, or the 48mo edition, published by the same firm. The Ratisbon Missals are unquestionably the best in existence.

—Father Egger, S. J., whose death is being mourned by all classes in Glasgow as a bereavement of unusual severity, was an exemplary priest of many activities. Not the least of these was his interest in and co-operation with the Catholic press. "His own pen," says the *Glasgow Observer*, "was at its constant command, and he was ever ready to assist in requisitioning the labor of others toward the same end. During all his years in Glasgow our papers enjoyed the incalculable benefit of his friendship, alike in contribution and advice; and the gratitude to which in life he would never listen may, at least, seek faltering expression by his bier." *R. I. P.*

—Mr. S. R. Crockett, who within the past few years has contributed more than one novel to the list of English and American "best-sellers," and whom some critical reviewers represent as being among the highest and brightest of the Robert Louis Stevenson school, has just brought out "Love's Young Dream" (The Macmillan Company). It is an interesting and cleverly constructed tale of ghosts, and smuggling, and Scotch university life, and multifarious adventure, and Galloway manners

and customs. Such religion as is specifically discussed in its pages is not of the Catholic type; but, for a novel, the book is not unwholesome.

—We regret to chronicle the death of Mr. H. Cecil Pool, a valued contributor to THE AVE MARIA, who was accidentally drowned some time ago. He will be remembered as the author of several exceptionally excellent articles published by us within the last two years. Like so many of our writers, he was a convert to the Church.

—"The Crusader's Almanac," an interesting illustrated annual of sixty-four pages, is issued by the Commissariat of the Holy Land, Washington, D. C. An alternative name for the publication, which is a quarterly, is "The Pilgrim of Palestine." It is the organ of the Crusade, an association for the rescue and preservation of the holy shrines in Palestine. As is natural, much of the reading matter has to do with Jerusalem and its environs.

—"Our Lady of Lourdes and Bernadette," by Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., is a novelty in the way of booklets. Its forty pages include eleven of an Introduction, in the course of which Father Vaughan says: "I take no little delight in encouraging cinematographs, which treat, truthfully and reverently, life-stories of the sainted heroes and heroines of Christianity." On each of the other pages is a cut (2½ by 1¾ inches) illustrating some scene in Bernadette's life, with a few lines of description. Publishers: R. & T. Washbourne.

—"The Friendly Little House, and Other Stories" (Benziger Brothers), is a collection of nineteen Catholic short stories by eleven different authors. The title narrative is by Marion Ames Taggart, as are two of the others. Nora Tynan O'Mahony, Mary T. Waggaman, Anna Blanche McGill, Jerome Harte, Magdalen Rock, and George M. A. Cain, are each represented by two tales; while the remaining three stories are by Mary E. Mannix, Richard Aumerle, and Anna T. Sadlier. An enjoyable book for brief dips into fiction.

—"Knight's Dramatic Reader for Grammar Grades," by Marietta Knight (American Book Co.), is an agreeable innovation on the ordinary readers used for the grammar grade, the lessons being in the form of scenes from plays; the parts are to be given to different members of the class, and read aloud. This will undoubtedly stimulate interest and fix attention. The

selections cover a wide range of authors. We note that there is no Catholic among them, though there are many of our writers who, from a literary point of view, are certainly superior to some of those quoted.

—The late Goldwin Smith was not an admirer of Ralph Waldo Emerson. "I can not honestly say that I ever got much from his writings," he declares in his reminiscences. "I can find no system; I find only aphorisms; an avalanche, as it were, of unconnected pebbles of thought,—some of them transparent, some translucent, some to me opaque. Carlyle introduced Emerson to the British public as one who brought new fire from the empyrean. But the two men in genius were leagues apart, and Carlyle at last found the new fire a bore. . . . I heard Emerson lecture. Now and then he shot a telling bolt. The rest of his discourse to me was almost darkness. I heard him read his own poetry aloud, but it remained as obscure to me as before." This criticism of Emerson is quoted with much satisfaction by some of our Catholic exchanges. It is, doubtless, a just as well as a candid estimate of "the priggish idol of New England." Let us imitate Goldwin Smith's frankness by remarking that literary critics among American Catholics used to think they were complimenting Bishop Spalding very highly when they likened him to Emerson, of whom he also was never an admirer.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Home Life in Ireland." Robert Lynd. \$2.50.
- "Missale Romanum." \$2; mor., \$2.75.
- "The Friendly Little House, and Other Stories." \$1.25.
- "Flamstead Quarries." Mary E. Waller. \$1.50.
- "A Renegade Poet, and Other Essays." \$1.25.
- "Meditations and Instructions on the Blessed Virgin." Vol. II. Rev. A. Vermeersch, S. J. \$1.35.
- "Raccolta." 1910 Edition. \$1.
- "A Minister's Marriage." Austin Rock. 75 cts.

- "Are Our Prayers Heard?" Rev. Joseph Egger, S. J. 15 cts.
- "Simple Catechism Lessons." Dom Lambert Nolle, O. S. B. \$1.
- "The Imitation of Christ." (Pocket Classics.) 25 cts., net.
- "Christian Symbolism." Mrs. Henry Jenner. \$1.
- "Father Paul of Moll." Edward Van Speybroeck. \$1.25.
- "Towards the Altar." "Towards the Eternal Priesthood." Rev. J. M. Lelen. 15 cts. ea.
- "One Christmas Eve at Roxbury Crossing." Cathryn Wallace. 75 cts.
- "Heavenwards." Mother Mary Loyola. \$1.25.
- "Catholic Religion." Rev. Charles A. Martin. \$1.
- "Père Jean and Other Stories." Aileen Hingston. 70 cts., net.
- "De Ponte's Meditations." Vol. VI. \$1.80.
- "Handbook of Practical Economics. J. Schrijvers. \$1.35.
- "St. Francis de Sales. A Study of the Gentle Saint." Louise M. Stackpoole-Kenny. \$1.10.
- "The Laws of the King; or, Talks on the Commandments." A Religious of the Holy Child. 60 cts.
- "The Boys of St. Batt's." R. P. Garrold, S. J. 80 cts.
- "Cardinal Mercier's Conferences." \$1.50.
- "Meditations for Each Day of the Month of June." Charles Santley. 60 cts.
- "Astronomical Essays." Rev. George V. Leahy, S. T. L. \$1.
- "Sunlight and Shadow." P. M. Northcote. \$1.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. August Durst, of the archdiocese of Milwaukee; Rev. John Doyle, diocese of Indianapolis; and Rev. Boniface Moll, O. S. B.

Sister Amadeus, of the Order of St. Ursula.

Mr. F. C. Winkler, Hon. James D. Fox, Mr. John Mahony, Mrs. J. E. U. Nealis, Mrs. Mary Duffy, Mr. H. Cecil Pool, Mr. Thomas Kernan, Mrs. Ann Carey, Mr. Adrian Bradley, Mrs. Julia Vennet, Mrs. Jane Cummins, Mr. F. X. Haeberle, Mrs. Mary Farrell, Mr. Albert Kranz, Miss Catherine Reilly, Mr. Robert J. Lindsay, Ave Price-Van Cleave, Mrs. Joseph Farrell, Mr. David Nealon, Mrs. John Keliher, Mr. Henry Robben, Mrs. John Guilfoyle, Mr. H. J. Russell, Mr. John F. McBride, Mr. J. T. Weisemann, Jr., Miss Mary Ahern, and Miss Jessie Crabb.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 29, 1910.

NO. 18

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

The Master's Way.

BY R. E. W.

NOT ours to know the reason why unanswered
is our prayer,
But ours to wait for God's own time to lift the
cross we bear;
Not ours to know the reason why from loved
ones we must part,
But ours to live in faith and hope, though
bleeding be the heart;
Not ours to know the reason why this anguish,
strife and pain,
But ours to know a crown of thorns sweet graces
for us gain;
A cross, a bleeding heart and crown, — what
greater gifts are given?
Be still, my heart, and murmur not; these are
the Keys of Heaven.

It's ours to know—aye, learn it well—it is the
Master's way.
They serve Him best who ask not why, who live
but to obey.
'Tis ours to know the better part, whereby a
crown is won;
Then, loving God, I ask not why, "Thy will, not
mine be done."
Yea, Thy way, Lord; not mine, I pray. I give
to Thee my will,
And humbly ask Thy grace and aid, this better
part to fill;
It was not always thus with me: I loved my
way the best,
But that is past. Thy way is mine; in it alone
is rest.

No man can move this world unless he
stands upon another.—*Patmore.*

Cluny: Its Past History and Its Recent Millenary.



SOME time ago, the great Abbey
of Cluny celebrated its mille-
nary, and the *fêtes* that marked
the occasion were notable in
more ways than one. It was an unex-
pected sight, in a country so deeply
divided by religious and political strife,
to find men belonging to opposite parties
who seemed for once to forget their
differences in a common feeling of veneration
for a glorious historical past.

The *fêtes* of the millenary had a twofold
aspect: there were the religious celebra-
tions, in the twelfth-century church, pre-
sided over by Cardinal Luçon, Archbishop
of Rheims, around whom were gathered
thirteen archbishops and bishops and ten
Benedictine abbots; and there was the
archæological congress, where writers and
orators, like the Comtes de Mun and
d'Haussonville, M. René Bazin, M. Maurice
Barrés, and others, brought their tribute
of praise to the past glories of Cluny.
Even the anticlerical Government that
now controls the destinies of France was
represented on the occasion by M. Sarraut,
Undersecretary of War. The men who
persecute the twentieth-century monks
and nuns were shamed into rendering
an unwilling homage to the mediæval
Cluniacs. In an age of violence, they
represented, according to M. René Bazin's
happy expression, "a society at once
organized and just, from which arose the
ideal of a superior civilization." The

monks of Cluny, said another lay orator, M. Babelon, were men of progress, to whom modern culture owes a debt of gratitude; for they saved to the world "the inestimable treasure of ancient literature. . . . They were the first champions of mediæval civilization in Western Europe."

The past story of Cluny is full of interest. The original founder of the famous Abbey was William the Pious, Duke of Aquitaine, who, in 910, bestowed on the Benedictine monks a large tract of land that he possessed in a wooded part of Burgundy. The gift was made to Bernon, Abbot of Gigny, who, with twelve companions, took possession of Cluny, according to the founder's wish; but the real creator of the celebrated Abbey was Bernon's successor, Abbot Odon, a learned and holy religious, around whose memory his contemporaries have woven endless legends. Many of these have a foundation of truth, and from them we gather that Odon governed his Abbey wisely and well. He paid particular attention to the schools that, according to the custom of the day, were established within the monastery; and, we are told, watched over the little pupils with a mother's tenderness. Odon's reputation extended far beyond the narrow limits of his home. Three times he was called to Rome, where the Popes desired to consult him; and he also made many journeys to found or reorganize other Benedictine monasteries, that were governed by priors of their own, who considered the Abbot of Cluny as their supreme chief.

After Odon came three holy abbots: Aymard, Maieul, and Odilon. The last-named was celebrated throughout Europe; he was the friend of Popes and kings, and several bishops gave up their Sees in order to embrace monastic life under his direction. His generosity was extreme. "I prefer to exceed in kindness than in harshness," he said to those who reproached him for being too indulgent. The feast of the Holy Souls, now

celebrated throughout the Church on November 2, owes its origin to St. Odilon of Cluny. This great son of St. Benedict lived to an advanced age; he was a scholar as well as a ruler, and his sermons and historical works were much valued by his contemporaries.

His successor, Abbot Hugh, was no less illustrious. He descended from a noble Burgundian family; and, as a young man at Cluny, he was the intimate friend of another monk, named Hildebrand, who eventually became Pope Gregory VII. Their friendship lasted all their lives. The Pope, whose lot was cast among circumstances so critical, relied on the calm wisdom of the Cluniac, and more than once entrusted him with delicate and arduous political missions. Gregory VII. was not the only Pope who was trained at Cluny. Urban II. and Paschal II. were also the disciples of Abbot Hugh, whom they looked up to as a wise teacher and counsellor. He was scarcely less respected by the warlike princes of the day than by his own religious. Philip I. of France, Alphonso VI. of Castile, the princes of Spain and Portugal, Hugh, Duke of Burgundy, and many others, sought his advice and mediation. His generosity was well known throughout the country, and his historians tell us "he was always surrounded by beggars." Under the rule of Hugh, the monasteries that were affiliated to Cluny rapidly increased and altogether ten thousand monks acknowledged him as their chief.

Abbot Hugh, though humble and mortified as a religious, was magnificent where the glory of God was concerned. It was he who built the basilica of Cluny, the largest church in the world excepting St. Peter's at Rome. It had, we are told, more than three hundred windows, three steeples, and a number of marble columns, many of which, by Hugh's orders, had been brought from Italy. The kings and princes, who were his friends, contributed to the work. Among the most generous was Alphonso VI., King of Spain for

whom, during centuries, special prayers were offered up in all the Cluniac monasteries. At Cluny itself, a meal called "King Alphonso's dinner," was given every day to a beggar, in memory of the royal benefactor of the church. Other humbler devotees, peasants and workmen, helped in the great enterprise. Some gave their money, others their skill and time; and a monk Hézelon was, says tradition, the chief architect of the splendid basilica, one of the wonders of the Middle Ages.

Under the reign of Abbot Hugh's successor, Pontius de Melgueil, Pope Gelasius II., who had been driven from Rome by his rebellious subjects, took refuge at Cluny, where he died. Here, too, was elected the new Pontiff, a Burgundian, Callistus II., who soon afterward started for Rome, to take up the position that his less energetic predecessor had abandoned.

There was a wide difference between Pontius de Melgueil and St. Hugh. The former, restless, vain and ambitious, fell short of the high ideal to which the monks of Cluny had been accustomed, and under his rule monastic peace ceased to exist. He was at last induced to resign his post and to retire to a convent at Jerusalem. But after a time his ambitious aspirations broke out again. He returned to Europe, raised a band of soldiers to serve his purpose, and endeavored to recover Cluny by violence. In the end the Pope had to interfere. Pontius de Melgueil was excommunicated, and imprisoned in Rome, where he died.

Under its next abbot, Peter Maurice de Montboissier, best known as Peter the Venerable, the evils of the preceding reign were successfully repaired. Peter seems to have realized the ideal of a mediæval abbot. He was learned and wise, a brilliant scholar, an exemplary religious and an able organizer. His physical gifts were remarkable. He was, say his contemporaries, singularly handsome and of noble presence; but his chief characteristic was his kindness of heart and unbounded charity.

The part played by Peter the Venerable in the religious affairs of Europe was important. His influence contributed to secure the election of Pope Innocent II., whose authority was disputed by the antipope, Anacletus. The latter was of Jewish origin and a monk of Cluny; but this circumstance did not prevent the Abbot from lending his support to the Pontiff, whom he judged most worthy to wear the triple crown. As an acknowledgment, Innocent II. came in person to consecrate the basilica of Cluny on October 25, 1131. That same year the Abbot held a general chapter of his Order, at which over twelve hundred monks were present. The Abbot of Cluny, at that period, was acknowledged the chief superior of as many as two thousand abbeys, scattered throughout Europe.

Peter the Venerable was a conspicuous figure in the religious and political world. He was present at the Council of Pisa in 1134, and at the second Council of Lateran in 1138. He visited Spain, to act as peacemaker between the Pope and the King; and he played a similar part in the quarrel between the Pope and the French King, Louis VII. The rôle he was called upon to act in public events never seems to have disturbed Peter's humility or exalted his calm and devout spirit. Within his monastery walls, he was among the most austere and exemplary. He watched over the interior discipline of Cluny as carefully as he promoted its external welfare. A true Benedictine, he was a man of study. His controversial works, his sermons, hymns and letters, deserve for him a foremost place among the leading writers of the day. In all countries he had friends, with whom he kept in touch, and who, whether they were princes, knights or priests, willingly bowed down before his superior intellect and high moral character.

His kindness of heart was no less remarkable. It reveals itself in his invitation to the erring Abelard, whom he pressed to come to Cluny, where the restless spirit

and wounded pride of the once brilliant scholar underwent a complete transformation under the Abbot's gentle influence. Peter the Venerable is never more lovable than in his care for the soul of his guest, who, in the quiet atmosphere of his new home, realized, through penance, the meaning of the Benedictine motto, *Pax*. Abelard's errors had drawn down upon his head the severe condemnation of St. Bernard. Peter the Venerable led him to retract these errors and to become reconciled to his former adversary. When Abelard, repentant and absolved, had breathed his last, the Abbot wrote to Heloise, then Abbess of the Paraclete Convent, a beautiful letter, in which he describes "Maître Pierre's" renunciation of self, his penance, piety, and happy death. "I do not remember," he says, "having seen any one whose ways bespoke such humility."

Peter the Venerable's controversy with St. Bernard is no less celebrated. * It turned on certain points of religious life. Both men were absolutely sincere, eager to promote the glory of God, passionately attached to their rule; but Bernard was harder and sterner, Peter more indulgent and gentle. Although they had sometimes differed, the two had many points in common, and eventually became fast friends.

Under the wise rule of Peter the Venerable, Cluny enjoyed a golden age. Its material prosperity was great, its possessions enormous, its renown extended throughout the Christian world; but its magnificence and wealth were balanced by the fervent piety and active usefulness of the monks. "The monastery of Cluny," wrote Peter the Venerable himself, "is famous throughout Christendom for its devotion, discipline, austerity, and for the perfect observance of the rules." These words were strictly true as long as Abbot Peter was at the helm. His influence extended far and wide. "I have almost all the priests of the Latin Church for my friends," he owned. But it was felt

chiefly within the precincts of Cluny, which, under his government, became a "school of saints."

To a deep religious spirit the Cluniacs united love of art. The monks had, at the origin, spent their energy in felling forests, planting vineyards, and working the fields; now they gave their time to the more artistic pursuits of illustrating beautiful books, or building many churches and abbeys that acknowledged Cluny's authority. To judge of the magnificence and extent of the great Burgundian monastery, we must remember that when, in 1245, St. Louis repaired to Cluny to meet Pope Innocent IV. and the Emperor of Constantinople, twelve cardinals, four sovereigns, many princes and princesses, with their suites, were lodged within the Abbey, without any disturbance of the monks' community life or daily round of religious practices.

Even when the abbots developed a more worldly spirit, and the monks became less fervent, many devout and holy souls upheld the traditions of the past; and the story of certain monks—Guillaume d'Auvergne, Odon de la Perrière, and others—has the quaint charm of a golden legend. It was the Abbot Jean de Bourbon, in the fifteenth century, who founded the splendid library that was Cluny's treasure and pride. An enlightened love for learning ever characterized the Cluniacs, but it was controlled by their unfailing loyalty to the Holy See. Four Popes were trained within the great Abbey, and five among its abbots were proclaimed "saints" or "blessed" by the Church.

The degeneracy of Cluny began in the sixteenth century, when, according to the evil custom of the day, the abbots were no longer monastic superiors, but prelates or princes, who enjoyed the revenues of the monastery without binding themselves to lead a life of prayer and study within its walls. When the Revolution of 1789 broke out, the titular abbot was Cardinal Dominique de la Roche-

foucauld. But he seldom lived at Cluny; and the community, that had now dwindled down to a handful of religious, was governed by the prior, Dom Datose. The latter seemed, like many thoughtful spirits, to realize the slowly gathering storm that was about to sweep away the old régime. Toward 1750 he repaired the crumbling walls of the Abbey. "I build up," he remarked; "but before a hundred years have passed, our house will be destroyed."

In 1788, Cardinal de la Rochefoucauld visited the Abbey for the last time. He was received, as was the custom, with great demonstrations of joy. Guns were fired, bells were rung. The Cardinal kept open house during fifteen days, and the kind-hearted people were royally feasted and amused.

Two years later, the Government issued the laws that were to destroy religious houses in France. To the honor of the citizens of the little town of Cluny be it said that, in the first instance, they showed themselves sincerely attached to the great Abbey, under whose protection they had lived for centuries. But the pressure of the decrees framed by the Government proved too strong, and the monks were swept away by the revolutionary storm. They had, like most of the wealthy religious in France, suffered from the dissolving influence of a sceptical age; and Peter the Venerable would have scarcely recognized his sons in the little group of Cluniacs of the eighteenth century who, sadly and slowly, sallied forth from the abbey gates into an unkind world. It is said that the old men among them wept bitterly when they were driven from their home; the younger ones were less depressed, and anxiously wondered how they might shape their lives among the confusing elements that reigned outside the convent walls.

The treasures that during centuries had accumulated within the monastery were ruthlessly pillaged, and dispersed to the four winds of heaven. The mere enumera-

tion of these priceless books, manuscripts, relics, shrines, gold and silver vessels, vestments, statues, makes one's heart ache. Worsé was to come. In 1793 the church was wantonly taken to pieces, the tombs rifled; the statues, pictures, and stained glass that remained were destroyed; and, to their shame, the men and women of the town of Cluny joined in the evil work. What was left of St. Hugh's basilica was then sold and gradually pulled down; and the inhabitants of the little town long remembered the tremendous crash that shook their houses when the great tower of the Abbey fell to the ground. It seemed to sound the knell of a glorious past.

That past was brought to life in some measure during the *fêtes* that took place at Cluny last September. Several eminent orators of the day — Mgr. Baudrillart, M. René Bazin, and others — recalled the checkered history of the famous monastery, and pointed out the important part played by the monks during the Middle Ages, when Cluny was a home of holiness, of learning, and of art. But their eloquent and learned speeches appealed only to the more cultured portion of the visitors; whereas the historical pageant that, on September 10, 1910, wound its way through the little city brought the more ignorant people into touch with the past.

The pageant had been carefully organized by the leading inhabitants of the country. It was prepared by them with a due regard for historical accuracy, and was favored by brilliant sunshine. In it figured Pope Innocent IV., the Abbot of Cluny, St Louis, Blanche of Castile, the Princess Isabelle of France, the Emperor of Constantinople, — in fact, most of the illustrious and royal personages that once were the guests of Cluny. The pageant was, as befitted the occasion, no less religious than historical; and the "Christus Vincit," a wonderful mediæval hymn, must have echoed strangely enough in the ears of the representative of the anticlerical Government.

To the faithful who listened to it, the grand old chant brought a lesson, and perchance a prophecy of better things to come. Abbeys and churches may be thrown to the ground, their inhabitants sent adrift, and their treasures dispersed; but far above all material ruins, however wholesale, rises the undying truth, "Christus Vincit,"—a truth of which the history of the Church is a standing and convincing proof.

Nameless and from Nowhere.

BY A. DEASE AND M. LACHESE.

VIII.

SUNRISE had already flushed the sky with delicate tints when Miss O'Malley and Querida drove home from the ball. The elder lady was nodding to sleep after her unwonted exertions; but the girl was wide awake, sitting upright, and gazing with unseeing eyes on the familiar landscape, seen at this hour in unfamiliar guise. It was not of Dick that she was thinking, nor of the other partners who had claimed her all the evening; but of Anthony, whom she had seen but once during the ball, and who had scarcely spoken to her; yet who in one sentence, seemingly quite irrelevant, had changed all her life. He loved her. She knew that now as certainly as if he had told it to her a hundred times. But, more than that, he had revealed to her what she had never dreamed before: that she loved him; that he was, and had been ever since her childhood, all that had made her lonely life happy and good to live. She smiled to herself to think how blind she had been not to have seen it sooner.

Years ago, when she had been leaving babyhood behind, she had gone often and often to Mr. Dillon, and had wept out her rebellion, her discontent. At home no one had ever guessed at the storms that his strength and gentleness had helped her to weather. She could not let Miss O'Malley or Julia, who had done so much

for her, see her struggles, her wild rebellion against fate; and, as for her mother, the child knew that, whoever else might be in grief or trouble, she must be guarded and kept from pain. She turned perforce to Mr. Dillon, and in him found the best and wisest of friends. She remembered as quite a little child his taking her to the chapel and explaining to her that what she was beginning to realize and to rebel against was a cross sent to her by God,—a cross to be borne as Jesus Christ bore His: without complaint—nay, willingly,—until the time came for it to be changed into a crown.

"If thou carry the cross willingly, it will carry thee." The words of Thomas à Kempis were given to her as her staff and stay; and whenever things went too hardly with her, it was Mr. Dillon who helped her to her feet again, who set her back on the steep, rough road to happiness. Looking back now, she realized that for the last few years—since Anthony had begun to come to Drinagh—she had had no more of those overpowering struggles against fate. Life had become bearable and even happy. She wondered, half shyly, if Mr. Dillon, too, had noticed this; and, if he had, whether he thought she had learned his beautiful lesson; or had he guessed that everything had become easy because of Anthony?

The sun was shining into her little room as she laid her head on her pillow; but the garden, the whole world outside, was not so full of sunshine as was her heart. And, waking up some hours afterward, everything was still colored with gold; for she knew that Anthony was coming—that Anthony was coming,—till the very birds in the garden seemed to be singing his name,—singing of the welcome that was waiting for him there.

It was only when the day had passed and he had not come that any thought of future trouble disturbed her. Not that she doubted him—that she never could do,—but she began to think of the opposition that might be put between them, of

what he might have to suffer for her sake. But the light of a second morning thrust all gloomy thoughts away; for surely, surely he would come to-day!

And he did come. She was going to the village when he overtook her; and, hearing his pony's well-known step behind her, she had waited, simply and openly, not shy now—because she knew! And he? He had thought over what he would say, the arguments he would use to try and persuade her to let him teach her some day to love him. But when they met, he saw her eyes and forgot everything. Dick had bade him “go in and win.” He had not to “go in,” for he had already won.

And afterward, during the long weeks of trouble and sorrow that came upon them, they both looked back to that sunny afternoon of peace and perfect happiness, as the one bright spot that lit the darkness of their lives,—a forerunner of the happiness that was waiting them when patience would have overcome the obstacles that for a time threatened to be insuperable between them.

Anthony could not bring himself that day to speak to his parents of what he had done. He expected opposition, and knew that it was doubtful if his mother, at least, would ever consent willingly to his marriage. And that first day was *Querida's*,—a day of peace not to be disturbed by any strife or anger.

To Ardrum he had sent a scribbled line—“All right between us, but mum for the present, please,”—which had arrived as they were about to start. Dick had included his mother in the injunction to silence. But the note, though bringing to him a sharp pang at the thought of his friend's luck contrasted to his own ill fortune, took away any lingering feeling of compunction that still clung to him. And even his mother, though bewailing in her heart that fate had not made it Dick instead of Anthony that the girl had chosen, was glad to think that at least they had done no harm to her whom both of them wished so well.

Then, when breakfast was over, Anthony nerved himself for the interview with his father, which he dreaded; though in a much less degree than he dreaded the one to follow, with his mother.

Mr. O'Malley's study, as it was called, revealed at a glance its owner's tastes. On the walls were fishing rods; on every available space were hooks and flies and tackle; gaffs and landing nets stood in the corners of the room, and the small farming library was quite swamped by the overwhelming number of books relating to fish and fishing. So long as he had a rod in his hand, Mr. O'Malley was happy. Formerly he had taken a practical interest in his farm; but since his son's return from college he had gradually let things slip into the younger hands, thus securing for himself even more time than before for his favorite pursuit. When salmon were out of season, he contented himself with trout; or if the river was unfit, he was satisfied with pike fishing in the lakes; or even sea fishing was, to him, better than nothing.

Years ago Mr. O'Malley had grasped the fact that if a poor man marries a rich wife, she can not be thought altogether unreasonable if she expects to have some voice in the spending of her own money. Being indolent by nature and a great lover of peace, he by degrees let more and more pass into his wife's management; and it was only when it was too late he saw that, clever and energetic as she was, her want of self-control and of early training unfitted her for the responsibilities he had let her take upon herself; and the practically unlimited power that she had come to exercise in her own little sphere was gradually warping her mind, with results that were unhappy both to herself and to her associates. Seeing that he could not mend matters, he had filled his life with his farming, his fishing, and an occasional attendance at the weekly sessions; and had let his wife go her own way, thus at least keeping the peace between them.

He had always been a quiet man, and circumstances had made him chary of expressing his feelings even on subjects that touched him nearly. So now he listened in silence to what his son had to tell him; and, although he was much more surprised than his wife would have been, he said nothing for a moment; only, stopping in the engrossing occupation of tying a fly, he whistled softly before answering.

"Lost your head at the dance, I suppose!" he said at last. "Well, lad, I can't say that it surprises me." And he paused again, thinking of the lovely white figure, crowned with gold, with eyes only less brilliant than the diamonds in her hair, that he had wondered at and admired as his sister's adopted child.

"No, father," broke in Anthony, eagerly, "it was not that; for I have been thinking of this for years,—even since before she was grown up. But I wasn't sure of her until yesterday, and also I was afraid that you and mother would object."

He looked at his father anxiously, and for a moment there was silence between them. Then Mr. O'Malley spoke slowly and thoughtfully.

"No, Tony my boy," he said gently, "I do not object,—or, rather, I will not put any objections in your way. Of course it is very far from the marriage that I should have chosen for you; but marriage is a thing that a man must decide on for himself. It is the making or the marring of his own happiness; and you are not the kind of fellow to be carried away by any passing fancy. There is nothing against the girl personally. She has been well brought up—your aunt has seen to that,—and you have known her all her life. It is not what one knows but what one does not know, that is the trouble. That, however, is not your fault nor hers, poor girl! And if your heart is set on this, I for one am ready to make the best of it."

This was so much more than Anthony had expected that he could not answer

his father, and held out his hand silently in thanks.

"As for your mother, Mr. O'Malley went on, "I am afraid, Tony, she'll take it very hard. Women are more ambitious for their sons than selfish old fathers like me," he added, half smiling, half apologetic; for even more than Anthony did he realize what his wife's opposition could be to anything against which she set her face. "And you know, lad, I can do very little for you" (with a sigh). "If your mother objects—as I am afraid there is very little doubt she will,—you must only have patience. She is worth waiting for, your Querida, eh? Perhaps after a time, when your mother sees that you are resolute, she may come round. But, remember, if she seems to you to be—to be hard, she thinks she is acting for your own good. You are her only son, and mothers are apt to think that no one is good enough for their boys."

So Tony went to the interview with his mother with his heart softened toward her; yet his father's gentle kindness had strengthened his conviction that he was right in wanting to marry the girl whom he felt would help him and make him a better as well as a happier man, in spite of the fact that the world would look upon his marriage certainly as foolish, possibly as Quixotic, and that, so far as worldly benefits were concerned, the girl, who had not even a name of her own, would bring him none.

Had he but known it, Anthony could not have chosen a worse time to speak to his mother. She had just heard of the Burkes' departure; and, coming as the news did on top of her disagreement with Fanchea at the manner in which she had snubbed Dick at the dance, she looked upon it as an end to her hopes in that direction. She was thinking over the disappointment that the dance had been to her, when Anthony came in. Her annoyance at seeing Querida so much noticed had been soothed in a small degree by finding that her son was not

amongst the train of admirers. But, then, it was not only from Querida that Tony had held aloof. There were in the room many a girl to whom, as a daughter-in-law, she would not have objected; and one in particular, the daughter of the lieutenant of the county, whom she had great hopes he would make up his mind to marry. But, except at the very beginning of the evening, he had not been dancing; and she had observed him more than once alone on the terrace, or standing amongst a group of non-dancing men near the door of the ballroom.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" Mrs. O'Malley said shortly, as Tony entered her sitting-room. "Well?"

It was not an encouraging beginning, but Anthony went over to her and answered gently:

"Are you busy, mother? Can you spare me a few minutes?"

She laid down her pen with a swift presentiment of coming evil.

"Well?" she said again.

"I think, mother, you may have guessed," he began. "I am afraid you will not approve at first—"

"Don't beat about the bush like that!" she cried angrily. "Can't you tell me what it is, and have done with it."

"I want to tell you that I am engaged to Querida," said Anthony, flushing at her tone, but speaking firmly.

"What!" She pushed back her chair, and the anger in her eyes fairly scorched him. He thought she would break out in passionate words; but, with a tremendous effort, she controlled herself. "You dare to say that you are engaged to be married to a girl no one knows who,—a girl picked up out of the gutter—"

"Mother!" he broke in, and there was a look in his face that cowed her for a moment. "There is nothing to be said against her; and, come what may, I mean to marry her."

"And how long, pray, have you been concocting this plan?" Mrs. O'Malley asked.

"I have hoped to marry Querida for the last five years—ever since I came home for good."

The quiet way in which he spoke had its effect; and, although for some months past she had had her suspicions, she had no idea that the affair had been going on for so long.

"Then why did you not speak sooner?"

"She was too young, mother; and it is only lately—the last few days—that she has realized—besides, I was afraid that you would think it was only a boyish fancy on my part. I wanted to make sure before telling you what I knew would give you pain."

"Pain!" she repeated scornfully. "Why should such nonsense give me pain? You are dependent on me, and you know it. How do you propose to support a wife, may I ask? For I assure you, as certainly as you stand there, that not one penny of my money shall ever go to that scheming adventuress!"

All the regret that Anthony had felt at having to distress his mother now passed away. Her bitter words, so cruel, so unjust, stung him; and it was only because he remembered that she *was* his mother that he spoke even with the consideration that he still showed.

"Mother," he said, with forced calmness, "you know as well as I do that, if it were not so cruel and unfair, it would be simply silly to call a girl like Querida by such names. You do not know her as I do, but think of her as you saw her the other evening—"

"Think of her trying to make a fool of Dick Burke!" interrupted Mrs. O'Malley. "And, failing there, I suppose she threw herself at your head."

There was silence for a moment, for Anthony was struggling to keep back the words that rose to his lips.

"I think, mother," he said quietly, "there is no use in my taking up your time any longer. I have told you that my mind is absolutely made up, and nothing can change it."

"Pray, then, how do you intend to live?" asked Mrs. O'Malley, sneeringly.

Anthony's self-repression had its effect upon her, and she dared not say anything more against the girl.

"We shall have to wait for a while," replied Anthony. "Of course until I had told you and my father, I—"

"You need not think you will get round your father," broke in Mrs. O'Malley. "Or at least, if you do, remember he can do practically nothing for you. Even now, after all I have spent upon it, the estate barely supports itself. Of course he could hand you over the home farm that you have been managing for him; but if he does I shall see that the fishing rights are let for the future."

This was so vindictive, so petty, that Anthony felt a pang of shame for his mother.

"My father has given me his consent," he said coldly; "and, believe me, mother, that is more to me than money. But, in any case, the farm would not support my wife as she shall be supported." (There was something in his tone that made his mother wince.) "No; as I said, we must wait. Querida can not leave her mother, but I shall go away. After all, I am young. I can work."

He turned to go, but his last words—the determination with which he had said he would go away—was too much for his mother.

"Go," she said, her voice quivering,—"go, when and where you like, only understand one thing: that I shall never—no, never—consent to your marriage with a nameless girl!"

She would have added more, but Anthony took her at her word.

"I am going, mother," he said sadly; "but I should like you to believe how truly, how deeply I regret having to pain you so."

And, without waiting for any further answer, he went from the room and left her alone.

(To be continued.)

To-morrow.

BY MARY KENNEDY.

A GODDESS fair in Eastern robes,
With siren eyes of emerald grey,
Her magic fingers lingering light,
She comes, a presence dear alway;
And bids you take her hand and steal
Far out to her horizon land,
Where builded all your castles are,
Where lies a world at your command.
Around, no dreamland fancies flit;
Desires and wishes haunt no more;
By goddess wand they come at last,
The things you sought through fairy lore;
You hold it fast, the guiding hand,
And watch the golden colors play,—
Oh, sweet it is to labor not,
To be far off from drear to-day!
Your lady's song sounds in your ear;
It whispers always, "Come with me;
Forget the present and the past.
I am the hope that was to be.
Your dreams with me are realized,
Your love has conquered troubles great;
The cares of life relinquish here,
Your burden leave outside the gate."
You gaze into the singer's eyes,
Then press your lips to her warm hand;
You promise her to stay for aye,
And roam in the horizon land.
But, oh, your goddess is but false,
And fickle are her eyes of grey!
For look! The dawn is in the East,—
To-morrow's gone: it is to-day!

RUSKIN tells us how once, when passing through some of the cells of the Grand Chartreuse, and noticing that the window of each apartment commanded no view but that of the cell opposite, he asked the monk who was showing him about why the windows were not arranged so that the inmate might see the beautiful valley. The Brother looked up with innocent surprise. "We do not come here to look at scenery," he said.

The Truth about Don Juan.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

THIS century of ours is said to be an age of destruction of ideals: we have done away with the gods and demigods, and the heroes and heroines have fled to the rather insecure refuge of the nursery. To-day it is the turn of the glorious scapegoats and rascals of history and romance. They shall impose on us no longer; this "wise" twentieth century of ours shall have no more patience with these "perfect old sinners" than with those "perfect old saints." Not even the flesh and the devil—with all due respect to the latter—will be able to keep Don Juan on his pedestal of crime.

With an affectation of modernity, George Bernard Shaw does his best to perpetuate the old Don Juan legend in the form of "Man and Superman"; for a *beauté du diable* he asks us to substitute sex-attraction; for poetical romance he asks us to accept a pseudo-science which is as old as the human race, and original only in the daring form in which he exploits it. Moreover, if he has violated the tradition that for centuries held the Don as type of the perfect breaker of hearts and laws, by converting him into a sort of tract in pantaloons on the Socialist platform, Mr. Shaw has apparently also overlooked the fact that in sending his John Tanner, with all his luggage of Shaw-Tenorio opinions, on his motor trip through Spain, he drove past the door of the real Don Juan, whose hospitality he might still have enjoyed.

They tell a story at Seville as they drive down the Delicias in the shade of the plane-trees along the boxwood and moss-stained marbles beside the Guadalquivir. It is a story that seems to sum up all the spirit evoked in the name of Don Juan. It relates how one day, while taking his promenade there, he mockingly called across the river and requested a

light from the cigar of a stranger strolling on the opposite bank; whereupon a complaisant arm reached across the full breadth of the stream. The Don, without turning a hair, availed himself of the courtesy; and with his grandest flourish handed back the cavalier's cigar,—assuredly, smile our Sevillian friends, some diabolical *perfecto*.

It is a seventeenth-century legend; and one is amused at the thought that, no doubt, Seville of that day found the demon's lighted cigar quite as up-to-date a touch as seems to-day the motor-car of Mr. Shaw's story. Nevertheless, Gabriel Tellez, who wrote under the name of Tirso de Molina, was first on the ground. This good friar seems to have been the earliest to discover a source of edification in the stories that were floating around concerning an oldtime Knight of Calatrava, whose home was said to have been in Seville. To point his moral, he undertook a drama entitled "El Burlador de Sevilla" ("The Deceiver of Seville"), in which Don Juan Tenorio makes his début in literature.

The character proved to be so popular that immediately there was upon the scene a score of translators and imitators; throughout the world, wherever there was a stage or a baritone with a well-turned ankle, the fascinations and misdeeds of Don Juan became so familiar as to form a type. The world of sedan-chairs, snuff-boxes, and rapiers, and highnesses, morgannatic peeresses, and lily-fingered prelates, sighed and wept over the carrying off of the young Doña Anna by the irresistible Don, his murder of her father, his insult to the commander's statue, and the snatching away of the delightful scoundrel from his own supper table with an explosion of thunder and red-fire. In those days Don Juan was considered modern in philosophy, daring in speech and plot. Perhaps under their powdered wigs these highnesses and lownesses did not feel the full force of the tale's philosophy; but who can say how our present-

day headdress may be affecting our point of view?

The real Don Juan is equally interesting, although not quite so famous. About the very time when Fray Tellez produced his "El Burlador," there was living at Seville a noble called Miguel Mañara Vicentelo de Ieca, who was just beginning the sort of career to make any mythical Tenorio tremble for his laurels. The community was quick to seize upon the resemblance of the two. Here in Mañara was a real pair of shoulders upon which to throw the cloak of the legendary libertine; here was the accomplished rake, the inveterate gambler, the blood-thirsty duelist. As fast as the dramatists, romancers and librettists fabricated their Don Juan adventures, each and all were gathered and laid to the credit of Mañara. So confused, therefore, have become the two characters, the real and the fictional, that some go so far as to assert that Mañara, like Tenorio, betrayed a daughter of the house of Mendoza. However this may be, Mañara seems to have run the entire gamut of vice without a quaver; and if he could not boast of a supper with a guest of stone, he could allege supernatural experiences quite as dramatic.

Two accounts are given of Mañara's conversion from evil. One, a rather prosaic narrative, relates how, hurrying through Seville in a great fury over some consignment of hams which had been detained by the *douaniers* at the city gates, "the Lord poured a great weight upon his mind," and he suddenly became aware of the desperate condition of his spirit. More picturesque is the other version, which tells how Mañara, returning late at night from one of his haunts, was met by a funeral procession of monks and torch-bearers making its way to his parish church. As it approached, he saw many of his friends were taking part in the cortege, and his own family gathered immediately around the bier. In answer to his inquiry, one of them lifted the pall and showed him his own body lying as a

corpse. When day came, he was found stretched insensible on the pavement of the church.

There had been in existence at Seville since 1578 a Brotherhood of Charity similar in its character and purposes to the well-known Misericordia at Florence. To this Brotherhood Mañara henceforth devoted all his energies and the remainder of his fortune; and in 1661 he began the erection of the charming structure in Seville known as the Hospital de la Caridad. Seldom do the troops of tourists that batter all day long at its doors realize that they are in the home of Don Juan; they come to hurry through its marble patios, its elegant chapel hung with damask silk, and the gilt-framed series which Murillo, who was a *protégé* of Mañara and a member of the Brotherhood, painted for this very place.

But when the night falls there come other guests to this door of Don Juan,—guests his spirit must particularly welcome: the homeless sons of the road, the tramps of Spain and France, and all the Mediterranean. White with the dust, barefooted, and tattered, they enter here as into some magic palace of repose. With the curious mixture of formality and charity which is found only in Spain, the proudest of the Sevillian dames and hidalgos, apprised of the arrival of the guests, hasten thither, by a sort of right-patent to wait upon them with their own hands. A hospitality *a la Don Quixote*, it may seem to our charity-organizers; but there is nothing about these halls and courts to suggest professional benevolence. Statuary, fountains, and flowers are everywhere in profusion; no odor of disinfectants serves notice that here disease inspires a terror. He among these waifs whose misery and disorder are greatest is signalled out for the highest consideration.

It is also provided by the founder that should one of these vagrants die under his roof, he shall share the honors accorded to the eighty guests who reside permanently in the Caridad. These, when they not infrequently celebrate their hundredth

birthday, can meditate complacently on a funeral of state, at which at least four young nobles, amid bells and torches, will escort their gilt litter across the city. Such details have an additional interest when one realizes that this institute of Miguel Mañara was the first organized night-refuge known to Europe.

But after the evening meal and the prayers of the chaplain there is no departing before morning; the guests are lodged together in a large hall, and the key is turned on the outside. One can faintly picture the scenes around the brasier in this lordly lockup. What tales of adventure, what secrets of crime or of blasted hopes, have here been exchanged! Some of the best pages of picaresque literature owe their inspiration to these gatherings; and it is known that Murillo here encountered not a few of the lowly types he so loved to paint.

But a word of advice, gentle or plebeian reader! Should you ever visit this hospice on the bank of the Guadalquivir, led thither by some peripatetic necessity, or under the benign guidance of Thomas Cook and Son, never, at least while the portress is looking,—never let your eyes scrutinize the carpet on the right of the chancel, where, on the chapel pavement, are engraved the words: "The Dust and Bones of the Worst Man in the World,"—that is, if you would avoid suspicion. Otherwise the stout form of the portress will assume an air of reprehension. It is evident, her eye will tell you, that what has brought you to the Caridad is not the painting of Murillo or Valdez-Leal, or the great *retablo* of Roldan, but merely a keen scent for the scandals of the past. She will then, however, feel called upon to explain that this is the tomb of the founder, which, by his explicit directions, was at first placed in the doorway of the chapel, so that every foot that entered might tread upon him,—clearly, her manner will imply,—an excess of humility which his Brotherhood could not perpetuate. Moreover, she will request you

to read the remainder of the epitaph:

"Don Miguel de Mañara Vicentelo de Leca, professed Knight of the Military Order of Calatrava, Hermano-Major de la Caridad, erected this Building for the Refuge and Consolation of the Outcast. Rendered his Soul to God on the Ninth Day of May, the 1679th Year of our Salvation, & the 53d year of his Age."

It is the tomb of Don Juan certainly— if ever such a person really existed. But how far away, how insubstantial, seem the fictions of the romancers, the tinkle of mandolins, the fair faces at the lattices, the clashing rapiers, when you are led before Mañara's portrait in the Chapter Hall! There Valdez-Leal has painted him, seated, thin and woe-begone, at a table covered with black velvet. He is in the act of reading,—the book perhaps being his own "Discurso de la Verdad"; for our Don Juan not only became a saint but an author as well, and moralized in print on death and charity, without which there can be no truth and all is hollowness. The portrait is of the strictly official sort. If Mañara ever possessed any physical attractions, the painter has carefully concealed the fact behind cold, flat features, in which one finds it hard to read either vices or virtues; although in one corner of the painting is the figure of a chantry-boy holding another book on his lap, and warning us, with his finger to his lips, not to lay too much stress upon the unruly years of him whom they some day hope to canonize.

Meanwhile across the little square and the white-walled gardens by the river, life goes by with the courtliness of phrase and ritual of coquetry which he taught Seville so long ago. Under the moon float back the serenades and tremolo of mandolins and guitars. Across the whole world, the strains of Mozart, the rhymes of Byron, Musset and Gautier, ring out with their sweet, false, old bravado,—with their challenge of the flesh to the spirit, to which Don Juan of The Caridad would answer from his grave.

A Novena to St. Anthony and What Came of It.

CHARLES D'HERICAULT, whose frequent contributions to *L'Univers* and *La Croix* and other French papers have made him a prominent figure wherever *la question religieuse* is discussed, recently told the following incident as a tribute of gratitude to the great Wonder-Worker, invoked as the restorer of lost and stolen articles, St. Anthony of Padua.

A few years ago, my mother came to me one day with a worried look, and said: "I find that I have been robbed. Ten bank-notes, of one hundred francs each, have been stolen." A thousand francs was a great deal of money to us; our income at that time was small, and we could ill afford to lose this amount.

Our only servant was a cook, whom we had taken without references. We had learned later that her parents were in ill repute; but, as she had been in our employment for four months and nothing had gone amiss, we had decided to keep her. For many days after the money was taken, my mother refrained from giving way to her suspicions in regard to the girl; but one morning, when she had gone to market, she decided to search her room and also the rest of the house. We looked in every nook and corner, but the money was not found. We were not expert detectives, and the thought never occurred to our minds that Suzanne might have this money concealed on her person. And, then, also, my mother was too kind-hearted to have the girl put into the hands of the police when there was no real evidence that she was guilty. In this dilemma she decided to make a novena to St. Anthony.

Suzanne went out only once a month; and that day she spent with her family, who lived in the country. The day for her monthly visit was drawing near; and it was certain that if she had taken the money and it were not found before that

date, it would be gone forever. The Friday before her Sunday out, my mother searched the house once more, and for the twentieth time looked through the drawers of an old dresser, which was in an unoccupied room, that had been my sister's before her marriage. That evening when mother bade me good-night she said:

"I have looked everywhere, and I have no more hope of finding it now. I am sure that the money is not on her person, as, by indirectly questioning her, I have discovered that she has no pocket in her dress. In our present straitened circumstances, the money is a heavy loss to us."

The next morning I was awakened by my mother, who, standing at my bedside, called in a husky whisper:

"Rise quickly and come with me!"

I reached for my pistol that was under my pillow.

"No!" she said, smiling. "It is only that I am too weak from excitement to go alone. If I should be mistaken, the shock would cause me to faint."

I sat up on the side of my bed, and gazed at her in surprise through the misty light of the dawning day, as she added:

"Let me tell you what has happened. You know that our family has always been under the special care and protection of St. Anthony. Your father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were all aware of this fact, and have given many instances of wonderful favors received from their beloved patron. With all this in mind, I have been making a novena to him. Yesterday was the last day, and I prayed more fervently than ever; though, I must confess, with very little hope. Last night I dreamed that I saw St. Anthony standing by my bedside. He smiled kindly upon me, and seemed to want to show me something, but what it was I could not quite understand; then he disappeared. I did not feel the least fear. In a few moments I saw him again; this time I understood that he was pointing to the dresser in your sister's room. Again he disappeared. A third time—just

a moment ago—I saw him once more. This time the hand that bears the lily was raised, and he pointed again to the old dresser. His lips did not move, and yet I heard him say distinctly: ‘It is there!’ I understood that he meant that the money was in the top drawer of the dresser. I answered him, without either surprise or fear: ‘My dear St. Anthony, this is impossible. Last evening I searched every drawer.’ He looked at me with the same kind smile; and, still pointing to the drawer, he repeated: ‘It is there!’ I arose immediately and came to tell you. I hope, and yet I dare not be too joyful. A disappointment would be such a shock to me!”

I must admit that I was greatly impressed. Even my mother’s voice and manner seemed unnatural. But, not being of a credulous disposition, I tried to treat the matter lightly, and insisted that she was not well, and that what she had seen and heard was only the effect of a feverish dream.

“How can the money be there now,” I said, “when it was not there last evening? Bank-notes do not grow in a night like mushrooms.”

But I saw that even this logical reasoning could not shake her faith. So I arose and my mother followed me into the unoccupied room. As I drew near the old dresser, she touched my arm and said:

“Wait a few minutes! I feel weak from excitement. Surely St. Anthony would not deceive me!”

I waited a few moments; then I opened the drawer, and there, sure enough, was the money—ten bank-notes rolled together, and tied with a ribbon. My mother could no longer restrain her emotion. Tears filled her eyes as she exclaimed:

“I knew that St. Anthony would not deceive us!”

She fell on her knees in earnest thanksgiving, and seemed even more grateful for the miraculous intervention of the great saint than for the recovery of the money. Even my *frivolous* brain (the

adjective is my mother’s) realized this fact, and I knelt down by her side.

During the day nothing was said to Suzanne of our wonderful finding of the money. That evening (I can remember all the circumstances most distinctly), after serving dinner, Suzanne went upstairs. We awaited with a feeling of intense curiosity the result of her discovery. In a few moments we heard her heavy tread on the stairs. She threw open the dining-room door and stood there, with an expression on her face that I shall never forget, though I have never been able to fathom its many meanings. She was as motionless as a statue and colorless as the driven snow. She gazed at us with round, staring eyes, which seemed trying to express numerous emotions: first, wonder,—stupefying wonder; then anger, as if *we* had robbed *her*; then shame, as if she had been caught in the act; then fear, as if she thought that the punishment for her crime must soon follow. All these emotions seemed expressed in those round staring eyes, as she gazed at us from the doorway. “You may go home to-morrow, and you need not return,” was all my mother said to her. She stood there a few moments more, then turned and went down the stairs and out of the house.

Long afterward we learned, from a friend to whom she had confided the secret, how the money happened to be there that Saturday morning. She had kept it hidden under a tile in the roof for more than a week; but, fearing that she would be closely watched at the last, and having seen that my mother had, on the eve of her departure, given a thorough search through the drawers of the old empty dresser, and naturally concluding that she would not look there again, she had decided to put the money there, where she could get it easily and quickly before leaving. But she had reckoned without St. Anthony!

This is only one of many favors that members of our family have received from the Wonder-Worker of Padua.

An Answered Prayer.

PAX huic domui et omnibus habitantibus in ea!—"Peace be to this house and to all who dwell herein!" murmured an old Franciscan, as, one hand laid upon his breast where the pyx rested, he crossed the threshold of a high tenement house, in order to administer Holy Viaticum to a poor old woman who was dying. Several persons met him as he mounted flight after flight of not over-clean stairs; but no one took any notice of him, unless to make some uncivil or contemptuous remark.

"He came unto His own, and His own received him not." A sorrowful expression quickly passed over the countenance of the priest as these words suggested themselves to his mind. The indifference, and worse than indifference, manifested by the majority of mankind toward the Lord who came to redeem them was an inexpressible grief; yet his features brightened as he repeated the rest of the verse: "But as many as received Him, to them He gave power to be made the sons of God."

By this time he had reached his destination—a poverty-stricken apartment, where dwelt a family of God-fearing, exemplary Catholics. As soon as his step was heard, the door was opened,—for he was expected. Father, mother, and three children were kneeling on the floor. On a small table covered with a clean linen cloth two tapers were lighted. All was prepared as far as the circumstances of the family permitted. On the bed lay the aged grandmother; her countenance beamed with joy on the entrance of the priest, and her feeble hand was raised to strike her breast as she whispered: "Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof!"

After she had made her confession, and the others, who had withdrawn for the time, came back, the eldest boy repeated the *Confiteor*, and the Sacred Host was

administered to the dying woman. The priest recited aloud the prayers of thanksgiving, in which she joined silently, an expression of heavenly peace resting on her pallid, emaciated features.

"Is there anything more that I can do for you, my good woman?" the Father inquired before taking leave.

"Yes, your Reverence," she answered, in faint, quavering accents. "Downstairs there is a man very ill. God has called him, as He has called me, to depart out of this world; but he will not hear a word about religion, though he is a Catholic—at least nominally."

"Well, I must try to persuade him if possible—"

"I fear it will be of no use, Father," interposed the eldest boy, gently. "You are sure to be driven out. I am allowed to go in, because I help him now and then. I have done all I could to change his mind; but if I venture to say a word about God or his soul, he flies into a rage and uses horrible blasphemies."

"Poor fellow!" said the Franciscan. Then, turning to the sick woman, he added: "What would you have me do, my friend?"

"Father, would you kindly say a decade of the Rosary—the five Sorrowful Mysteries—for his conversion? I have such confidence in the Rosary! Many and many a time have I obtained favors from God through it."

"Most willingly. A good thought indeed. Let us begin at once."

All the family joined in reciting the Sorrowful Mysteries. It was a solemn moment, and all were deeply affected. Then the Father took his leave, promising to pray for the unhappy man, and saying he would come again on the morrow and see what could be done.

"If God spares him so long," whispered the dying woman.

The eldest boy, after accompanying the priest to the door, went to the bedside of the sick man to make one more attempt to persuade him; while the Franciscan

pursued his way homeward, reciting the Rosary as he went. But scarcely had he re-entered the house when he was summoned to repair to a sick person who was said to be already at the point of death. He went into the sacristy for the holy oils and the Blessed Sacrament. Whom should he find there but the young man from the tenement house, flushed and panting for breath!

"O Father," he exclaimed, "it is a miracle,—a real miracle! No sooner had I seated myself by his bedside than he said he was willing to go to confession. Pray come at once! He can not live very long, poor fellow!"

"God be praised for evermore!" ejaculated the priest. "I will go with you at once. Your saintly old grandmother's prayer is granted."

In a quarter of an hour the good Franciscan was at his post. The dying man needed no further persuasion. With deep contrition and devotion, he received the Last Sacraments; an immortal soul was rescued from eternal damnation. In the evening of the same day he was called into the presence of his Divine Judge.

How the poor old woman rejoiced and praised God when the glad tidings were told to her!

"I knew it!" she faintly murmured. "No one ever says the Rosary—invokes the Queen of Heaven—in vain." She drew a deep breath, her hands clasped her Rosary. She was no more.

We do not call this rather remarkable conversion a miracle, as did the grandson of the pious old woman; but surely we may ascribe it to the Rosary prayers so fervently recited.

THE slightest act may be done with a graciousness that warms the day, or with a hard indifference that almost repels us from goodness itself. It is possible to buy a newspaper or pay a car fare in such wise as to make newsboy or car conductor feel for the moment that he is in a friendly world.—*Louise Chandler Moulton.*

A Page of English History Rewritten.

WHETHER or not the dictum that "history for three hundred years has been a conspiracy against truth" be accurate in its widest application, there can be little question that, so far as monasticism is concerned, the dictum is tolerably exact. History, however, is being rewritten nowadays by students who, dissatisfied with the summary method, so frequently followed, of taking for Gospel truth the century-rooted falsehoods of oldtime libellers, persist in going to original sources, investigating for themselves, and judging from proven facts instead of from inherited prejudices. One result of this method is that a good deal of the often-chronicled corruption, luxury, and laxity of the monks of old is shown to be pure myth. A case in point is "The Dissolution of the Monasteries," by Francis Aidan Hibbert, an English non-Catholic with no special predilection for either monks or nuns, but with a scholar's love of truth and a manly man's desire for fair play. Mr. Hibbert's book deals with the monasteries and convents of Staffordshire only; but the presumption is that the Staffordshire religious were not much better or much worse than those inhabiting the other religious houses dissolved and confiscated by that Reformation hero, "bluff King Hal."

Before citing some of the conclusions at which this fair-minded historian has arrived, it is perhaps worth while giving the ordinary Englishman's—and shall we say the ordinary American's?—idea of monks, as that idea is transcribed by Papyrus in the *London Catholic Times*:

The ordinary Englishman has an innate belief that monks are not men but monsters. He has been brought up from his childhood to believe that monasteries have been in all ages the abode of stupendous wickedness and vice. That belief is almost a corner-stone of the great arch of Protestant tradition. What can monks want to live in monasteries for, if it be not to indulge in criminal projects? Can not they be men, and live outside in the world of men? Only a love

of dark deeds can make them in love with darkness. They must be bad, or they would live like other folks. Tell him that it is just because they want to be good that they choose to live apart from the world, practising piety and avoiding sin,—he smiles a smile of incredulity; he thinks you are playing with him. What? Does he not know, has anybody ever dared to deny, how awful was the condition of the English monasteries and convents, how wicked were their inmates, in the days when King Hal drove the foxes from their holes?

It is to be hoped that a fair percentage of the people who have been brought up on this sort of historical nutriment will be led to read the volume we have mentioned, and to meditate briefly on this statement of its author: "I desired to investigate the history without being influenced by prepossessions and prejudices, and I have accordingly tried to work with a perfectly open mind. I have looked first at the facts, which have been obtained nearly always at first hand; and only then have I drawn deductions. . . . Not seldom my deductions may be wrong, but the facts upon which they are based are always given very clearly and fully; and I must confess that in working out my book in my own way I have had cause to modify, and even to reverse, a good many of my earlier opinions. The history of the dissolution of the Staffordshire monasteries gives strong support to the view that the suppression by Henry VIII. and Cromwell was prompted . . . not at all for moral reasons."

Mr. Hibbert notes that at the time of the suppression of the monasteries no charge of gross living was made against any of these houses in Staffordshire. The investigation of the commissioners was, in any case, a mere form, as is evident from the fact that within six weeks of setting out on their mission they presented their report, in which they professed to have investigated the affairs of eighty-eight monasteries. Our author declares that "none of the graver charges which were alleged against many of the religious at the time of the dissolution, and have been so generally magnified since, were

even hinted at in connection with Staffordshire."

The real truth of the whole matter seems to be that the dissolution of the monasteries in England in the sixteenth century, like the spoliation of religious in France in the twentieth, had a great deal less to do with morals than with money. Two or three hundred years from now, should the world survive that long, some eulogizer of the present French régime may write about the frightful depths of immorality into which the exiled French monks and nuns of to-day had fallen prior to their expulsion; and his falsehood will be no more gross than are the calumnies retailed in non-Catholic histories and novels concerning the religious of the days of Henry VIII.

We must give one more paragraph from Mr. Hibbert's instructive volume,—a summing up of the subject:

The age was one in which expediency had supplanted principle, and worldly prosperity was the one thing that mattered. The dissolution of the monasteries was to a very large extent prompted by cupidity. Their wealth was an irresistible attraction to the Government; to emphasize their shortcomings was a useful afterthought, and the question of justice was hardly raised by any one. In all the correspondence connected with the fall of the Staffordshire houses, there is no hint of immorality or even unworthiness. Indeed, the rights and wrongs of the business are never alluded to; the one and only topic is the personal gain for which the petitioners hoped, and the pecuniary inducements they tried to hold out to persons in authority in the hope of gaining their help.

Here again we find a parallel between the dissolution of the monasteries in England and their suppression in France. On one side of the Straits of Dover, in the sixteenth century, the lands of the monks went into the pockets of the aristocracy and gentry; on the other side, in the twentieth, the liquidators have fattened on the spoils of the persecuted religious. History has repeated itself. What is of much more practical interest, however, is that at least one page of English history has been rewritten.

Notes and Remarks.

Our interesting and well-informed contemporary in the Eternal City, *Rome*, learns that a person who had a private audience with the Holy Father some time ago is of opinion, from something said by his Holiness, that before long a decree will be issued on the subject of the sacrament of Extreme Unction. Commenting on this matter, *Rome* declares:

Certain it is that at present in some Catholic countries Extreme Unction has come to be regarded by great numbers of people as the immediate forerunner of death. You ask after the health of a sick person and are told: "It is all over: he has received the Last Sacraments." A patient may have typhus or double pneumonia or even Asiatic cholera, but none of these is regarded as sufficient reason for administering Extreme Unction so long as the sick person has even a slight chance of recovery. The result is that only too often the sacrament is administered when the patient is quite unconscious, and that the priest is regarded by the sick and their friends as the precursor of the undertaker. On the other hand, when the priest does come and does administer the Last Sacraments, he is supposed to remain by the bedside, or at least in the house, until the end.

Should the Sovereign Pontiff issue the decree predicted, it is tolerably certain that he will emphasize the point that one of the effects—natural and not merely incidental effects—of Extreme Unction is frequently the restoration of health to the person anointed. It appears that, when he was parish priest and bishop, the Holy Father frequently preached against the above-noted extraordinary misconception of the nature and effects of the sacrament of Extreme Unction; and he is said to have declared that this was one of the reasons why he dwells so often and so earnestly on the necessity of instructing the people.

Somebody has sent us several marked—very copiously marked—copies of a New England publication that reads as if it dated from the period just preceding the

wanton burning of the Charleston convent by the fanatics of Know-Nothingism. Of the passages marked for our delectation we can only say with Prince Hal: "These lies are like their father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable." And we refuse to believe that any appreciable number of sane New England Protestants give any credit to them; they are too obviously the ravings of dementia, religious or political, or both. We prefer to believe that the attitude, toward Catholicism, of intelligent non-Catholic New Englanders is far more accurately shown in the following paragraph from the *Boston Herald's* editorial comment on the Columbus Day parade:

The most thoughtless spectator must have been impressed with the spectacle as an illustration of the unifying bond between differing races which religion provides, and as a proof of the resources for spiritual and ethical service to the State as well as to the Church which such a well-organized body of laymen creates. Militant in spirit and led against a common foe, whether it be intemperance, impurity, profanity, social injustice, civic misrule, or any of the manifold forms of materialism and neopaganism which attack civilization to-day, this federation of the laity of a historic, venerable and puissant church must be reckoned with by all enemies of society. Serving in this sphere, it betokens the existence of a conservative force in contemporary New England and national life, which will be highly valued by men of all creeds or no creed who see the perils of the time, and who wish for tangible grounds on which to base hope for perpetuity of idealism in State, family, trade, and literature.

This is the verdict of Phillip sober, and it may well be taken as an effective offset to the senseless calumnies of the very different Phillip who edits the publication referred to in our opening sentence.

Many and cordial were the congratulations extended last month to his Eminence Cardinal Moran on the occasion of his entering the ranks of the octogenarians. He is one of the few surviving bishops in the English-speaking world who were appointed by Pius IX.; in the Sacred

College he has only two seniors in order of creation; and, as *Rome* truly says, "in the whole Church, after that of the Holy Father himself, there is no name more venerated. Almost every week of the quarter of a century of his life in Australia has been marked by the opening by him of some church or school or hospital or orphan asylum, so that the world has come to identify him with the wonderful growth of the Church in Oceanica."

The accounts of Cardinal Moran's indefatigable activity which we are constantly meeting with in the columns of our Australasian contemporaries would lead one to believe that the venerable prelate has eighty years ahead instead of behind him. If not eighty, let us trust that he has at least eighteen yet to devote to a continuance of his fruitful labors.

"Character," by Alfred Williams Momerie, is not a book to which a Catholic reviewer could give unqualified approval; however, it contains many good thoughts admirably expressed, and affords some capital answers to popular objections against Christianity. Many persons, like Mill, can not understand why primitive man should not have received every ethical and intellectual excellence from the beginning. The difficulty is thus disposed of by Dr. Momerie: "To ask why God does not make people good is as absurd as to ask why He does not make a triangle with only two sides. A triangle is a figure with three sides—that is what triangle means. It follows, therefore, that a triangle with two sides is a contradiction in terms, an impossibility. . . . Similarly, goodness is that which a man chooses for himself; it is goodness just because he does choose it for himself." In combating the notion that Christianity is a series of "nots," the author of "Character" says: "If your disposition toward your fellow-creatures be purely negative, if you are not actuated by an enthusiastic love and benevolence, you are morally good-for-nothing" With sound

good sense, too, Dr. Momerie shows that reliance on authority is often the most "reasonable" course to pursue: "When one is unacquainted with the proper grounds for a decision, deciding for oneself is an act of suicidal folly,"—or, as the old proverb expresses it, "the man who is his own lawyer has a fool for a client."

Illustrating the interdependence of dogma and conduct, Dr. Momerie instances Luther's "faith without good works," and its results in the field of practice: "No wonder the Reformation was followed by a complete dissolution of morals. That this really happened has been proved by a vast mass of evidence collected by Dr. Döllinger; and, in fact, it was admitted by Luther himself. Over and over again he declared that the last state of things was worse than the first."

Strange things like these are becoming more and more common in the writings of fair-minded non-Catholics of all denominations.

The last official act supplementary to the recent Eucharistic Congress, was the reading, on Sunday the 16th inst., in all the churches of the great diocese of Montreal, of Archbishop Bruchési's Pastoral Letter dealing with the magnificent celebration. We quote from its eloquent pages this prayer of thanksgiving:

Divine Saviour, how can our city and country ever voice their gratitude for the unparalleled favors showered on us during those memorable days! More than ever we have reason to apply to ourselves the words of Thy prophet: "All nations have not been treated like ours." We were consecrated to Thee at our very birth; we belong to Thee now by a new title. The city of Thy Virgin Mother is in truth to-day the city of Thine Adorable Eucharist. Ah! if it were in our power, we would erect immediately, on that hallowed base of Mount Royal's altar-throne, consecrated by Thy divine presence and solemn blessing, a splendid monument, which would recall to future generations the incomparable triumph of our Eucharistic King. At least, O Adorable Jesus, Thou wilt live and reign forever in our hearts! In making fitting preparation for Thy

Eucharistic Feast, we, one and all—Thou knowest it, dear Lord!—spared neither time nor money nor health. Working for Thee was so just and so sweet! Let no one congratulate us upon our success. No! no! We refer all to Thy glory. Thou art all, O God, and we are but the humble instruments that, in Thy infinite goodness, Thou didst stoop to use. If Thou art pleased, we are content, our ambition is fully satisfied. And if, extending Thy charity still further, Thou shouldst ask, as of old Thou didst address the great Doctor of Thy Holy Sacrament, what reward we expect for our labors, we would, like him, reply from the depths of our heart: "Naught but Thyself, dear Lord!" Yes, sweet Jesus, here below, to possess and enjoy Thee alone in Thy Divine Sacrament; and, above, to contemplate Thee, face to face, in the effulgence of a happy eternity!

With this genuinely Catholic act of thanksgiving, the twenty-first International Eucharistic Congress may well pass into history, as notable an event in the chronicles of the world as has thus far illumined the annals of the twentieth century.

We beg to unite with the London *Tablet* in offering warm congratulations to the five Anglican clergymen who lately made their submission to the Church. "The following are the names of the five vicars and curates who have had the grace and blessing of seeing the truth and the strength and courage to follow it: The Rev. Arthur Reginald Carew Cocks, M. A., Exeter College, Oxford, vicar of St. Bartholomew's, Brighton, since 1895; the Rev. Henry Fitzrichard Hinde, M. A., Jesus' College, Cambridge, vicar of the Church of the Annunciation, Brighton, since 1896; the Rev. Oliver Partridge Henly, of Keble College, Oxford, and Ely Theological College, associated with the staff of St. Bartholomew's, Brighton, and for many years curate of St. Matthew's, Westminster; the Rev. John Dalzell Knox, M. A., Balliol College, Oxford, curate of St. Saviour's Cathedral Southwark, formerly of St. Barnabas', Southfields; the Rev. Henry Rhodes Prince, B. A. Oxon., curate of the Church of the

Annunciation, Brighton, formerly of St. Saviour's, Pimlico."

In a joint letter to the editor of the *Tablet*, the two first named clergymen write: "Authority seems to us now to be found only in the Roman Catholic Church, hence our submission to it. We hope we may be credited with a desire for honesty, and acquitted of either pique, self-will, or the loss of mental balance, which have been so widely attributed to us."

From time to time the newspaper humorists cite examples of "the meanest men." We submit that all previous records in the matter of contemptible niggardliness have been outdone by the School Board of Altoona, Pa., aided and abetted by the State Superintendent of Education. The *Catholic Standard and Times* tells the story thus: "The children of the Altoona parochial schools are desirous of getting practical instruction in manual training, as it is now given in connection with the public school system of that locality. Application to that effect was made to the School Board, but has been met by flat opposition, on the usual pretence—no support to sectarian schools from public taxes. There is nothing in the law, it is conceded, to bar the applicants out; but, on the other hand, there is nothing to say they are eligible."

The importance of this announcement to Altoona Catholics may be gauged from the fact that it has come to be understood that the great shops of the Pennsylvania Railroad Co., which have hitherto given employment to seventy per cent of the parochial school boys, on passing from school, will not hereafter receive as apprentices any boys but those who have taken the manual training course in the public schools. The only redeeming feature in the matter is that the action of the Board is very generally characterized by the non-Catholic press and people of Altoona as unduly narrow and manifestly unfair. For the Catholics of this country at large, the lesson of the

incident is thus drawn by our Philadelphia contemporary: "It is a very useful incident, and one that ought to awaken Catholics to the necessity of action in the matter of securing a share in the division of the school fund,—a share which is justly theirs, in all honor and conscience, but which they are much too mealy-mouthed in demanding."

If Cardinal Gibbons' advice to the Catholic citizens of the United States, quoted by us last week, needed reinforcement, it might be found in the memorable words spoken by another member of the Sacred College, the Holy Father's Legate, on the occasion of his visit to Philadelphia. "You ought to be very proud that you are Americans," said his Eminence. "I would encourage you always to be proud of your country,—a country of such vast extent, such wonderful resources and such greatness. Be proud that in America you are free to practise your faith unmolested, and that this is not like other lands in which they have proscribed the Church and placed limitations to the duties of conscience. Cherish the thought that you are of America, and make yourselves worthy Americans. Be true to your conscience, to your faith, and you will be truer citizens, serving your country as only a good Christian can do. The more faithful you are to your religion, the more devoted you will be to your country."

Cardinal Vannutelli has conceived a high admiration for American institutions, and appreciates as only one in his position can the liberty which the Church enjoys in this country. Before sailing for Europe, he said with much feeling:

I have found here a Republic that is one in reality, not merely in name, like most of the republics of Europe. It has been most refreshing and inspiring to come in touch with the spirit of Christian justice and charity that influenced the founders of your institutions, dominates their development at present, and predestines, I am confident, their glorious future. Within a few weeks I have travelled through the large cities of the West and East, and everywhere I

witnessed the greatest possible reverence for religion and respect for authority,—both now sadly lacking in some of the old countries of Europe. The permanency of your Republic is assured, if recognition of God and obedience to authority continue to exercise their benign influence on American life.

Naturally, I was especially concerned with the progress of the Church in the United States. The evidences I have seen of her marvellous growth have impressed me most profoundly. Here, unhampered by hostile legislation and free to work out her mission, the Church, an infant in years, shows all the vitality and strength of a giant. I am convinced that the Church is contributing in a large measure to the upbuilding of the nation; and if she continues to enjoy the liberty she now possesses, she will do still greater things in the future for the welfare of the country. Her influence makes for upright citizenship and the stability of government.

I know that your extraordinary material wealth and prosperity have a tendency to deaden the finer feelings of the soul and the higher instincts of the mind, because commercialism is by its very nature apt to be baneful in its influence on culture. Yet I could not avoid observing the deep interest in religion, art and learning as evidenced in your monumental buildings, your museums, your libraries, your beautiful churches.

Discussing Pius X.'s protest against the Jewish Mayor of Rome's recent philippic, the *London Catholic Times* pertinently inquires what is to be the King's action in the matter:

Signor Nathan not only spoke as the Mayor of Rome, but, in the name of all the citizens, sent to King Victor Emmanuel a telegram of congratulation on the celebration of the anniversary, for which he received his Majesty's hearty thanks. Is this outburst of unwarrantable invective, this attempt to provoke enmity against the great central figure of the Christian world, to pass without receiving any notice whatsoever from the Italian Government? Will King Victor Emmanuel allow the impression to prevail, not only amongst the Catholics in Italy but amongst the millions of Catholics elsewhere—in Austria, Germany, Spain, Belgium, Holland, the United States and the British Empire,—that the sacred person of Christ's vicerent can be assailed with impunity in terms of opprobrium and ridicule in the city where, if justice were observed, he would be recognized as both spiritual master and tem-

poral sovereign? If this license is to be permitted, the King will find himself face to face with greatly increased difficulties. . . .

Nor should King Victor Emmanuel neglect to take note, in his own interest, of the tendency of the movement in which Signor Nathan and his fellow-conspirators of the Masonic lodges are engaged. They unblushingly proclaim that their object is to pull down the Christian altars and to ruin the influence of the priest; but it is no secret that the Italian extremists whose political aspirations are shared by the syndic of Rome are also opposed to the throne, and that one of the surest results of the success of their schemes would be the overthrow of the monarchy. Though his sources of knowledge respecting their projects may be numerous, he is seriously in error if he imagines that he will elude the force of the storm by endeavoring to divert it toward the Pope.

The point is well taken. The republican epidemic is apparently raging in Southern Europe; and if Italy is not to go the way which Portugal has already gone, and which there is some ground for believing that Spain is ready to follow, Victor Emmanuel would do well to suppress such blatant demagogues as Signor Nathan.

So few of us are prophets in our own country. It may be even that some of the readers of this journal have had their moments when they were tempted to murmur, and perhaps, looking elsewhere, to say with a sigh, "Oh, that we had a paper like the *Guardian* or the *Church Times*!" But it seems there are corresponding and compensating sighs across the border. In the *Sphere* this week we find Mr. Clement Shorter, that most successful and competent of editors, after noting "the high-class character" of the *Tablet*, exclaiming: "If only the Church of England were as well served with newspapers!"

This happily phrased item from the London *Tablet* reminds us of a letter lately received from a Lutheran in one of our Eastern States; however, it contains no sigh, save one of regret that the border has not yet been crossed. The reader will be interested to read a portion of what our correspondent has to say:

I never enjoyed a more pleasant time during my life of sixty-five years than while perusing the columns of your very interesting and edifying publication, which I read from cover to cover on Sundays. I am boarding with the

family of my brother and nephew, who are strict Lutherans, and with whose opinions on religion I greatly differ; but, of course, I dare not express my thoughts, not wishing to offend them or to hurt their feelings. I do not profess to know a great deal about the Catholic Church, but I have learned at least so much during the last quarter of a century—to know that Protestants say many things about the Catholic religion that are not true; and, although I am not a communicant (which no doubt I ought to be), I am called a Catholic by my Protestant friends, just because I can not help telling them now and then, in speaking of churches, that the Catholic Church is the true one.

How many there must be across the border who are yearning for the light of truth and the leading of example!

An interesting account of the recent German Catholic Congress held at Augsburg is contributed to the *Catholic Herald of India* by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hurth. In a postscript thereto, he says:

I should have mentioned that, in winding up the Congress, the president, in presence of a number of representatives of the non-Catholic press, could say that he challenged anybody to point out even a single word in the entire proceedings of the Congress that could be called unkind or offensive to those of another faith. This was all the more telling because, shortly before, the Protestants had a similar convention in one of the few Protestant colonies of the Rhenish Province, at which the headings of all the speeches, as published, indicated the strongest "anti-Romanism"; and one of the speakers amused the whole country by stating that he had observed the corn standing nicer and the potatoes growing better on the fields of Protestants than on those of Catholics.

Apropos of the outcry about Pius X.'s Encyclical on the St. Charles Borromeo centenary, Bishop Hurth states that "it is said that the Kaiser himself was not offended at the Papal Letter; and, as a matter of fact, a monster petition to him, immediately engineered by the Protestant Alliance, is not known to have been even acknowledged. Signatures were gathered with considerable noise, but it is probable that the petition was never presented, owing to some admonition from above."

Notable New Books.

The Spaniard at Home. By Mary F. Nixon-Roulet. A. C. McClurg & Co.

This is one of the sort of books for which every reader feels doubly grateful,—on account of the information acquired and the pleasure derived. One learns and one is entertained at the same time. Mrs. Roulet has spent several years in Spain, and she writes of its institutions, its people and their manners and customs, with intimate knowledge and thorough sympathy. Her book would seem an answer to open-minded friends, demanding to be told all about Spain and the Spaniards. It is charmingly written. There is not a dull page in it, or a single paragraph of padding. Of special interest are the chapters entitled: *Fêtes and Festas*, *Church and Charity*, *Contradictions of Spanish Character*. Each one affords glimpses of the inner life of the people, and refutes impressions of them no less false than general. The illustrations are all welcome, though some are better than others.

In reading "The Spaniard at Home," one is made to feel that there is no country in the world so much misrepresented as the land of the Dons. Superficial travellers and prejudiced writers would seem to have conspired against it; and their criticisms, as Mrs. Roulet remarks (page 154), "are frequently as intelligent and show as much real knowledge of the subject as those of a recent traveller who commented upon the fearful loss of life in the Spanish-American War. 'I attended Mass at the cathedral last Sunday,' he writes, 'and nearly all the women present were dressed in mourning.' One does not expect a man to be an authority on feminine costume, but it seems that even a man might have known that black is the church dress of all well-bred Spanish women." "In the light of so many data from the outside," adds our author, "an interior view of the subject is interesting, and the opinions of the Spaniards themselves are of some value." The object of her book is to give expression to these opinions as to institutions and customs peculiar to Spain. This object is attained in a way to impress the reader no less thoroughly than he is entertained.

History of the American College, Rome. By the Rt. Rev. Henry A. Brann, D. D., LL. D., '62. Benziger Brothers.

A portly volume of five hundred and seventy pages, printed in type large and legible enough to suit the weakening vision of even the oldest alumni, adorned with a number of excellent pictures of persons and scenes, and withal

handsomely bound, Dr. Brann's history will prove a pleasure to any Catholic reader, and a delight to all who call the American College their Alma Mater. The author undertook his work at the request of the late Archbishop Corrigan, and practically completed it eight years ago. Its publication has been retarded until now, because Dr. Brann's respect for historical accuracy impelled him to wait until he could verify some of the statements which it contains.

In an able introductory chapter on "Nationalism," we are informed of the motives underlying the establishment in Rome of a distinctively American college, as also those of France, Germany, England, Scotland, Ireland, and other European nations. These national colleges in the Eternal City "are the logical outcome of Papal desire for Christian unity. . . . The more Roman the nations are, the more Christian they become. . . . The American College and its alumni are destined to be a bulwark against the spirit of disunion, of heresy and schism in the United States. This was the purpose of its founder, the saintly Pius IX.; this the aim of the American bishops who co-operated with him in the work; and this the desire of all its alumni, scattered through our great country."

Some four hundred pages of the book are devoted to the history proper of the institution,—a story of uniform progress and prosperity; the remainder of the volume is an appendix comprising letters, notes, and papers from different hands, together with lists of the officers of the College, the Alumni Association, necrology, contributors, and students. The author's delay in publishing his notably excellent work has permitted him to incorporate therein an extended account of the celebration of the College's Golden Jubilee in June, 1909. No better souvenir of that memorable historic occasion could be desired than this handsome volume; and we doubt not that it will speedily grace the shelves of all whose recollections of seminary life centre in the American College.

St. Clare of Assisi. By the Very Rev. Léopold de Chérancé, O. S. F. C. Sole Authorized Translation by R. F. O'Connor. R. & T. Washbourne.

It was eminently fitting that the distinguished French Capuchin, whose Lives of St. Francis, St. Anthony of Padua, and St. Margaret of Cortona have achieved such deserved popularity, should give the world an equally interesting biography of the most devoted and loyal of St. Francis' friends. Let us add, incidentally, that it was equally fitting that to the translator of Father Léopold's former volumes should be assigned the congenial task of doing into English

this latest work of the French hagiographer. Readers of THE AVE MARIA are sufficiently acquainted with Mr. O'Connor's virile and lucid style to feel assured that the original Life suffers nothing in its passage into another language. Of the work itself the translator well says: "This volume completes a trilogy illustrative of three aspects of love, the law of life, pre-eminently of the higher life: St. Francis typifying seraphic love—the love that raises the rational human soul nearest to the Source of Love in its purest essence; St. Clare, virginal love—the love of those chaste souls to whom is accorded the privilege of following the Lamb without spot whithersoever He goeth; and St. Margaret of Cortona, penitent love—the love of her whose panegyric was first pronounced by divine lips in the Pharisee's house, and to whom many sins were forgiven,—*quia multum dilexit*."

Among the aims proposed by the author in composing this biography, we note his desire to present St. Clare as an example to nuns and the numerous faithful who invoke her; to display in a clearer light her work as a foundress; and, when needed, to defend the cause of the contemplative Orders against calumnies continually revived. In the prosecution of these aims, Father Léopold has produced a thoroughly charming Life, the perusal of which will abundantly justify in the mind of the sympathetic reader St. Bonaventure's characterization of St. Clare. "Virgin God-beloved," he wrote, "she has exhaled the perfumes of a spring flower and shone like the morning star."

A Spiritual Canticle of the Soul. By St. John of the Cross. Translated by David Lewis. With Corrections and an Introduction by Benedict Zimmerman, O. C. D. Benziger Brothers.

During the imprisonment of St. John at Toledo, from December 1577 till August, 1578, he composed this poetical work, "The Spiritual Canticle of the Soul and the Bridegroom Christ." It is an abridged paraphrase of the Canticle of Canticles, the Song of Solomon; and consists of forty stanzas of five lines each, blank verse, and, in its English dress, of somewhat irregular metre. At the request of the Venerable Ann of Jesus, prioress of the Carmelite convent at Granada, St. John afterward wrote a commentary on his verses, or an explanation of the Canticle. This explanation it is which Mr. Lewis has translated and which is offered, with the Canticle itself, in the present work,—a handsome volume of more than three hundred pages. Like the two earlier works of the same saint—the "Ascent of Mount Carmel" and "The Dark Night of the Soul,"—this one belongs to the realm of mystic theology; and its main

purpose is to picture, under the Biblical simile of espousals and matrimony, the blessedness of a soul that has arrived at union with God. The first four stanzas are introductory; the following eight refer to the contemplative life in its earlier stages; the next nine, dealing with what the author calls the espousals, treat of the unitive way, where the soul is frequently though not habitually admitted to a transient union with God; while stanzas xxii. to xl. describe what St. John terms matrimony, or the highest perfection possible to a soul in the present life. A summary of the whole system of mystical theology is contained in the explanation of the following stanza (xxvi):

In the inner cellar
Of my Beloved have I drunk; and when I went forth
Over all the plain,
I knew nothing,
And lost the flock I followed before.

While not a book that appeals strongly to the general reader, the "Spiritual Canticle" will be welcomed by many devout souls both in and out of the religious life.

Life Lessons from Blessed Joan of Arc. By Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J. The Benzigers.

There is much in Father Vaughan's book to win the admiration of the most *biase* reader. We like, to begin with, his dedication: "To the daughters of Erin, who, because so pure; so brave, so true, must beyond all others find fulfilled in Blessed Joan of Arc their ideal of patriotism, Catholicism, heroism." We like, too, the hearty, outspoken enthusiasm with which he regards his heroine from every point of view, and the straightforward fashion in which he explains Joan and her career. "Jeanne d'Arc," he tells us, "became the Maid of God and the savior of her country because that was the vocation to which God called her; and unflinchingly she followed it. Like Benedict and Bruno, like Francis and Dominic, like Ignatius and other heroic men; like Cecilia, Agnes, Clare, Teresa, and other heroic women, Jeanne realized that she was deputed by God to do a work, to fulfil a mission. She discharged her work, she fulfilled her mission. She became a saint because she did and bore the will of God. What, in the name of common-sense, is the use of casting about for some wholly inadequate and utterly unsatisfactory interpretation of the problems of her life, when here we have at hand the master-key opening every secret of it?"

There is undoubted pleasure in reading an author who is thus utterly sure of his ground, and is not called upon to invent or discover recondite theories to fit the facts of history. All through the work—which, despite its good

size, is not a long one—the author notes how the life and labors of the Maid of Orleans emphasize the saying of the Apostle of the Gentiles: "The foolish things of the world hath God chosen that He may confound the wise; and the weak things of the world hath God chosen that He may confound the strong." And throughout the volume, also, practical—eminently practical—lessons for men and women, boys and girls, are drawn from this biography which, at first blush, might seem to hold a lesson for few if any Christians of this twentieth century. It is an inspiring book, the perusal of which can scarcely fail to stir up creditable emotions, if not to engender many a good resolution.

There are eleven excellent illustrations, four of them in color, the work of Gaston Bussière; and the thoughtful, though brief, preface is by Archbishop Bourne.

The Catholic Encyclopedia. Vol. VIII. (Infam-Lapp.) Robert Appleton & Co.

It would be sufficient notice of the present volume of this excellent work to state that it has all the merits which mark its predecessors. The articles are by writers deeply versed in the subjects allotted to them; and the bibliographies appended enable the reader to verify every statement made, or to pursue his researches on any topic in which he may be especially interested; while the book gains much both in interest and value by its well-chosen and admirably-executed illustrations. One of the most important features of the Encyclopedia, to our mind, is its maps, of which the present volume includes three—Christendom at the Death of Innocent III., Ireland, and Italy. When it is stated that Vol. VIII. embodies the work of no fewer than two hundred and thirty-four scholars and specialists scattered all over the world, one may well rest satisfied with the general high quality of the result, notwithstanding defects, against all of which it would have been well-nigh impossible for the editors to guard. Out of the wealth of other matters we select the following titles as affording further illustration of the scholarship, learning, and industry which are everywhere displayed in the handsome volume before us: Inspiration of the Bible, Italians in the United States, Insane (Asylums and Care for the), Jansenism, Jews and Judaism, Juvenile Courts, Japan, Kulturkampf, Know-Nothingism, Labor and Labor Legislation.

The biographies are especially well treated, the one on Lamennais being "a splendid example of the dignified fairness and broad-minded charity with which the Catholic Encyclopedia approaches the lives of the many

prodigal sons who went out from the Church, but who did not all return." A lucid article on Kant and his philosophy is contributed by Dr. William Turner. Isabella the Catholic, by Ramón Ruiz Amado; Bishop Ketteler, by Georges Goyau; Lacordaire, by Dr. Scannell; and Jacopone da Todi, the Franciscan poet, by Father Olier, O. F. M., editor of "Archivum Franciscanum Historicum," also deserve special mention.

The variety of topics lying between Infamy and Lapparent is remarkable. The volume is specially rich in Scriptural topics, the most notable contribution being Inspiration, which is treated under four heads: I. Belief in Inspired Books; II. Nature of Inspiration; III. Extent of Inspiration; IV. Protestant Views on the Inspiration of the Bible. Two other highly important Biblical articles are: Isaia, by the Rev. Dr. Souvay, C. M.; and Job, by the Rev. Joseph Hontheim, S. J.

Again we gladly commend the Catholic Encyclopedia to the attention and careful study of all intelligent readers; and we heartily congratulate the editors on having arrived midway in their great undertaking.

Biographies of English Catholics in the Eighteenth Century. By the Rev. John Kirk, D. D. Edited by John Hungerford Pollen, S. J., and Edwin Burton, D. D., F. R. Hist. S. Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers.

This fine volume (309 pp., post 8vo.) is a "Who Was Who" among Catholics in England from 1700 to 1800 A. D. Intended by its author to form part of his projected continuation of Dodd's Church History—which continuation never advanced beyond the formative stage of collected material,—this series of brief biographical sketches not only makes very interesting reading, but constitutes a valuable aid to any historian who sets out to throw full light on what is admittedly the most obscure period in English Catholic history—the eighteenth century. As the editors declare, more, far more, is known about the thirty years that succeeded the landing of Father Campion in England than about the hundred and forty years that passed between King James' flight from Whitehall and the Emancipation Bill. In general, the period was for the Catholics of England a time of depression, of lost hopes and discouragement; and, accordingly, a time not so inviting to the historian as more eventful eras.

The present biographies do much to supply the lack of a continuous narrative of the period. The Lives are arranged in alphabetical order; but a series of classified lists at the end of the volume—bishops, capitulars, secular priests, etc.,—render references particularly easy.



Which Loved Best?

BY M. H.

"I LOVE you, mother!" said little John;

Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
Leaving his mother the wood to bring.

"I love you, mother!" said rosy Nell,—

"I love you better than tongue can tell!"

Then she teased and pouted half the day,
And her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother!" said pretty Nan.

"To-day I'll help you all I can.

How glad I am that school don't keep!"
And she rocked till the baby fell asleep.

Then, stepping softly, she took the broom
And swept the floor and dusted the room;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and cheerful as child could be.

"I love you, mother!" again they said—

Three little children going to bed.
How do you think the mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

A Nautical Adventure.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

III.

SO far, the boys had not wholly lost their presence of mind. Indeed, the spice of danger had given them new courage; for neither of them fully realized its extent. But as their frail bark drifted hither and thither through the rough sea; and they saw that their oars were useless in the extremity which was close upon them, they began to wonder what would be the outcome of this involuntary voyage.

"How far do you suppose we'll go?" asked Clinton.

"Oh, maybe twenty miles!"

"Twenty miles! We haven't anything to eat. And after that what shall we do?"

"We're in a cross-current," said Edward.

"Look at those waves! And they're getting stronger every minute. I'll tell you what! Let's row and row, and then we can't be taken as far out as if we didn't."

"All right!" rejoined Clinton, and they set to work again.

Bobbing up and down, and ever a little farther to sea, the boys struggled in the darkness. The moon was hidden behind a high bank of clouds, which soon began to part, and, scudding landward, betokened a storm. For an hour this continued; then it began to rain.

"What's that light?" asked Clinton, pointing outward.

"It's a ship," replied Edward. "It's coming nearer."

"It's not going to land," said Edward: "it's steaming ahead."

"It isn't *steaming* at all: it's *sailing*! They'll run us down!" cried Clinton. "Let's shout!"

"Wait! I'll light the candle," observed Edward.

Fortunately, there was no wind, and the rain had ceased for a while. The candle end held aloft in the boy's hand burned bravely. They both began to call at the top of their voices:

"Halloo! Halloo!"

They were very close to the ship now,—so close that they became alarmed. But at that moment a man appeared near the gangway.

"Who's there?" he called out.

Presently the motion of the vessel ceased.

"Two boys," answered Edward, as they came alongside.

"What you doing out in that boat this time of night?"

"We can't make our way back,—back to Bayview."

"Live there?"

"Yes, sir."

The man disappeared, and in a moment the gangway was let down. A sailor descended, tied the boat, and bade the young travellers come up on deck.

They found it a very dirty and slippery deck when they reached it. The captain, who had spoken to them, was awaiting them near the gangway. He appeared to be about fifty years old, with grizzled hair and a very red face, as befitted a denizen of the seas. A short bushy beard concealed his mouth and chin. His head and feet were both bare. He wore a red flannel shirt and corduroy trousers.

"Well, give an account of yourselves," said the man.

"We haven't any to give," responded Edward. "It's just as we said."

"And how long have you been drifting about?"

"About three hours."

"No business to be out rowing so late! Lucky you aren't at the bottom before this. Now, what am I going to do with you both?"

"Can't you take us back?" inquired Clinton, with some timidity.

"Back where?"

"Home."

"To Bayview? It can't be done."

"Why, it isn't far."

"But I'm not going to Bayview: we're bound for Boston. I'll take you there. I'm not going to turn one inch, or delay any longer than I can help, for a pair of runaways like you two,—for that's what you are, I believe. I'll carry you on to Boston, as I said; and you can take the train down there."

"How far is it to Boston? When will you be there?"

"To-morrow night."

"We have no money to ride in the cars," said Clinton.

"You can tramp it back, then, as you deserve to do."

There was in this prospect an element of adventure which appealed to the boys. A mutual glance was exchanged.

"All right, sir!" said Edward. "We'll tramp it."

"Plucky enough, youngster! Do your parents know you're out?"

"Yes, sir, they know it," answered Edward. "But they don't know about our being at sea in a small boat. They think we're safe on a big vessel. They won't worry any more—than they would anyway," he blurted out somewhat awkwardly and unintelligibly.

If the captain observed the boy's confusion as he finished his speech, he made no remark upon it, but called to a sailor who stood near by.

"Here, Ben, take these kids down below and let them turn in. We'll see what's to be done by daylight."

At that moment Rover came bounding on deck.

"We forgot all about him," said Edward in a tone of self-reproach.

"He didn't forget you, though," replied the sailor. "He was up the gangway behind you; but one of the men caught him and was playing with him below. Come on down, kids, and I'll see if I can't find bunks for you."

The two boys followed him as well as they could down the narrow stairway, with a rope balustrade at either side. The ship was now fully under weigh again, and the swift motion made them feel very unsteady. The sailor led them into a small cubby-hole which they would not consider worthy the name of a closet, where two hammocks were slung.

"These here's empty, as you see," he remarked. "The two Portuguese that belong to them deserted at Charleston. Turn in, boys, and have a good sleep."

"Why wouldn't the captain put in to Bayview?" asked Edward. "It wouldn't have taken more than half an hour longer."

"Every half hour counts; and it's against the rules of sea craft to put in at every port for runaway lads we happen

to meet as we go along. You youngsters are a little too fresh!"

So saying, he banged the little door behind him, leaving them in total darkness and almost without a breath of air. The tiny porthole above them being closed, the atmosphere of the place was stifling. Edward, who was the most agile managed to open it from the hammock into which, with considerable difficulty, he succeeded in climbing.

"That's better!" he said, trying to preserve his equilibrium while he settled himself between the netted walls of his unaccustomed couch, which seemed to engulf him as he sank into its depths. "This was made for a bigger fellow than I am, Clint," he said. "Why don't you get into yours?"

"Don't you see I'm trying? I can hardly make it, it's so high."

He had just accomplished the feat and was turning about in his narrow bed when he heard a scratching at the door.

"Poor Rover!" exclaimed Edward. "We can't leave him outside."

It was easier to descend from the hammock than to get into it. With a turn and a bound Edward was again on the floor, admitting the dog. Rover barked gratefully; and, after blinking his eyes to locate himself and his surroundings, encouraged by the proximity of his masters, he lay down on the floor.

Edward hastily regained his hammock. Clinton was now beginning to feel at home in his, and they both imagined they were enjoying their new experience. Though it was nothing like what they had planned, it was sufficiently novel to appeal to their adventurous spirits, and not more disagreeable than they could endure; though the heat was stifling, the rolling of the vessel increasing constantly; and the hammocks, slung closely side by side, were continually bounding and rebounding against each other like a pair of rubber balls.

"Sleep isn't in it to-night," observed Edward, after a sigh from his companion

which betrayed that he was as wide awake as himself. "But I think it a good joke, don't you?"

"Depends upon who you think the joke's on," said Clinton. "I think it's on you and me."

"So it is," rejoined his fellow-sufferer. "But it's something that doesn't happen to every fellow."

"Yes, that's so. And after we get home I guess we'll enjoy talking about it. But just now I feel awfully sick, don't you?"

"No, not a bit," said Edward. "I read in a book that if you lie flat on your stomach and don't open your mouth, you'll get over seasickness."

"Don't see how I can in this hot, awful-smelling place!" was the reply. A groan and a flop, followed by silence, gave evidence, however, that Clinton was taking his friend's advice.

Edward continued to make observations.

"You needn't answer, Clint; I'm going to keep on talking, though. It will help pass the time in this hole. If you get tired listening, just give me a kick as well as you can."

"Huh!" replied Clinton, affirmatively.

"'Tain't half nor quarter as bad as the Black Hole of Calcutta that we've read about so often," Edward went on. "Men were crowded in there closer than sardines. In proportion, the space wasn't nearly as large as this; and they hadn't a single breath of fresh air, while we've got a good porthole. And it can't be as bad even as the place the sailors on this ship sleep in. I bet they're as close together as we are, and a lot of them would make the air a great deal heavier and hotter."

"Huh!" responded Clinton once more.

A sudden gust of wind shook the vessel at this juncture; the rain began to fall; and, accompanied as it was by thunder and lightning, the boys had a taste of a miniature storm at sea, which caused them to wish they were at home in their own comfortable beds, instead of tossing about in dirty, tarry hammocks in a two-by-four cubby-hole on board the

sloop *Jolly Nell*, bound for Boston with a cargo of sugar and cotton from Charleston, South Carolina.

At the end of half an hour the violence of the rain had subsided; the sea became perfectly calm, and its motion less disagreeable. The hammocks swaying but slightly, and the rain having freshened the atmosphere, the boys at last fell into a sound slumber, from which they were awakened by a loud voice calling out:

"All hands to grub!"

It was the sailor who had conducted them to their sleeping quarters the night before. Without waiting for a reply, he disappeared; and the boys turned out of their hammocks, looking dirty and dishevelled, but feeling refreshed and ready for the day and whatever it might bring forth. They peeped into the cook's galley in search of water to wash; and, as he was not a disagreeable cook, he handed them out a painful and a towel, with which they made a hasty and imperfect toilet. But it was not unworthy of the breakfast room into which they were ushered by another sailor, who told them the captain was waiting for them.

He bade them good-morning from his seat behind a smoke-blackened coffeepot, at a table covered with dirty old oilcloth, and indicated their places. On either side of the captain two men were seated. One of them was the first mate, the other a passenger making a sailing voyage for the benefit of his health,—at least that is what the boys gathered from the conversation at breakfast.

They were given tin plates, and cups without saucers; the forks, of inferior "German silver," looked and tasted like brass. The knives had evidently not been cleaned since the beginning of the voyage. The coffee was muddy, the bread sour, and the bacon had such a fishy aroma and taste as to make it very unpalatable. Hungry as they were, the boys could not stomach the food, or feel otherwise than disgusted with their surroundings.

(Conclusion next week.)

Concerning a Common Object.

Saltcellars may be said to have been in use in prehistoric times. Homer declared that salt was a gift of the gods. The Greeks and Romans gave the saltcellar the place of honor at their banquets, and every effort of craftsmen was employed to make it an object of beauty. Saltcellars were often heirlooms, handed down with great care from father to son. During the Middle Ages the saltcellar was the finest and most conspicuous object on the table, and was placed in the centre,—the members of the family and their guests occupying seats at one end, the servants and retainers sitting at the other. This is how the phrase "to sit below the salt" came to mean "to occupy an inferior position."

Wealthy people used saltcellars made of gold and silver and designed by great artists. Many of these have been preserved to this day, and are treasured in museums. Poor people, however, were content with more humble receptacles for the useful condiment, and often used a piece of bread with a place hollowed out to serve as a saltcellar.

Royalty at the Washtub.

The royal family of Sweden has always been noted for its simplicity. All the princes of the imperial houses of Habsburg and Hohenzollern had to learn a trade. In fact, history relates that some of these royal apprentices became skilful mechanics. But royal washerwomen are decidedly a novelty. The two daughters of the Duke of Westgotland receive at the present time a careful and practical education in the minutest branches of house-keeping; and it must be an interesting sight to see Princess Margaret and Princess Martha, neither yet in her teens, busily engaged at the washtub in the interests of their dolls.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—No. 106 of the penny pamphlets issued by the Australian Catholic Truth Society is "Peggy's Present, and Other Stories," the work of Miriam Agatha. They are little stories for little people, but well enough told to please bigger folk also.

—An article of exceptional interest to be found in a college publication is "The Life and Writings of Henry Harland," contributed to the *Redwood* of Santa Clara College, California, by Mr. Harland's widow, whose literary pseudonym is Grace Glastonbury.

—Messrs. Sands & Co. will publish shortly "A Papal Envoy during the Reign of Terror: being the Memoirs of Mgr. de Salamon, the Internuncio at Paris during the Revolution, 1790-1801," edited by the Abbé Bridier, and translated by Frances Jackson. The work will be profusely illustrated with old French prints.

—Prefacing an extended review of "Light from the Ancient East: the New Testament Illustrated by Recently Discovered Texts of the Græco-Roman World," by Adolf Deissmann, translated by Lionel R. M. Strachan (Hodder & Stoughton), the *Athenæum* remarks: "We are happy to find that the author has brought with him [to a chair in the University of Berlin] his simple and devout Christianity into an atmosphere where such views are uncommon."

—"The Church's Natural Allies," by Francis W. Grey, is a pamphlet reprinted from the *University Magazine*. The allies of whom there is question are indicated by an adapted motto: "Christians of the world, unite. You have nothing to lose, and you have a world to gain." It is a thoughtful and thought-provoking pamphlet, attentive perusal of which can scarcely fail to benefit either the most loyal of Catholics or the most orthodox of Protestants into whose hands it may happen to fall.

—"Ballads and Legends," by Ymal Oswin (Orphans' Press, Rochdale, Lanc.), is a neatly produced booklet of fifty-four pages, containing twenty-one poems, several of which have appeared in the columns of THE AVE MARIA. The author shows evidence of possessing a delicate fancy, a copious vocabulary, and withal a fair allowance of the lyric gift. While the technique of her verses is generally good, an occasional faulty rhyme—hearth, path; calm, harm—mars the pleasure with which one peruses her work. (Such rhymes are permissible in New England alone.) It is only fair to add, however, that these faults have been

overlooked, no doubt because of more than compensating merits, by various English magazines—the *Dublin Review*, etc.,—in which all the poems containing them have appeared within the last decade.

—Among Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co.'s Autumn announcements we notice an authorized English translation of Father Grisar's "History of Rome and the Popes in the Middle Ages"; and "Legends of Our Lord and the Holy Family," by Mrs. Arthur Bell, author of "The Saints in Christian Art."

—"Donal Kenny," by the Rev. Joseph Guinan (Benziger Brothers), is a simple, sweet story of Irish life, full of the pathos and tenderness of the kindly people among whom the plot is laid. The hot-headed Garrett Kenny, with all the faults and virtues of the old-fashioned Irish gentry—poor and proud, living again in his children and grandchildren,—is a character often depicted in such fiction, and true to the life. There is a strain of sadness in the early part of the book; but the climax is bright and happy, and the reader's interest is kept up to the end. We could name no purer or more pathetic novel for the fireside or the library than "Donal Kenny," though its literary form leaves something to be desired.

—The editor of the *London Quarterly Review* refers to Mr. Snead-Cox's "Life of Cardinal Vaughan" as "one of the most enthralling and illuminating of Roman Catholic biographies,—a book which no one to whom the Protestant faith is dear can afford to overlook." The Bishop of Newport says of it, writing in the *Ampleforth Journal*: "It is a remarkable achievement to have given to the public, before the seventh anniversary of the Cardinal's death, two volumes of 500 pages each, in which so many weighty, complicated and delicate subjects are treated. The author writes with literary skill and finish. He has the instinct of the storyteller—the gift of narrating without interruptions, jerks or side-glances. He has collected his materials from every side,—from documents and from newspapers, from the living and from the dead, from friends and from critics. The result is a singularly striking picture, both of the public life and the personal character of the third Archbishop of Westminster."

—"The Iona Series" (Catholic Truth Society of Ireland; B. Herder) consists of short stories of historical personages, very well told by different authors. It is an exceedingly interesting collection for young readers, and one well

calculated to hold their attention and to bring past centuries vividly before them. Vol. I., "The Coming of the King," by Arthur Synan, is a romance of the time of "James the Pretender." The oft-told story of the Stuart weakness is repeated, with anecdotes of Dean Swift and other conspicuous personages of the day. The character of Cathleen, the high-souled Irish heroine, is attractively portrayed; and the book ends happily, as all stories should. Vol. II., "Hiawatha's Black-Robe," by E. Leahy, is an excellent sketch of the life of Father Marquette, S. J., which can not fail to hold the reader from beginning to end. Vol. III., "Peggy the Millionaire," by Mary Costello, is the story of a little Irish girl with red hair and freckles, who was a millionaire only in the rich things of mind and heart, and who became the good angel of her family and saved them from ruin,—a pointed story for silly maidens who believe in nothing so much as fine appearances. Vol. IV., "Earl or Chieftain?" by Patricia Dillon, is a stirring love tale of the time of "Queen Bess," in which the glory of the early chiefs of Ireland—the O'Donnells and the O'Neills—is told in inspiring chapters. We hope that these four books of the "Iona Series" will be followed by many others just as interesting and instructive. It is regrettable that the tasteful binding is not stronger; for after a few readings the books are likely to become unsightly.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "The Iona Series." 35 cts., each.
 "Donal Kenny." Rev. Joseph Guinan. \$1.50.
 "The Spaniard at Home." Mary F. Nixon-Roulet. \$1.75.
 "Biographies of English Catholics in the Eighteenth Century." Rev. John Kirk, D. D. \$2.75.
 "A Spiritual Canticle of the Soul." St. John of the Cross. \$1.95.
 "St. Clare of Assisi." Very Rev. Leopold de Chérancé, O. S. F. C. \$1.10.

- "Life Lessons from Blessed Joan of Arc." Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J. 85 cts.
 "History of the American College, Rome." Rt. Rev. Henry A. Brann, D. D., LL. D. \$2.20.
 "Home Life in Ireland." Robert Lynd, \$2.50.
 "Missale Romanum." \$2; mor., \$2.57.
 "The Friendly Little House, and Other Stories." \$1.25.
 "Flamstead Quarries." Mary E. Waller. \$1.50.
 "A Renegade Poet, and Other Essays." \$1.25.
 "Meditations and Instructions on the Blessed Virgin." Vol. II. Rev. A. Vermeersch, S. J. \$1.35.
 "Raccolta." 1910 Edition. \$1.
 "Are Our Prayers Heard?" Rev. Joseph Egger, S. J. 15 cts.
 "A Minister's Marriage." Austin Rock. 75 cts.
 "Simple Catechism Lessons." Dom Lambert Nolle, O. S. B. \$1.
 "The Imitation of Christ." (Pocket Classics.) 25 cts., net.
 "Christian Symbolism." Mrs. Henry Jenner. \$1.
 "Father Paul of Moll." Edward Van Speybroeck. \$1.25.
 "Towards the Altar." "Towards the Eternal Priesthood." Rev. J. M. Lelen. 15 cts., each.
 "One Christmas Eve at Roxbury Crossing." Cathryn Wallace. 75 cts.
 "Catholic Religion." Rev. Charles A. Martin. \$1.
 "Père Jean and Other Stories." Aileen Hingston. 70 cts., net.
 "Handbook of Practical Economics. J. Schrijvers. \$1.35.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. William English, C. S. Sp.; and Rev. Louis L'Etourneau, C. S. C.

Sister M. Carmel, of the Sisters of St. Dominic; Sister M. Roberta and Sister M. Charles, Sisters of the Incarnate Word.

Mrs. M. Keating, Mr. John Barrett, Mr. John Nixon, Mr. Thomas V. Hassan, Mr. James Curley, Mrs. Hannah Carle, Mrs. Ellen M. Keir, Mr. Austin Drew, Mrs. Mary Healey, Mr. Thomas Daniels, Miss Stella Dunne, Mrs. Margaret Charpentier, Mr. Herman Bauer, Mrs. John J. Ryan, Mr. J. P. Nicholson, Mrs. John Kenney, Mr. Ferdinand Mertens, Mrs. Julia C. Ryan, Mr. J. D. Fox, and Mr. Joseph Eickmann.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)



QUEEN OF ALL SAINTS
(Verona)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 5, 1910.

NO. 19

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

Cause of Our Joy.

BY L. F. MURPHY.

THERE was no joy till that pure thought of thee,

Eternal in the mind of God, became
The patriarchs' prayer, the prophets' glad acclaim,
Far in the night their watching eyes could see
A vision of thy grace and purity.

Like light upon the flowers, flushed the flame
Of God's great love, o'er sin and grief and shame,—

The promise of the joy that was to be.

And if the promise and the dream of her
Changed night to day—Earth looking for her face,
The Mother of the Saviour of our race,—

Ay, if the dream and hope of her was this,
That all men's hearts transformed and gladdened
were,

What glory the fulfilment, and what bliss!

Thoughts on Purgatory.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.



O those Protestants who do not believe in the Catholic doctrine of Purgatory, those words of Holy Scripture which tell us that nothing defiled can enter heaven, that the eyes of God are "too pure to behold evil,"* ought to give food for very serious thought. That they do not is due to a notion, very general amongst

non-Catholics, that death is a kind of sacrament, purging the soul from sin and its consequences; or to that other very prevalent notion, which appears to forget that divine justice is one of God's attributes as well as divine mercy; and that, whereas this present life is the time of probation, the next life is the time of retribution and reward, whether for good or for evil. The universal canonization of their departed friends by a large section of non-Catholics gives evidence of an amiable frame of mind and of much affection for those who have gone beyond the veil; but being, as it is, contrary both to reason and Revelation, it is only a mistaken kindness. Not a few Protestants, indeed, are led by sheer common-sense to believe in some kind of intermediate state, in which souls not ready for heaven when they die are gradually prepared for entrance into bliss.

Thus, as everyone will remember, the famous Dr. Johnson, asked by Boswell what was his opinion about the Catholic dogma of Purgatory, replied: "Sir, it is a very harmless doctrine. They are of opinion that the generality of mankind are neither so obstinately wicked as to deserve everlasting punishment nor so good as to merit to be admitted into the society of blessed spirits; and, therefore, that God is graciously pleased to allow of a middle state, where they may be purified by certain degrees of suffering. You see there is nothing unreasonable in that."* And a Catholic writer asks: "What is more absurd than to imagine

* Apoc., xxi, 27; and Habacuc, i, 13.

* Boswell's Life of Johnson.

that a soul just drawn out of the sink of sin, and still odorous, as it were, of its memories, can suddenly rush into the limpid light of heaven and take its place among the blessed spirits, so that in one and the same day the soul shall be at morning time in the mire of sins, and at eventide in the most pure heaven of the angels?"

There is but one way in which this can be accomplished—namely, if the dying man, by a special grace, elicits so intense an act of love toward God and of contrition for his sins as thereby to eliminate all the debt of temporal punishment that he owed to God's most holy justice. Such was the case of the Good Thief upon the cross, to whom his dying Saviour said: "This day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise." But the Good Thief died, not with the crucifix merely, but with the Crucifixion, before his eyes. And how many sinners, even repentant sinners, die as he did! Hence to many multitudes—must we not say to most of the saved?—the words of the author just quoted are wholly applicable.

One of three things must happen to the soul that has just left the body and now stands before its sovereign awful Judge. If that soul be perfect—if, that is to say, it is not only endowed with God's grace and divine charity, without which none can be saved; but also by innocence or by much penance, by a love like that of the Magdalene, of whom it was said that much was forgiven her because she loved much, or by the gaining of holy indulgences,—if by these means that soul is freed from all debt of temporal punishment, then at once and without delay it will be received into the loving embraces of its God, and will enter upon the joy of the Beatific Vision.

If—most terrible thought!—it is a soul denuded of God's grace, turned away by unrepented, unforgiven sin from its last end and only true good, the God who made it, then for that soul there is

nothing but the immediate and dreadful sentence: "Depart, thou cursed, into everlasting fire!" Then will that soul be swiftly hurried—nay, will desperately fly from the face of the Judge, whose just wrath, nevertheless, will pursue it relentlessly even to the very deeps of hell. There, obstinately fixed in aversion from God and hatred of His goodness and sanctity, yet at the same time unspeakably tormented by a burning, hopeless thirst for Him whom it can never have, between whom and itself its own acts have made a "great gulf," that wretched soul must rage and blaspheme forever in untold agonies of pain and despair, of disappointment and impotent fury; of restless, useless lounging, and bitterest vain remorse.

But the soul at death may be in a third possible condition. By repentance and the unspeakable mercy of the Sacraments, it may possess the gifts of grace and charity. It is saved,—infallibly saved. Yet something hinders it from the fruition of God. It can not yet enter into its reward. What is that which impedes it? It loves God, and is loved by Him. It has a store of merits gained in life by the help of God's grace. It has a right, by the ordinances of God's own Providence in the supernatural order, to the reward of heaven. Still it can not go there yet. Nay, it does not even wish to go there yet; although it thirsts, as the hunted deer thirsts for the refreshing water brooks, for that complete and perfect union with its Beloved that the Beatific Vision means.

Cardinal Newman, in his "Dream of Gerontius," has expressed in inimitable language the feelings of such a soul at such a moment. The Angel-Guardian has been carrying his precious charge to the judgment-seat; but, in its impetuous love and desire to see its God, it has escaped the radiant Angel's grasp and flown directly to the feet of the Incarnate One. Now let the Christian poet speak for himself:

ANGEL.

... Praise to His Name!

The eager spirit has darted from my hold,
And, with the intemperate energy of love,
Flies to the dear feet of Emmanuel.

But, ere it reach them, the keen sanctity
Which, with its effluence, like a glory, clothes
And circles round the Crucified, has seized
And scorched and shrivelled it; and now it lies
Passive and still before the awful Throne.
O happy, suffering soul! For it is safe,
Consumed, yet quickened, by the glance of God.

SOUL.

Take me away, and in the lowest deep

There let me be;

And there in hope the lone night-watches keep,
Told out for me.

There, motionless and happy in my pain,
Lone, not forlorn,—

There will I sing my sad perpetual strain
Until the morn.

There will I sing, and soothe my stricken breast,
Which ne'er can cease

To throb and pine and languish, till possess
Of its sole Peace.

There will I sing my absent Lord and Love:
Take me away,

That sooner I may rise, and go above,
And see Him in the truth of everlasting day.

As Father Faber, in "All for Jesus," points out, there are two sides to Purgatory: a dark, terrifying side, and a bright side. That the sufferings of the Holy Souls are terrible beyond the imagination of any but certain saints who have received private revelations on the subject, is without doubt. The chief of these is the delay of union with that God whom they desire with an intensity beyond what is possible when the soul is weighted in this life with the burden of the flesh. Then, they know what God is, and what in Him, for a time, they have lost. They are on fire with love for His sovereign, all-satisfying goodness.

Now, love, deprived of its object, is a most grievous pain even in this life and in human things. When hopeless, it poisons existence and kills all joy. When hopeful, but delayed from union with the loved one, it is a bitter-sweet,—something we would not be without, yet something which is a heart-pain that none but a poet could express. When that object

is God, known as the Holy Souls know Him, what words can tell the pain of separation that they endure! And what pain to know, to realize to the full, the empty trifles for which they willingly risked this heart-wringing delay! That, moreover, there are positive or physical sufferings, analogous to bodily pain, and produced in a mysterious manner by the active justice of God, is a truth which no Catholic can deny in the face of the common teaching which obtains in the Universal Church. That this suffering is produced by fire, endowed by almighty power with the faculty of acting upon the spirit, is so generally taught and held by saints and doctors of the Church that, although it has not been defined as an article of faith, it would be rash to deny.

But, be that as it may, we can have no doubt of the terrible nature of the pains of Purgatory. That they must be most dreadful follows from the nature of sin, the holiness of God, the fact that the next life is the time of God's vengeance, the universal sentiment of the Church and the Catholic people, and, last but not least, from well-attested revelations on the subject made to those whose sanctity has raised them to our altars. Beyond this it is not well to inquire, nor to search out details of the mysteries of God's prison-house which He has not willed to make known to us.

But there is a bright side also to that sad, yet sweet, home of waiting souls. They are saved, beyond doubt and beyond danger. This they know. They can never sin again. What a happiness it would be to us on earth if we could have the same assurance! Then those souls are adorned with grace and charity. Hence they are most perfectly resigned. They welcome every pang as a fresh load taken off their debt, and as a step nearer to their longed-for goal. Not a murmur, not even a sigh of rebellion is heard amongst them. They are not impatient, in the sense of want of conformity to the holy will of God; their impatience, if such we may call it,

is the holy impatience of longing for Him who is their desire, and who Himself desires with loving ardor the moment when each soul shall fly to the embraces of His love.

And what a thought it is that, in virtue of the Communion of Saints, in which God's Church in heaven, on earth, and in Purgatory, is bound together as one great family in Him, the Almighty Judge has placed His mercy largely at our disposal for His suffering children! They can do nothing for themselves. They can only suffer. Their time of merit, as of demerit, is past. They look to us for help. By prayers and good works, by penance, by indulgences, and above all by the Holy Sacrifice, we can make fall upon them the refreshing dew of the divine clemency and bring them the sooner into the place of refreshment, light, and peace.

Who will be so stony-hearted as to close his ears to their pathetic cry for help? Who, remembering them, can quite give himself up to mirth and enjoyment when, removed from him only by the veil which hangs between this life and the next—hiding them from our sight, but letting through the patient moan that rises from their bed of pain,—those "happy suffering souls" are crying out to us day and night, "Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends; for the hand of the Lord hath touched me"?

"Do you wish to honor the dead?" asks St. John Chrysostom. "Give alms for them. What good can a pompous funeral and vain display achieve? Rather be intent with all your might to assist the departed soul by almsdeeds, prayer and the Holy Sacrifice. Let mourners weep and show their grief, let them find consolation in tears; but let them not forget to come, with still greater zeal, to the aid of the faithful departed by the Holy Sacrifice, as well as by prayer and almsdeeds."

Pilarcita's Heart's Desire.

BY MARY F. NIXON-ROULET.

PILARCITA was at her wits end. To her it seemed as if the saints had been suddenly afflicted with deafness. She prayed to St. Joseph for their temporal necessities, to St. Anthony to find a way out of her difficulties, to Our Lady to help her namesake, but not a ray of light broke through the clouds. Her faith was not shaken: it was too deep for that—the undying Spanish devotion to the Church which nothing can change,—but she wondered a little wistfully.

"It does not seem so strange that San José and San Antonio should not listen to me, but that Our Lady should not answer the petitions of her own namesake, and I have vowed her candles and a pilgrimage!"

Pilarcita's situation was indeed serious. Her father was long since dead. Her only brother had drawn a low number when the yearly conscription was made in their little village, and had gone to the war. There was no money to buy him off. How indeed could one find fifteen hundred *pesetas*, with *la madre* ill and no longer working at her pillow? For even the nimble fingers of Pilar could make lace enough only barely to buy the clothes and help with the rent and the food their tiny garden patch did not provide.

It was such a pretty little garden! The white cottage with its red-tiled roof stood just on the edge of the ravine which sloped down to the water's edge; and below, the river rippled blue and silver through the green fern and bracken. All over the white house clambered the pepper vine, its scarlet bells ringing a chime to Our Lady, called to prayer by the evening breeze when the Angelus pealed from the white, open belfry of the village church.

A gnarled olive shaded the garden seat, and here sat Pilar's mother all day long.

She could not see the soft blue sky, with its floating clouds of snow, white as the tops of the mountains which reached heavenward far to the north. Pilar's mother was blind. She had not seen for five years. Something like a film had come over her eyes. At first it was but the blur of tears; for the *madre* had wept much when José went to the war. Before he went, she shed not a tear. Upon her lips were brave words and smiles for the time when he should come back, and all the maidens of the village would smile upon him because he had fought for *la España*.

Pilar had watched her mother in wonder. Her own eyes were red with weeping, her own heart sick with the cold fear which whispered ever in her ear that never again would she see José, dear, bright, gay José, who had been their stay and staff since the father's death.

"You do not weep, *mi madre!*" the girl said; and her mother answered her:

"Child, you talk like a Catalan! Women of Aragon weep not when they should put brave heart into their men. The time for tears is after."

Pilar understood, but she understood better when she saw her mother the day after José had marched away. The Señora's hair was white, her face pale and drawn; her eyes looked as if the soul had gone out of them, all drowned in tears. And the girl's heart swelled with pity, for she had heard the stifled sobs all night, and the agonized prayer, "Mother of God, have pity! Plead for me to High Heaven! My husband is gone: take not from me my son!"

"Me she shall have! I will never leave her," vowed the girl; and with sweet reverence, as one might dress a saint, did she care for the old mother, who daily grew more helpless. It was not easy. The girl was far from strong. She was slight and pale. Her face beneath her ebon tresses was that of some marble saint, which from its carven niche gazes aloft in dim cathedral cloister,—such a face

as one often sees beneath the coif of a Spanish nun, still and holy. Young men in the village, worshipping afar, said naught of love to Pilar Sanchez. Even Juan, the village ne'er-do-well, said she made him think of Vesper chimes upon a starlit winter night.

Pilar's face grew thinner as the days wore on. She cared for her mother; she made all neat and clean about the little house; worked in the garden, where the peppers and lettuce and *garbanzos* seemed fairly to love to grow under her slim fingers. Every spare moment she worked at her pillow, and the filmy roses and lilies of her silken laces were scarcely less beautiful than the flowers of her tiny garden. Padre Felipe was kind, and sent her laces to his sister who lived in Zaragoza; and there they were sold for many *pesetas*, so careful was her work, and of so great fineness.

"It is hard for thee, Pilar Sanchez," many a kind neighbor said,—“that thou may not marry and have a strong arm to help care for the old mother, since, alas! thy brother came no more back from Cuba, and the mother helps not at all.”

But Pilar shook her head.

"There is no *novio* for me" (with a smile). "But say not that my mother gives no aid. Who knows? The Lord Christ said that Mary had chosen the better part; and without my mother's prayers what could I do? I am but a Martha serving much, and I have scant time for prayers."

She gave a little sigh; 'twas scarce more than a breath across the sweet lips.

Thus passed the years; and ever Pilar worked, and ever the mother prayed; and every day the old woman's sight grew dimmer and more dim. And as the things of earth faded, the things of heaven grew more clear to *la madre*, and her face seemed like that of a saint. Young maids came to whisper to her their little love troubles; older people asked her advice; and even the young men of the village,

in the dusky evening hour, sat beside her inglenook and opened their hearts to the "Madre Sanchez," as all the village called her. Padre Felipe, who had, from her first confession, known all the inmost thoughts of Pilarcita, said to her:

"Patience, daughter, yet a little while! What we wish most does not always come quickly. Thou dost thy duty. In caring for thy mother, of a truth thou dost as well as if to dress a saint."

"*Si, mi Padre!*" Pilar replied sweetly, and that was all.

In work and care and petty worries the months sped into years, and the secret wish of Pilar's heart seemed no nearer its fulfilment. She was four-and-twenty,—very old for a Spanish maiden. Few reach that age without a Marriage Mass, unless the cloister has claimed them as its own. The youths of the village who had strummed their guitars beneath Pilar's vine-encircled window had found it closed. No white hand opened the casement and waved, or dropped a rose in greeting. It began to be said in the village that Pilarcita must have had a *novio* who went to the war and returned not, and pitying looks were cast toward her as to a widow.

It was then that Pilar began to pray very hard. One had told her that there dwelt in the city a doctor who could cure her mother's eyes,—a wonderful man, who with a little knife could cut away the film, and one could see as well as ever. Pilar worked early and late to gain the money to pay for the great doctor, but the money came slowly. She prayed and she worked, and at last she said to herself:

"I have vowed to Our Lady a pilgrimage to the shrine at Zaragoza if I gain the wish of my heart. Now I will pay my vow in advance, and then my holy Patroness *must* send the answer to my prayer."

A friend near by she asked to come to the cottage and care for *la madre* while she was away; and this service little Teresita was glad to render. José had been dear to her. She, too, grieved that he

came not back. She would gladly care for his mother.

Pilar went to sell her laces, she said, in the village; for she was not one to talk of her affairs. But she hoped while on her pilgrimage, to see the great doctor and ask him if there was a chance for her mother's eyes.

She started in the glory of an October morning. And what is fairer than an October day in sunny Spain, when all the hills are gay with color, and the sunshine is warm as a mother's kiss upon the cheek? Pilar walked swiftly, a quaint figure in her short frock, her mantilla upon her dark hair, in her olive cheek a color born of the wind's soft caress; for it came cool and kind from the Sierra de Guara. But it was late when Pilar reached the city gates. Stars shone in the soft Spanish sky; the crescent moon rose over the church spire; and the girl's heart swelled within her as, in the shadowy clouds above the moon, she fancied she saw a strange shape of angel or saint.

"Mother of God Immaculate upon the crescent moon!" she breathed in an ecstasy of devotion, blessing herself in prayer. To her it seemed a sign; and she went happily to bed in a poor little inn, scarce able to sleep for joy in thinking that the morrow would bring her to the shrine beloved of all Spain.

When she arose, dawn was just breaking over the ripples of the Ebro, and sparkling into a myriad of brilliant waves of crimson and gold upon the Moorish *azulejos* of Our Lady's cathedral. To Pilar it seemed as if the gates of heaven were opening to her, as, in the chilly morn, she crept through the silent streets to the goal of her desires. Her pilgrimage was over. Footsore and weary, she felt no pain, only a deep and holy awe, as she entered the wonderful church, favorite shrine of pilgrims for centuries of Spanish piety. Its marvellous history Pilar well knew; for what Aragonese maid is not familiar with the story of Our Lady's miraculous appearance to Santiago upon the jasper

pillar, about which he built a shrine to honor her? To-day the splendid church is filled with the treasures of art, its altars hung with votive offerings; but of these Pilar thought not.

She thought only of her prayers as she passed within the church doors, down the long nave, to the chapel within the church, where is the sacred statue. Early as it was, dim as was the church, she was not the first to pray; for it is the boast of the Zaragozans that never once in all these hundreds of years has the shrine been without its worshipper. Other figures knelt before the altar,—had knelt there all night in prayer. Pilar knelt beside them, unconscious of them, her whole soul filled with the rapture of desire. At last she had reached Our Lady's shrine! Surely now her prayers would be answered! A way would be found to cure *la madre's* eyes, to find the means to keep her in comfort, to—she dared think no further, but lost herself in the intensity of her devotions.

All day she knelt, unmindful of time or space. The sun rose high in the heavens; it crept around the church, streaming through the stained-glass windows, and turning carven marbles into glowing radiance of life before the passers' eyes. Dozens of feet trod the sacred pavement; dozens of lips were pressed upon the sacred pillar which Our Lady's feet had pressed. Countless fingers were clasped in prayer; countless candles were lighted at the shrine where the velvet *manta* hides from careless eyes the image of Nuestra Señora del Pilar. Travellers had passed, with curious eyes, not of the Faith, viewing the altars and carven statues; yet Pilar saw them not. Paler she grew and paler, until she herself was like one of the marble saints above. Suddenly a shaft of sunlight streamed across the face of Our Lady, lighting it up with radiance. It seemed to Pilar as if her Patroness smiled upon her—and then she knew no more.

When Pilar came to herself, kind hands stroked her brow as she lay on the church

steps. She opened her eyes. A gentle face bent over her,—a face of such sweetness that, her faculties benumbed for the moment, she almost fancied herself in heaven and this some being not mortal.

"Was I ill?" Pilar questioned in amaze. She had never in her life been ill.

"You fainted in the church. I think you prayed too long," the sweet-faced lady answered. "They brought you to the air, and I came to help."

"You are good. Are you English, Señorita?" Pilar sat up and looked at her new friend.

"No; an American. Now, do not hate me for that,"—as Pilar shrank away from her.

"A Protestant!" the girl sighed. "And I thought you one of Our Lady's friends."

"That I am, and not a Protestant, but Catholic and namesake of Our Lady—Mary White. In Cuba your soldiers called me *la Señorita Blanca Maria*," she smiled.

"In Cuba? You were, then, there?" Pilar's eyes grew dim. "That is where José lies dead, perhaps unblessed in his dark grave." Tears streamed from her eyes.

"José? Your *novio* perhaps? Poor child!" How pitying were the lady's words!

"My brother, Señorita,—the only son of my mother, and she is blind with weeping for him,—not so much that he is dead, since that was for *la España*; but that she knows nothing of his end,—if he saw a priest and died absolved."

"What is your name" (the American looked curiously at her), "and what was his name?"

"I am Pilar Sanchez, of the village of San Miguel. He was José Jesus del Sanchez."

"It is—it *must be*—" The Señorita stopped suddenly. "Come with me and rest in my room at the hotel. My brother was in Cuba; perhaps he may have heard of José. Let me carry your kerchief. You are too weak."

And, in spite of Pilar's protests, she picked up the handkerchief in which the girl had tied her clean neckerchief, her

purse, the laces she had hoped to sell, and led her to a hotel not far down the narrow street.

"There I have laces which I am taking to the convent, in the hope that the good Sisters will be able to sell them for me," the girl explained; and her new-found friend asked to see them, exclaiming over the filmy beauty of the work.

"I will gladly buy them!" exclaimed the American, as she examined them. "These are fit for a bridal robe" (with a blush).

Then little by little she drew from Pilar her story, her cheek flushing and paling as the girl told of her life.

"Our Lady has answered your prayers, dear Pilarcita!" she cried. "See how strangely it has all come about! You pay your vow of pilgrimage generously in advance, and God has brought you the answer. I came to Spain to find you, scarce knowing where to seek you. Listen, Pilar! I was a nurse in the war in Cuba. My brother was struck down in battle by a Spanish bullet. Beside him was a young Spaniard. The two, wounded and left on the field, talked together. My brother was shot through the leg and couldn't move. The other carried him step by step—oh, the awful agony of that Via Dolorosa!—till the American camp was reached. There both were nursed and tended—my brother back to life and health; yours to the angels, absolved, blessed by the priest, with all the rites of the Church he loved so well. He told us of his home, of his mother, of you, and of one Teresita whom he loved dearly. My brother, for whom he laid down his life (for he might perhaps have lived if it had not been for that long strain of carrying his enemy from the field), promised him to go to Spain and find his people, and that his mother should never want for her son's care so long as she lives. We wrote you many letters, but had no reply; so we came to try to find you. See how wonderful are the ways of God! He Himself has brought us together in the shadow of Our Lady's Pillar."

La madre's eyes are well: the great oculist has cured them; and she no more sits idle beside the doorway, where grow the olive tree and the swaying pepper vine. She goes about her little cottage, within her eyes a certain quiet triumph; for is she not the mother of a hero, and this does not all the village know?

Teresita's parents are dead, and she begged to dwell with the mother of José,—fitting place for her, since she was the dead boy's beloved. The two women are very happy together. And Pilar? Pilar has no part in this.

The *Señorita Americana* and her brother had left with Padre Felipe money enough to make *la madre* comfortable all her days; so Pilar has no longer need to work for her mother. Her last lacework has been to fashion the wedding veil for *la Señorita Blanca*; and love was wrought within each stitch, for the little blond *Señorita* is in Pilar's heart second only to her mother. For herself, Pilar needs no marriage mantilla: her dark locks are hidden beneath the snowy coif of the "Servants of Mary." And in her heart is peace, since, long delayed, has come to Pilarcita her heart's desire.

All Saints' Day in Paradise.

BY NORA RYEMAN.

TO the Beatific City, to the Mother and the Son,
 Up the shining angels' ladder pass the Blessed one by one,
 When the conflict dire is ended and the crown and palm are won.
 Gladder than earth's joy bells ringing
 Is the sound of their sweet singing.
 Some in furnace of affliction have been tried as gold is tried;
 Some, when with the sleepers numbered, have been purged and purified;
 Now for them the everlasting, wondrous gates are opened wide.
 To these souls, once tempest-driven,
 Satisfaction full is given.

Saints who've been the Church's pillars enter
each a snow-white tent;
They are happy as are exiles coming home from
banishment.

Who their bliss can rightly measure? Who de-
scribe their sweet content?
Glow of Paradise is on them,
Mary Mother smiles upon them.

They behold the Saint of Padua, humble Francis,
holy Clare,

Delphine, Agatha, Imelda, child most innocent
and fair;

Countless saints, like countless lilies, with the
glory round their hair.

Through the stormwind and the briar
They have reached their hearts' desire.

Blessed are the undefiled, blessed are the pure
in heart!

They have left the noise and tumult of the great
world's crowded mart,

And, with Jesus and with Mary, in God's Para-
dise have part,

Where Christ's Mother standeth pleading
For the clients succor needing.

They rejoice as doth the reaper who hath reaped
sevenfold;

They have passed the gates eternal leading to
the peaceful fold,

Where the Shepherd's sheep are folded, knowing
neither heat nor cold;

They have heard the "Well done!" spoken
By the Lamb whose Heart was broken.

They have heard the solemn music, silver trum-
pets sweet and clear;

And, adoring, veiled their faces, knowing that
God's Throne was near;

Filled with triumph, filled with wonder, full of
awe and holy fear.

'Tis All Saints' Day *there* forever,—
Nothing from their Lord can sever.

MANNERS are the revealers of secrets,
the betrayers of any want of disproportion
in mind or character. It is the law of our
constitution that every change in our
experience instantly indicates itself on
our countenance or in our carriage, as
the lapse of time tells itself on the face
of a clock.—*Emerson.*

The Story of Saint Charles Borromeo.*

A saint that Jews might bless and Protestants adore.
—*Mrs. Jameson.*

AT the moment when St. Charles Borromeo took possession of the archiepiscopal See of Milan, Luther, who posed as a restorer of the Church, and dared to call his work by the pompous name of reformation, had just been laid in the tomb. Already the tree could be known by its fruits, and these fruits were among the bitterest ever tasted by Christian society. Religious dissensions, the most cruel form of civil war, desolated the greater part of Europe. In Germany, debauched princes had laid violent hands on the goods of the Church, and enhanced their power by its spoliation; in England, Henry VIII., not content with denying the authority of the Holy See, made himself a despotic lay pope over the Anglican Church, building up his spiritual sovereignty on the corpses of thousands of the clergy and laity; and his moral emancipation, by the repudiation and murder of successive queens, whom he sent from the throne to exile or to the scaffold.

At the same time Calvin held Geneva enslaved under an iron yoke. A rule was prescribed for everything, from attendance at sermons, to the number of dishes at table, and the style of women's shoes and headgear. Heretics, idolaters (that is to say, Catholics), blasphemers, sorcerers, sons who had cursed or struck their fathers, were punished with death. Michael Servetus was burned alive, under the eyes of Calvin himself, for having denied the Blessed Trinity. And all this was done in the name of a reformation inaugurated under the standard of free research.

To this reformation, whose arms were fire and sword, divorce and polygamy, broken oaths and violated vows, insults to faith and Christian morality, the Church opposed her true and legitimate counter-reformation of the great Council

* Adapted from the French of the Marquis de Ségur.

of Trent,—a reformation amongst clergy and people alike. Beginning with Leo X., the Chair of St. Peter was occupied by a long line of Sovereign Pontiffs noted for their austerity, piety, gentleness, and firmness. In those countries which had persevered in their allegiance to Catholic truth—France, Italy, Spain and Austria—holy bishops, holy priests, holy religious astonished the world by the practice of virtues worthy of the first ages of the Church. Amongst these admirable men, true reformers of the abuses which time and prosperity had engendered, no one was greater—more firm in gentleness, more austere in charity—more worthy of the name of reformer, than St. Charles.

He was born at Arona, near Lake Maggiore, on October 2, 1538. His father, Count Gilbert Borromeo, married Marguerite de Medici, sister of the Cardinal who became Pope under the name of Paul IV. Count Borromeo led the life of an anchorite, making himself the father of the poor and the devoted friend of his vassals. When reproached for his excessive alms, he replied: "I have charge of the poor: God will take care of my children." He carried his charity and respect for suffering so far that he made it a point never to take any food in the morning before he had bestowed some alms on the poor. Countess Marguerite emulated his example; thus both were worthy parents of their saintly son.

Their seven children were all models of piety; but Charles, the second, from his earliest youth showed special marks of predestination. When Cardinal Medici, his uncle, was raised to the Chair of Peter, our saint, already consecrated to God and a learned theologian of angelic piety, was ripe for all ecclesiastical employments and preferments. Paul IV., who had long appreciated his eminent virtues, at once called him to Rome and made him Cardinal and Archbishop of Milan, but would not allow him to go to his See till three years later. During that interval he employed him in various important works,

especially the last sessions of the Council of Trent. He took possession of his See on September 1, 1565, amidst indescribable enthusiasm and emotion.

The Milanese, already acquainted with his greatness of soul and sanctity of life, hailed their new Archbishop as the glory and salvation of their city. Three points will sum up the enormous task imposed upon the young prelate of only twenty-six. His diocese was so vast as to number twenty-two hundred churches, two hundred monasteries, and three thousand priests. St. Charles governed it only nineteen years, and died, exhausted by labor and austerity, before completing his forty-seventh year. Yet he left the city and diocese of Milan so full of the benefits of his labors, so penetrated by his influence, so thoroughly marked by his impress, that after three centuries his name and memory are still so cherished that Milan is often "the city of St. Charles Borromeo," as it was "the city of St. Ambrose" in the earlier ages of the Church.

In the space of a few weeks, according to the order of the Council of Trent, he had established two seminaries to regenerate his clergy and archdiocese, and three ecclesiastical colleges for the education and instruction of the young. His immense patrimony, which he consecrated exclusively to works of charity and faith, enabled him to realize results little short of miraculous. He organized catechism classes, general and particular instructions, and doctrinal conferences, which reciprocally sanctified priest and people, reanimating their faith and piety, and banishing idleness and its inevitable result—dissipation. No one dared disobey a superior who commanded in the name of love, and was himself, in all things, at all times, an admirable example of devotedness.

His reformation of religious discipline in many monasteries in which it was greatly relaxed cost him much trouble, and drew upon him the persecution of several Milanese magistrates, who administered justice in the name of the kings

of Spain and had grown jealous of his popularity. But he was inflexible, resisting every influence, braving every threat, and never desisting from his efforts until he saw discipline and monastic fervor reigning where relaxation had taken on the proportions of a grave scandal. When he died in 1584, it may be said that his work as a reformer was completed. He left to his successors nothing to do but maintain what he had established, and cultivate the virtues he had everywhere planted. Such is a cursory view of the life of St. Charles Borromeo. Let us now study him in the exercise of his most characteristic virtues.

True kindness has nothing in common with weakness of character; and, in the case of those vested with authority, it should never be separated from firmness. St. Charles Borromeo never once forgot that gentleness and firmness are inseparable sisters, and that charity should never work counter to justice. Well aware that the favors bestowed by the great on members of their family are often opposed to the public good, and easily become subjects of discontent and scandal, he never gave a relative any lucrative or honorable position in his diocese. He recognized, besides, that their rank and birth would suffice to make them the target of the envious. None of them were allowed to live in his palace; and he would have judged himself derelict alike to the Church and the poor if he did not employ all his income in works of piety and charity. He, nevertheless, showed an affectionate anxiety about all that interested the well-being of the souls of his relatives. As soon as he learned that any of them were ill, he made it a duty to visit and console them, and prepare them for the great passage from time to eternity.

The great priestly family of which he was the head and father shared his tenderest and most painstaking affection. As his first care was to sanctify his priests and raise them to the height of their sublime ministry, so his dearest

occupation was to console them in their troubles and lavish on them marks of tenderness. In his pastoral visitations he listened with the liveliest interest to their trials and successes; and, making himself "all to all," like the great Apostle, he sorrowed in their sorrows and rejoiced in their joys. When they fell ill he hastened to their bedsides, himself prepared their remedies, and loaded them with a mother's care. When some one expressed surprise at his great concern about one of his Oblates who was seriously ill, he sighed deeply and said: "Ah, the world does not know the value of a good priest!" The members of his household, even to the last servant, shared his affectionate solicitude; and he never sent away one who had become useless from age or infirmity. His palace then became their hospital, and he their servant and nurse. In his episcopal visitations, he always gave his attendants the best of the service, whether for food or lodging; satisfied with, and even exacting, the last place for himself.

Good and merciful toward everyone, he was especially so toward prisoners and his own personal enemies. In his episcopal city he visited the dungeons, and exhorted their poor inmates to contrition and resignation; and asked a mitigation of their sentence when he found them truly repentant. Knowing that a poor woman had been condemned on insufficient evidence, he made so thorough an investigation, and pleaded so hard, that at last her sentence was reconsidered, and her innocence finally proved. On the other hand, when the interests of justice and the good of society were at stake, he was inflexible.

Toward those who offended or insulted him he was the true disciple of Him who prayed, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." A gentleman of Milan whom the holy Archbishop's reforms had exasperated, and who on all occasions showed himself his bitter enemy, chanced, through a reverse of fortune, to find himself exposed to the

greatest danger. Accused on very grave charges, he was summoned to the court of Spain to give an account of his conduct. The governor of Milan, to whom he referred his case, advised him to have recourse to the Archbishop, who alone could influence the mind of Philip II. and save him. The unfortunate nobleman, after long hesitation, cast himself at the saint's feet, begging pardon for his insults and imploring him to intercede in his favor. The Cardinal raised him up, clasped him to his heart, and, mingling his tears with those of his repentant enemy, promised to do everything in his power to free him from his entanglement. He did more than merely recommend him earnestly to the mercy of the King, and ask his pardon as a personal favor.

His entire patrimony, a rental of five hundred thousand pounds, was devoted to good works. The churches, ecclesiastical seminaries and colleges, the hospitals built for the bashful poor and the destitute of Milan, whom he clothed and fed, all bear witness to his inexhaustible liberality. He sold his principality of Oria, in the kingdom of Naples, for forty-two thousand crowns, which passed into the hands of the indigent in the space of a single day. With his heritage from his brother he dowered a number of poor young girls. During the pestilence of 1576, for months together he fed and cared for sixty thousand sufferers destitute of every resource. Not satisfied with finding out the needy, and sending them help by his almoners, he delighted in distributing alms himself. Any beggar was privileged to stop him in the street or by the roadside, sure of a fatherly welcome. No one ever went away, without assistance; for he always carried about him his "charity purse," which, filled in the morning, was sure to be empty by night. This generosity was so well known that, at his death, the prelate deputed to make the announcement to Gregory XIII. could well say without fear of exaggeration: "Liberality has just died!"

His preoccupation about the wants of the poor, joined to his spirit of mortification, cost our saint all manner of privation. Bread and water were his daily food. He had gone so far as to love hunger and cold, in the thought that what he saved on himself could prevent many destitute from suffering. When any one gave him new clothes that cost more than he had stipulated, he refused to wear them and sent them to the old men's hospital. This scion of one of the noblest and wealthiest families of Milan was lodged, clothed and fed much worse than many of the poor who lived at his expense.

But the most touching page in the story of St. Charles relates to his devotedness during the terrible pestilence that scourged Milan in 1576. He was presiding at the funeral of the Bishop of Lodi, when a messenger brought him the sad tidings that the Milanese were terror-stricken because several cases of plague had suddenly appeared among them. The Archbishop hastened back to his own city, just as the governor and principal magistrates were about to fly from the danger. On the threshold of his palace he found himself surrounded by an immense crowd, who cried aloud to Heaven: "Lord, have mercy on us! Lord, have mercy on us!" With admirable resolution, he took the first steps necessary in this emergency, convoking the magistrates who remained at their post, consulting them about their future plan of action, and reanimating their courage. If the evil was to continue and spread, his personal course was already determined upon: he would consecrate his days to caring for the sick and assisting the dying, his nights to praying and weeping before God, to disarm His justice. Prostrate before the Blessed Sacrament, he made an offering of his life for the safety of his people; then drew up his will and designated his burial-place. He was but thirty-eight years old.

God, who is never more merciful than when He strikes, heard the prayer of His

servant, not by granting the Milanese immunity for their mortal life, but in granting to those who died the fruition of life eternal. The scourge in a few days assumed frightful proportions. St. Charles visited the lazaretto crowded with dead and dying, scattering everywhere the consolations of faith; and when he left he turned with tear-dimmed eyes to those who accompanied him, and said in heavenly accents: "Did you notice the pitiful condition of these unfortunate beings? They have no priests. I must give an example to my brethren." When they tried to dissuade him, he only answered in the words of the Gospel, "The good shepherd lays down his life for his flock"; and immediately set to work.

With a few courageous attendants, he scoured the streets and byways of the city, carrying consolation to the suffering, aid to the poor, and the Sacraments to the dying. He climbed on ladders to the upper stories of closed houses, to look after the abandoned; and himself often carried away the little children he found in tears beside their dead mothers. The sick sometimes died in his arms while he was administering Extreme Unction. His priests soon emulated the burning zeal of their Archbishop, and accomplished prodigies of devotedness and charity.

Not satisfied with offering night and day the tribute of his prayers and tears to disarm the divine wrath, St. Charles proclaimed three solemn processions, to be followed by a general Communion. Clergy and people were led by the great Archbishop barefoot, with a rope around his neck like a criminal on the road to execution, carrying the image of his crucified Saviour! At this sight sobs burst from every heart and a wail of repentance and supplication: "Mercy! Mercy!" The popular emotion reached its acme at the close of the last procession, when the saintly Cardinal, bearing a heavy cross of black wood (which is still venerated in the Cathedral of Milan), left his pathway traced in blood from his lacerated

feet. In this way he traversed every section of the city, blessing the houses and their inmates. In the evening, when addressing the assembled multitude, his voice seemed stronger than ever before, although he had fasted all day. He spoke of the infinite love which the Saviour of the world showed to His ungrateful, guilty children during the torments of His Sacred Passion. He besought his hearers to blot out their iniquities with tears of sincere repentance; and to have confident recourse to her who is styled the Refuge of Sinners and the Comforter of the Afflicted.

Heaven could not turn a deaf ear to such supplications. It was the month of November, and the hour of mercy was close at hand. Still, God desired yet more strenuous efforts of repentant love, a fuller return to the practice of active, lively faith. The plague continued for some weeks longer,—weeks during which the charity of the holy Archbishop and his devoted clergy, and the resignation and repentance of the people, became sublime. St. Charles built a number of little frame cells outside of the city, where he housed all the new cases; and, to relieve his worn-out priests, he called upon the regulars of his dioceses to help in his new settlement. "If death should chance to claim you," he said at the close of his long exhortation, "what a glory for you! What happiness! Surely, to die in nursing the pest-stricken is not death, but the entering, with the martyrs of Christ, into the fruition of eternal life and bliss." There was but one answer to his appeal. All fell at his feet and cried out: "Here we are! Dispose of us as you please."

As to the Milanese, they proved themselves the worthy flock of such a shepherd. They seemed to forget all earthly concerns, and occupied themselves solely with eternal interests. God, His ministry, His Sacraments, were no longer confined to the church nor to private houses: every sacred function was performed in the

streets and public places, open to the gaze of heaven and earth. Numerous confessors, scattered throughout the city, sat on the doorsteps of the houses, the more easily to exercise their merciful ministration. Every day, in every quarter of the city, Mass was said in the open air, on portable altars set up in the public squares. Convalescents knelt in their houses and from afar answered the prayers of the celebrant; and every Sunday the parish priest carried Holy Communion to the greater number of the adults. Seven times each day and seven times each night the cathedral bell gave the signal for the recitation of special prayers, composed by the Archbishop himself, to petition the divine mercy. The entire city of Milan, with its three hundred thousand inhabitants, had been converted into a vast monastery, whose silence was broken only by the voice of prayer and the sobs of a penitent people.

Our saint had predicted that the pestilence would cease at the end of December, and from that day no new case was reported. Divine justice was appeased, and the reformation of Milan, which had cost its saintly Archbishop ten years of unflagging efforts, was now accomplished. If the scourge was of long duration, we may safely affirm that the tears of St. Charles were not fruitless even from a human point of view. Fifty years previous, in 1524, the plague had carried off fifty thousand; and in 1576 the number of victims was estimated at less than seventeen thousand.

To the very end St. Charles showed himself meek and humble of heart, calm and strong in the presence of suffering and death. In October, 1584, he went as usual to make a retreat in the Monastery of Mont Varella, on the shores of Lake Maggiore. Warned by his growing weakness, and no doubt by a divine revelation, of his approaching end, he spent these days of retirement in even more than his wonted recollection. On the fifth day he made a general confession

with such an abundance of tears that the confessor himself could not refrain from weeping. The saint had prepared for it the preceding night, remaining eight hours on his knees as if in ecstasy. From that time on he appeared more than ever absorbed in Jesus Christ and detached from the things of earth. In saying Mass his countenance seemed transfused with celestial light.

As the feast of All Saints drew near, he wished to celebrate it in Milan; and, notwithstanding the increased sufferings caused by a burning fever, he embarked on his homeward way. Compelled by his physician to stop *en route*, he landed at Arona, his birthplace, on the eve of the feast, and spent the following day there. He was able to celebrate Mass, but it was for the last time. All he could do next morning was to go to the church and receive Holy Communion. Then he re-embarked for Milan.

What more touching and solemn spectacle can be imagined than the great Cardinal, the holy Archbishop, scion of the house of Medici, borne on the calm waters of beautiful Lake Maggiore, in a simple bark, surrounded by four boatmen who revered him as a father, with whom he delighted to pray, and to whom he spoke with so much piety and love of God as to draw tears from their eyes, unused to weeping? So did our Blessed Saviour surround Himself with His Apostles, evangelizing poor sinners on the shores of Lake Genesareth.

Reaching Milan on the morning of November 4, 1584, St. Charles died the same day, at five o'clock in the evening. He was only forty-six years of age, and had been a bishop nineteen years. His death was mourned as a personal sorrow in every family of Milan, and as an immense loss to the universal Church, which has just celebrated the tercentenary of his canonization. The mortal remains rest in a subterranean chapel under the main altar of the Cathedral of Milan, and his memory lives in everlasting benediction,

Nameless and from Nowhere.

BY A. DEASE AND M. LACHESE.

IX.

IT seemed as though the eventful ball had left a trail of gloom behind it. Ardrum was deserted; Drinagh, Ballyadden and even Mr. Dillon's home were overcast and troubled. Miss O'Malley, whilst rejoicing that her adopted daughter was finding a husband who would appreciate her, and that Anthony was securing such a wife as Querida, regretted bitterly the dissension that the engagement was causing.

At Ballyadder, things were going from bad to worse. Mrs. O'Malley became more determined, more violent, as the days passed. Anthony remained firm, and he decided that the sooner he was able to leave home the better it would be. His father was very much disturbed at the idea of his going away; but he, also, saw that it was the only thing to be done. And even Fanchea, though sorry that Anthony was not making a better match, declared that he was right in marrying the girl he loved, and so brought her mother's wrath down upon herself as well. Then, too, she had her own trial to bear; for she persuaded herself that Dick did not, and never had, cared for her; that he had been merely flirting, and that he would be sure to come back to Ardrum with an English bride.

Mr. Dillon's trouble, while less personal, was very great and real, too. The decrease in the water supply for the mill, though so gradual as not to be noticed except by those who were looking for it, was unmistakably continuing; so that not only had the idea of enlarging the scope of his work to be given up, but the possibility of the whole mill's having to be sacrificed loomed before him.

When Anthony had spoken so confidently to his mother of getting work to do, he had unconsciously thought of

Mr. Dillon; and it was to him that he went for advice as well as for help. If Miss O'Malley had been Querida's adopted mother, Mr. Dillon had taken a father's place toward her; and when she came to tell him of her engagement to Anthony, he was surprised, not at hearing of it, but at its having come so soon; for he knew better even than they did themselves how things had been between them until the night of the ball. He had long hoped for their union, but he had never felt sure that Anthony would be strong enough to withstand his mother's opposition.

Mr. Dillon was busy at work in his bare little study when Anthony came to him after a storm at Ballyadden, which he decided should be the last he would endure. The table was littered with papers, and Mr. Dillon laid down his pen to listen to what Anthony had come to say. Having foreseen that something of this kind would happen, he was not unprepared with advice; besides which, he had a plan of his own to propose.

Doctor Keily had been right in the supposition concerning Mr. Dillon, which his wife had confided to Lady Burke on the first day that she called at Drinagh. Although he had felt that his duty kept him in the world, he had never given up his wish to become a priest, and had always looked forward to the day when the working of the mill would enable him to turn it into a company, of which the workers themselves would be the chief, if not the sole, shareholders. He had so far succeeded in making his people understand the benefit of mutual help and co-operation that he had hoped, as soon as the new machinery had been installed, to have carried out the business part of this scheme; and when, first, Anthony, and then, though in a lesser degree, Sir Richard, had interested themselves in the more philanthropic side of his undertaking—such as the erecting and keeping of the model dwellings, the working men's gardens, the club and night classes—he had planned to hand the

part over to a committee, with these two at its head, and so free himself from the last obstacles that stood between him and the fulfilment of his desire.

"I have always intended," he concluded, after telling all this to Anthony, "that, when the time came for the allotment of the shares, to put aside for Querida enough to make her independent when her mother's annuity comes to an end; so, after all, your wife will not go to you quite empty-handed. And, besides this, if your mother remains obdurate, and you are willing to accept the post, I will very gladly arrange that you should be the first managing director of the company. It will be absolutely necessary to have some one who already knows the workings. I had intended to start it myself; but if you will take my place, it will secure you a competence, and leave me free—at last."

His eyes turned to a picture over the mantel-piece,—the only ornament, if it could be so called, in the room. It represented a stretch of grey uplands in the foreground, with a church and a great cluster of buildings, surrounded by verdure,—a centre of prayer and industry in the midst of everything most bare and bleak. And stuck into the corner of the frame was a rough water-color sketch of a monk, bareheaded, digging the rich crop of a potato field. Anthony had often seen these pictures before, but he had taken them without question as mementos of the annual visit that Mr. Dillon paid to the grand monastery on the Waterford mountains; and it was only now that they held any deeper meaning for him.

"Mount Melleray!" he exclaimed. "A monk, a Trappist!"

"If it pleases God," replied Mr. Dillon; and the peace upon his face chased away the feeling of dismay that the idea had first brought to Anthony.

"But the life!" cried Anthony, his own plans quite forgotten in the intense interest of what had been revealed to him. "The austerities, the silence and severance from the world!"

"Yes," said Mr. Dillon, and his face lit up for a moment,—“yes, Tony, all that; but, above everything, the nearness to God.”

They spoke then,—words that Anthony never forgot. But soon Mr. Dillon led him back to the discussion of his own future; for he had not yet explained the whole of his plan to him.

Although he understood a great deal about the management of the business, Anthony had not enough technical knowledge to take a manager's place without a further course of business training. Mr. Dillon suggested that he should go to London for some months to learn all he could; and at the same time to try, if possible, to find some engineering expert who would make a final effort to remedy the failing water supply, or who could suggest some means of making use of certain other streams,—anything, in fact, to save the business.

Mr. Dillon had hoped ever since Anthony first began to take an interest in the mill that the day would come when he would be able to hand over at least some of his responsibilities to the younger man; so that he had taken every opportunity of showing him the workings of things. And, besides this, it was one of Mrs. O'Malley's trials that her son had inherited the business instincts of her people in a greater degree than the less useful if more ornamental qualities of the dead-and-gone O'Malleys. So that this new life that opened out before Anthony was as little distasteful to him as any kind of regular employment would have been to a man who had all his life been practically his own master.

His first idea had been to get away for good from Drinagh and its neighborhood. But, as Mr. Dillon pointed out to him, that would be prolonging his engagement to Querida indefinitely; for the girl could not go far from her mother. And it would have been cruel to try to take the poor dumb lady from the home to which she clung; and from Miss O'Malley, who had cared for her so long. If Anthony went

away for six months or even for a year, it would show his mother that he was in earnest, and that he was able to make his way independently of her; and it was in this scheme, and not in submitting tamely to her commands, that both Anthony and Mr. Dillon knew the way lay toward winning her now in the end.

Mr. Dillon's little house was quite big enough for a young couple to start in; and Mrs. O'Malley went so seldom to Drinagh that she would not have to see her daughter-in-law oftener than she wished. That there would be outward peace between the households Anthony felt assured; for his mother's dread of public opinion was very strong. And, with Lady Burke as her friend, he did not fear the reception of his wife by the county at large,—or, rather, by that section of its inhabitants with which their small means and limited time would enable them to associate. For he did not mean to let his post as manager be a sinecure, and the bonds that bound Querida to the village would only be strengthened by her marriage.

Mr. Dillon's ideas of duty and responsibility had always been so high that his pupils could never content themselves with anything but their very best. Mrs. O'Malley had tried to persuade herself that Anthony was not in earnest when he spoke of leaving home. She shut her eyes resolutely to the preparations that she could not help being aware were going on at the farm, where Mr. O'Malley had decided to make some changes that would be necessary when Anthony was no longer at hand to oversee the workmen. And when, as soon as Mr. Dillon had made arrangements for him to go to London, he told her that he would be leaving in a day or two, it came to her as a real blow, which she felt all the more deeply because she would not allow her feelings to be seen.

She could not sleep the night before he was to start; and he, too, was restless

and wakeful. His room was above his mother's, and hour after hour she listened to him pacing to and fro; and her heart ached, and she longed to go to him to comfort him,—to tell him that she would forgive him, and Querida for his sake; and yet pride held her back. She had by this time really persuaded herself that there was something disgraceful in the mystery that surrounded the girl's parentage, and that it was for Anthony's own good that she withheld her consent.

At last when dawn was breaking; the sounds in the room above were no longer heard; the restless footsteps were still; and, creeping out, fearful of rousing any one, Mrs. O'Malley made her way upstairs, and, after listening outside Anthony's room till she was assured by his even breathing that he was asleep, she opened the door. She herself did not know what prompted her to do this; but afterward, in the long, long years, she looked back to those moments spent motionless, even breathless, at her son's bedside, as almost the last moments of peace she was ever to know.

He was fully dressed, lying on the bed, with his head turned so that in the glimmering light of dawn she could see his face. There were lines on his brow and round his lips that sorrow and not age had drawn. The hand that lay on the coverlet was clenched,—a reminder of the struggle at which she had guessed, hearing his restless paces; and yet, though his lashes were wet, the expression of his face was peaceful.

She bent over him and stretched out her hand. She could not send him from her thus,—her first-born, her boy, in whom she had centred so much pride. She would wake him, tell him to have his way, only not to leave her. Then her eyes fell on a picture against which his cheek was resting,—the portrait of a girl—Querida. With a quick movement, she drew back, straightened herself with haughty defiance; then left the room as quietly as she had come in.

Concerning Saints and Canonization.

The First Communion of Children.

IN the early days of the Church, even before the invocation of the intercession of the saints became a well-established practice, it was believed by many that the soul of a martyr hovered in the neighborhood of the body's last resting-place. The souls were believed to take a special interest in the affairs of their former neighbors and friends, and to exercise a beneficial influence in their behalf. Some of the more conspicuous of the martyrs were promptly proclaimed saints by the Christian populace who enjoyed the privilege of canonization. As time passed it became necessary to add the bishop's sanction to the popular verdict, to render the canonization valid.

The first recorded canonization by Papal authority was that of St. Ulrich, who was canonized by Pope John XV.; and the first canonization with anything like the present elaborate ceremonies was that of St. Francis of Assisi in 1228. Some fifty years later, the regular process, since developed into a minutely searching investigation of each case, was adopted.

At present the process begins with a formal appeal, endorsed by the bishop of the diocese in which the prospective saint resided. This appeal is presented in Rome in the presence of the *Advocatus Diaboli*, whose duty it is to detect any faults or flaws in the character of the candidate or any of the evidence presented. If the results of the inquiry are satisfactory, and the eminent virtue of the candidate be proved by duly authenticated miracles, he is elevated to the rank of Blessed. After a lapse of years, during which period not less than two new miracles have established the justice of the preliminary beatification, three successive Congregations are convened. To the last of these, presided over by the Holy Father himself, the public is admitted; and here the Papal authorization is given, and the day set for the formal canonization, which takes place in St. Peter's.

WE notice that in discussing the recent enactment of the Holy See as to the age of children for First Communion, some persons emphasize the difficulty, not to say the impossibility, of keeping Catholic children in the parochial schools after the date of their reception of the Sacrament. Admitting for the moment that the subject is open to discussion, it may be remarked that such an argument in favor of retarding the date of admission to the Holy Table lacks one element of strength—namely, the test of experience. It is quite safe to say that if patent disadvantages were to result from carrying out the decree in question, the Holy See could be relied upon to take account of representations to that effect. Considering how little religious instruction the majority of children receive from their parents, we should think that the main difficulty would lie in having the first communicants adequately prepared. One certain thing is that the lessons of the catechism will have to be simplified. Let us rid ourselves of the notion that children should become amateur theologians and controversialists before being admitted to First Communion. If all parents did their duty—if, instead of leaving the religious instruction of their children entirely to teachers, they were to impart it regularly themselves,—the average child of seven years would be found well qualified to enter the First Communion class at school. That such is not the case is due to failure on the part of parents to cultivate the Christian family life. The Holy Father, be it noted, addresses himself to them as well as to pastors.

The immediate preparation for First Communion is the work of pastors rather than of teachers, as after instruction pertains to the school rather than to the home. Combating the contention that, in order to insure further instruction in Christian doctrine, First Communion should be deferred until ten, twelve, or

fourteen years, Father McNicholas, O. P. (*American Ecclesiastical Review*), observes:

Even granted that this be the only remedy, all children should not be denied for years the graces of the Blessed Sacrament because some can not or will not continue their religious instruction after First Communion. Even granted that this prolonged instruction is an advantage for some, who will measure the disadvantage—the loss of first innocence—which is always to be deplored, and might have been avoided by receiving the Holy Eucharist in more tender years?

The objection to any change from present practice is thus met by the Bishop of Buffalo (*Catholic Union and Times*):

The Holy Father would take the children in their innocence, before grievous sin has stained their soul, and help preserve that innocence by nourishing them on the Bread of Angels, the Bread of Life. Far from having the children taken from the parish schools, as some fear, it will bind both parents and children all the more to them. The grace of the Holy Eucharist will permeate the souls of parents and children; for both will be feasting on the Body and Blood of their Lord, and He will be for them the way, the truth, and the life. Holy Church will have no better and more docile members than those who are frequent and fervent communicants.

"This decision of the Holy See comes to us as a gift of heaven, in the midst of present-day difficulties," writes Archbishop Bruchési of Montreal; "and is the surest earnest of social regeneration. For this additional light, for this signal favor, we render thanks to the Sovereign Pontiff in the name of the little children, whose innocent hearts will so early in life become the living temples of Jesus Christ."

The decree has been hailed with enthusiasm by pastors and people in Montreal, and is to be put into force immediately. So also in Buffalo. Says Bishop Colton: "According to the Holy Father's letter, the matter is to be acted on at once. There is no episcopal notification required, unless, perchance, for those who have not heard of it, as having appeared in the *Acta Sanctæ Sedis*. The Holy Father, the Bishop of bishops, has spoken to pastors and parents conjointly; and it is for them to act upon his wishes without delay."

Notes and Remarks.

The Mosque of Santa Sofia at Constantinople is said to be in a dangerous state. The walls are apparently in a very unsatisfactory condition; and the cupola itself, over which a golden cross once stood, is in imminent peril. The building has often been restored since it fell into the hands of the Turks in 1453, when Sultan Mohammed II. rode into it on horseback, exclaiming at the foot of the altar: "There is no god but God, and Mohammed is His prophet!" "The jewel-casket of Byzantium," as it was called, was erected in honor of the Divine Wisdom by Constantine, and until its desecration ranked among the most magnificent cathedrals in the whole world. A prodigality of riches was expended upon it. Among its treasures were twenty-four copies of the Gospels bound in gold, each weighing one hundred pounds. The building is in the form of a cross, and, in spite of all that was done to transform it into a mosque, still retains many traces of its Christian origin and use,—beautiful mosaics now covered with inscriptions from the Koran, etc. The threatened destruction of this wonderful edifice recalls a saying, centuries old, familiar among both Christians and Mohammedans, that Islam will not always reign supreme in Constantinople, and that the Sacrifice of the Mass will be offered yet again in Aja Sophia.

A most gratifying feature of the recent Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church at Cincinnati was the yearning shown for Christian unity. There was the usual proposal to change the name of the denomination, by the omission of "Protestant" on the title-page of the prayer-book; resolutions to promote religious education, to safeguard the marriage tie, to extend missionary labors, etc.; but the subject of paramount interest was the union of Christian bodies, this being regarded by both lay and clerical dele-

gates as of vital importance, "the ultimate perfection of Christianity." We learn that whenever the rules permitted applause, no sentiment was so cordially received as that which evinced the desire of a united Christendom.

At the final session of the convention it was decided to form a joint commission to arrange for a conference to which Christians of every name, and from all over the world, shall be invited to discuss the questions of faith and practice now separating religious bodies that profess belief in the divinity and leadership of Christ. A notable offering toward a fund to inaugurate this movement is reported.

There are good reasons why every Catholic in the world should rejoice over this action of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It evinces a mighty and blessed change. Of course there is only one way by which the reunion of Christians can ever be effected. Let us pray that our separated brethren may come to understand what that way is, and in ever-increasing numbers have grace to submit to the authority of Christ's Vicar.

A certain French lady, a leader in religious as well as in social circles in Paris, was lately admitted to a private audience with Pius X., and, emboldened by the kindness of his manner, inquired to what apostolate women of the twentieth century should specially devote themselves. The Holy Father answered in the most emphatic manner: "To teaching catechism. This is the *great work*. Many are lost to the Faith because they are ignorant of the truths of our holy religion. Teach the catechism! This is the most urgent need of our day and the greatest apostolate."

The irony of time is illustrated by a new book from the pen of the Anglican Bishop of Ely, reviewing which one of his own coreligionists is moved to remark: "The Bishop's opinions are interesting in this way: sixty years ago much that

he says would have been regarded as dangerous, advanced, and 'savoring of Rome'; while to-day parts of this charge will appear to many as somewhat 'Protestant.'... The Bishop of Ely is pursued by a phantom terror of his fellow-Christians, the Roman Catholics; yet there can be little doubt that the promulgation of some of his views, say in the Fifties, would have aroused a storm, and caused him to be reckoned among 'Romanizers' and Puseyites. Daily and Saints' Day services were then considered thoroughly Popish: these services are now enjoined. On the other hand, the Bishop of Ely, as a good Protestant, has a mysterious fear of incense, which, so far from being exclusively Roman, is probably the most Scriptural of all ceremonies, being constantly mentioned and ordered in the Bible, and certainly used unrebuked in the Temple in the time of Christ."

It was an excellent service that Herr Johann Giesberts, a member of the German Centre, rendered to the Christian workingmen of this country when, in an address at the convention of the Central Verein recently held in Newark, N. J., he declared that "the Church is Socialism's enemy unto death." An excellent service; for his words have brought out this avowal of the *New Yorker Volkszeitung*, the leading organ of Socialism in this country for a third of a century:

We can immediately show our appreciation of Giesberts' candor by solemnly assuring him that this "enmity unto death" is mutual; and that, in so far as Socialism and the Church are concerned, Socialism is equally the Church's enemy unto death.

Precisely. There is nothing like a clear perception of one's own standing ground and that of one's opponents. The foregoing point having now been made clear, it is surely to be expected that Catholic workingmen will cease allowing themselves to be duped by proselytizing Socialists who falsely insist that "Socialism is a purely economic question; it has nothing to do with religion." There

are, let us repeat once for all, social reforms by the score which may be promoted by the most loyal Catholic; but no social reformer who is a member of the true Church should permit himself to become merged into the ranks of the Socialists, who, so far from having nothing to do with religion, are self-pledged to do it to death.

Father Daly, S. J., in the course of an interesting paper on "Parents and Religious Vocations," contributed to the *Sydney Catholic Press*, recalls that "when the news of John de Britto's martyrdom reached Portugal, his mother, a lady-in-waiting at the royal court, was in attendance on the Queen. No sooner was the message received than the Queen, stepping down from her throne, led the mother of the martyr to her royal seat; and all that day, we are told, the King's consort and her court gave her, whose son had won a martyr's crown, the honors due only to royalty. And the mother wept not, and her heart was happy that God had so blessed her in her son."

The counterparts of De Britto's mother are not so numerous nowadays as is desirable. Some Catholic parents indeed look upon a religious vocation for their children in a spirit the very reverse of hers. Of these, Father Daly writes:

They may, indeed, be Catholics,—they still give that intellectual assent to the Truth, which is the act of faith. But association with an alien world has weakened the motives of their faith and the edifice trembles on insecure props. Their Catholic sympathies, which are the protecting coat of Faith, have been worn away by constant commingling with countering antipathies and dislikes. They have listened eagerly and without reserve to whatever the world said. The world, like Heine's devil, is a gentleman, and is pleasant to listen to. The world looks on Catholic altars as so many pieces of decoration before which certain peculiar people kneel and say prayers. Monasteries and nunneries are dreadful places, used principally as refuges by disappointed lovers. They contain within their gloomy precincts mysteries of romance. Priests are meddlesome persons—not all, of course; there are a few here and there with

whom you can have a good time. A suggestion frequently uttered and freely listened to can make a weak man doubt about such a fundamental fact of consciousness as his own name and identity. It is not surprising if some Catholics, with no extraordinary safeguards of intellect or character, not to speak of grace, should be affected by the talk going on about them, and should find themselves, after a certain number of years, to have drifted far from the Catholic point of view. They almost think it an impertinence and a matter of insolent priestcraft and ecclesiastical tyranny for the Church to insist on the Catholic education of children. They have their doubts about the liberality and correctness of the Church's legislation on the subject of divorce. And now their daughter wishes to enter a convent! Imagine their consternation!

This sad portrait, unfortunately, is not at all overdrawn. In the face of such parental blindness, it must be hoped that when the son or daughter with a well-authenticated religious vocation reaches the age of personal accountability, he or she will remember Our Lord's words, "He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me," and follow whithersoever Christ calls them.

In the "lest we forget" spirit, the *Sacred Heart Review* reads Boston Catholics a homily on the superiority of private efficiency to public display. Commenting on the recent Columbus Day procession in its home city, it acknowledges that "it is well that on occasion the lawyer and the laborer, the doctor and the ditch-digger, the clerk and the collegian, the man of business and the man of books, the man of great possessions and the man with a mere pittance, should gather together, and in the light of day should march shoulder to shoulder as brethren who believe in the same religious truths, who serve the same Divine Master, and who are sons of the one true Church." On the other hand, however, it reminds its readers that something more than external show is requisite.

We must not allow ourselves to get too proud of our big parades, or to feel that when we have turned out in our thousands we have done

everything necessary. The real strength of the Church is the moral worth of the individual Catholic. And one good Catholic whose faith is intense, whose love for God and his neighbor is real, whose performance of his duties as a Christian and a citizen is marked by justice, exactness, zeal and devotion, is worth more to the Church than a whole platoon of men who, after the glow and glory of a parade is over, settle down to a half-hearted, indifferent, nominal Christian life.

Whether needed in Boston or not, the lesson is a good one. In the individual as well as in the common or general life, the mistake is not infrequently made that, provided the "big things"—special functions, receptions, set speeches, or what not—are well looked after, the details of daily duties may, without much harm resulting, be shirked. The reverse is the real truth. The big things, occasionally, are good; but the little ones are absolutely essential.

A hitherto unrecorded incident of the so-called World's Missionary Congress in Edinburgh last summer is related by Sir George MacAlpine, who, besides being as orthodox as the next one north of the Tweed, is a cautious body, though a bit superstitious when laboring under religious excitement. It seems that at one stage of the proceedings the hall in which the audience was assembled grew suddenly dark, and rumblings of thunder were heard, "as if the wrath of High Heaven were enkindled," as Sir George expressed it. It was just after one of the speakers, a bold, brave man—undeterred by the dread presence of a colossal statue of John Knox—had paid a tribute to the missionary zeal of The Church,—which, by the way, according to the testimony of an Anglican prelate, has an army of missionaries five times greater than that of all Protestant denominations combined. Hence the darkness and crashes of thunder, the heavens frowning upon any praise of Popery, and threatening speaker and audience with swift destruction. But the storm soon passed, and all recovered their composure,—all except

Sir George, who in a recent speech, remembering the portentous occurrence in Edinburgh, declared that the co-operation of the Roman Catholic Church in the evangelization of the world was impossible! "Her darkness is too dense and her errors are too fatal to admit of her proving an agent of redemption to lands lying in a gloom hardly more pronounced than her own."

We like to believe, with the *London Tablet*, that Sir George and his sympathizers are not representative of the kindly and sensible Scottish nation. "The very earnestness which underlies this fanatic hostility to the Church and her missionaries," says our contemporary, "may one day, under God's blessing, by the impulse of its own intensity, work its way to truth, and be placed at her service. It was but yesterday that a clergyman, a descendant of that very John Knox, despite the fact that his statue in the Edinburgh Hall lifts a finger in abiding protest, was happily received into the Fold. Who, then, can tell if amongst the descendants of the Edinburgh audience, and of those who cheered the gloomy words of Sir George MacAlpine, there may not be found in the future some who, strong in the joy and happy in the light of Catholic Faith, will do and dare in its mission field things which will far more than atone for all the bitter thoughts and hard sayings of their forefathers?"

Our English exchanges chronicle the submission to the Church of two other Anglican clergymen: the Rev. Alfred George Shoppee, B. A. (1893), of Magdalen College, Oxford, and Cuddesdon Theological College, curate of St. Philip's, Clerkenwell, formerly of the Church of the Ascension, Lavender Hill; and the Rev. Ernest Reginald Shebbeare, B. A. (1893), of Keble College, Oxford, and Ely Theological College, curate of the Church of the Annunciation, Brighton, and formerly of St. John the Evangelist's, East Dulwich.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

In November.

BY NEALE MANN.

ALL the world condoles
With the Holy Souls
Through the decades of bleak November,
As, in echoes faint,
Comes their loving plaint
Soft-sighed by the moaning wind;
And the leaves that fall
Spread a yellow pall
That forces us still to remember
How brief is life,
And how, after its strife,
Comes pain for the sins we have sinned.
But a river rolls
O'er the Holy Souls
Through these decades of bleak November,—
A river of prayer,
That cleanses them there,
In that region of patient pain.
For each vanished friend
Let our own prayers blend,
Begging Mary, our Queen, to remember
And usher above
The souls whom we love,
That forever with her they may reign.

The "Punch and Judy" Children.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

I.



IN one of the most miserable quarters of London, a spot utterly unknown to many of the denizens of the fashionable West End, there lived, a good many years ago, a family composed of father, mother, and two little boys. They were the proprietors of a "Punch and Judy" show, an extremely popular form of amusement in England. The three older members of the family were all actually engaged in

the "Punch and Judy" exhibition; only Benny, the younger boy, was exempt, as he was still too small to be useful.

While the father, behind the green curtain, manipulated Punch and the obnoxious policeman, his nasal voice distinctly penetrating to the very edges of the crowds gathered about him, the mother, sometimes with Benny in her arms and sometimes allowing him to trot beside her, walked up and down in front of the miniature theatre, in order to prevent curious little girls and impertinent half-grown boys from coming too near. "Froggy," the other boy, himself not much older than his brother, was accustomed to stand at first on the edge of the portable platform which served as a stage, from which he gradually worked himself into the thick of the crowd, tambourine in hand, for the purpose of collecting the pennies and occasional six-pences with which their painstaking efforts at furnishing amusement were rewarded. He was in the habit also of occasionally turning his back on the audience in order to glance up at windows and balconies, from which sometimes a sprinkling and sometimes a largess of coin was dropped by interested and generous spectators.

"Froggy's" real name was Thomas, or Tommy; but his father had always called him "Froggy," because he had a chronic affection of the throat which often made his voice sound hoarse and croaking, as well as perpetually cold hands, also a characteristic of the active if humble animal. But poor Froggy's hands would have been warm enough if he had been allowed sometimes to hold them in front of a good fire, or to remain any length of time in a comfortable room like many other more fortunate little boys. As it was, the greater part of his waking hours were spent on

the streets, even in the severest days of winter. It was only heavy, persistent rain or dense fog that prevented this daily migration from street to street of the poor wanderers with their miserable show.

As may be supposed, they led a sad and precarious existence. Every morning they left their poverty-stricken room and neighborhood for some more prosperous quarter of the city, where people were able to pay for the cheap amusement furnished by the puppets. In winter they were nearly as well received as in summer; for, unless it was raining torrents, or snowing in clouds, or blowing in great gusts, children who, on account of the weather, were not permitted to go out on the streets, would be allowed to stand either at open windows or behind clear, shining panes of glass to look at the show, which was, on those occasions at least, some substitute for air and exercise.

First Papa Bowie would appear, carrying the Punch and Judy show on one shoulder, while on the other he bore the folding platform, which was not heavy, and which in a moment could be transformed into an enclosure with a light fence around three of its sides. Then came mamma, little Benny in her arms, as well wrapped up as she had outer garments to cover him; though, like her husband, she herself was very shabbily and scantily attired. Everything in the shape of extras, whether of food or clothing, went to Benny, who had lovely pink and white skin, brown eyes, and flossy golden curls.

It is a strange thing, however, that few persons remarked on the beauty of the child; and fewer still among the happy and prosperous mothers who glanced at him ever offered him any of the half-worn garments in their store, though it needed but a single passing glance to become aware of his necessities. Comfort and luxury are apt to make people indifferent, if not selfish. The Punch and Judy actors came and went, day after day and month after month; but their condition was not bettered, because people merely threw

them coins for the cheap amusement which they furnished.

Froggy always walked in the rear of the little procession, now and then tapping his tambourine lightly to let people know the show was coming; and wherever his father decided to stop, the boy advanced briskly, with louder tinkles of his instrument, as if to say: "We are here! Come out and listen to us!" And, skipping quickly from side to side, he would cry out several times: "Oy! Oy! Oy!" Then windows opened and little curly heads peeped out, and childish forms (held back and protected by motherly or nursely arms) leaned over the broad sills, and passing children and street vagabonds gathered around the moving theatre. And presently the platform would go down and the frail fence would encircle it; the mysterious box, lifted from the ground, would be placed upon it; Papa Bowie would hide his head behind the curtain, and the performance would begin. Punch and Judy, quarrelling and screaming, the policeman and the doctor and the rest evolving shrieks of laughter from the breathless onlookers, would hold them enchained during the whole performance; Froggy usually passing the tambourine around before it was quite finished, so that the audience might not disperse without the opportunity of presenting some more or less substantial token of their appreciation.

As the money dropped into the round metallic body of the tambourine, Froggy's cheeks would take on a tinge of color, and his mild blue eyes would seek those of his father and mother,—joyfully if the harvest was good; sadly, with a half-apologetic look, if it was scanty, almost as though he were responsible for the lack of generosity the spectators displayed. There were sometimes very good days, when the amount received warranted the purchase of sausage and hot rolls, and a quart of thin milk which they heated on their excuse for a stove.

But often when the poor creatures

returned at night, after a hard day, they presented a sorry aspect. I do not like to tell it, but it is useless to conceal the truth. Already, perhaps, some of my readers are wondering why the Bowies were so *very* poor, if money kept dropping all day long into Froggy's tambourine. I repeat, I do not like to have to tell it; but I must do so, as it is my story, and was the cause of a great amount of misery which the family endured.

And these occasions, as time went on, grew more and more frequent. The father, walking as usual at the head, carrying the little theatre, and, alas! stumbling as he went, showed the effects of various stoppages at saloons along the way, in which, though he did not remain long, he drank a good deal, his wretched family awaiting him on the sidewalk while he "tipped." Pale and weary, the mother toiled behind him; while in the rear came Froggy, tired and hungry and often half-crying, for as yet he was nothing but a little boy. I do not think he could have been at that time much more than seven years old.

"Oh, I am so tired, mother!" he would say,—*"I am so very, very tired! I wish that sometime some one would carry me, like you do Benny."*

And the mother would reply as cheerfully as she could:

"Oh, fie, Froggy! You are a big boy, and Benny is only a baby. And who would there be to carry you, my brave boy? Papa has to lug the show, and I must carry Benny; and there is no one else, you see."

"Yes, I know," Froggy would answer. "There's not any one; but I wish there was, mother. And I'm so hungry!"

"Very well; be patient a little longer, and we shall soon be home."

"Shall we have sausage, mother?"

Sometimes the answer would be a cheerful "Yes, and maybe fried potatoes." But as the months passed it was more frequently, "No, not to-night, Froggy. But I have some nice dry bread, that I

will soak in hot water for a moment and fry in a bit of dripping left over from the steak we had last Sunday." Or sometimes she would say, "Instead of sausage (we're tired of that, Froggy), we'll have fried mush. I've a taste of ham fat in the cupboard. Oh, it will be grand! Hurry now, and don't complain."

Now, however humble, however poor, home is still home; and the Bowie family were always glad at nightfall to reach its shelter; for that it was at least; though under the roof of a large and rickety tenement, which a fire next door had scorched some time before, rendering it still more unsightly and repulsive in appearance.

One evening in December they returned to their lodgings. It had been snowing all day,—a wet, black snow, melting as it fell, which so surcharged the air, inside as well as outside, with dampness that people who had firesides lingered near them, never approaching the windows save to draw the curtains closer, as they shuddered at the dismal prospect out of doors. Although the Bowies had traversed miles of streets, they had but little in their pockets. The father, sombre and silent as he always was on such occasions, marched uncertainly along, stumbling over obstacles, and gazing absently at everyone who interfered with his progress. A short distance behind him, damp garments clinging to their half-frozen limbs, came the mother and two children. Benny had fallen asleep with his head on his mother's shoulder, but Froggy was very wide awake.

When the father reached the room, he placed the box he carried in a corner, and, without saying a word, turned about and again descended the stairs. The mother laid Benny on the bed, and sat down heavily on one of the broken chairs. It was dark in the room. Froggy lit a candle and stood looking intently at his mother. She remained silent, and suddenly the child became afraid.

"Mamma!" he said. "Why don't you talk? Are you asleep?"

"No, Froggy," she replied in a stifled voice, "I am not asleep. I wish I were. I feel as though nothing would do me so much good as a sound sleep in a comfortable bed. I am very ill. I was afraid I should not be able to walk home."

"Lie down, mamma,—lie down!" said the child, untying her bonnet strings.

At that moment the father entered the room. He had a package in his hand.

"I have bought some liver," he said. "If it should be our last meal, we shall have some meat to-night. All day I have seen that you looked very cold and hungry, Jeanie. And, as you won't ever take a glass as I do, you can't keep warm."

His wife looked at him gratefully. He had never been unkind to her; he was his own worst enemy, and that only. But she could not utter a word.

"Mamma does not feel well," said Froggy. "Her hands are very cold. I think she ought to go to bed."

"Well, yes," answered the father. "Lie down, Jeanie dear, and cover up. I will cook the liver and bring it to you, with a cup of hot water. I wish we had some tea. But there is bread, and I brought two bits of ham fat to cook the liver."

"I can not rise," said his wife. "You will have to help me."

Her husband hastened to do so, but she could not stir. He lifted her in his arms, and, pushing Benny to the back of the bed, laid her upon it.

"Lie still there," he said. "It will rest you. Froggy, come and take off mamma's shoes and rub her cold feet. And after you have done that cover her up well. Take my other coat and throw it over her. And there is that bit of rag carpet near the door. That will help."

The woman lay like a log, while the child did as his father told him. When he had completed his task, the food was ready. But she could not eat; indeed, she hardly seemed to know that she was being pressed to do so. Her husband became very much alarmed; he tried to make her drink some water, but she

refused that also. At last he took the food back to the stove, saying:

"Froggy, eat some of this. I will take some bread in my hand, while I watch your mother. Do not forget to save something for Benny, and a little for mamma; she may want it after a while."

Laying a piece of liver between two slices of bread, he took it to the bedside, where he consumed it between pauses while talking to his wife, who looked at him with a feeble smile, unable to answer.

Froggy divided the rest of the meat into three unequal portions,—the largest for his mother, the next for himself, and the third and smallest piece for Benny, who subsisted principally on bread moistened in sweetened water. For a moment he stood beside his father, who now, completely sobered by fright, leaned over his wife as she lay motionless. Her eyes were closed, her breathing was very natural.

"She is asleep," said Froggy.

"Yes," answered his father, in a tone of relief. "She will be better when she wakes. Poor mamma, she is very tired and worn out! To-morrow she must stay at home. I've just been thinking we'll try and make her take a rest."

"Stay at home!" exclaimed the child in surprise. He could not imagine a day without his mother.

But the father said:

"Go, lie down now, boy, and take your rest. You need it too,—we all do. Try to cover yourself up warm. I'll go to bed myself in a few moments."

Without another word, Froggy retired to a corner of the room, where was stretched a straw mattress, with some old clothes for covering. His mother was accustomed to arrange this over him every night; she had never before failed to do so, and the boy missed the gentle touch of her loving hand. Deep sighs arose from his bosom and a few tears rolled down his cheeks. But he was completely exhausted and very cold; in a few moments he had forgotten his troubles and anxieties in a sound sleep.

The cold dawn of a winter morning was breaking when Froggy awoke. His father was sitting beside his mother's bed. He heard her voice, but it was very weak.

"Harry," she said, "I think we have shown Punch and Judy together for the last time."

Froggy thought he heard a sob, but he was not sure.

"You are so good, Jeanie!" murmured the man. "Do not give up. So patient and kind as you are no woman ever was. If I have ever been cross—"

Again Froggy thought he heard a sob.

"Harry," said his mother, "you are the best, the kindest man! Except—for that one thing I should not—fear leaving the children alone—with you."

"I know, I know!" answered the father.

"Promise me to give it up,—to take good care of them."

"I promise, Jeanie. But I hope you will be all right soon. When winter is over, we will go away into the country. Would you like it?"

"O Harry! But I must go—I think to-day—to that other country—that beautiful land my father used to tell me about—when I was a child."

But Froggy could bear no more. Rushing to the bedside, he cried:

"O mother, mother! why are you going away from us to another land?"

No sound came from the mother's lips; her head was turned from him.

The man leaned over her.

"Jeanie! Jeanie!" he called in a loud voice. Then, lifting his head, he turned to the boy. "She has gone,—she has gone!" he sobbed.

"To that beautiful land?" asked the child. "Will she like it there?"

"Ah, yes! She will never more have a care or sorrow; she will never be tired again."

"Oh, then, we can bear it; can't we papa? And she will come back when she is better, won't she?"

The father took the child's little cold hand.

"Go and lie down again," he said. "It is too early to get up. And I will lay Benny beside you. I will sit here."

As Froggy lay, his little brother in his arms, under the comforter which his father, taking it from the larger bed, placed over them, he did not know whether to cry or be glad that his mother had gone to a land where she would have no care or sorrow, or ever again be tired. And in the midst of these perplexing thoughts he fell asleep once more.

(To be continued.)

A Nautical Adventure.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

IV.

While the boys, eating very slowly, endeavored to make the best of the meal that had been placed before them—Edward in particular accepting it as part of the new experiences their adventure was unfolding,—the men at the head of the table had been holding a low-toned conversation. At length the captain, addressing himself to his unexpected guests, said in a voice as loud as though he were giving orders on deck on a very stormy night:

"Boys, the mate here, Mr. Jakes, and I have been talking together, and we've concluded that we don't want to be bothered with a pair of kids on this vessel no longer than we can help. So we've decided not to run you up to Boston if we meet any ship, yacht or sloop that's going to lay by at Bayview. If we do, we'll set you aboard of the first that comes along. It'll save you a long tramp, as you say you've got no money; and it'll ease the minds of your folks considerable."

"Our folks won't be uneasy," replied Edward, "because they know we're gone."

"On a ten-inch boat in the middle of the night! And they won't be alarmed! Queer people!" exclaimed the captain.

"They think we're on the training

ship," said Clinton, resolved to tell the whole truth at last. "We wanted to enlist in the navy."

"Oh, you did!" answered the captain. "And you mean to sit up there and tell me such a lie as that? Your folks give you leave to go off in the dark night—a pair of infants like you—and join the navy?"

"He is not telling a lie," said Edward before Clinton could reply. "They do know it by this time. We left a note."

"Oh, just as I thought, then! You've run away?"

"Guess that's what it was," answered Clinton. "But we were just crazy to be sailors in Uncle Sam's Navy."

"Still as crazy?" asked the captain, with uplifted eyebrows.

"Yes," replied Edward, boldly, "if we were old enough. There's no life like it, I think."

Just then the lookout shouted, "Ship ahoy!" and the men immediately rose to their feet and hurried up the companion way, closely followed by the boys.

The boat proved to be the private yacht *Swift Wing*, which the boys had often seen in Bayview harbor. Its owner was a friend of Edward's Uncle George, who had often made trips with him on the yacht during the summer.

"Why, I know that gentleman!" said Edward, as the captain was about to explain the circumstances which had caused him to hail the passing yacht.

"What's your name, kid?" inquired the captain.

"Edward Rock," was the reply. "And this is my chum, Clinton Fielding."

"Here's Edward Rock and Clinton Fielding!" shouted the captain of the sloop. "They're a pair of runaways. Won't you take them back to Bayview?"

"Well," said the captain of the yacht, "let them come aboard. I'll take them home safe."

In a few moments, almost before they could realize what had occurred, the boys, the dog, the valise, and the boat were aboard the yacht, turning about for home.

The captain affected to be very much surprised and disgusted with the plan and subsequent adventure of the boys; nevertheless, being quite a young man himself, he was at heart greatly amused. After he had talked to them seriously, telling them he was glad to know they had been honorable and had made a clean breast of it, he asked them if they had breakfasted.

"We had something to eat, but it was awful," said Edward. "The room was horribly dirty and the food was—"

"Just sickening!" interposed Clinton. "I couldn't eat, and I was ashamed not to."

"Come down, then, and we'll have some breakfast," said the host.

He led the way to the cabin, where they found a table beautifully arranged with china, glass, and silver. Two young men were already seated at the inviting board. The situation was explained by the captain, amid considerable laughter from his listeners.

While they were still at table a sailor respectfully appeared, announcing that a wireless message had been received. The captain excused himself, but returned very soon to say that he was obliged to go to Boston at once on urgent business.

"It won't take me more than half an hour to settle it," he explained. "But we can't make Bayview to-day, as a matter of course. I've already sent a wireless message to your people; boys," he went on. "And I've just thought of something that may keep us another day in Boston. You really don't deserve a treat, but I'm going to give you one."

The boys were duly grateful. They were told to make free of the yacht, a privilege which they fully enjoyed and appreciated. The contrast between their present quarters and those of the previous night was so great as almost to obliterate any feeling of remorse they might have had for undertaking the adventure without the knowledge of their parents, upon whose indulgence they both knew they could rely. They reached Boston without incident, and spent the night on the yacht.

"Boys," said the captain next morning as they sat at breakfast, "I have to run up town, and I'm going to take you with me. You can wait for me at the bank while I transact my business. As you look rather seedy, I'll take you both and get you sailor suits (something to which your parents will not be likely to object), as I am going to introduce you to a friend of mine, and pay a visit which I think you will enjoy. We shan't be back on board till this afternoon. What do you say?"

The boys were very much pleased. All happened as the captain had arranged. The sailor suits, supplemented by canvas caps, were very becoming. From the tailor-shop they rode to one of the wharves, where they took a small boat.

"See yonder ship?" said their friend, pointing to a large vessel lying at anchor.

"Yes; that's the *Minotaur*," replied the boys in surprise.

"You're right: that's the *Minotaur*. Captain Cary, in command, is an old friend of our family. I'm going to take you aboard and introduce you, not as candidates for the training ship, but as young friends of mine."

They soon found themselves ascending the gangway, at the head of which stood a young officer in spick-and-span apparel, with a gold band on his cap, who saluted Captain Bayne respectfully, vouchsafing the boys an agreeable smile as they passed him by. And soon, after traversing the spotless deck, with many an admiring glance at the shining brasses, they reached the august presence of the commander, who was seated in a small, neatly appointed cabin, reading the morning paper.

He appeared quite pleased to meet his friend. After the first greeting, they conversed for a few moments in French, which the boys thought rather strange, as both were Americans. They also laughed a good deal during their conversation, which was explained later when the captain of the *Minotaur* turned to the boys and said:

"So, boys, you wanted to be sailors? It's something many others have longed for before you. Some have succeeded in gratifying their wishes, others have not. It is a life to which, I may say, one must be born to fulfil its many requirements. But I would not advise either of you to try it in the way you had decided to do. Four years from now, if you still continue to wish to be sailors, and your parents are willing, an opening may be found for you at the Naval Academy."

"Yes, sir," rejoined Edward, when the commander had finished his little speech. "We will remember what you say, and I'm sure we shall not change our minds about going into the navy."

"And here is something else I want you to remember," continued the commander. "I have boys of my own, one of whom is now at Annapolis, and I hope to see the other there also. I speak to you as I would to them, in the same case. Even if you had been of legal age, do you think the United States Navy would accept two boys who had run away from kind parents and a good home? No,—emphatically no! We want only upright and honorable recruits in our navy."

The boys cast down their eyes.

"You are very young,—that is your only excuse," resumed the commander. "Your ideas of what you would have to do and to undergo were, I am persuaded, very vague and erroneous. Were you aware, boys, that your lives from early morning until the moment you retire would be a long and difficult routine of arduous duties?"

"No, sir," meekly responded the boys.

"Did you understand that you would have to study harder, with far less recreation, than you do at school; that there are no weekly holidays on a training ship; that spare moments would be given to drill and practice; that your food would be of the plainest; and that you would be obliged to serve your time till the very end, even if you were displeased with the conditions on board?"

"No, sir," answered Clinton; while Edward added in a tone of surprise:

"We didn't know we should have to study, sir. We thought we should be drilling all the time. And we liked that."

"Are you fond of study?" asked the commander.

"Not very fond," replied Clinton.

"Boys of twelve are not, as a rule," said the commander. "But there is hope for you yet. You will grow older, and you will, I trust, be good students from now on. Otherwise, you can never hope to be among Uncle Sam's cadets."

After treating them to lemonade and cakes, the commander ordered a young officer to show them through the ship, while he and Captain Bayne had a smoke together. A thrill of admiration ran through their veins when they entered the classroom, where a hundred or more boys, in trim uniform, were engaged in drawing maps. But their pleasure was somewhat abated when they met a group in bare feet, swabbing the decks, another group painting the small boats, and three or four peeling potatoes near the cook's galley. Neither of them was emulous of such menial employment. On the whole, they decided that the advice of the commander was not to be despised.

Before they left the vessel, Edward and Clinton were presented with a ship's ribbon bearing the word *Minotaur* in gold letters. They lost no time in fastening these around their caps; and it must be acknowledged that it was with pride rather than penitence in the ascendant in their boyish souls that they stood on the deck of the *Swift Wing* as it steamed into Bayview harbor on the following evening.

Their fathers and mothers were on the dock, nothing but welcoming smiles on their faces, as they waited for the boat to come to anchor. And there in the foreground was Uncle George, laughing and waving his handkerchief. And there was Caleb House, apparently not at all angry at the manner in which they had made off with his boat; for his weather-beaten

face was one broad grin of joy and gratification.

And there, behind the front group, seemed to be the whole small boy and girl population of Bayview, with every friendly fisherman that could be spared from the boats and the cannery. It really looked as though Bayview had taken a half-holiday to welcome them home. There were no reproaches: they were greeted as heroes instead of culprits. As is—thank God!—the case in ninety-nine out of a hundred in human events, the prodigal sons were both received with open arms and loving embraces. But they were sent away to school after vacation,—which was, we think, equivalent to an admission by their parents that they needed a change of discipline.

Their friendship and comradeship suffered no diminution during the years they were at college, nor later at Annapolis. To-day their names may be found among those of the most efficient of the younger officers of the Pacific Squadron.

(The End.)

Lammas Day.

"Lammas Day" is probably a corruption of "Lamb's Mass Day," which was celebrated each year in mediæval times in the cathedral of St. Peter-in-Vinculis, at York, England. On the first Sunday in August every year, the vassals of the cathedral brought each a lamb to the High Mass as an offering. At the present time, in rural England, Lammas Day is celebrated in much the same manner as our Hallowe'en; and, in common with many of the old Church holidays, it is full of interesting survivals of ancient customs, one of which is the throwing down of fences and the opening to public use of the pasture lands which have been held as private property since the end of the preceding Lammastide. The practice probably dates back to the communal village customs of our primitive ancestors.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"The Cost of a Crown," a sacred drama by Father R. H. Benson, is announced by Longmans, Green & Co.

—Chapman & Hall's Autumn list includes "Idola Fori: Chapters on Public Questions of the Day," by W. S. Lilly; and "The Mount of Vision," a book of English mystic verse, selected and arranged by Adeline Cashmore, with an Introduction by Mrs. Meynell.

—The lamented Dr. John Scannell, Canon Penitentiary of the diocese of Portsmouth, who last month passed to the reward of a long life of abnegation, devotion, and self-sacrifice, was the author of books on "The Canon of Scripture" and "The Campaign of Waterloo."

—The two lectures given last year at Columbia University by Señor Ramón Menéndez Pidal, under the auspices of the Hispanic Society of America, are now published by the Society in a handsome volume. Their subject is "El Romancero Español," which is dealt with historically and critically.

—"Prayers from the Divine Liturgy," compiled and translated from the Missal and Breviary by Emily Hickey, is a little volume which should have a wide welcome. It is eminently desirable. "To many of us," says the foreword, "it has seemed a great pity and a great loss that the Church's beautiful and stately prayers should have been so commonly replaced, in private and family devotions, by newer ones far inferior in merit. This may be owing, at least in a great measure, to the fact that so few of these prayers have been made familiar to Catholics in their mother-tongue. No one acquainted with the prayers of the Liturgy, so fervid, yet sober, so pithy, so wide in their scope, but must feel that the old wine is indeed better than the new." Published by the English C. T. S.

—"The Attributes of God, Mirrored in the Perfections of Mary," is the title of a volume of some two hundred pages, published anonymously by Burns & Oates, and in this country by Benziger Brothers. The *imprimatur* of the Vicar-General of Westminster makes up in a measure for the lack of the author's name; while some "notes by the censor," found on the last page of the book, is presumptive evidence that the work was carefully examined before the *imprimatur* was accorded. The Introduction contains this reference to the volume's purpose: "May God bless the little work sent forth for love of Him, for love of His image on earth, our fellowmen! We send

it forth on the vast ocean of Divine Providence, trusting that to some, at least, it may bring one of the greatest gifts—that is a wider and fuller knowledge of God, His goodness, His infinite benignity, the magnificence of His mercy." A cursory examination of the eighteen chapters that form the book's contents leads one to believe that the pious wish will be realized.

—In the course of an appreciative notice of the late Julia Ward Howe, contributed to the Boston *Republic*, we find this interesting information:

We recall a poem of Mrs. Howe's later years in honor of "Holy Katherine of Siena," and from her collected poems it would be easy to take many evidences of her sincere homage to Catholic devotion. She lived to see Puritan Boston transformed into predominantly Catholic Boston. She was too wise to fight the inevitable. At the time of Mayor Fitzgerald's "Old Home Week" she cheerfully contributed, and read the poem for the most significant gathering of the occasion. Again—something which seems to have been forgotten by all who have sketched her,—she wrote for the daily press a touching little poem on the death of the Most Rev. Archbishop Williams in the same year.

It is good to know that the deceased lady had more claims on Catholic admiration than are embodied in the poem on which her fame will probably rest, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

—"Mere Hints, Moral and Social," by the Rev. John E. Graham, is a reprint of some threescore brief essays contributed once a week during a period of fifteen months to the editorial columns of the Baltimore *Sun*. The author states that the articles are the principles of the strenuous life applied to social morality; and he discovers Scriptural sanction of the strenuous life in the text, "The Kingdom of Heaven suffers violence, and the violent bear it away." The topics are of wide variety, and are treated with notable terseness, force, and effectiveness. Many persons who have already had the pleasure and profit of reading these "sermons in nutshells," as they have been called, will be glad of the opportunity to secure them in book form. They deserve a host of readers. The book is published by the author, and is for sale by the Eichelberger Book Co., Baltimore.

—No admirer of the late Father Tabb's literary output will find reason to cavil with the taste displayed by the publisher (Mitchell Kennerley, New York) in the external form given to "Later Poems." Paper, typography, and binding are all admirable; and, although the characteristic brevity of the poems confines the one hundred and one titles to one hundred

and fifteen pages, the volume is not unduly slender. The qualities which distinguish former collections of Father Tabb's poetry—originality, depth of feeling, epigrammatic terseness, beauty of imagery, and felicity of phrase—are plainly in evidence in this latest volume, which will add to rather than detract from the posthumous fame of the blind poet-priest. That fame is at present so secure that one may, without incurring the censure of hypercriticism, hazard a word of advice to such youthful versifiers as, intelligibly enough, take Father Tabb for their model. His technique is not always perfect. In "Later Poems," as in previous collections, may be found such forced rhymes, or no-rhymes, as

I sought Divinity.
 "The Corner-Stone am I," . . .
 Till love demands the Prisoner,
 And Death, replies, "He is not here,"—

where the vowel sounds of the rhyming syllables are anything but identical; and "is—this," where the consonant sounds are unlike. So, too, in the triplet from "The Lute-Player,"

In swaddling clothes of silence bound
 His genius a soul had found,
 And wakened it to light and sound,

the second line can be made one of four feet only by giving "genius" a syllable more than English orthoepy authorizes. Inconsiderable spots, these, on a luminous sun, of course; but the reader, and more especially the young reader, should be taught to admire the light and not the dark; and the minor poet should not seek to bolster up bad rhymes with the authority of even so excellent a poet as Father Tabb.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Later Poems." Father Tabb. \$1.
 "The Attributes of God, Mirrored in the Perfections of Mary." 90 cts.
 "Mere Hints, Moral and Social." Rev. John E. Graham. \$1.
 "Donal Kenny." Rev. Joseph Guinan. \$1.50.
 "The Spaniard at Home." Mary F. Nixon-Roulet. \$1.75.

- "The Iona Series." 35 cts., each.
 "Biographies of English Catholics in the Eighteenth Century." Rev. John Kirk, D. D. \$2.75.
 "A Spiritual Canticle of the Soul." St. John of the Cross. \$1.95.
 "St. Clare of Assisi." Very Rev. Léopold de Chérancé, O. S. F. C. \$1.10.
 "Life Lessons from Blessed Joan of Arc." Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J. 85 cts.
 "History of the American College, Rome." Rt. Rev. Henry A. Brann, D. D., I.L. D. \$2.20.
 "Home Life in Ireland." Robert Lynd, \$2.50.
 "Missale Romanum." \$2; mor., \$2.57.
 "The Friendly Little House, and Other Stories." \$1.25.
 "Flamstead Quarries." Mary E. Waller. \$1.50.
 "A Renegade Poet, and Other Essays." \$1.25.
 "Meditations and Instructions on the Blessed Virgin." Vol. II. Rev. A. Vermeersch, S. J. \$1.35.
 "Raccolta." 1910 Edition. \$1.
 "Are Our Prayers Heard?" Rev. Joseph Egger, S. J. 15 cts.
 "A Minister's Marriage." Austin Rock. 75 cts.
 "Simple Catechism Lessons." Dom Lambert Nolle, O. S. B. \$1.
 "The Imitation of Christ." (Pocket Classics.) 25 cts., net.
 "Father Paul of Moll." Edward Van Speybroeck. \$1.25.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bonds.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Very Rev. Edmund Barnett, of the diocese of Hexam and Newcastle; Rev. Patrick Ryan, diocese of Seattle; Rev. James Dooley, archdiocese of New York; Rev. John Dillon, archdiocese of St. Paul; and Rev. Peter Sherlock, S. J.

Mr. C. J. Dease, Mr. Hugh Gillespie, Mr. John Slattery, Mr. Anton Seng, Mrs. Elizabeth Lenahan, Mr. J. Ganseder, Mrs. Ellen McCarthy, Mr. Joseph Grabowski, Mr. John Higgins, Mr. Joseph Kohler, Mrs. Thomas Quinn, Mr. Henry Schaefer, Mr. John Houlihan, Mr. Joseph Brown, Mr. J. J. Dalton, Mrs. Catherine Connolly, Mr. Daniel P. Donovan, Mr. Henry Wendeln, Mr. Charles Lichtie, Mrs. Bridget Braden, Mr. Octave St. Marie, Mr. Edward Connelly, and Mrs. T. Bihl.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXXI. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 12, 1910.

NO. 20

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

The Creator's Aim.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF GABRIEL FIAMMA.

TO strew these orbs through heaven's expanse
that glow,
And round the centre guide their mazy flight;
To rule the winds, and by the jarring fight
Of elements adorn the world below;
To stretch the shadowing cloud, and paint the
bow,
The sun by day to give, the moon by night,
That heat and cold alternate may delight,
And plenty's horn with fruits may overflow,—
To lead the rivers through their devious line;
Man to endow with reason and with speech,
And all that live with power to feel and move:
These are Thy works of power, Maker Divine,
By which in part our feeble thoughts may reach
The yet surpassing wonders of Thy love.

An English Divine Comedy.

BY H. CECIL POOL.

MORE regrettable than the destruction of the monasteries of England by Henry VIII. was the dissipation of the libraries which they contained. The extent of the loss can not be realized. Collections of books and manuscripts, which would to-day be literally worth their weight in gold, were sold for a mere pittance, to be utilized by hucksters as wrappings for merchandise, kindlings for fires, and even baser purposes. Two large monastic libraries were sold for a sum equivalent to

\$100, and the "olde bookes in the choir" are frequently listed by the "visitors" of the infamous King at prices ranging from \$1.50 to \$2.

Fortunately, some few books and manuscripts escaped destruction, and from these the antiquarian has been able to reconstruct a sort of mosaic picture of the monastic life in the Middle Ages. Sometimes a few account-books survived, such as those of the nuns of Wherwell, and chronicles like those of Ingulph of Croyland and Jocelin de Brakelonde.

One of the works happily preserved for us is "The Revelation to the Monk of Evesham," an allegory which may at some time be relatively as highly prized by Catholics of English-speaking countries as the "Pilgrim's Progress" is among Protestants. The date of this "Revelation" is given as 1196; and as it is mentioned by Roger de Wendover in his "Flowers of History," including the year 1235, it can not plausibly be assigned to a later date. No trace has ever been found of the original manuscript; and we might never have known of its existence but for its being printed by William de Machlinia about 1482, of whose edition the copy in the British Museum is presumably the only one extant. The text of this unique copy is barbarous in the extreme. Orthography was, apparently, as yet unreduced to rules, for the same words are variously spelled; and the punctuation seems to be more in the nature of literary grace-notes than designed for any practical purpose.

An extract from the original, *verbatim*

et literatim, may be of interest: "Trewly fsche was ftable and ftedfaste in contynauns and feyre of beholdyng. home the laborus weye that fsche had gon a lytyl had weryde. and with peynys of fyre. that other were inuoluyd here and there fsche was ofte tymes tochyd and fum what brente."

No word has come down to us as to the author of the "Revelation"; and the narrative itself affords us no clue, inasmuch as it changes from the third to the first person without any alteration of style which might suggest a joint authorship. Beyond the fact that he was a monk, living the life hid with Christ in God, in the Abbey of Evesham, we know nothing of him. That he lived and followed the Rule faithfully, and that he was a man of deep spiritual insight, we may fairly presume from the precious little book that the art of printing rescued from the deluge of the sixteenth century.

The great Abbey of Evesham was, in its day, the glory of the beautiful and fertile vale of that name. Far away to the west are the picturesque Malvern Hills; and the town is situated on a tongue of land formed by a curious bend of the Avon as it winds its way through a land of fruitful orchards and hop-yards, which Leland well described as the granary of Worcestershire. The founding of this celebrated Benedictine house, round which the town hovered as its spiritual and even temporal centre, is attributed to Bishop Egwin in 692. A pretty tradition tells of Eoves, a shepherd, seeing a vision of the Blessed Virgin, and hastening to inform St. Egwin, to whom a similar vision was vouchsafed. Egwin at once began the building of a monastery, and the spot was named Eovesham.

The intervening centuries between the rise and fall of the Abbey were not unfruitful, and St. Mary's Abbey at York may almost be called a daughter-house. All that survives of the Abbey is a magnificent perpendicular bell-tower, erected by Abbot Litchfield at the time when

shadows of the impending ruin had begun to gather. Abbot Litchfield attempted by ruinous presents to propitiate Henry VIII., Wolsey, and the infamous Cromwell; but in vain, and he resigned his abbacy rather than be forced faithlessly to surrender his trust. He was succeeded, as at Fountains, by an abbot of the requisite subserviency; and the Abbey was surrendered to spoliation and destruction November 17, 1539. Among those whose names appear on the deed of surrender is John Feckenham, who, during the brief but futile restoration of the Faith under Queen Mary, was made Abbot of Westminster, and gave the habit to Sigebert Buckley. Half a century later Dom Buckley himself, while a prisoner in London, clothed two priests with the habit of St. Benedict, thus preserving an unbroken succession of his Order in England from the time of St. Augustine to the present.

The opening chapters of the "Revelation" detail with circumstantial minuteness the sickness of a certain "young man turned with faithful devotion from the vanities of this world to the life of a monk." About the time of his profession he began to be troubled with a great feebleness of body; his stomach was unable to retain food; and often, for nine days at a time, the only thing he could take was a little warm water. All known remedies failed, so that he was compelled to remain in the monastic infirmary.

At the approach of Eastertide, his condition improved sufficiently to allow him to walk about with the aid of a staff. On the eve of Holy Thursday he rose to Matins; and was so moved by devotion that he remained in the church, weeping and praising God, until six in the morning, when he sent for two monks, one after another, to whom he made his confession and received absolution.

On Good Friday morning, as the monks were about to say Prime, they found the sick Brother, prostrate and barefooted, before the abbot's throne in the chapter-

house. When the monks went to raise him up he seemed as though dead. His respiration and pulse were hardly perceptible, and he was taken to his cell in a state of insensibility.

Before Lent the great crucifix had been let down to the ground, presumably from the rood-screen, for the prescribed adoration on Good Friday. To the amazement of all in the convent, the wounds of the side and right foot were found covered with fresh blood, and the staff and shoes of the sick Brother were also found there. The Brother showed no signs of reviving. His mouth was opened by main force and "juices of divers spices and herbs" were put into it, and "emplasters" placed on his breast and arms, but without avail. The most heroic measures failed to arouse him, though "they prickyd him with nedlys," scraped the soles of his feet, and sounded a great horn in his ears. He regained consciousness on Easter Eve, and was heard to mutter many times: "*O Sancta Maria!*" Then, raising himself, he began to weep, saying, "Well and verily well I was hitherto, but now evil and verily evil I feel myself."

After receiving Holy Communion on Easter Sunday, he went with his brethren to the "colloke" (the slype), where conversation was permitted. He was importuned by the monks to tell what had befallen him. This he refused, but consented to reveal it to his two confessors, "the whiche here after be digestyd and wreten" as he told it with great weeping and "syking."

When the monk had given up all hopes of recovery, he began to prepare himself to escape the pains and sorrows of the world to come, that he might the sooner arrive at the rest of everlasting life. He prayed that the condition of souls in purgatory might be revealed to him; and there appeared to him in his sleep a "certain worshipful person," who assured him that his prayers had been heard, and that his petition would be granted. He is then rapt in spirit, and there appears

to him St. Nicholas, with the face and demeanor of an angel, clothed in robes brighter and whiter than snow, who raises him up, and, taking him by the hand, says: "Follow you me."

Here the monk makes what he calls an "adigression," and it may be expedient for us to do the same in order to grasp his cosmography of the world to come. Purgatory and paradise are included in a series of concentric circles; the centre of the circles is heaven, and the space contained in the outer circles denotes the different degrees of purgation which must be traversed in order to reach the fields of paradise, the circumference of the outermost circle representing the separation of the soul from the body.

Another "adigression" may be more imperative than expedient. The justice of the monk is very even-handed. Bishops, priests and religious are found in purgatory. The small number of priests astonishes him, until he is informed by St. Nicholas that the great multitude of those who are not already in heaven are utterly damned. In this "Revelation" the prejudiced mind will find "confirmation strong as proofs of Holy Writ" of the general dissoluteness of the Church in the Middle Ages; but only the most warped judgment and logic can strain these extraordinary deviations of religious and clerics into an ordinary and established course. The very mention of moral obliquities is a proof of their sporadic occurrence, for otherwise they would have passed unremarked. The tens of thousands who entered the religious life were not thereby delivered from the frailties of human nature; and, unfortunately, while the falls from virtue and Rule are proclaimed on the housetops, we know not how much was resisted and reformed. Those words of St. Paul should be borne in mind: "In a great house there are found not only vessels of gold and silver, but some also of wood and earth, and some to honor and some to dishonor. If any man, therefore, shall cleanse himself from these, he

shall be a vessel unto honor, sanctified and profitable to the Lord, prepared unto every good work."*

The first place of pains was wide and horrible, and ghastly to the sight, and foul and muddy with thick clay. The souls in torment went about in companies in "their equality of sins." Some were roasted and others fried in pans; others were lifted up with fiery nails, so that their joints were dislocated; others were soddened in baths of pitch and brimstone, and molten lead, brass and other metals; some were gnawed by the venomous teeth of "wondyrfull wormys." The punishments meted out bore strict relation to the former temporal condition. Monks, nuns and clerics suffered more grievously than lay folks, and a special bitterness was the lot of judges and prelates. There were some who cried out and lamented in their agonies; but more suffered patiently, in the great trust they had of coming to bliss everlasting. And the pains were lessened according as there were good deeds put up in "mede" for them, or by the suffrages of surviving friends.

In the second place of purgatory was a high hill, with a deep, dark, boggy valley on the remote side; and, in the lower part of the valley, a pond filled with black and horrible water of noisome stench. On one side of the hill was heat and burning, while on the other was great and indescribable cold. The poor souls were immersed in the stinking pond, then taken out and cast into the fire, to be borne up as sparks from a furnace and cast into the region of intolerable cold. The monk recognized many acquaintances here; but they were apparently smaller, as if "lessyd or thynnyde by tormentys."

Our monk, in describing the third place of punishment, seems to lack imaginative power to devise further refinements of agony. Over it hangs a cloud of brimstone fumes with black flames breaking out on

all sides. Here "wormys," belching forth cursed fire from their noses, are as thick as the rushes that strewed the floor in mediæval houses in the place of our modern carpets. The souls here are tormented by devils, who cast them into fires until they become liquid like molten metal. The punishment meted out to the perpetrators of a certain gross species of impurity shows perhaps the most graphic touch in the revolting realism of depiction.

The details of the punishments of certain specific sins in their crude appropriateness reminds us strongly of Dante, without suggesting even a remote possibility of plagiarism. Among those in pains was a bishop, who was wearing out the sins of a vicious youth. He was continually burning and tormented in other innumerable ways; but he was covered with a cloth which was never consumed, but ever became fairer and seemlier; and this for his compassion, while living, in clothing the naked.

The monk saw a knight who had overcome all his great pains and was "wele toward the joyes of paradise." On his wrist he carried a little bird like a sparrowhawk. The Brother marvelled to find him in purgatory, for he had been of virtuous life, charitable and benevolent; but he explained his presence there, with the hawk painfully tearing his hands, by reason of an inordinate love of hawking.

Henry II. of England was discovered seated on a horse which blew out of its mouth and nose a flame black as pitch, with a "smoke and stencche of helle"; he was enveloped in a suit of armor of white-hot metal. His saddle was covered with sharp spikes which penetrated his bowels. And this was his punishment for the shedding of human blood and adultery. He complained grievously that his sons and friends did nothing to gain his release. His only hope was in the prayers of religious to whom he had shown benevolence.

A pretty incident is that relating to a young monk who was a sacristan and of

* II. Tim. ii, 20, 21.

very devout life. Among his duties was to keep lights burning before the "ymages of our Blessyd Ladye Sent Marye." But there came a dearth of oil, and the sacristan through economy ceased to light the lamps. Ascension and Whit Sunday passed without any lights before the shrines. Suddenly the monk was stricken down and lost his reason. On the Saturday before his death he saw an apparition of the Blessed Virgin, who reproached him for neglecting her images. He begged her mercy; and then "oure Blessyd Ladye, hoys thretyng ys wont to be of mercy," asked him to sit down at her feet, and so vanished. The monk made a vow that the lamps should ever after be kept burning to the worship and praise of the glorious Virgin and "Moder of God." Soon after this he died, and passed to purgatory, to satisfy eternal justice for those minor infractions of the Rule that are like to befall the best of monks.

The Brother was greatly astonished to find in purgatory a goldsmith whom he had known in life. This goldsmith was given to drunkenness and died in that condition, so that many doubted the value of any prayers on his behalf, believing him to be lost. St. Nicholas bade the monk to speak to him, and the goldsmith told of his preservation from eternal loss by St. Nicholas. He had made a struggle without avail against his besetting sin of intemperance, and after a debauch would be at Matins the next morning and "oftyn tymes afore the parysh pryste." He kept a lamp continually burning before the altar of St. Nicholas, and provided other things for the adornment of the church. After a carousal following the Christmas festival, he died. In his extremity he invoked the aid of St. Nicholas, and he was sent to purgatory, where he was patiently bearing his pains with sure hope of final deliverance. He also told the monk that all who daily made on their foreheads and breasts, with their fingers, the words *Jesus Nazareus* should be preserved from sudden death.

After passing the three places of purgatory, St. Nicholas and the monk began to see a fair light and smelled sweet savors, which told them they were nearing paradise. Flowers of all kinds gave them "incredible and inestimable joy and comfort of pleasure." There were an infinite number of joyful souls who had passed through their period of purgation. As the blessed souls advanced through the fields of paradise, their robes, which were already spotless, became whiter and whiter. They also noted a representation of the Passion of our Blessed Lord. Farther on, there appeared a wall of crystal; and the portal in it was guarded by the cross, which was raised to admit the blessed souls. From the ground to the crystal wall were steps; and above, on a throne of joy, was seated Our Lord in the likeness of a man. This was not the high heaven of heavens, but only the gate; and the monk is warned by St. Nicholas: "Now thou must go again to thyself and to thine, and to the world's fighting. Truly thou shalt have and perceive the joys that thou hast seen, and much more, if thou continue and persevere in the dread of God." The monk then heard a solemn peal of bells of marvellous sweetness, as if all the bells in the world were ringing in the Easter in heaven, and awoke to find himself among his brethren.

The belief in purgatory held by this twelfth-century Benedictine in nowise differs from our own. Throughout there is the all-pervading sense of Eternal Justice. In every scene of woe there is the note of hope springing from good works that have gone before, and the prayers and good works offered up by relatives and friends as yet in the flesh. We can not do better than quote the words of the "Revelation" which specifically define purgatory:

"Full seldom it is in these days, in which almost all conditions of all men [are] gone out of kind, for the pure simplicity and innocentness of the very Church of God, that any man living in

this life keepeth or recovereth fully the equity and purity of the holy Gospel, the which till a man fulfill he may not dwell in heavenly places, neither shall rest in the Mount and Hill of Paradise of joy and bliss. Wherefore whatsoever thing of sin and uncleanness, contrary to equity and righteousness, cleaveth and resteth on the souls that pass hence out of this world, it shall be purged in another world; and so by their penance the way and path of a joyful resting shall be showed to them that be purged and cleansed; and so then, in places of rest, the entering of heaven and everlasting bliss full largely shall be opened to those souls for the perfect desire that they shall have there to see God. Soothly this only must be taken of those sins which, by their light quality, or else by confession and satisfaction done for them, be granted of God to be changed and counted among venial sins. For as touching those sins that be deadly, and not in this world by the remedy of confession and penance made light and venial, it is without doubt that a man shall be so presented in his judgment in the world that is to come as he is found in his living when he passeth out of this world."

Doubtless there are Catholics who will querulously raise the objection that the "Revelation" we have been considering is merely a literary curiosity. It is far more than this, for it can be read by any one with edification. Intrinsically, it has great merits when judged from a literary standpoint; but beyond this it is a work of deep spirituality. Another very cogent reason for this article is the fact that, as Catholics, we do not take sufficient interest in our own distinctive literature. It may safely be said that this "Revelation" is better known to Protestants than it is to Catholics; and, so far as the writer is aware, it is available only to general readers in an edition, faithfully edited, but marred by an introduction in which the doctrine of purgatory is gratuitously and bitterly assailed, making

it practically a prohibited work for the faithful.

Within its pages is the refutation of many a time-worn Protestant calumny. Enemies of the Church read Edgar's "Variations of Popery," and straightway declare that the doctrine of purgatory, prior to its definition at the Council of Florence in 1438, was a mere private opinion and not an authoritative dogma of the Church. No one after reading the "Revelation" could possibly assume that even as early as 1196 the dogma of purgatory was anything in the nature of an unauthorized speculation. The book has still another value in the side-light it throws on the life and conduct of a religious at a time when the monastic life is popularly supposed to have fallen below even pagan standards.

One final thought: more than seven hundred years have passed away since this unknown monk of Evesham painfully labored, in that "gronde of Ingelonde," to give to his countrymen a work of simple piety. Of the Abbey in which he wrought hardly one stone is left upon another. The Faith which moved him and inspired him, after being well-nigh quenched, is rising in a second spring; all else has changed, but the Faith of the monk of Evesham still abides and is ours to-day. Through all the vicissitudes of time and place, the Church, builded on the Rock, has endured changeless amid change, without a shadow of turning. And perhaps it might not be amiss if we said one little prayer for this poor monk of Evesham.

ONE of the things that keep us at a distance from perfection is, without doubt, our tongue. For when one has gone so far as to commit no faults in speaking, the Holy Spirit Himself assures us that he is perfect. And, since the worst way of speaking is to speak too much, speak little and well, little and gently, little and simply, little and charitably, little and amiably.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

Nameless and from Nowhere.

BY A. DEASE AND M. LACHESE.

X.

WHILST Anthony remained at home, his mother appeared to be indifferent to his engagement: she wanted to show him that she considered it beneath contempt. But as soon as he went away she broke down, and Fanchea was alarmed at the violence of her grief and anger. She had firmly persuaded herself that the mystery which surrounded Querida was a shameful one; and, now that she saw how useless her threat had been to shake Anthony's determination of marrying the girl, her one idea was to find out something about the past,—something that would make even Anthony see that marriage into such a family was impossible. It would cost a great deal of money to undertake the researches that she proposed, especially as they would have to be made as secretly as possible; for no breath of her name was to be whispered in connection with them. Then such a number of years had passed since the accident that it was really a forlorn hope to try to find out about the things that even at the time had remained a mystery.

To get these researches taken up without exciting any suspicions as to who had put them on foot, it was necessary to consult a lawyer,—not the respectable solicitor who did her ordinary business, but a less scrupulous member of the profession, and above all one who was a stranger to her. In order to do this a journey to Dublin was necessary, and the pretext of seeing a doctor served her purpose admirably.

Mrs. O'Malley had worked herself into such a fever over what she was about to do that she was incapable, before leaving home, of forming any settled plan of action. She did not even know how to set about finding the class of lawyer who would undertake such a case as hers. But at Limerick Junction she bought a

paper, with a vague idea of looking for the names of solicitors connected with cases that sounded as though they might have something shady about them.

During the last eighteen years she had often and often passed the scene of the fateful accident; but this morning she looked out for it with such concentration of feeling that it seemed as though she almost forced the thoughts of a lady and gentleman, the only other travellers in her carriage, in the same direction as her own.

"We must be getting near the place where that awful accident occurred about twenty years ago," she heard the man remark to his companion.

"You don't mean to say that it is twenty years ago?" replied the lady. "Dear me, how quickly time passes! But, Edward, I don't think it is as long ago as all that. Don't you remember—" She lowered her voice, and the remainder of the sentence was lost to Mrs. O'Malley.

"I can tell you the exact date, my dear!" the lady's husband replied, in a louder tone. "It will be nineteen years next August. I am not likely to forget, considering that it was in the Glan accident that scoundrel Severn was killed, after making off with the thousand pounds your Uncle Charles had just left us; and he is dead nearly twenty years."

As these words fell on Mrs. O'Malley's ears, she caught her breath; her heart suddenly stopped beating, and then went on, with a throb, so fast that the blood kept singing in her ears. Her fingers clinched themselves on the newspaper in her hand. She had allowed herself to become so possessed with the idea that Querida's father was an evil-doer of some kind that she took these casual words of her fellow-traveller, not even addressed to her, as referring for a certainty to the man to whom she wished them to apply. Her voice was strained and sounded unnatural in her own ears as she leaned forward in her place and questioned the speaker.

"Will you pardon me if I ask you to

tell me something more of the man of whom you were just speaking?" she said. "I am very much interested in the Glan accident, as some people I know were in it. The man you mentioned was a defaulting—"

"A defaulting solicitor," answered the gentleman. "Yes, it really was his fate pursuing him; for he had got as far as Queenstown, meaning to make off for America, when he found out somehow that he had been traced and that the steamers were all being watched. He managed to get into the train without being discovered; and then, as you know, a Power stronger than Scotland Yard decided his fate."

"He was escaping from his creditors?" asked Mrs. O'Malley.

"From his creditors and his dupes," replied the man, bitterly. "I myself had entrusted him with a thousand pounds belonging to my wife; for he was considered a clever financier, and stockbroking is not in my line. But that was a mere drop in the ocean of all he lost or went off with."

"Then he was a regular criminal?" said Mrs. O'Malley.

"Yes, of the worst kind," responded the other. "Certainly I believe he had lost in some speculation most of the money for which he was liable; but his wife's jewels were worth I don't know how much, and they took care to carry them off when they decamped."

"Then his wife was with him!" cried Mrs. O'Malley; and, had her companions looked at her, they would have seen that she was as pale as death, and that she trembled with suppressed excitement as she waited for the answer to her question.

"That is not known for certain," was the reply. "She left London with the children some days before there was any suspicion of things being wrong. It is supposed that she took the jewels with her, and that he was going to join her when he saw there was nothing but flight to keep him out of prison."

"And the children? Had they any children?"

"Yes: two, I think."

"And was nothing ever done to try to find this woman?"

"Yes, I fancy that at the time the creditors did all that they could. I know I was asked to give something toward the expense. But I don't think she could have been in the train, for all the women who were killed were identified. And, then, there were the children."

"Wasn't there only one?" asked Mrs. O'Malley, faintly.

"No: there were certainly two," said the lady. "I remember seeing a picture of Mrs. Severn and her baby; and there was also an elder boy, the son of a first wife."

"Ah!" Mrs. O'Malley drew a breath of relief. It seemed to her more and more certain that she was on the right track. Then another doubt crossed her mind. The lady had spoken of a first marriage, and certainly Julia had said that they were quite a young couple. "But he was not an old man, this Severn?" she asked presently.

"Oh, dear no!" replied the gentleman (again she breathed freely),—"a man in the prime of life—forty or forty-five, I should say,—certainly not a day more than fifty."

"Fifty! Oh, impossible!" she cried; and something in her voice made her companions look at her curiously.

"He was certainly forty-five," said the gentleman. "You seem very much interested in him."

"Yes, I am interested," replied Mrs. O'Malley, hurriedly. "I—until I heard you speak of him, I did not know how to get any information about him, as it is so long since the accident occurred. If you will tell me all you can about this man, I shall owe you a debt of gratitude."

"I am afraid I can tell you very little," said the stranger, rather stiffly; for there was something incomprehensible to him about this woman. "James Severn was

well known in London, and his wife was a leader amongst her own set. A clever woman she was, I believe, and knew how to forward her husband's schemes. They blamed her for part of his roguery. It was a disgraceful business altogether."

"And the jewels?" asked Mrs. O'Malley. "There were both diamonds and pearls, were there not?"

"That I can't tell you, but there must have been; for I know they were worth a lot of money, and those fellows invest more freely in diamonds than in any other stones."

"Then the ornaments could be identified, I presume?"

"Identified! Mrs. Severn had her head too well screwed on to have kept anything that would lead to her discovery. You may depend that anything that could have been traced was destroyed at once."

The train was beginning to slow up, and the gentleman rose to his feet.

"We are changing here, my dear!" he said to his wife; and then, turning again to Mrs. O'Malley, he apologized for interrupting her conversation.

"But, really, I can tell you nothing more about Severn," he concluded. "If you are anxious to find out more about him, your solicitor could easily look the case up; but, after such a length of time, it is hardly probable that any fresh light could be thrown on what is already known; and that, as I tell you, is little enough."

Little enough, yes; and, even hazily given as they were, the details did not all coincide with Mrs. O'Malley's wishes. This defaulting bankrupt's name was James, and Julia had always declared that the name she heard the dumb lady call her husband was a foreign one. Then it was said that there were no traces to be found of the wife and child, and yet the authorities all knew that Miss O'Malley had given shelter to Querida and her mother. But, on the other hand, was it likely that, in that unfortunate train, there were two men, with their

wives and children, who were not claimed by their friends? Certainly there were enough points of resemblance to make the clue well worth following up; and, as the train carried her on swiftly toward Dublin, Mrs. O'Malley began feverishly to work out a plan whereby, even if nothing were finally proved against Querida's parents, at least enough suspicion would be cast upon them to make her opposition to Anthony's marriage reasonable, and perhaps to raise such a barrier between the fiancés that, even if Anthony persisted in his folly, the girl herself might feel in conscience bound to refuse to bring such disgrace as hers into her lover's family.

The next difficulty that stood in Mrs. O'Malley's path was that she did not know to whom she could apply for the furtherance of her plan. Yet she was certain that there were men such as the one she needed, if only she knew where to look for them. Fortune had, up to this, favored her so unexpectedly that she was hopeful of further success; only she realized that it would take a longer time to settle everything, so that the blow should fall as she directed without any breath of suspicion coming upon herself. She was now so possessed with her idea that she put from her all scruples, not only in regard to the end in view, but also as to the means she took to obtain it. She wrote home that night and told Fanchea that her own doctor was absent, but that she had gone to another man, who said he would have to keep her in town for at least a week. And, once this letter was dispatched, she felt at liberty to devote herself to the real object of her journey.

XI.

The week of Mrs. O'Malley's visit to Dublin dragged out to nearly a fortnight; and when she returned home it did not seem as though her new doctor had been very successful in his cure. Fanchea declared that her mother looked worse than when she had gone away. But this was indignantly denied; and, after a

few days' rest, Mrs. O'Malley took up the ordinary routine of her life; and, except for a certain tension and nervous irritability that were attributed to her anxiety about Anthony, she appeared to be the same as usual.

Lady Burke had written to Miss O'Malley that she intended to stay for some time with her sister, whilst Dick made a round of visits; and there was nothing going on to help Fanchea to forget the trouble that her foolish impetuosity had brought upon herself. Even her occasional visits to Drinagh were discontinued; for her mother peremptorily forbade her to have any intercourse with Querida, and her aunt begged of her not to disobey. Looking back afterward to those quiet days, it seemed as though they had been the lull before the storm, and early in September the storm broke.

It was a market-day; and people from the country round, as well as most of the women of the village were either bargaining in the street or standing at their doors watching the business of their neighbors. The whistle of the mail train came softly up from the station, for the railway now ran to within a mile of Drinagh; and before very long the cars that had gone down in hopes of finding passengers came rattling back to the village. Two of them were empty; one carried the usual commercial traveller with his cases; and the last to arrive conveyed a stranger to the one small hotel of which the place could boast.

He was an unattractive-looking man, well dressed; though a close scrutiny would have betrayed the fact that his clothes had seen their palmiest days. His eyes were shifty and were placed near together, whilst his nose betrayed his kinship to the Jew men who prowled round the country, selling clothes on the weekly remittance system, with their eyes open for old furniture or brass work. He had arrived at the right moment, if he wished to attract attention; and as he got off his car and turned to question

the landlord of the hotel, there were some two dozen people at least watching and listening to him.

"No, I shall not want a room," he said in a loud voice. "But will you have some dinner ready for me when I have attended to a little business? I must get back to town by the night mail." Then, taking his black bag ostentatiously in his hand, he went on: "Can you tell me where Mrs. Severn and her daughter live?"

"Severn did you say?" repeated the landlord. "Severn? I never heard of them. They don't live in Drinagh, anyway."

"Yes, they do," returned the stranger, shortly. "I know that much for certain; and I must see them at once." He took out his pocketbook and seemed to be consulting it. "'Care of Miss O'Malley, Drinagh Lodge,' is the address," he said. "Now perhaps you can direct me."

"To the Lodge? Of course any child can do that," answered the landlord. "If you'd said it was Miss O'Malley you wanted, there would have been no difficulty at all. But you'll find no one at the Lodge, except herself and the ladies. There's no one in Drinagh of the name you mention."

"Nonsense!" retorted the stranger. "I know that Mrs. Severn is at Miss O'Malley's, so it is useless to pretend she isn't. Surely everyone in a little place like this must know everyone else. Even a stranger like Mrs. Severn, coming to a village under such circumstances as she did, and living here all those years, can not expect to hide herself forever."

It seemed as though he wanted to give all possible publicity to his errand; and if he had sought to make a sensation, he certainly succeeded.

"'Tis Miss Querida and her mother he's speaking of!" cried one of the self-invited audience; and suddenly the little crowd closed in around the stranger.

"Is it the dumb lady?" asked the landlord in a tone of awe.

"Dumb!" repeated the stranger. "She is dumb, is she—or pretends to be? Well,

her pretence won't have helped her much in the long run. But I have no time to waste here. Who will show me the way to the Lodge?"

But there was something in his tone that sounded menacingly in the ears of those whom Querida had befriended. One after the other shrank into the background; whilst those nearest the stranger turned away, mumbling some excuse or other.

"How far is it?" he asked the carman. "Ten minutes' walk you say? Well, drive me there, as no one seems inclined to show me the way."

He got on the car again, and the driver moved off half-heartedly. He could not well refuse a fare; still, he did not wish any more than the others to be the person to help any one who seemed to bear ill-will to Querida.

The whole village had by this time heard the news that the dumb lady had at last been found by her friends. Or were they *friends* who were seeking her? That was a question which gave rise to endless discussion. Certainly the stranger had not given the impression of great friendliness toward those whom he sought; yet, surely, if he brought the poor lady only a name, he was benefiting her; and how could one who was already practically penniless be injured any further than fate had already done?

As soon as the car had driven off, the crowd came back to the place where they had heard the news; as though, notwithstanding that their informant was gone, they expected to hear something more about this astonishing discovery. As newcomers passed by, there were half a dozen eager newsmongers longing to tell all they knew.

"There's Johnny Costello, that Miss Querida nursed last winter when he was down with the pains! Here, Johnny,—here's news for you. What do you think? Miss Querida's family is found after all these years!"

"Her family? You don't say so!" Johnny was quite as much astonished as

they hoped he would be. "Well, now to think of it! Thanks be to God!" And he reverently doffed his hat.

"There's Mrs. Martin!" chimed in another. "Miss Querida was in with her but yesterday. Mrs. Martin dear, did you hear that Miss Querida has a name of her own at last, as well as the best of us?"

And so it went on, the news spreading from one to another till there was scarcely any one who had not heard it; and the crowd began to disperse.

But, even so, the landlord had the joy of repeating his story once again, and this time it was to the most interested of all his auditors. Mr. Dillon was going slowly down to the church, where the baptism of the child of one of his chief workmen was to take place. He had promised to be godfather to the baby, and Querida was to be the godmother; and, as it was still a few minutes before the time, he was just looking up the road to see if his fellow-godparent was in sight, when the landlord's voice fell on his ears.

"Mr. Dillon! Mr. Dillon! Did you hear the news, sir? Did you hear that Miss Querida's family have found her, and that they have sent a man to take her and her mother home?"

So had the story grown. But Mr. Dillon heeded nothing beyond the main fact.

"What do you say?" he cried. "Why, Macan, what story is this you've got hold of at all?"

"'Tis no story: it is but the truth, sir," replied Macan. "Any of them will tell you the same as I. And the man himself is down at the Lodge this minute."

"But tell me exactly!" cried Mr. Dillon, impatiently. "Tell me all you know!"

"Well, it was this way, sir," began Macan, as though about to tell a long story; but, seeing his listener's face, he changed his mind and simply stated the facts as they had occurred.

Mr. Dillon listened with mingled feelings. At first his impulse had been to rejoice whole-heartedly. It did seem a wonderful dispensation of Providence

that, just when Querida's want of a name was putting the happiness of her whole life in jeopardy, her family should be found. Or was it possible that Anthony had been trying to solve the mystery and had succeeded? But, then, although Macan had no reason to give, he left the impression on his hearer's mind that this stranger had not come to Drinagh on an errand that boded well for those he sought. This second thought, however, Mr. Dillon dismissed as foolish. What harm could possibly come to Querida by the solving of the mystery that had hung as a cloud over her girlhood?

"You say the man who brought the news has gone up to the Lodge?" he asked. "In that case I think I will go up after him. I may be of some use, perhaps."

He would have liked to go without further delay, but he had promised to be at the baptism; and it was partly because he was never known to break his word that he had won the influence over his people which he enjoyed.

He saw the little group already waiting as he drew near the church; but whilst the priest was preparing for the ceremony he had time to kneel for a moment, and thank God for whatever was good in this new development in Querida's life; and at the same time he asked for help and protection for her in the future. Then, having explained that some one must stand proxy for the real godmother, who had been prevented from coming, he tried to put from him all thoughts except those in connection with the tiny being in whose name he was about to renounce the world, the flesh, and the devil.

In the meantime the stranger's car had stopped at the entrance to Drinagh Lodge. But before the gate-keeper had time to come out, the driver caught sight of a white figure coming down the avenue.

"There she is!" he said to the stranger, pointing with his whip. "There's Miss Querida, if it's her you're looking for."

"Stop here!" cried the man, springing from the car. "Wait for me over there."

And he pointed authoritatively to the shade on the other side of the road.

Querida was clad in the soft, banin flannel that was made in the mill, and on her head she wore a wide-brimmed shade hat. As she drew near the gate, she looked up, not without curiosity, at the black-coated figure that stood as though waiting for her on the road.

"This is luck!" murmured the man to himself, as he made sure the girl was alone.

He laid his hand on the gate, and it opened toward him. Querida thought for a moment that this was an act of politeness to her; and she was about to pass him by, with a word of thanks, when she saw that he had closed the gate quickly after him, and stood barring her way.

"I beg your pardon!" he said; and, though his words were civil enough, there was something in his tone that startled her. "Am I not right in thinking that you are Miss Severn?"

Querida drew back slightly, and a wave of color came to her face.

"No," she replied quietly, "that is not my name." And she made a movement as though to pass on. Then, seeing that he still held the gate so that she could not go out, she spoke somewhat haughtily: "Will you kindly let me open the gate?"

He did not move, but stood a moment looking at her.

"I think you are Miss Severn," he said, rather sneeringly.

With a sudden pang, not unmixed with fear, it occurred to Querida that she could not say for certain that any name by which she might be addressed was not hers.

"I—" she faltered,—"I—"

"Well, I know that Mrs. Severn and her daughter are living here," the man went on slowly, as though he enjoyed the growing terror in the girl's eyes. "They have been living here" (he seemed to be studying his notebook) "for the last eighteen and a half years,—ever since Mr. Severn was killed in the railway accident at Glan."

Querida stretched out her hands and

grasped the iron of the gate for support. Her face was deathly white, and it was only with an effort that she kept standing upright. It had come! After long years, the information that she had yearned for, had prayed for, had come! The mystery she had rebelled against so often was about to be dissolved! And yet why was it that, instead of joy, a feeling of terror had almost overpowered her?

"You are Mr. Severn's daughter," went on the stranger, relentlessly. "It is useless to deny it, for I have the proofs." And again his notebook came to the fore.

"My father was killed at Glan, if that is what you mean," came the reply from Querida's white lips.

"I knew I was right," said the man. "Well, now, Miss Severn, I have a little business to transact with you—or, rather, I should say with your mother. I suppose I shall find her at home?"

He moved from the gate, sure now that she would not try to escape from him; and Querida, thinking he was going to the house, sprang forward and laid her hand upon his arm.

"My mother is an invalid," she said. "Will you tell me what it is that you want with her, for she never sees strangers—"

"She will have to see me," replied the man. "I have several little things to remind her of."

"It is impossible for you to see her!" cried Querida, overcoming her own fears in her desire to protect her mother. "She—she can not speak; her memory has been affected ever since—since the accident. It would kill her if you spoke to her as you have spoken to me. If you don't believe me, I only ask you to wait until I can send to the village for the doctor. He will tell you that I am speaking nothing but the truth. Explain to me your errand. If it is possible, I will speak of it to my mother; but I tell you we can give you no information as to the past. I do not know, and she has quite forgotten."

Even as she spoke she was debating within herself whether she ought to call the lodge-keeper and have the man delayed until her mother, who, she guessed, was in her favorite seat under the weeping willow, was safely hidden in the house. But if she were to call aloud, it might only make her mother herself come to her; and she had to rely on her own powers of persuasion.

"For God's sake," she said brokenly, "tell me first,—tell me everything, and let me break it to my mother! If you are a friend, or come to us from friends, surely you can not refuse what I ask. And even if it is an enemy who has found us and who seeks for information from us, what use will it be to kill the only one of us who knows of the past? I assure you solemnly that any shock may kill my mother; or, if it does not cause her death, it will certainly make her lose her reason."

"Well, I haven't over and above time to waste," said the man. "But, if you insist, I will tell you first; only I shan't leave the place without seeing Mrs. Severn, too. I warn you of that."

A few moments' respite was something to have gained; and, with a strong effort at self-control, Querida replied quietly:

"Tell me first, and then if it is possible I will let you see my mother."

There was a bench at a little distance from the gate; and Querida, feeling she could stand no longer, moved toward the seat, and motioned to the stranger to follow her.

(To be continued.)

At Sight of Mary.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

HOWEVER thick be doubt's enshrouding gloom,

I keep my Mother Mary still in sight,

And thrill with hope that she will guide me right,—

As thrilled the Baptist in his mother's womb.

Tyburn Tree.

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

I.

TWO great thoroughfares run westward out of London, divided by Hyde Park. On its south side, the broad highway through Kensington and Hammersmith is the old Bath Road. On the north side, the prolongation of Oxford Street by the Bayswater Road is the line of the old road by Uxbridge to Oxford. Where this road passes by the northeast corner of the Park, there is a great open space, one of the busiest centres of traffic in all London. The "Marble Arch," built on the lines of a Roman triumphal arch, stands on the left as one goes toward the country. Southward runs Park Lane, with its palatial houses of peers and South African millionaires looking out on the lawns and avenues of the Park. Northward stretches the long, straight business thoroughfare of Edgware Road, built along the course of one of military roads made by the Romans in ancient Britain. The open space, once marking the junction of country cross-roads, but now in the midst of busy streets, was for long centuries a spot marked not only by the crossroads but by something else. Before London spread so far, a little stream ran down beside the Edgware Road. This stream, or "burn," has been long arched over, and is now a drain hidden deep under the wood pavement. It used to be called the Tyburn; and on its bank, in the midst of the open space, was the place of execution for London, far out among the green fields and hedges, on the margin of the wild hunting ground now trimmed into a park.

Few of those that pass by realize that this busy centre of traffic is one of the most blood-stained spots in the whole world. Here in the long centuries, that ended when the triple gallows of "Tyburn Tree" was removed in 1783, some fifty thousand human beings died by the executioner's

hands. Thousands were put to death for offences that would be punished in our more merciful days by a fine or a brief imprisonment. Many were no doubt the victims of judicial errors, but most were criminals to a greater or less degree. Death at Tyburn meant the shameful close of a misspent life for most of those who suffered there. Among those fifty thousand victims, however, there were not a few whose death was no shame but a triumph. Some of their names are known only to Heaven. But many of those names are held in world-wide veneration.

For their sake Tyburn is to Catholics not a word that brings up visions of horror, but the name of a holy place. Close by, looking down on the ever-flowing stream of traffic, stands Tyburn Convent, where the Blessed Sacrament is continually exposed for the worship of those who come to pray for the reaping of the harvest sown close by in the blood of these martyrs,—for the conversion of England, whose flag decorates the convent altar.

It is for the sake of these martyr memories that many Catholics will take up with more than ordinary interest a history of "Tyburn Tree,"* issued a year or two ago by a London publisher. It is the work of a non-Catholic, Mr. Alfred Marks. I have had the pleasure of numbering him among my friends for years, and I could easily recall the many times I have heard him express his respect and admiration for things Catholic. But I prefer to mention instead a former work of his. Three years ago he published a remarkable book on certain aspects of the "Popish Plot" of the reign of Charles II. It was entitled "Who Killed Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey?" and was written in reply to a work in which an attempt had been made to bolster up Oates' story, to show that there was some truth in the alleged plot, and that Godfrey must have been murdered, and was probably murdered by Catholics. Mr. Marks made a very thorough investigation, and

* "Tyburn Tree: Its History and Annals," By Alfred Marks.

was able to bring to bear on the question new evidence. In fact, he reopened the inquest on Godfrey. He took the facts, sworn to before the coroner two centuries ago, as to the finding and condition of the corpse, and submitted them to no less an authority than Dr. Freyberger, the expert repeatedly consulted by the British Government on mysterious murder cases. The result was new proof that Godfrey must have committed suicide. He told the subsequent story of the plot, and this was how he ended his account of the execution:

Dr. Plunket was the sixteenth victim of the fraud and delusion known as the Popish Plot,—the sixteenth who perished on the scaffold directly in connection with charges arising out of the plot. Of all these victims, one alone, Coleman, can be supposed to have been engaged in any kind of plot; and that, whatever it was, can not, on the widest and loosest assumption, be brought into connection with the plot imagined by Oates and Tonge. One has read a lament that these victims, though innocent, were uninteresting. If we find them so, the fault is surely in ourselves. The victim of a mere judicial error ought to have interest for all,—an interest which should deepen when the victim has suffered judicial murder. Not one of these victims, from the humble cushion-man to the peer of the realm, from the gate porter to the learned divine, but could have saved his life and received large reward, if he would but have adopted a narrative prepared by one of Shaftesbury's ready writers, and sworn away the lives of his fellowmen. One and all resisted the temptation, and went to their doom pardoning their false accusers. All except one were Catholics; but we can not concede to Catholics alone the right to hold in veneration the memory of these men. The constancy and fortitude with which they suffered did something to open men's eyes, and to bring to an end a series of horrible crimes. They died in the cause of truth and justice,—a cause eternal, above all dogmas, all religions. They belong not to a community, but to humanity.

I quote these words to show from what standpoint this non-Catholic writer holds in honor the martyrs of the English persecution. One feels that they express the thoughts of a generous-minded lover of historical truth. In page after page of his terrible annals of Tyburn one finds the outspoken expression of his horror

at cruelty and injustice; and, as one would expect, he shows his admiration for the long array of heroic priests and lay folk who died a cruel death at Tyburn Tree for their fidelity to the Faith of old England; and, incidentally, he writes a scathing condemnation of the methods of the so-called Reformers and their systematic plunder of the poor.

Until a few years ago, the English Statute Book was dishonored by a law providing for the dismemberment of the dead bodies of culprits executed for high treason. The earlier law, modified little more than a century ago, was still more brutal; for it directed that the victims of a condemnation for treason should be hacked to pieces after they had been half hanged and cut down alive. The idea of giving an easy and quick ending to even the worst of criminals under sentence of death is the outcome of the general progress of humane ideas in modern times. Some of the old savagery still lingers even among civilized men, as one unhappily sees by records of the exploits of Judge Lynch. But the general feeling of modern men is that even the prison should be a reformatory; that if a criminal must die, he should not be tormented. In old days the prison was only a place of detention before trial, and for almost every offence death was the penalty. The petty thief went to the gallows beside the murderer. Then men, cruelly but quite logically argued that if even minor felonies were to be punished with death there were crimes for which hanging was too good an end. Treason against the State was one of them. But it was the disgrace of the English Reformers that they extended the law of treason so as to bring under it fidelity to the old Faith of their country, and sent men to a hideously cruel death because they were priests or had harbored a priest.

There was the further atrocity that these promoters of the new religion made a practice of secretly torturing their Catholic prisoners, though there was never a

time when such use of torture was allowed by English law. This is perfectly clear,—so clear that Mr. Marks is even able to quote a curious passage in condemnation of torture from the writings of Sir Thomas Smith, Elizabeth's Secretary of State. Smith undoubtedly racked prisoners, yet he writes:

Torment or question, which is vsed by the order of the ciuill lawe and custome of other countries, to put a malefactor to excessiue paine, to make him confesse of himselfe, or of his fellowes or complices, is not vsed in England, it is taken for seruile. . . . The nature of our nation is free, stout, haulte, prodigall of life and blood; but contumelie, beatings, seruitude, and seruile torment and punishment it will not abide.

Burghley defended the use of torture; though Coke, the great jurist of the seventeenth century, protested against it. "There is no law," he wrote, "to warrant tortures in this land, nor can they be justified by any prescription being so lately brought in." Yet, while clearly illegal, torture was the ordinary method of examining Catholic prisoners. Some of the instruments used for the purpose are still to be seen in the Tower of London. The first time I saw them, the warder who showed them explained that they were "instruments of torture of the Spanish Inquisition captured from the Armada,"—a belated echo of Sir Thomas Smith's lying boast that torture was no part of the institutions of his own "free nation."

There was not much freedom for the English nation in "the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth" or of her father, Henry VIII. Honest historical research has in recent years dealt some hard blows to the popular Protestant tradition that "bluff King Hal" and "good Queen Bess" gave England freedom and prosperity, together with an open Bible and a Heaven-sent Reformation. As for freedom, it is becoming more and more evident that the change was less a religious movement than a political revolution, which could have been carried through only under absolute government, and which swept

away the last barriers to that absolutism. The sovereign now claimed rights over men's souls as well as their bodies, over their thoughts as well as their actions. A servile nobility was bound to the crown by being given its share of the property of the Church and the common people. The once free yeomanry of England became little better than rack-rented serfs; there was a wholesale plunder of the wealth held in trust for the poor and for education. A non-Catholic historian, startled at the terrible facts revealed by a first-hand study of the records of the time, has called the English Reformation the "great pillage."

Mr. Marks brings out the facts in a boldly-drawn picture of the time. Why should he tell the story of the Reformation, even briefly, in a history of Tyburn Tree? If this question is asked, the answer is plain enough. This blood-stained gallows of Tyburn was a main instrument of the Reformation. In the days of what Dr. Gardiner has well called the "English Reign of Terror," the hangman of Tyburn was one of the chief agents employed to spread the new light. He was kept busy enough in stringing up scores of wretches driven to theft by the ruin of the country; but he had a higher office in executing the dread sentence for so-called treason on men whose crime was that they would not be traitors to the highest law. The Reformation was supposed to bring freedom of thought to England. There was freedom only for those who were brave enough to remember that no tyranny can bind the souls of men who are ready to face death for conscience' sake. The rest grovelled before the crowned apostasy of the day. There were mis-called nobles who changed their religion more than once at the beck of the government to preserve their ill-gotten gains. Far nobler were the peasants of the north and west and east of England, who died fighting for altar and hearth against the mercenaries imported from the Continent to quell with fire and sword all murmurings against the change.

Mr. Marks tells how even some of the preachers of the new religion were horrified at the state of things that followed its introduction. Quoting from one of the men of the time, he notes that—

Henry Brinklow, Puritan of Puritans, admits that, "but for the Faith's sake," it had been more profitable for the commonwealth that the abbey lands had remained in the hands of those "imps of Antichrist," the abbeyes and nunneries. "For why? Theii neuer inhansted their landys [raised the rents] nor toke so cruel fynes as doo our temporal tyrauntes."

Then Mr. Marks goes on to say:

The governing classes—themselves atheistic, ready to change their professed religion as often as was necessary to keep their grip on the lands stolen from the people—played on the fanaticism of a section of the people by means of imported preachers of the new doctrine, sharked up in every corner of Europe. When the commons, oppressed beyond endurance, rose at last in revolt, they were butchered in thousands by foreign mercenaries, the first seen in England for centuries.

The guilds (lay associations of men and women banded together for mutual help) were among the oldest things in England,—older than King Alfred. They were the precursors of the modern trades unions and benefit societies, but wider in their constitution, embracing various classes, and more human in their administration. These, too, were swept away. The very hospitals were seized, the sick thrust forth.

The dispossessed people wandered about, workless, aimless, foodless. . . . The Slave Act of the first year of Edward VI, made it lawful to brand an Englishman on the forehead with the mark of slavery, "to putt a rynge of iron about his necke, arme or his legge, for a more knowledge and suretie of the kepinge of him." In 1547, Ascham about the time he was appointed tutor to Elizabeth, wrote: "The life now lived by the greatest number is not life but misery,"—words which a modern writer has said should be inscribed over the century as its motto.

The breaking up of small farms, the substitution of pasture for tillage, the land-grabbing of the nobles, the evictions of the commons, had begun in the years just before the Reformation. This shows how ready the new hangers-on of the court were for plunder. But the "great pillage" began with the suppression of the monasteries; and then came the raids

on pious foundations of all kinds,—trustees for "God's poor" as they are called in old charters; for the State-kept pauper was a post-Reformation invention. There was a rising deluge of poverty all over England. Many drifted to London. Despite the statutes that made flogging, branding and finally hanging the penalties of vagrancy, the roads were covered with tramps and beggars. "And because they will not begge, some of them doth steale, and then they be hanged," is the grim remark of a contemporary. "It was the great time of Tyburn," says Mr. Marks.

Latimer in one of his sermons alludes to the increasing number of executions. Sessions had to be held every fortnight in London to clear out the prisons; and after each assize scores were conveyed to the gallows by the western crossroads. So the gibbet, with its frequent burden of strangled wretches, looms up as a type and proof of the blessings brought to the commons of England by the glorious Reformation. Worse thieves there were than the small pilferers who died at Tyburn. They swaggered and ruffled it in silk and satin and jewels, in the courts and camps of the Reforming Tudors, rich in the plunder of abbey, sacristy, hospital, and almshouse. Our histories of England name some of them as the "worthies," the heroes of the days of Henry and Elizabeth; and it will be long before the truth revealed by honest research into the records of the time passes into popular currency. But sooner or later it will be generally recognized that the makers of the new State Church of England were a band of courtly robbers. And they made their plunder safe by systematic bloodshed and cruelty. We shall see what light the story of Tyburn Tree throws on this aspect of their work.

(To be continued.)

IF we have not quiet in our minds, outward comfort will do no more for us than a golden slipper on a gouty foot.—*Bunyan*.

Miss Schuyler's Decision.

BY FLORENCE GILMORE.

THE two pale, sweet-faced little nuns, with their rusty black habits and cotton umbrella, looked strangely out of place amid the splendor of Miss Schuyler's drawing-room. As they waited for her to come downstairs, they sat ill at ease on the edge of their chairs, exchanging a few words now and then, but silent for the most part. The elder of the two, whom her companion called "Mother," seemed to be greatly troubled about something. Her hands lay folded quietly in her lap; but her face was anxious, and her lips moved in prayer except when she was interrupted by some question or obvious remark from her more talkative and less burdened companion.

Miss Schuyler dressed with more haste than care, tucked a five dollar bill under her belt, and hurried downstairs and into the drawing-room. She welcomed the Sisters most graciously; and apologized for having kept them waiting, as amiably as if they had not called at an unseasonable hour and just as she was about to rest after a fatiguing morning.

The three were hardly seated before the timid little superior broached the subject that lay heavy on her heart.

"We had a special reason for calling to-day, Miss Schuyler. We—we are in great need, great trouble." Her voice trembled a little, and her blue, almost childlike eyes were very appealing as she raised them to Miss Schuyler's face. "We have had to make some improvements in our building this spring. The dormitory in which the little children sleep was ill-ventilated and crowded. The doctor insisted on our having more windows cut. Then—then—" Again she faltered; but, after a slight pause, went on bravely: "We have fallen behind with the grocer's bill and the baker's. Children are so hungry, especially the little boys; and we

have nearly two hundred to care for now. It doesn't take much for us, but *they*—" and she stopped short, throwing up her hands with an expressive gesture that was very French.

The two nuns fixed their eyes on Miss Schuyler, trying to read her answer in her face. It was not reassuring. The truth was that at the moment she herself was pressed for money. Only a few weeks before she had paid for extensive repairs in a number of houses which belonged to her,—repairs which consumed several months' rent; and four or five of her storerooms had long been vacant. During the uncomfortable silence which followed the Sister's appeal, Miss Schuyler's frown deepened.

Both nuns looked crestfallen; and the one who had spoken before added timidly, with a suspicious moisture gathering in her eyes:

"You have always been so good to us, Miss Schuyler. We don't know any one else to go to."

"What do you owe, Mother?" Miss Schuyler asked by way of answer. She was resolved to be as kind and generous as she could without seriously inconveniencing herself.

"Thirteen hundred dollars," the nun faltered almost inaudibly.

"Thirteen hundred dollars!" repeated Miss Schuyler in dismay. She had imagined that the Mother would say about a third of that sum; for she knew of old how great a little money was in the eyes of the poor Sisters. She said no more for at least half a minute; and again the nuns watched her anxiously, the Mother once more praying earnestly.

Miss Schuyler was battling with herself. She had arranged to go away with a party of intimate friends, and had laid aside fifteen hundred dollars for the expenses of the trip. She was looking forward to it with great eagerness and pleasure. It would be a treat indeed for one of her lonely, if luxurious, life to be closely associated with her most congenial

friends for weeks at a time. But she could not afford to go away that summer, if she helped materially in raising the debt which weighed so heavily on those overburdened religious.

She hardened her heart deliberately. "What business is it of mine if these foolish, shortsighted nuns have run into debt?" she said to herself, conscious that she was being unjust. She raised her eyes and looked over at the Mother, intending to say that she could help her very little; for she, too, was pushed for money.

She caught the pleading, almost tearful, glance of the meek little superior. She could see, too, just above her head, a portrait of her only brother, painted when he was a charming, sunny-faced boy of twelve. "I'll offer the sacrifice for him," she thought, changing her mind with lightning-like rapidity. Then she said aloud:

"I am going to give you fifteen hundred dollars, Mother. It will pay your debts and leave a little over to start you afresh."

"O Miss Schuyler!" The Mother fairly sobbed, the sudden relief and joy proving too much for her. "God will surely bless you. Our little ones shall pray to Our Lady for you every day. It is the only thank-offering in our power to make."

Six weeks passed, and spring had blossomed into summer. The 1st of June came,—the day on which Miss Schuyler's friends were to start, leaving her behind to face a long, dreary summer in the heat of the city.

All day Miss Schuyler felt irritable, disgruntled,—an unusual thing for her, who was ordinarily most placid. She was glad, even thankful, that she had given the money to the needy Sisters: she would do it again, she told herself. Nevertheless, she could not stifle her natural regret as she saw her friends set forth in great glee with the prospect of a delightful holiday ahead of them.

That evening she sat, alone and lonely, in a corner of the great porch that almost encircled the old house. She was appalled

at the thought of the months which stretched out uninvitingly before her, forgetting that she would have to face but one day at a time,—or, rather, one hour at a time. She sighed heavily, then gave herself a little admonitory shake, and looked toward the street with forced interest. She was surprised to see that a man was leaning over the low stone wall which inclosed her grounds. He seemed to be looking intently at the house, which was in utter darkness as far as could be seen from the front, the only lights being in the kitchen and the servants' sitting-room in the rear. Miss Schuyler herself was in the deep shadow, and she knew that he could not see her in her black dress.

The minutes lagged by, and still the man stood there; and still he scanned the house from attic to cellar, until Miss Schuyler became nervous. Even in the dim light of the summer twilight she saw that he was shabby, almost ragged in his dress, and very, very thin. She took him to be a tramp. Then, observing him more closely, she noticed that he leaned heavily against the wall, as if he were weak or ill and in need of support.

As time passed and the man did not move on, but continued to lean on the wall, she concluded that he was indeed ill and in need of assistance, and that her fear of him was ridiculous. "He could not hurt me if he wished to," she thought. "People are passing up and down continually—there is a carriage now!—and it is early—hardly eight o'clock." She rose and hurried down the walk leading to the gate near which he stood.

The man had shifted his position, and was bent over the wall with his head buried in his hands. He could not see her approach, neither did he hear the soft rustle of her silken skirts.

"I am afraid that you are ill. Can I do anything for—" She never finished her sentence.

The man started violently at the first sound of her low voice, and raised a face deathlike in its pallor.

"Arthur!" she exclaimed.

He drew himself up proudly, but swayed weakly, and had to cling to the wall for support.

"You need not be afraid, Ellen, that I'm here to annoy you in any way. I came to the city yesterday, bound for the hospital. I am going there to-morrow morning; but I thought that I must get one glimpse of home—before I die. I have always loved the dear old place because father and mother built it and were so proud of it. I suppose—in fact, I know—that it was my own fault that I was driven away; but it can do no good to go over that matter. Good-bye, Ellen! I would not have hung about here to-night had I guessed that you were at home. I took it for granted that you would be away and the house closed."

He straightened his old hat, which was sadly awry, and turned to leave her.

"O Arthur, don't, don't go! Won't you stay with me?" she pleaded. "I'm all alone and so lonely! I have watched for you for years. And you're weak and suffering!"

"Surely, Ellen, you don't mean that you *want* me," he said incredulously, afraid to believe that he heard aright.

"Yes, yes, Arthur! Why, father and mother wanted you long before they died. They felt that they had been too hard on you. You were young. Their last words were loving messages for you."

It was too much joy for the almost dying man. He tried to say something but the words refused to come, and he covered his face with his trembling hands and sobbed uncontrollably. And those tears washed away the bitterness which had corroded his soul for years.

A week passed. The doctors had been in constant attendance at Arthur's bedside since the night when his sister had supported him into the house; but from the first they had said that they could not save him. Miss Schuyler hung over his pillow, lavishing on him every possible token of her deep sisterly affection, which

had been starved during fifteen years.

One day he lay for a long time looking at an exquisitely carved ivory crucifix which hung near his bed. At last he turned his tired eyes toward his sister.

"Ellen, are *you* a Catholic?"

"Yes, Arthur, thank God!" And she added, though she feared the news might agitate him: "father and mother were both received into the Church shortly after I was and several years before father died."

She longed to urge him to follow in their footsteps,—longed to try to explain to him a little; but she hesitated, afraid that she might unsettle what faith he had, when he was too weak and suffering to fight his way to the Truth.

He lay silent for some time before he motioned her to come close to him; and when she bent over him he whispered haltingly:

"I think, Ellen, that I would like to see one of your priests before I die. For a year or two I've had a yearning to be a Catholic. I know pretty well what you believe—" He paused, panting for breath; but after a few seconds went on again, in a voice so faint that his sister caught the words with difficulty: "I've been so miserably ill, and so bitter against all the world, that I didn't—couldn't—think much about such things. But now you have made me so comfortable and so happy and peaceful, Ellen dear, that—that I can see things more plainly than I ever did before. Do you think the priest would come to-day—this morning?"

And Miss Schuyler nodded. Her heart was too full for words.

Three days later Arthur Schuyler died most peacefully, slipping away to God with the faith and confidence of a little child who goes to meet a loving and merciful father. And to this day his sister shudders when she thinks of what would have happened had she kept for her own pleasure the money that won the orphans' prayers of gratitude before Our Lady's altar.

A Visitant from Purgatory.

THAT God in His mercy occasionally permits the souls of the faithful departed to impress the living with vivid reminders of the other world and of the need which the inmates of Purgatory have of prayers is abundantly clear from a number of well-authenticated incidents,—among others, that of “The Dead Hand of Foligno.”* A more recent occurrence of a similar character took place in Normandy, and is vouched for by a priest who is still living—the Abbé Jean Hay,—nephew of one of the persons concerned.

Louise Chauvieres, born at St. Martin-de-Landilles, on “the fifth Frimaire, the year IX. of the French Republic,” and married to Jean Le Sénéchal (born at Ducey, April 8, 1806, died at Ducey, May 28, 1873). Before her death she made her husband promise that he would have Masses said and prayers offered up for her repose. The husband failed to fulfil his promise, and shortly afterward he heard at night in his house strange noises and saw what appeared to be shadows moving about. He mentioned the noises and the shadows to one of his neighbors, Marie Tullet, wife of Paul Gaubert; but she repeatedly laughed them to scorn.

The noises and the sights continued, off and on, up to January, or February, 1875. One night in either the former or latter month, the vision or shadow, up to that time cloudy and vague, took on a definite form. A woman was seen in the midst of a fire. “She was burning,” said Sénéchal, “as if in a fire of tow.” The fire began at the waist and enveloped the whole upper portion of the body. Sénéchal at once recognized his dead wife, Louise.

“What do you want of me?” he asked.

“I come to beg Masses and prayers. You promised to have them said and you have not done so.”

“I have no money for the offering.”

“Ask my daughter. She will give you some.”

“She wouldn’t believe that the money I asked her for was really intended for Masses for you.”

“Yes, she will believe you; for I am going to give you a proof that will strengthen your request.”

Then, raising one of her arms, she approached her husband and placed her hand upon the nightcap he was wearing. Sénéchal took off the cap and saw that it was burned in five places. Louise had disappeared. At the same hour Madame Gaubert, who had so often ridiculed his “visions,” saw his garden “lit up as if by a fire,” and a human form, seemingly wrapped in flames, crossing it. Very strongly impressed by the sight, Madame Gaubert took to her bed soon afterward, languished for several months, and died.

Jean Le Sénéchal asked the prayers of the Trinitarian Sisters of Ducey. At their request, their chaplain, Canon Mauduit (now Dean of Ducey), said a number of Masses, and the Sisters and other pious persons offered the Stations of the Cross for the soul of his wife. And then there was an end both to the noises and the visions. Sénéchal died four years later, November 30, 1879.

A farmer named Dubois, a resident of Ducey, wished to know whether the marks on Sénéchal’s nightcap were really burns; and, on examining the stain corresponding to the thumb, found that the material tore with a readiness that convinced him it *had* been burned.

While we are not aware that any ecclesiastical investigation of the foregoing incident was ever ordered, and, accordingly, do not cite it as a proven miracle, there is no reason to doubt its actual occurrence. Not all the supernatural favors, cures, prodigies, wonders, and miracles that happen from year to year—or, better, from day to day—are taken cognizance of by the Church; but they happen, nevertheless.

* See THE AVE MARIA, Vol. xxxix, 1894.

Builders on Sand.

THERE is one class of sectarian preachers that no person, we should think, could take very seriously—ministers of the Gospel, as they call themselves, who, while disclaiming dogmatism yet proclaiming their acceptance of the Old and New Testaments, profess a faith of their own. And they will have it that they get their religion from the Bible; they study it, and preach from it,—the most dogmatic collection of books known to the world. Such a preacher is the Rev. Edward D. Gaylord, who has just become pastor of a Congregational church in Chicago. This is how he stated his beliefs—or lack of beliefs—to the council of brother preachers assembled to sanction his installation: “The question is not whether Christ was human or divine: the question is whether we can accept His life and follow Him.” The absurdity of this statement is thus pointed out by the editor of the leading daily newspaper of Chicago—the *Inter Ocean*:

So we may imagine the friends of Socrates, if they had attempted to form a church or continuing organization to preserve his teachings and gather adherents to them, saying: “The question is not whether Socrates’ teaching was merely human or was inspired of God: the question is whether we believe Socrates was so good a man that upon his life we resolve to model our own.”

The friends of Socrates didn’t form a church; probably they had too much sense to try, having nothing to go upon—having no platform or creed—except their admiration for Socrates as a good man.

We have no wish to censure Mr. Gaylord: we merely remark that no continuing human organization ever has been built up on a mere human personality, no matter how admired or how admirable. There must be some principle, some foundation stone of faith, that abides when the personality passes beyond human touch or knowledge.

The avoidance of creeds is a modern shibboleth, but think of a minister of the Gospel who dismisses as of no importance—as “not the question”—the very foundation stone of Christian faith!

Notes and Remarks.

THERE are times in the history of the Church—and perhaps our day is one of them—when the average Catholic, to prevent his lapsing into pessimism, needs to remind himself of Christ’s promise that the gates of hell shall not prevail against her. Studying the evident trend of events in France, Spain, Portugal, and Italy, one feels that, as a merely human institution, the Church would inevitably suffer in these countries irreparable defeat. But the Church is not merely human, it is especially and essentially a divine institution. Apropos of which, the *London Catholic Times* aptly remarks:

When Rome was wrested from the Pope in 1870, Lord Ellenborough wrote, apparently with regret, that respect for the Pontiff would not survive the loss of independence. He did not realize the nature and power of the Papacy when he wrote thus; nor had he studied its history as profoundly as might have been wished. Anyhow, facts since that time have proved the superiority of the Papacy to human institutions. Though the conspirators against Christianity in Italy and elsewhere rage, respect accumulates round the throne of Pius X. as the years go on. A short time ago a few words of his convulsed Germany. Other words of the Pope have disturbed France and Spain. Truly the influence he exercises is a wonderful phenomenon, and should suggest to all who can read it the lesson that the Papacy is indestructible. Its opponents, it is true, are declaring that its power is passing away,—or, rather, they prophesy that it *will* pass away. These enemies of the Pope are very fond of the future; they are always foretelling what will happen in forty, fifty, or a hundred years’ time. For the activity of the Pope in the present they console themselves by imagining a future in which he will have no successors. Were they capable of reading the teachings of history, they would perceive that there is in the Papacy a marvellous tenacity of life,—an undying and invincible strength.

Spain may follow Portugal as Portugal has followed France in its warfare on the Sovereign Pontiff and what he represents; yes, and Italy may join the procession of recalcitrant Catholic powers. But there is no doubt possible that Popes will be

ruling the everlasting Church when Italy and France and Portugal and Spain have run the allotted course of all empires and kingdoms and republics, and survive only as names and memories.

The bronze statue of Father Corby by Mr. Samuel Murray, at Gettysburg, which was dedicated last month with appropriate ceremonies, and in presence of some survivors of the Irish Brigade and several thousand interested spectators, including many relatives and friends of the soldiers who composed it, stands on a natural boulder on South Hancock Avenue. Father Corby is represented in the act of imparting general absolution to the soldiers of the Brigade as they were about to rush to the relief of Gen. Sickles, on the second day of the battle. Besides being an enduring memorial of the devotedness of Catholics to the Union cause, this statue commemorates the most striking act of religion ever performed on an American battlefield. A tablet fixed to the rock upon which the statue stands bears this simple inscription:

To the Memory of Rev. Father William Corby, C. S. C., Chaplain 88th Regiment New York Infantry, 2d Brigade, 1st Division, 2d Corps. The Irish Brigade, July 2, 1863.

In an interesting paper, "Fifteen Years' Work in a Convict Prison," contributed to the *Nineteenth Century* by the Duchess of Bedford, this argument is adduced for the employment of educated women as lady superintendents in large institutions, such as inebriates' reformatories, homes for the feeble-minded, and prisons which are devoted exclusively to women:

Even the most ignorant and degraded persons are impressed by the concentration of mind, moral force, and broad human sympathies which are rightly associated with the term "educated." An influence should be at work to lift them, so far as it is possible, to a higher plane. In kindred institutions abroad, a woman of superior education usually superintends the inmates; and the absence of such a power for good would constitute, from the point of view of foreign authorities, a grave defect. It is

sometimes erroneously supposed that moral and spiritual forces make no appeal to the class under consideration; but I incline to the belief that close acquaintance with the subject would lead to a different conclusion. The human spirit, softened and rationalized by gratitude and affection, is, moreover, seldom incapable of response to a still Higher Influence. A distinguished medical authority has said that "religion is the great force that makes for sanity"; and the observation, interpreted in its widest sense, is constantly verified by those engaged in a work which, without this clue, must seem an almost hopeless wilderness of suffering, darkness, and distress.

The experience of those who have had anything to do with Houses of the Good Shepherd, or other semi-penal institutions under the direction and control of Sisters, points to the same conclusion as that at which the Duchess has arrived.

Unlike many celebrities with less of real claim to deference from their fellows, the late Holman Hunt was too modest to expect to be noticed in public, though he was too sincere to be shy. He often rebuked affectation without the least intention of doing so. He seemed to be entirely and singly disinterested in the question whether his pictures were approved or derided. "He held his brush in trust for some other Master than himself, or the critics, or the great British public." A friend of this gentle artist, who contributes some recollections of him to the *Academy*, says that he was anxious to be kind to the poor, if he only knew how, and would have parties of slum mothers or boys' guilds to his house to tea. He seemed glad that the humblest friend should pass him the time of day. If any one asked him about persons, he would tell delightfully frank anecdotes concerning, maybe, the great men he knew and measured exactly. He liked a spice of fun in everything, too; and his face beamed as he described a walk with Tennyson he had once taken. They heard footsteps behind, and the great man frowned. "How they dog us, Hunt! How shall we escape them?"—"Just sit on the

stile till they pass," said the matter-of-fact artist. They did so, and two boys in knickerbockers marched by, not even turning their heads. Tennyson was chop-fallen. "Do you know, Hunt," he said, "I do not think they know who I am!"—"Very likely, my dear Tennyson; and perhaps they would not know even if you told them."

The following significant incident we find narrated in the *Missionary Gazette's* account of a mission to non-Catholics recently given at Brighton, England:

The mission was in this way remarkable, that there was no need to inculcate those Catholic doctrines which are usually disputed by Protestants. Practically, all Catholic doctrine was accepted, barring the authority of the Church and its head. The missionary handed a copy of the penny catechism to an intending convert, but was gently rebuked by a "No, thank you! I have taught that to the children for years, and have a number of copies at home."

Brighton has the reputation of being a stronghold of the High Church party of the Church of England, and accordingly we have read without surprise of the celebration of "Mass" and the giving of "Benediction" in the Anglican churches there; but that members of the Anglican communion should be teaching the Catholic catechism to their children,—this, we confess, is in the nature of a revelation,—a very agreeable one at that.

The reader of Mr. John Barrett's estimate of Latin America, contributed to the *North American Review*, is likely to find therein considerable reason for modifying not a few of his opinions regarding our neighbors to the South. In the matter of education, for instance, most citizens of this Republic probably imagine that we lead the world, are at the very head of the educational procession. The belief is more patriotic than correct. Says Mr. Barrett (who has first-hand knowledge of the subject):

The average Latin American who aspires to any position of scholarship, or who may wish

to become a successful writer, professor, priest, lawyer, doctor, or engineer, pursues his studies to an extent and with a thoroughness that it must be frankly but truthfully stated is not always characteristic of his neighbor in the United States. It is safe to contend that a larger number of men graduate from the Latin-American universities with a comprehensive grasp of all the subjects they have taken up than do from the average American high institutions of learning. If the standard required for the practice of the learned professions of the twenty Latin-American republics were put alongside the standards required of the forty-six States of the United States, the comparison would be unfortunate for the latter.

Of course there is some reason why the Latin-American universities should be more effective than our own,—they are very much older.

We extend our cordial sympathy to the Rev. R. E. Davies, a Presbyterian clergyman of Dunedin, New Zealand, who recently officiated as judge in a Scripture essay competition in that far-away city. Mr. Davies, we are informed by the *New Zealand Tablet*, is by no means a bigot; but some months ago, when new to the country, in a sermon at Knox Church, he made some very ill-considered remarks, in quite the old conventional style, on the way in which the Church of Rome had "shut the Word of God from the people, etc., etc." The competition, open to all under twenty-one, at which this gentleman presided had for subject "The Poetical Books of the Old Testament," and—"here's a state of things"—Mr. Davies saw himself compelled to award the first prize to a Miss Byrne, and the second to a Miss Callan, both Catholics and fresh from convent training. The *Tablet* is moved to remark on the result:

We feel inclined to add to this intimation: "Marlborough papers please copy." For it was only the other day that an Anglican archdeacon was explaining, with a great show of erudition, to the readers of a Blenheim paper how the Church of Rome had always been, and still was, unrelentingly opposed to giving her people access to the Scriptures. And here are two Catholic young ladies, fresh from our convent colleges, who, in an open competition on the

subject-matter of these very Scriptures, carry all before them—and that, even in Scripture-loving, Presbyterian Dunedin!

We wonder, by the way, how a competition on a similar Scriptural subject would result in this country of the incomparable schools and the multitudinous ladies' public colleges. This, however, is a digression: we meant merely to express our sympathy for Brother Davies.

We have so often treated our readers to the not always agreeable experience of 'seeing oursels as ithers see us,' so often quoted strictures of foreign writers on American manners and morals, that, merely as a welcome variation, we proffer this bit of appreciative criticism from one of the secular dailies of Montreal:

Whatever may be said of the sharpness or crookedness of individual American politicians, the good sense, the moral sense, of the American people is ultimately equal to any crisis, and is in every sense praiseworthy as an example to the world.

In New York and the other great cities of the United States, public opinion has suppressed the fraudulent lotteries, closed hundreds of the more grossly immoral exhibitions, established more effective protection for women and children, suppressed the circulation of immoral literature, and driven out of business fraudulent financial schemers who traded on the credulity and cupidity of the public.

Lest we should grow too optimistic, however, it may be well to add that public opinion has not by any means completed its praiseworthy job.

Theatrical performances nowadays are so frequently the reverse of edifying that it is not unintelligible that some zealous social reformers should pronounce a sweeping condemnation of all dramas and of the stage itself. The necessary oldtime distinction between "the use and the abuse" is occasionally lost sight of; and so such reflections as the following, found in the *Christian Family* magazine, are altogether timely:

Many excellent persons place a ban upon the theatre, and will tell you that it is an invention of Old Nick, and the corrupter of morals.

These persons fail to see that the theatre is an institution of this country, its existence coeval with civilization; and that even the Church has utilized dramatic representations in setting forth the sublimest truths. Granted that corruptions have crept in, granted that the theatre is the last place in which a religious-minded person would wish to spend his time,—it will exist, people will go to it, and, for good or evil, there seems as little likelihood of its destruction as there is a desire for it.

That which is poisonous, as associated with plays, should be sought out and eradicated. The drama in itself is not pernicious. It is the circumstances which gather around it that foster an evil. Make managers feel their duty not only to society but to their companies. Let the public discountenance every insinuation and innuendo against decency and morality, and a state of things will soon be effected as satisfactory as at present it is anxiously desired. Teach actors to regard themselves with respect, to feel the responsibility which their profession places upon them. The author, actor, or manager, who would place before his audience a foul play, should be held up to public odium. Such a man inflicts upon society a wound which time aggravates into a moral leprosy.

As the most effective manner of influencing author, actor, or manager of a "foul play" is to refrain from attending its presentation, an important matter in dramatic reform is the education of public opinion to such a point that its protest against the risky, the erotic, and the frankly unclean play will be reflected in the marked diminution of receipts at the box office.

The last of a batch of stories, old and new, contributed to the *Catholic Press* of Sydney, N. S. W., by J. Noster Fraser, is decidedly the best of all. The others are good, though some of them should have had a longer rest. The *bonne bouche* is about an Irish sacristan who evidently has no doubts as to the invalidity of Anglican Orders. Asked by an official of a "High" church in Sydney for 500 altar breads, the son of St. Patrick said: "And what for do ye want them?"—"To consecrate, of course," was the reply. To which the sacristan, quick as a flash, rejoined: "Arrah, sure, 500 of ye couldn't consecrate *one* of them."



The Singer's Alms.

[A touching incident in the life of the great tenor, Mario, has been thus versified by Mr. Henry Abbey. Mario had a tender heart, which always sympathized with the poor and suffering. He belonged to a noble but impoverished family, and his real name was Giuseppe di Candia. His wondrous voice will never be forgotten by those who were so fortunate as to hear it.]

IN Lyons, on the mart of that French town,
Years since, a woman, leading a fair child,
Craved a small alms of one who, walking down
The thoroughfare, caught the child's glance
and smiled
To see, behind its eyes, a noble soul;
He paused, but found he had no coin to dole.
His Guardian Angel warned him not to lose
This chance of pearl to do another good;
So, as he waited, sorry to refuse
The asked-for penny, there aside he stood,
And with his hat held, as by limb the nest,
He covered his kind face and sang his best.
The sky was blue above, and all the lane
Of commerce, where the singer stood, was filled;
And many paused, and, listening, paused again
To hear the voice that through and through
them thrilled.
I think the Guardian Angel helped along
That cry for pity woven in a song.
The hat of its stamped brood was emptied soon
Into the woman's lap, who drenched with tears
Her kiss upon the hand of help; 'twas noon,
And noon in her glad heart drove forth her
fears.
The singer, pleased, passed on, and softly thought:
"Men will not know by whom this deed was
wrought."
But when at night he came upon the stage,
Cheer after cheer went up from that wide
throng,
And flowers rained on him; naught could
assuage
The tumult of the welcome save the song
That he had sweetly sung, with covered face,
For those two beggars in the market-place.

The "Punch and Judy" Children.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

II.

HARDLY had the sad news of Mrs. Bowie's death spread through the building when offers of services crowded upon the bereaved family. An occupant of the first floor, a little better off in the world's goods than those of the attic, went so far as to purchase some cheap crepe, which she bound about the crown of the widower's hat and on the sleeves of the two weeping little orphans as they prepared to follow the remains of their loved one to the cemetery. This kind woman also accompanied them, carrying Benny in her arms.

When they returned, they found the room swept, the fire lighted; a scuttle of fresh coal (the gift of several neighbors) standing beside the stove; the table spread with bacon, cheese, a loaf of bread, a pat of butter, and the teapot filled with that refreshing liquid which is the most highly prized beverage of the English people, from prince to pauper. Several women there awaited them; and, after kindly efforts at conversation, departed one by one, leaving them to themselves.

The next morning the father, accompanied by Froggy, started out on his usual route. He could not afford to waste any time in mourning, even if he had so desired; but the thought had never occurred to him. The poor must gain their daily bread, no matter how recently Death has crossed their threshold, nor how closely it hovers in front of it. To-day, for the first time, Benny was left behind. Froggy was a very lonely little fellow as he walked beside his father, with no mother to smile encouragingly

upon him when his feet were weary, no little brother to laugh and clap his tiny hands at the sound of the tambourine.

Benny had been entrusted to the care of Mrs. Laurel, a woman who lived on the floor below, and who for the sum of a penny a day had agreed to give him all the attention she bestowed upon her own five children. At first the boy missed his mother. The noise of the children distressed him, and he sat quietly and sorrowfully upon the floor watching their various manœuvres; but he was so much smaller than the rest and so inoffensive that they were very kind to him. When the father and Froggy returned every evening they were glad to see that the child, though he welcomed them joyfully, looked as though he had been content and happy enough through the day.

Things went on in this manner for more than a year. Business was good enough; but Froggy observed with regret that his father stopped oftener and remained longer than ever in the public houses, the doors of which stood open invitingly along the way. One gloomy afternoon, when the fog was very thick, Bowie said he was too tired to remain out any longer; and bade the child run ahead and make a fire, while he transacted a little business at the corner. Froggy, well aware what that business was likely to be, and fearful that the poor man would spend at the bar all the day's earnings, begged him to come home at once.

"No, Froggy," he replied, "I can not go yet. I owe a sixpence in here, and I'll just take a drink. 'Tis very cold and damp, and my throat is bad."

"But, father, you know you promised mother that—"

"Yes, I know I did; and I'm not taking too much at any time, but 'tis the only thing that relieves my poor lungs. When the summer is here again, Froggy, 'twill be all right. We'll go to the country to live. You'll love to see the green fields and the meadows, with the corn waving and the lambs skipping about."

"Yes, father, I shall," answered the boy. "I've never laid eyes on the country yet; I should like to live there."

"It may not be such an easy thing to earn pennies in the country, Froggy," continued his father. "But in the small towns one can do pretty well from day to day. And maybe when I get strong I can begin to do laboring work again. Run along home, now, Froggy; and I'll be there soon."

"O father, come now! Do come now!" pleaded the boy.

"See here, Froggy," the man went on, "I'll give you all I have in my pocket but the sixpence I owe and another for a couple of drinks to warm me. You don't want father to get ill, boy, and not be able to earn a penny, do you? And that will be the way of it, unless I can take a drop to liven my chilly blood."

Poor Froggy could say no more. He was glad to receive the money which his weak but kindly-disposed father dropped into his grimy little hands. But he was also resolved not to go home without him. As he turned into the public house, the boy made a pretence of going in the other direction. But as soon as the narrow, bent shoulders of Bowie disappeared behind the swinging door of the tavern, Froggy retraced his steps; and, standing beside the "Punch and Judy" box, he waited patiently for nearly an hour. Well he knew what the delay meant; well was he aware that he would be obliged to guide his father's footsteps through the crowded streets and over the crossings. But when at length the poor man came, the boy was looking in another direction, — not gazing at anything in particular, but reflecting on the sad predicament in which they were daily becoming more deeply involved.

So absent-minded was the child that the father had placed the box on his shoulder and was actually beginning to cross the street before Froggy observed him. A passing cab was rushing along the highway. The man lurched, stumbled

and fell before Froggy could reach him. The cab passed over his prostrate body. In a moment a crowd had gathered around the fallen man, scarcely breathing. An ambulance was summoned; he was conveyed to an adjacent hospital accompanied by Froggy, who held his hand all the way. He died a few moments after he had been placed on a cot in the emergency room; and poor little Froggy was now, indeed, an orphan.

As he left the hospital he met the driver of the ambulance.

"Can you tell me, sir," he inquired, "where they took our 'Punch and Judy' box?" It was his only means of livelihood, and in the midst of his grief the child had not forgotten the fact.

"Oh, that was all broken to bits under the cab wheels!" answered the driver. "It was a good job you weren't killed yourself, the way you ran to catch your father."

"Broken to bits!" repeated Froggy, clasping his hands in despair. "Oh, what shall we do now,—what shall we do now, sir? We made our living by it."

"How many of you are there?"

"Benny and I, but he is too little to work and earn money."

"Well, my boy, you will have to try to do something else now. You could not have managed the thing anyhow. You are too small."

"Oh, yes, I could, sir!" said Froggy. "I could have stood on a chair and done everything my father used to do."

"Who would have carried the box and the chair? You could never have done it. You are too small."

"I hadn't thought of that," said Froggy, slowly turning away; his sorrow at the loss of his father completely overshadowed by the prospect of not being able to make a living for Benny.

He began to jingle the coin in his pocket, and presently stepped into an archway to count it. He had exactly four shillings,—enough to pay a week's rent and perhaps purchase food for the

same period, for many of the poor are accustomed to live on ten cents a day.

For some time Mrs. Laurel had been less kind than formerly, which Froggy attributed to her growing fondness for beer. And he was right in his conjecture. When he opened the door of her apartment this evening, she was sitting near the stove, her hair dishevelled, her eyes red and swollen. On the floor in the corner lay her children asleep, for it was nearly eight o'clock. Benny stood on a chair near the window, his face pressed against the dirty pane.

"Hello, little vagabond!" cried the woman. "What has kept you so late? I'd be in my own bed this hour if it hadn't been for wanting the rent. It's due to-day, you know. And where is your father?"

Suddenly the enormity of the loss overwhelmed the desolate child.

"He is dead,—he is killed," he replied through his sobs.

At this revelation Benny, who had run to his brother, began to cry also, and Mrs. Laurel exclaimed:

"Dead! Killed! Mercy! What happened to him? Only this morning I was talking to him."

When Froggy had finished telling the sad history of his father's death, Mrs. Laurel said:

"Well, they'll bury him in the Potter's Field from the hospital. And what difference does it make where one is buried? But what are you going to do now? What became of the 'Punch and Judy'?"

"It was broken to bits."

"Too bad! You could have saved it maybe, and paid your rent with the money, while you were looking for a job."

"I have money for the rent," said Froggy. "It is here in my pocket."

"For a week maybe—no more?"

"For a week, yes. Before it is over I'll have something to do, I hope."

"I hope so. I can't lodge you free. I'm a poor woman."

Not a word of kindness or sympathy,—nothing to keep the sad, tired little soul

from despair. But Froggy looked upon this as a matter of course; he had been born and was being reared in a hard school,—the school of grinding poverty. After a frugal meal of bread and skim milk, a small can of which they found in the cupboard, the brothers retired to their comfortless couch, and, clasped in each other's arms, soon fell asleep.

The next morning Froggy was not in a hurry to get up. He feared there would be nothing for him to do that day. But as he lay reflecting, an old broom standing in the corner gave shape to an idea which seemed good to him. It was to adopt the occupation of street-sweeper, a trade many boys of his age pursued, as well as some little girls. When Benny woke he gave him a piece of bread, took a morsel himself, and together they went downstairs to Mrs. Laurel.

"You'll have to pay me just the same for minding Benny," she said. "I can't do it for nothing."

"I can mind myself," put in Benny. "I can go with Froggy."

"No, Benny: it will be too cold and rainy," said Froggy. "Stay with Mrs. Laurel till you are a little larger, and then you can come with me."

"Where are you going, Froggy?" asked Mrs. Laurel.

"To sweep the crossings, ma'am."

"Precious little you'll earn that way,—not enough to keep soul and body together, much less pay the rent."

"Well, I must try, at any rate," said Froggy bravely, as he trudged forth without once looking back; for he could not bear to see Benny's pleading eyes.

About midday he returned with sixpence in his hand, which he proudly displayed to Mrs. Laurel. She took five pennies for what she called Benny's board in advance, leaving him one. It never occurred to the child to resent this rapacity. He would have been very much surprised if she had presented him with a receipt in full for the week. It is also a curious fact that he was not at

all concerned about the disposition of his father's body. He knew only that he was gone, and forever; whether or not there was to be a funeral did not give him a single thought. Taking his little brother by the hand, he ascended with him to the attic.

"Are you going to stay with me all day, Froggy?" asked the child, who had been lonely.

"No, Benny," rejoined Froggy. "I shall have to go out again in a little while; but I've brought you a bun with a slice of ham between, and one for myself."

"Did you buy it, Froggy?"

"No," answered Froggy, opening the door of their own room. "But just see what's here!"

Delighted, the children hastened forward. On the table stood a plate of biscuits and cheese, two apples, two sausages, half a loaf of bread, and a small paper of tea.

"Here is enough for three days!" cried Froggy. "Isn't it fine?"

"Where did it come from?" asked the little fellow.

"Some good woman brought it. Don't you remember they did the same when mother—went away? People are good, Benny."

"Some people are," replied Benny. "Mrs. Laurel is not *very* good."

"She used to be," said Froggy, thoughtfully,—"*before* she drank so much beer. Beer makes people sick, and they get dizzy and cross. If it was not for that, she would be as good as ever."

"I am glad papa did not drink beer," said Benny. "He was never cross."

Froggy felt his cheeks grow hot at the unconsciousness of this innocent child. True, the poor father had always been kind; but all too well Froggy knew the cause of much of their misery. At the same time he resolved never to let Benny know the truth. He was well aware also that, while a victim to the habit of drink, his father knew the evil that attended it. One night they had been out

a little later than usual, and on the stairs met a small boy, the son of a neighbor, carrying a can of beer. "Froggy my boy," said Bowie, after they had passed the boy, "it is a strange parent that will send a child after beer or liquor. The tavern is no place for children, boys or girls. Sooner would I burn up with thirst than do that. It is a bad, bad practice." And, although the next moment he stumbled over his own threshold, Froggy appreciated the advice and had remembered it. In a short time he was to have the opportunity of putting it in practice.

Carefully laying aside the larger part of the viands, Froggy took his brother by the hand and seated him on a wooden box in front of the window set high in the roof, from which could be seen a strip of blue sky.

"We'll eat the buns now," he said, "and save the other things till afterward. And we'll take a sip from the tin can as we eat. Father and mother both used to say that cold water was the best and safest drink in the world."

As they slowly munched the food, lingering over every morsel, for they were not hungry enough to be ravenous—just sufficiently so to enjoy what to them was a delicacy,—Froggy said:

"I'll tell you how I got the buns, Benny. I was sweeping a crossing, and a lot of teams got stalled some way. There was a big furniture van and a bus, and a brewer's wagon and a butcher's; and at the end of all a kind of—of—harsey, I think they call it, that they carry dead people in. There was a wood coffin inside, just like what they took mother away in; and there were two men driving. One of them was the very man that drove father to the hospital and took me up beside him. I was leaning on my broom, looking up at him, and he said: 'Hello, youngster! What are you doing there?' And I said: 'I'm street-sweeping, trying to earn a penny, because my show is broken.' He got down then, and he said to the other man: 'Here, Bill, hold the reins. I'll be

back in a jiffy.' He went to the corner stand and bought these two nice buns, and he gave them to me, and a few pennies. And he said (his speech was like an Irishman's): 'Here's these for yourself and the little fellow you told me you had at home. God help you!' Wasn't he good, Benny?"

"That he was," said the child, swallowing the last crumb of the bun.

Neither of them suspected for a moment that the kind young Irishman had been conveying their father's body to the Potter's Field at the moment when the blockade of wagons had revealed Froggy leaning on the old broom, and had prompted the generous heart to alleviate as best he could the state of poverty and misery which seemed to be the portion of the boy so lately orphaned.

(To be continued.)

The Judge and the Caliph.

The Caliph Hakkam seized upon the small field of a poor widow in order that he might add it to the gardens of his palace, and the poor woman laid her complaint before the judge. The judge saddled his ass, hung a large sack on his back, and rode off to the Caliph, whom he found walking in his new pleasure-ground. "Permit me, sire," said he, "to fill this sack with earth from these grounds." Hakkam assented, and, when the sack was filled, was asked by the judge to help him lift it on the ass' back. The sack, however, was too heavy. "I can not do it," said the Caliph; "it is impossible."—"Sire," replied the Judge, "this sack contains but a small portion of the earth you took from the poor widow. How, then, will you bear the weight of all of it, which the Great Judge will lay upon your shoulders at the Last Day?" The Caliph was struck with the force of these words. He thanked the judge for his admonition, and restored the widow her inheritance.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Heroes of California" is the title of another new book by Mr. George Wharton James, to be published this month by Little, Brown & Co.

—New penny pamphlets of the English Catholic Truth Society include: "The Branch Theory," by the Rev. Dr. Fortescue; "Spiritualism," by the Rev. R. H. Benson; "Social Study in Catholic Schools," by the Rev. C. D. Plater, S. J.; and "Westminster Abbey: A Guide for Catholics," by C. L. Jones.

—Volume VIII. of Benziger Brothers' "Round the World" Series deals with eleven separate topics as varied as St. Patrick's Purgatory, Odd American Homes, "Ukiyo-Ye." Among the Chippewas, etc. It is an exceedingly interesting book of 218 pages, and is adorned with 87 illustrations, all interesting and well produced.

—"Non-Catholic Denominations," by the Rev. Robert Hugh Benson, forms the latest addition to the Westminster Library. (Longmans, Green & Co.) The object of this book is to expound, simply and clearly, the tenets and the grounds of belief of the chief non-Catholic denominations in England and Scotland, and to indicate the kinds of methods that will probably be found useful in dealing with their members.

—If there is one contemporary author who deserves well of the Divine Prisoner of the Tabernacle, it is surely Father Russell, S. J. To his already published trilogy of volumes inculcating love and devotedness to the Real Presence ("Moments Before the Tabernacle," "At Home Near the Altar," and "Close to the Altar Rails") he has now added "Jesus is Waiting," equally practical, inspiring, and persuasive. As a book for spiritual reading, for meditation, or for those between-whiles of five or ten minutes each that come to one in the course of the day, nothing could be better. May its circulation be as wide as its purpose is holy and its execution admirable! Published by Burns & Oates.

—The latest addition to The Saints Series is "St. Thomas à Becket," translated from the French of Monsignor Demimuid by C. W. W. Its seven chapters are replete with vivid interest. The author dissents from those scholars, both English and French, who dismiss as a mere fable the story that St. Thomas' mother was a Saracen by birth. On the contrary, he accepts the story as genuine history, and defends it as an integral part of A Becket's life. The career of the saint, the main lines of which are familiar

to all readers of English history, is traced with a lucid and sympathetic pen; and the events leading up to the martyrdom are sketched with adequate fulness. A welcome addition to an admirable collection of saintly biographies.

—The English Catholic Truth Society has just published a volume of readings from the works of St. Francis de Sales. Among the contents will be found some meditations on the Creed which have not hitherto appeared in English. One object of the book is to interest lay folk and to provide them daily with food for thought.

—An English translation of an important and highly interesting work by Dr. Albert von Ruville has just been published by Longmans, Green & Co. It is entitled "Back to Holy Church: Experiences and Knowledge Acquired by a Convert." The translator is G. Schoetensack. Father Benson contributes a preface. The author will be remembered as a distinguished professor of history in the University of Halle who became a Catholic two years ago. Strange to say, it was Prof. Harnack's "Essence of Christianity" which influenced him to investigate the claims of the Church.

—A correspondent of the *Pittsburg Observer* having complained of the paucity of Catholic books in the Carnegie Library of that city, his letter was referred to the Rev. Dr. Coakley, of St. Paul's Cathedral who writes in reply:

... There are at the present time on the shelves of the Library in Schenley Park perhaps 3000 volumes of works by Catholic authors, ranging all the way from the "Summa Theologica" of St. Thomas Aquinas to Henry Harland's sparkling novels; from Faber's splendid "Creator and Creature" to the learned essays of Cardinal Wiseman; from Father Sheehan's "My New Curate" to the ponderous tomes of Northcote and Brownlow's "Roman Catacombs." ... If further proof of the eminently fair attitude of the Library authorities were needed, I might add that separate flying folders giving lists of Catholic works have from time to time been printed for free distribution at the Library itself; and some months ago the writer entered into an arrangement with the Library authorities to publish a complete and separate catalogue of every Catholic book on their shelves. The work was begun immediately by a corps of trained librarians; it is in a fair way to completion, and it will be finished and ready for publication within three or four months. The magnitude of the task may well be imagined when it is known that the Library contains about 400,000 volumes; and, in the brief intervals which a multitude of occupations concede him, the writer himself undertook to check up these lists and revise the criticisms, which necessitated his going over every single one of the 400,000 volumes in the Library, in order to prove the Catholicity of the authors and to verify doubtful cases.

A tedious work, no doubt, but a very important one. Given the "eminently fair attitude" spoken of and Dr. Coakley's activity in the

matter, it may be assumed that the proportion of Catholic to non-Catholic volumes will soon be larger than 3 to 400.

—Some critics refer to the late William Vaughn Moody as the foremost figure among our younger poets,—“the most remarkable appearance in the American literature of the twentieth century.” As a dramatist, too, he had won high rank by “The Great Divide.” A number of his lyrics and at least one of his odes deserve a place in every “golden treasury” of English poetry. Mr. Moody was a poor boy, who worked his way through college, and did creditable literary work while still a freshman. According to the *Dial*, the great feature of Mr. Moody’s volume of “Poems” is the ode referred to,—“that ‘Ode in Time of Hesitation,’ which scourges as with scorpions the recreant America of our wanton Spanish War and our Philippine conquest; and our shameless repudiation, by the dark deeds done a decade ago, of the sacred principles upon which the Republic was founded. In some fairer time to come, when we shall have rehabilitated our national character by what restitution and atonement are yet possible, it will be gratifying to turn to this poem, and to realize that in our blackest hour genuine Americanism found one voice equal to the task of expressing all the passionate indignation aroused in patriotic breasts by the misstep that turned our faces from the shining mountain upon which our old ideals were set, and left us battering upon a pestilential moor.”

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

“St. Thomas à Becket.” Mgr. Demimuid. \$1.

“Round the World.” Vol. VIII. \$1.

“Later Poems.” Father Tabb. \$1.

“The Attributes of God, Mirrored in the Perfections of Mary.” 90 cts.

“Mere Hints, Moral and Social.” Rev. John E. Graham. \$1.

“Donal Kenny.” Rev. Joseph Guinan. \$1.50.

“The Spaniard at Home.” Mary F. Nixon-Roulet. \$1.75.

“Biographies of English Catholics in the Eighteenth Century.” Rev. John Kirk, D.D. \$2.75.

“The Iona Series.” 35 cts., each.

“A Spiritual Canticle of the Soul.” St. John of the Cross. \$1.95.

“St. Clare of Assisi.” Very Rev. Léopold de Chérancé, O. S. F. C. \$1.10.

“Life Lessons from Blessed Joan of Arc.” Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J. 85 cts.

“History of the American College, Rome.” Rt. Rev. Henry A. Brann, D. D., L. L. D. \$2.20.

“Home Life in Ireland.” Robert Lynd. \$2.50.

“Missale Romanum.” \$2; mor., \$2.57.

“The Friendly Little House, and Other Stories.” \$1.25.

“Flamstead Quarries.” Mary E. Waller. \$1.50.

“A Renegade Poet, and Other Essays.” \$1.25.

“Meditations and Instructions on the Blessed Virgin.” Vol. II. Rev. A. Vermeersch, S. J. \$1.35.

“Are Our Prayers Heard?” Rev. Joseph Egger, S. J. 15 cts.

“Raccolta.” 1910 Edition. \$1.

“Simple Catechism Lessons.” Dom Lambert Nolle, O. S. B. \$1.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Francis Sixt and Rev. Timothy O’Sullivan, of the archdiocese of Chicago; Rev. William Dassel, diocese of Scranton; Rev. Domenico Vento, diocese of San Antonio; Rev. John R. Fogarty, archdiocese of Dubuque; Rev. John Powers, diocese of Cleveland; Rev. John J. Clark, archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. Samuel Cahill, S. J.; and Rev. Placidus Krekeler, O. F. M.

Sister Seraphine, of the Sisters of Notre Dame; and Sister Marie de Bonsecours, Sisters of Providence.

Mr. George Gethoff, Mrs. Julia Kerles, Mr. Timothy O’Shea, Mrs. Barbara Fischer, Mr. Terrence Carmody, Mrs. Mary E. Vallée, Mr. J. F. Tierney, Mrs. Lavina Doyle, Mr. Peter Burkard, Mrs. Mary A. Burkard, Mrs. B. J. McVoy, Mr. P. H. Small, Mr. J. E. Motherwell, Mrs. Cornelius Hayes, Mrs. Daniel Hourigan, Mr. Charles Dolson, Mr. Alfred Furth, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Ryan, Mr. John Hilleke, Mrs. Margaret Devaney, Mr. Edward Newsham, Mr. H. C. Kurrus, Mr. William Gleeson, Mr. James Gleeson, Mrs. Cora Sohl, Mrs. Matilda Zeigler, Mr. Joseph Dwyer, and Mrs. Lydia Smith.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days’ indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 19, 1910.

NO. 21

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

By the Grave of a Friend.

BY P. J. C.

CRONING winds round a naked tree,
Lowering clouds and a swish of rain:
Sleep on! Not all sad minstrels
Will wake you back to my life again.

Dank leaves sunk in sodden grass,
Tree arms heavy with fallen rain,—
The sun, the cloud will come, will pass:
You will not come to my life again.

Gusts of wind and a dreary day,
The clinging cold of November rain,—
The buds will spring with a future May,
But you—not you to my life again!

The Church and Cemetery of the Holy Innocents.

BY JOSEPH MAY.

THAT the "Halles Centrales," which cover an area of twenty-two acres, are the principal markets of Paris most people are aware, and there are few visitors to the French capital who fail to include them in the list of "sights" worth seeing. But so inseparable has the name of "Halles" been, for over a hundred years, with the sale and purchase of the necessities of life that it is seldom connected now either with the church of the Holy Innocents, or the once famous cemetery that took its name from the sacred edifice. Nevertheless, both church and cemetery once stood on the very site now occupied by

the world-celebrated market — or, rather, group of markets which constitute the "Halles Centrales."

Here, where, in pavilions built of iron and roofed with zinc, are displayed from dawn to dusk, meat, fish, poultry, vegetables, fruit, butter, cheese, eggs, and all things calculated to sustain life or tempt the palate; where a brisk trade in corn and wine is also carried on; and where are on sale such vast quantities of flowers as turn a portion of the market into a veritable garden of delight that has its equal nowhere,—here the fine old church of the Holy Innocents once kept watch above the dead, for whom, with deep-toned tolling, its iron bell so often asked the prayers of the living. The church took its name from a large picture of the Massacre of the Holy Innocents that hung above the high altar. This picture was very celebrated in its day; not so much, however, as a work of art as because of its pious associations, which made it the object of many a pilgrimage, and inspired the fervent prayers of countless generations of rich and poor, high and low. Devotion to the innocent little children who died for the Holy Child gave its earliest name to the *quartier* now known as the "Halles"; and the name remained long after, even when both church and cemetery had passed away.

The church of the Holy Innocents was erected in 1150; the cemetery was opened about the same time, and both were originally outside of Paris. The octagonal tower, fifty feet high, that stood toward the middle of the church, was erected in

1180 by Philippe Auguste, who so considerably extended and beautified Paris. It was this King also who first caused the cemetery to be enclosed with high walls, the absence of which had led to considerable scandal. While the graveyard remained open, it had often been used by evil-doers as a nocturnal haunt; a profanation that created a storm of righteous indignation throughout all Paris. After the church of the Holy Innocents had undergone many partial restorations during the course of years, Denis Dumoulin, Bishop of Paris, had it entirely restored in 1445.

Close to the church of the Holy Innocents stood one of those tombs so common during the Middle Ages, and in which penitents imprisoned themselves voluntarily, in order to end their days in prayer and fasting. In 1485 the notorious Renée de Vendomois, a woman of noble family, who had murdered her husband and been guilty of many other crimes, was sentenced by Parliament to be shut up for life in the tomb of the Holy Innocents. But this was an exceptional case. The inmates of this time-honored prison were usually voluntary penitents.

Against the walls built round the cemetery by Philippe Auguste, in the course of time was constructed a series of vaulted galleries, or *charniers*, where the wealthy or distinguished had their tombs. Nicolas Lefèvre, the celebrated critic, and François de Mézeray, the no less renowned historian, were among the notables who were buried there. Vast as the graveyard was, as centuries passed it was found too small for the constantly increasing numbers that were there laid to rest; for it was the burial-place of the greater part of Paris. Indeed, as the years went by, the home of the dead became a real danger to the living. In its unwholesome neighborhood maladies grew so common that several distinguished members of the medical profession laid the matter before Parliament. But nothing came of their protestations. Meanwhile things necessarily went from bad to worse. The

complaints were renewed in 1725, 1734 and 1735; and again without apparent result.

In 1780 the people of Paris were so terrified at a danger—growing more imminent every day, and threatening to bring a pest upon the city—that they drew up a petition, addressed to the lieutenant general of the police, in which they said that, owing to the great number of bodies buried in the cemetery of the Holy Innocents, the graves now rose to a height of over eight feet above the level of the streets in the neighborhood, and were a lasting menace to the health of the inhabitants. Then, at long last, the government decided on the destruction of the cemetery, and, necessarily, of the church and *charniers* as well. The work of demolition began in 1785, but was not finished—at least so far as the cemetery was concerned—till 1788. The reason of this delay was that, for obvious reasons, the work had to be suspended upon the approach of warm weather.

It was estimated that over forty generations had been buried in the cemetery of the Holy Innocents; or, roughly speaking, some six or seven millions of corpses and skeletons lay there when the decree went out that no more burials must take place within its walls. The celebrated Dr. Thouret, dean of the Faculté de Médecine, who was charged with the work of superintending the disinfection of the cemetery in 1786, was shocked and frightened at the position in which some of the skeletons were found, and which, he said, proved beyond a doubt that their owners had been buried alive. He left the strictest injunctions in his will that every possible precaution should be taken, to prevent a similar fate from befalling himself.

The bones taken from the cemetery of the Holy Innocents, and some other cemeteries condemned about the same time, were placed in the old quarries of the Barrière Saint-Jacques, that had been worked as far back as the Roman period, and which were thenceforth called the Catacombs. During the Reign of Terror

immense numbers of bodies were thrown into these cavities. But, in 1810, a regular system was organized for the more seemly disposition of the remains, and for the preservation of the Catacombs themselves, that had collapsed in certain places, and were, therefore, regarded as a perpetual menace to the streets above them. Pillars were erected to support the roof of the subterranean passages; while excavations were made to admit more air, and channels dug to carry off the water that had hitherto lodged there.

The galleries and different compartments of this strange burial ground, which in size and interest is second only to the Catacombs of Rome, are literally tapestried with human bones and skulls. Here and there, at unexpected turnings, one comes upon a little chapel built of human remains, and sometimes on its walls are suitable inscriptions. Many of these relate to the place whence the bones were taken; and the cemetery of the Holy Innocents is, therefore, frequently mentioned, as by far the greater number came from it. The principal entrance to the Catacombs is on the Place Denfert-Rochereau; and here a brisk trade in candles is carried on, as no visitor is allowed to make the descent unless furnished with a light.

Along the centre of the underground ceilings trails a long black line, like some gigantic serpent, twining and twisting, as if alive, with the windings and turnings of the seemingly endless rows of cross-boned and skull-decked corridors; and is a silent witness to the thousands of visitors that, year after year, have passed beneath, with candles flaming as if in some vast religious procession destined to end only when the melancholy remnants of mortality, mouldering there, shall have returned to the dust from which they sprung. Weird stories are not wanting of wanderers said to have been lost in the Paris Catacombs in times past; but such a fate could hardly overtake visitors to-day, as they are always accompanied by a guide,

and men are stationed at various points to prevent possible stragglers wandering from the beaten track.

When the site so long occupied by the church and cemetery of the Holy Innocents was at length cleared of the ghastly relics that had littered it for years, and when science had employed every known means to purify and disinfect it, it was transformed into a market, of all things in the world the least likely to recall its mournful past. Strange irony of fate! The charnel house of the dead became the food depôt of the living. And there all Paris flocked, as it does at this very hour,—if not, indeed, to seek the quick among the dead, at least to find the necessities of life where once some six or seven millions of death-frozen bodies were laid to rest.

The new market was called the *Marché des Innocens*; and near it was soon constructed a square, in the centre of which was the celebrated Fountain of the Innocents, designed by Pierre Lescot in 1550, and restored by Six, the engineer. It stood originally with its back to the church of the Holy Innocents, and had three arches only. A fourth arch was eventually added, with questionable taste, and gave it the appearance of a sort of square pavilion,—the form it presents to-day. Five of the eight naiads sculptured on this fountain were the work of Jean Gujon; the others were executed by Pajou. It was sometimes called the *Fontaine des Nymphes*, because of these figures. When the *Marché des Innocens* evolved into the *Halles Centrales*, the fountain was removed to the spot it now occupies,—a square to the southeast of the market.

The old *Marché des Innocens*, however, bore about as much resemblance to the market of the Halles as Hans Andersen's "Ugly Duckling" did to the beautiful swan into which it eventually developed. The saleswomen who congregated there, and who were, so to speak, the ancestors of the modern "*Dames de la Halle*," as the market women are called, wore a turban-like headdress, or *marmote*, of

whatever color appealed to the wearer's taste, and carried on their trade beneath huge umbrellas, intended to protect the goods from rain, but which made the market as grotesque and ugly a sight as it was possible to see anywhere.

The Halles Centrales were designed by Baltard, who died in 1874. These "halls" consist of ten immense pavilions, each furnished with two hundred and fifty stalls, and between which run covered streets forty-eight feet wide. Beneath the halls are twelve hundred cellars for the storage of goods. The produce brought throughout the year to these markets include: 65,000,000 pounds of fish; 250,000,000 oysters; 68,000,000 pounds of meat; 55,000,000 pounds of poultry and game; 25,000,000 pounds of butter; 350,000,000 eggs; and 15,000,000 pounds of cheese. This is, however, but a fraction of the food consumed in Paris; for there are several other markets.

The provisions destined for the Halles Centrales begin to arrive in the evening, so that by daybreak the pavilions are fully stocked. It is a favorite pastime with the Parisians, when returning from the opera or a theatre, to have supper at the Halles, and then watch the arrival of the goods. They do this also after midnight Mass on Christmas, and on New Year's Eve, when they sit up to hear the bells ring out the old year and ring in the new, and when the gaily-lighted restaurants in the vicinity of the bustling market remain open all night long, and drive a brisk trade.

How few, if any, of the light-hearted revellers who listen to the merry Christmas chimes or joyous New Year's peals pause to remember that, on that same spot, solemn strokes once tolled from the church of the Holy Innocents for the passing of some poor soul in its last agony, or for a funeral that wound its mournful way to the cemetery on whose very site the Halles Centrales now display their vast stores of provisions for the consumption of the living!

Nameless and from Nowhere.

BY A. DEASE AND M. LACHESE.

XII.

IF the man had wished to frighten Querida, he had succeeded thoroughly; and, seeing this, he now spoke more gently.

"Judging by what you have told me," he said, "Mrs. Severn has let you grow up in ignorance of the past, and of your father's history."

"My mother has been dumb ever since I can remember,—ever since she saw my father killed before her eyes in the accident at Glan," replied Querida, in a low voice.

"Dumb!" exclaimed the man. "Yes, I have heard that already. But are you sure that this dumbness is not a pretence, an ingenious way of concealing—"

Querida's eyes flashed for a moment; and, though she still maintained her self-control, she could not keep a shade of scorn from her voice.

"You forget that you are speaking of nearly twenty years. You can not possibly believe that, even if my mother were capable of such a thing, a deception could be kept up for all that time."

The man shrugged his shoulders.

"My dear young lady," he said, "if you knew the world as I know it, you would realize that seemingly impossible things are done by mothers—and by criminals."

"I don't understand you," answered Querida, in a voice that was expressionless from suppressed feeling. "Will you tell me who you are and what you want" (her voice broke a little) "and let me go?"

"Let you go!" repeated the man. "Well, that I can hardly promise; but I shall be delighted to comply with the rest of your request. My name is Martin,—John Martin. I am a solicitor and do business both in Dublin and in London. I have come here to see you—or rather your mother, to question her

about various securities which your father carried off with him when he decamped, and especially about some jewels that you have been seen to wear lately, and that your father's creditors claim as payment in part of what he stole from them."

They were hard words, and made even harder by the way in which they were spoken; though, unconsciously, Mr. Martin was rendering a service to his listener by speaking as he did; for the indignation that his manner roused in her helped to keep her up and made her confront him boldly. She would not think of what his words conveyed; she would not dwell on what cast shame and disgrace not only on her dead father, but on her mother also.

"It is useless for you to say such things as these to me," she observed; and the man, who had expected her to be completely crushed by his words, looked at her in surprise, not unmixed now with admiration. "As you know, I can not contradict what you say, although I am absolutely convinced that it is false. I can tell you that, so far as money goes, we are practically paupers, dependent for all but our actual daily bread on the charity of—of a lady who has given us shelter and love and protection for the last nineteen years. Let me go to her now. She will tell you that there are no securities—"

"But the jewels!" insisted Mr. Martin. "They are known to be worth several thousand pounds; and, as I said, you have been seen wearing them quite lately."

Querida felt as though an ice-cold hand had gripped her heart. There must be some truth in this man's awful story, if it was indeed through the diamonds that she had worn at the Ardrum ball that she and her mother were found after all those years. But no! She could not, would not, believe it. Further proof must be given before even in thought would she cast any blame upon her father's memory.

"Who saw them?" she asked. "Tell me more before you can expect me to believe your story."

"You were at a ball recently?" he began. "Yes? Well, there was some one there who, on seeing you, was struck with your likeness to the man who had ruined him twenty years ago. He asked your name; and, though no one could tell it to him, there were several who were able to give him an outline of your history. He consulted with others who, like himself, had suffered through your father's fraudulent bankruptcy; and I have been employed to find out from your mother what has happened to the securities that were carried off, and to claim the jewels."

"But what do you want of me now?" asked Querida. "Let me go to consult my friends. You need not fear that if—though I tell you again I can not believe that my father was the kind of man you make him out,—if what you say is proved to be true, that the jewels will not be handed over to you. As to securities, I have already told you there are none; and, once we have explained to my mother as much as we can about all this, you are at liberty to make any research you wish. We have nothing to hide," she added sadly, yet with a certain pride.

"Let you go, and never see you or your valuables again!" sneered Mr. Martin. "No, no, young lady, you are not going to get round me like that. But listen! I don't want to be hard on you. I have come to do only what I am paid for doing. If you are willing to sign a statement which I shall make out for you, saying just what you have said to me, so that I can take something tangible back to my employers, I shall leave you, and trust you to treat with me when your mother has been prepared to see me."

He pulled a sheet of paper from his pocketbook and began to write with his fountain pen; for Querida, not knowing what to say, not understanding what this new departure meant, was silent, and he took the silence for consent.

Now that she could for a moment take her mind from his questioning, the girl found herself unable to gather her

thoughts sufficiently to think consecutively. Her mind was in a whirl of horror. Everything had come upon her so suddenly, — the solving of the mystery, the finding of her name, and then this awful thing that was thrust upon her! She found herself considering all this as though it was a matter of indifference to her, — as though it concerned only some casual acquaintance. The only thing that seemed real was that the pen scratched a little and spluttered as it ran over the paper.

"There!" said Mr. Martin, standing up and handing her the paper he had written out. "Now if you will put your name to that, I will go away and give you time to arrange with your mother as you think best."

The paper swam in a mist before her eyes, but she was determined to read it, every word, before putting her name to it; and, disregarding the pen that he pressed upon her, she took the paper, pulling herself together with all the force of her will.

"I, the undersigned Charlotte Severn," so it ran, "known under the name of Querida, and living at Drinagh Lodge, where Miss O'Malley has kept my mother and myself ever since the Glan accident, in which my father was killed, certify that the securities and jewels with which my father was decamping at the time he was overtaken by death are in my mother's possession; and that, in her name and my own, I promise to make what restitution I can by giving them up to my father's creditors."

"Sign there!" he said, indicating the place with his forefinger. "Put 'Charlotte Severn, usually known as Querida.'"

"I can't sign what you have written," protested the girl, who felt her strength giving way. "If you will write that, when you have proved what you say to be true, we shall give up the jewels that are left, I will gladly sign; but I will never sign this," — and she pushed the paper from her.

The man looked at her for a moment, as though considering how much further he dared threaten.

"It must be *this*!" he said, putting the paper again before her, "or I shall go straight to your mother. I have not much time to spare" (he pulled out his watch); "so make your choice. Sign or I go."

"It will kill her if you do!" cried the girl. "But I can not sign what is false."

The man made no answer, but still held the paper to her. A moment passed, — a moment which seemed to Querida like several hours. Again Mr. Martin looked at his watch, and just as he was about to speak there was the sound of footsteps on the gravel by the gate. Querida heard it, and drew a long breath. But the man, whose back was turned to the entrance, was still unaware that his time of triumph was past.

Who was it that was coming to her relief? If Querida had been able at that moment to formulate a desire, it would have been for Mr. Dillon to be near; and, looking up, she scarcely dared believe her eyes. The bench they had sought stood at a little distance from the avenue, down one of the paths that led through the shrubbery; and he might have passed them by unnoticed had it not been that the white of her dress caught his eye, and her quick, low call of distress reached his ears.

"My friend!" She had often called him this, but never before in such a tone.

In three steps he was beside her.

"What is it?" he exclaimed in a tone of authority. "What does this mean?"

Querida clung to his arm.

"Send him away!" she murmured. "Oh, send him away!"

"Who are you?" asked Mr. Dillon, turning abruptly to the stranger. "And what are you doing here?"

"It is a matter that concerns herself," replied the man. "My name has nothing to do with it: I am acting for others. And she is the best judge as to the advisability of telling my business with her to a chance passer-by."

"Querida, what does this mean?" said Mr. Dillon to the girl, who could hardly

stand, even with the support of his arm. "Control yourself if you can. You have nothing to fear now. Don't you know that I will never let you be harmed by any one?"

"You speak confidently," began Mr. Martin, with a sneer.

But Mr. Dillon turned upon him.

"If you will not answer my questions, then have the goodness to keep quiet, unless you are spoken to," he said in a tone that brooked no opposition. "Now, Querida, tell me what is the matter."

She told him in as few words as possible, but the story sounded painfully probable. The links had been skilfully welded together.

"And what proofs have you to give in support of these accusations?" he asked of the stranger, speaking so quietly that neither of his hearers guessed how much he had been struck.

His opponent was a man who would have known how to meet anger and blustering; but this quiet, firm manner took him aback, whilst at the same time it gave Querida a renewal of hope.

"Do you not intend to answer?" Mr. Dillon went on, seeing that the man was silent.

"I will answer when I know what right you have to question me," he said after a moment's pause.

"I do not think any right is necessary further than the consent that you have already heard bestowed upon me by this young lady."

"But it is not with her that I have to transact this business," said the man, now changing his tactics. "After all, she is only a minor. Her mother is the person for, whom we are looking. I had agreed not to see her until she was prepared, but your interference changes the state of the case. I will wish you good-day and go straight to the house."

He moved as though to do as he proposed, but Querida flung herself before him.

"You can not go! You shall not go!" she cried. "I have told you it would kill her."

He pretended not to see or hear her; nevertheless, Mr. Dillon's peremptory call made him stop.

"You hear what the young lady says," he observed. "Such a shock as your presence would give to her mother, who, you have been warned, is an invalid, might easily be fatal. If you persist, and the consequences are what we have reason to fear they will be, I will have you arrested for manslaughter."

These words had the desired effect. The man stood still, uncertain what to do next.

"Well," asked Mr. Dillon, facing him, "what do you propose doing?"

"I have already said that if Miss Severn will sign a statement that I made out for her, I will go away and let her prepare her mother to see me another day," he answered sullenly.

"Let me see the statement," said Mr. Dillon, holding out his hand. The other drew back and held the paper behind him.

"It is not necessary for you to see it," he replied. "*She* has seen it; that is enough."

"It is false," persisted Querida. "I can not sign what I know is not true."

"In that case, it seems as though we were at a deadlock," said the man, and he began ostentatiously to rearrange the papers in his pocketbook. As he did so the statement slipped from his fingers and fluttered to Querida's feet. Before he could pick it up she had bent and seized it.

"Read it!" she said, giving it to Mr. Dillon. "You will see that I could not sign such a thing."

He ran his eyes over it, and then with a quick movement tore the sheet into pieces.

"There!" he said. "If all you have to assert is of a like nature, you will not give us much trouble."

"Sir, you are insulting!" exclaimed Mr. Martin, either really angry or feigning anger. "Who are you to meddle like this between us?"

"My name is Dillon," returned the other, shortly. "Any one in the village

will tell you all you may want to know concerning me. The only two facts, however, that are of importance now are: first, that I am one of these ladies' closest friends, and am therefore entitled to act for them in this matter; and the second fact that any one will tell you is that I am not a man to be trifled with."

"Then do you mean that in future, in conducting this case, I am to deal with you, and not with the parties directly concerned?"

A pressure on his arm from Querida told him that he might give an affirmative answer to this question.

"Yes, that is what I mean," replied Mr. Dillon. "As you know, it will be extremely difficult to approach the other lady; for any unwonted emotion must be guarded against by those to whom her life, maimed as it is, is infinitely precious. But we shall do our best. And if your employers appoint a day to meet me, or send me a full account of the case, with a list and description of the jewels claimed, I give you my word of honor that, on our side, we shall do nothing to evade justice,—though I warn you there is absolutely nothing, beyond the few ornaments that you say have been identified, for us to give over to those who claim them. There never were any securities or any other valuables except the jewels, many of which have long since been sold to provide for the support of—" (pausing for a moment),—"of their unfortunate owner and her daughter."

"I have no choice except to trust you," said the man, grudgingly. "I will lay what you say before my clients, and act according to their wishes."

"But, before you go, may I ask again for your name and address?" said Mr. Dillon.

Tearing a leaf from the ever-useful pocketbook, Mr. Martin wrote upon it as desired.

"Letters will always find me at that address," he said. "If you should want to see me it would be best to make

an appointment. I am often away from home, so it would be useless for you to call there" (he handed Mr. Dillon the paper) "unless you know beforehand that I am in town."

There was no greeting as he went away; only when he passed out through the gate Querida sprang after him and drew the heavy bolt that was generally used only at night. It was an unreasoning impulse; and, having done it, she suddenly felt she could bear no more.

"What can I do?" she cried, stretching out her hands to Mr. Dillon. "Oh, why weren't we killed? Why can't we die and be at peace?"

"Hush!—hush!" said Mr. Dillon, sternly; but he held her hands protectingly in his. "You must not speak of dying. Pray rather for strength to live and to defend yourself."

XIII.

In spite of his assumed indifference whilst Mr. Martin was present, Mr. Dillon was more disturbed by this strange story than he cared to show, even to Querida. That the poor dumb-lady had ever been an accomplice in any dishonorable transaction, he did not for a moment believe; but, never having seen the so-called Mr. Severn, he could not answer for him; although every instinct told him that the girl who had grown up almost like his own child was the daughter of no criminal. Yet it seemed ominous that this discovery should come now, after so many years, just when Querida, with her mother's diamonds, had been for the first time, as it were, seen in public. This and the fact that it was hardly possible for the wives of two of the victims of the Glan accident to have disappeared, each of them with a child of the same age, were in Mr. Dillon's eyes the worst points in the case against his friends.

The question immediately arose as to what was next to be done. But Querida was unable for a few days to take any

part in the council that was held; for she was completely prostrated by what had happened. She had not only to bear the disgrace upon her father's memory, and the possible effect any knowledge of Mr. Martin's accusations would have upon her mother, but she had also to face the loss of her lover; for, as Mrs. O'Malley had hoped when she first discovered the existence of Mr. Severn, Querida determined that she would never marry Anthony unless these awful suspicions could be utterly dispelled.

When Anthony heard of what had happened at Drinagh, his impulse was to abandon his work and come straight home; but Mr. Dillon, who wrote him a full account of Mr. Martin's allegations, urged him strongly to stay where he was. It would be necessary to make inquiries in London, and there was no one better fitted to make them than Anthony, who had so vital an interest at stake in the affair.

The first thing to be done was to ascertain whether Mr. Martin lived at the address which he had given; and Mr. Dillon had great hopes that it would turn out to be only a place where he called for his letters. Anthony's answer, however, quickly shattered these hopes. The address given was in a block of chambers apparently inhabited by most respectable professional men; and although the hall porter, a huge Negro, said Mr. Martin was not at home, he told Anthony that any letter addressed to him would be forwarded at once. He had so large a connection that his clients' business often kept him going about the country for weeks at a time. This was exactly what Mr. Martin himself had said. But Anthony had ascertained that, although there were several solicitors of the name of Martin inscribed on the city rolls, none of them lived in these chambers; and it would take time to find out whether the man they sought had another address, or if he was really what he represented himself to be.

Whilst Anthony was busy doing this,

Mr. Dillon wrote to Mr. Martin, asking for the names of the creditors for whom he was acting. There was very little delay before the answer came, but it brought slight satisfaction; for it was simply an acknowledgment of the receipt of Mr. Dillon's communication, and a repetition of what the writer had said at that fateful interview,—that he would give his clients' names only when it suited him to do so. The letter was posted in London, and Mr. Dillon telegraphed at once to Anthony to call again at the Chambers. This he did, only to be greeted by the same story as on his first visit: Mr. Martin was away in the country, but his letters would be forwarded to him.

They could, therefore, only wait until the creditors chose to make the next move. One thing still led them to hope that the whole story was false, and that was the vehement denial that old Julia gave to the possibility of any one's recognizing Querida from her supposed likeness to her father. Of them all (Miss O'Malley, Mr. Dillon, and Dr. Keily had formed themselves into a committee of defence), Julia was the only one who had seen Querida's father; and she had always described him as dark and foreign-looking, whilst Querida was exactly what her mother must have been at her age.

Then, again, it seemed an unusual proceeding to warn a debtor that his goods were in danger of being seized, and then to leave him for days, as Mr. Martin was doing, apparently without any watch upon his movements. Of course it was possible that Querida's denial of any possessions, beyond the two diamond ornaments that had evidently helped to bring all this trouble upon them, had been believed, and that the creditors had decided it was not worth while pursuing the case. Or they might be collecting further proofs; for it was clear, from Mr. Martin's anxiety to get Querida to sign the paper he had tried to force upon her, that they were not very sure of themselves.

At Drinagh, therefore, they could only sit and wait; but Anthony succeeded in gathering a certain amount of information,—none of which, however, was particularly reassuring. That a defaulting solicitor named James Severn, against whom a writ was out, had been killed at Glan whilst absconding from his creditors was proved to be true. That his wife, too, had disappeared at the same date was also a fact; but it was impossible to find out whether she had been in the train at the time of the accident. In the papers that Anthony unearthed concerning these people, that had been issued on the occasion of their disappearance, they were described as being accompanied by their infant daughter aged eighteen months, and their son (or rather Mr. Severn's son) of about fourteen.

Querida's impulse was to hide herself away from everyone; to give up her work in the village, where eyes that were curious even whilst sympathetic met her on every side; but Mr. Dillon would not hear of such a procedure. To show any fear of these unproved accusations was, he insisted, to cast a slight upon the memory of her father, and indirectly upon her mother also. Querida must be brave: she must pray for strength to carry on her work, to live her ordinary life unmoved by anything that was not established beyond doubt as true. But as the days passed and no further communication came from Mr. Martin, Querida began to face the possibility of having a burden to bear heavier, more agonizing than that under which she was struggling so nobly.

"It is not for long. In a few days, perhaps to-morrow, we shall know the worst." It was only by repeating these assurances that Mr. Dillon had helped her to bear the blow; but now it seemed as though it was a cross that was to be laid upon her forever. If the creditors had been satisfied that, from what Mr. Martin had reported after his visit to Drinagh, there was not enough of value left to make it worth while to take any further steps,

they might never hear anything more from them; but the suspicions would remain, would have to be borne through as many long, lonely years as her life might last.

There were times when Querida almost persuaded herself that if this had happened a few months sooner, before she knew Anthony loved her, she could have faced it better. But, thinking again, she had to own that this was not the case. At least she would now have the remembrance of those few happy days; she would always feel that once he had loved her, that she had not given her love without return, and that it was by her own sense of what was right and fair to him that, in spite of all, had kept them apart.

Things were in this state of uncertainty when the Burkes returned to Ardrum. They had heard nothing from Drinagh for some time, and the news of the supposed discovery came like a thunder-clap. Lady Burke refused to listen to the gossip that would willingly have been poured into her ears; but, having heard the accusation that had been brought against her friends, she lost no time in going to learn the truth, and to sympathize and help, if help were needed.

Before reaching Drinagh she met Mr. Dillon on the road; and, telling the coachman to stop, she alighted from the carriage and went toward him on foot.

"Is it true?" she asked, forgetting even the courtesies of greeting in her anxiety.

"Not all," was the reassuring answer. "So much have we ascertained, but what the foundation for these extraordinary proceedings is we have not yet been able to discover."

"Tell me all—everything!" cried Lady Burke; and, walking beside her, Mr. Dillon related the whole story. He did not happen, however, until nearly all was told, to mention the name which was supposed to be Querida's.

"Severn?" repeated Lady Burke,—
"Severn,—a defaulting solicitor?"

"That is the name," answered Mr. Dillon. "But why do you ask like that? Surely you did not know the man?"

"I did not know him personally," said Lady Burke; "but about twenty years ago my sister-in-law was almost entirely ruined by a man of that name. It must have been the same; for he was well known, as you say. And he did die or was killed before the police were able to get hold of him. At the time of my brother's marriage, it was this Severn who drew up the settlements—who did everything, in fact; for my sister-in-law was an orphan, and he was her trustee and man of business."

"Then she knew him well?" said Mr. Dillon. "She would remember what he was like? She could uphold Julia's declaration that there is no resemblance between him and Querida?"

"I am sure she could," replied Lady Burke. "She knew him too well, and had too much reason not to forget him, for there to be any doubt about that."

"You say she lost a considerable amount of money through this Severn?" went on Mr. Dillon. "In that case she will probably know the names of some of her fellow-victims; and if this claim of Mr. Martin's is genuine, she may even be able to tell us who is pushing it."

"I hardly think she knows anything of this," said Lady Burke. "We have been staying with her quite recently, and I am sure she would have spoken of it had she heard anything. However, I will write to her at once. We ought to have her answer in three days, or perhaps less."

She held out her hand, and Mr. Dillon took it silently.

"We have been storming Heaven," he said. "It seems as though our prayers are to be answered in quite an unexpected way."

The three days seemed very long to wait, but at last the answer came to Lady Burke's letter; and no sooner had she read it than she sent it on to Mr. Dillon. Mrs. Allison wrote fully and clearly. She

had known Mr. Severn well, and remembered him distinctly. But, more than that, she had known his wife; and, even after this lapse of years, she thought she could still be able to identify her.

Mr. Severn she described as a grey-haired man of forty-five or fifty, tall, spare, and Jewish-looking. Mrs. Severn, on the contrary, was small, and even in those days she was inclined to be stout. She also was dark,—very dark; and the baby, Mrs. Allison distinctly remembered, had black curls. The boy resembled his father, but the girl promised to be the same build as her mother. Another thing of which she was certain was that Mr. Severn's wife and children had left London at least ten days before the slightest whisper of any coming trouble had got abroad. Until the crash came, the only thing that had ever been said against the Severns was that the stakes at cards in their house were known at times to be alarmingly high. Mrs. Severn, however, was supposed to be more to blame for this than her husband; and at the time it was said that she had gone away simply to make a break in this gambling, of which her husband did not approve. It was true that she had carried off all her jewels; and, so far as Mrs. Allison knew, nothing had ever been heard of her or of them since. That she and the children had been with Mr. Severn at the time of his death Mrs. Allison did not believe; for, whatever the woman's faults, she was devoted to her husband. And the detectives who were on his track, and who claimed his body almost immediately, had seen nothing of her, which assuredly they would have done if she had been in the train and had learned of her husband's fate. More than this Mrs. Allison herself could not tell; but she informed her sister-in-law that she was writing by the same post to a friend whose husband had been even more implicated in the Severns' ruin than she herself, and who might be able to supply further details.

For the little committee of defence, this letter was enough. A great load was lifted from their shoulders. Nothing could have been more unlike Querida and her mother than the description of Mrs. Severn and her child. That alone would be enough to convince their friends that Mr. Martin's accusations were absolutely groundless. But it was not only friends who had to be convinced. Such definite accusations must be met with definite refutations before public opinion would be willing to pronounce itself in favor of the innocent.

Mr. Dillon seemed as grave and as troubled as he was before he read Mrs. Allison's letter; and as for Querida, she reproached herself bitterly for not being able to rejoice more whole-heartedly in the vindication of her parents, owing to the weight that still lay upon her heart. She herself, and Anthony also, might take these proofs as certain; but until something more tangible came to light — till either Mrs. Severn and her daughter were traced, or, what seemed even more unlikely, until the real history of her own parents was found out — she could not fulfil the promise that she had made so happily of becoming Anthony's wife.

(To be continued.)

Sister Divina.

BY MARION MUIR.

SHE glides across the mist of dreams to me,
 Her motion gentle as the clouds of May,
 Her eyes so sweet the merest child can see
 The sum of all for which the weary pray.
 Her Father's message fed, as oil the flame,
 The infinite clear spaces of her soul;
 The touch of her white hand, a blessing came
 To the sad hearts her sympathy made whole.
 About her harmonies of Eden cling
 As natural as fragrance to the rose.
 We almost fear to look and see her wing
 Her way beyond where mortal vision goes.

Tyburn Tree.

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

II.

DR. COX, Elizabeth's Bishop of Ely, wrote in the summer of 1570 to Bullinger, the Lutheran pamphleteer of Zurich, about the difficulties the English Government had to contend with in carrying out its "reforming" plans. "There are among us," he said, "some Papists, and those not of the lowest rank, who strain every nerve that they may be *permitted to live according to their conscience*, and that no account of his religion be demanded from any one."* The whole spirit of the rule of Henry and Elizabeth is focussed in this phrase. The writer of it lived in such an atmosphere of tyranny that it did not occur to him that men might perhaps have some just right to be "permitted to live according to their conscience."

There were two great stages in this English Reformation. Under Henry, men were called upon to acknowledge that the King was lord of their souls as well as their bodies, of their conscience as well as their external acts and words. The test was their willingness to admit that the King could put away his wife when he tired of her and take another, in defiance of the Pope's protest, and then make himself head of the national church. The suppression of the monasteries was the act of the King as supreme ruler of the Church in England, anxious to find a means of filling his coffers and rewarding his supporters. But Henry was at the same time a fierce persecutor of any heresy of which he himself did not approve. It is a popular delusion that the fires of Smithfield were lighted only in Mary's reign, during the brief reaction against the Reformation, and under the Spanish King-consort. As Mr. Marks points out, they burned under Henry, under Edward,

* "Zurich Letters," Series I., Ep. 88. Translated for the Parker Society. 1842.

and under Elizabeth. The same sovereigns who sent Catholics to the gallows of Tyburn sent Protestants to the fagots of Smithfield, when their Protestantism was not of the precise shade approved by the government.

Under Elizabeth the Reformation proceeded a stage further. The title deeds of the Established Church of England are the two acts of the first year of her reign,—one of which reasserted her father's claim that the sovereign of England was supreme head of the Church; the other forbade the Mass, and substituted for it a form of prayer and a commemorative rite—the Lord's Supper—which implied no priestly power, no divine Presence, no Sacrament of the Eucharist. Under Henry, those who, on being called upon to testify by oath that the King and not the Pope was head of the Church in England, declared that this was against their conscience were sent to the block or the gallows. Under Elizabeth, there was a double test. It was treason to deny that this woman was head of the Church, but it was also treason to attempt to perpetuate the Sacrifice of the Altar.

Such changes could not have been carried into effect if there had not been a great amount of indifference to religion among the English people. But, even though there was much carelessness on the subject, there was enough of faith to make it impossible to introduce the new order of things without a considerable amount of blood being shed in trampling out popular resistance, with the help of foreign mercenary troops. There were some honest zealots for the new doctrines, but the lives of most of those who carried through the change show that they cared little for religion in any form; and the notable fact is that the court enriched itself by the Reformation, and had solid arguments for the course it took, in the material gains that the new order of things brought to those who were content to be the satellites of the new head of the Church. Many still clung to

the old doctrines of the Papal authority and the Christian priesthood; but the penalties of treason were made the means of destroying those who were brave enough thus to obey their consciences, and of terrorizing those who hesitated. The "treason" of those who suffered was their claim "to live according to their conscience," and their assertion that the decree of a tyrant King or Queen, even backed by the vote of a servile Parliament, could not alter eternal truths.

As their Master was taken out of the city to the common place of execution to be gibbeted between two thieves, so these martyrs of conscience and true freedom were dragged to Tyburn Tree, to the thieves' gallows of London. The first of these victims died there in 1534, the last in 1681. There was a century and a half of martyrdoms. Tyburn was not the only place thus hallowed with martyr blood. All over England there were executions. In London itself, Catholics went to their death at Tower Hill, at Smithfield, in St. Paul's churchyard, in Fleet Street, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, Gray's Inn Fields, and Finsbury Fields. But most were sent to the common place of execution.

In his "Annals of Tyburn," under the date of 1534, Mr. Marks notes the origin of the first persecution under Henry VIII.:

With the aid of Cranmer, the willing instrument of his lust and cruelty, Henry had divorced Catherine, and had married his mistress, Anne Boleyn, the sister of a former mistress. With the same aid he had also invested himself with the supremacy of the Church. But there was a strong feeling throughout the country against these proceedings, and Henry viewed with alarm every manifestation of this sentiment. To express disapprobation, however mildly, was regarded as a crime, as evidence of a conspiracy against the State.

Elizabeth Barton, of Aldington, in Kent, had "prophesied" against the King's acts; and she, and those who were supposed to have encouraged her, were arraigned on a charge of treason. In a quotation from Stow's "Chronicle" Mr. Marks tells us what followed:

1534, the 20th of Aprill, Elizabeth Barton, a nun professed; Edward Bocking and John Dering, two monks of Christ's Church in Canterbury; Richard Risby and another of his fellows of ye same house; Richard Master, parson [parish priest] of Aldington, and Henry Gold, priest, were drawne from the Tower of London to Tiborne, and there hanged and headed. The nun's head was set on London Bridge, and the other heades on gates of ye citie.

This was the beginning. Next year, on May 4, 1535, there died at Tyburn the first martyrs of the English persecution whom the Holy See has enrolled in the list of the beatified. Mr. Marks quotes in full Maurice Chauncey's account of the triumph of the three Carthusian priors of London, Beauvale, and Axholme; and incidentally mentions that there died with them "another religious named Reynolds, of the Order of St. Bridgett." This was Blessed Richard Reynolds, of Syon Convent, Isleworth. But Mr. Marks omits to mention that among the martyrs of that May day there was also Blessed Thomas Haile, the parish priest of Isleworth. The victims of 1534 had been "hanged and headed"; these of 1535 suffered all the horrors of a treason execution, some of them simply indescribable in their foul savagery.

In an earlier chapter Mr. Marks has given us an elaborate study of the old English method of executing criminals for treason. It was an attempt to make death as terrible, painful and ignominious as possible. We speak of it as death by being "hanged, drawn and quartered." It would be more correct to say "drawn, hanged and quartered"; for the punishment began by the condemned being dragged behind a horse to the place of execution. In the early Middle Ages, the wretch doomed to die was simply tied to the horse and bumped along the road. It was the monks who intervened to lay the criminal on a bull's hide or a wicker sledge or hurdle. Mr. Marks records the sentence pronounced, in Plantagenet days, by a judge who ordered that no one should presume to provide a sledge. By the time of

the Tudor persecutions, the sledge had become an institution.

At Tyburn, in case of a condemnation for treason—and treason was the crime alleged against the martyrs,—the gallows played only a preliminary part in the execution of the sentence. The other apparatus of the tragedy were the quartering block, and a fire over which hung a caldron of boiling water or hot pitch. At a modern English execution of a murderer, care is taken to make death instantaneous, and to save the criminal conscious physical pain. There is the drop which at once breaks the neck. The martyr hanged at Tyburn was left suspended just long enough to suffer all the pain of strangulation. As merciful unconsciousness, the prelude of death, came on, he was cut down. Sometimes the menacing outcry of the crowd forced the hangman to hold his hand till his victim was dead; but oftener the sentence of the law was literally fulfilled, and the martyr was taken from the gallows half strangled and still breathing. The body was swiftly stripped and hacked open, and entrails and heart torn out and flung into the fire. The martyr died under the knife.

Men sometimes stand a fearful amount of physical injury before expiring; and, though the agony of these martyrs was measured by moments, some of them lived through part of this hideous process of clumsy vivisection. There are records of many who prayed while they were being cut to pieces; of others, who struggled to rise; of one who, in the agonizing spasm, by a last convulsive movement struck the butcher, who was handling him, a blow on the head. After this savagery, the dead body was beheaded and cut into four parts, with a limb attached to each part. Then the "quarters" were parboiled in the caldron or seethed in the hot pitch, and, with the head, were stuck on pikes over the gates of London.

Where there were several victims, as

at the execution of May 4, 1535, the martyrs were butchered one by one. Those who died latest saw the torture inflicted on their companions. It was thus that on that day Blessed Richard Reynolds, before his own turn came, saw the three Carthusians and his neighbor, the vicar of Isleworth, put cruelly to death; and looked on, praying aloud and encouraging them. These atrocities were meant to terrorize others. Without exception, priest and layman, gentleman and commoner, condemned to this awful death, went to it courageously, often rejoicingly. For a century and a half England saw the triumphs of the early martyrs renewed in the constancy of those who died for their fidelity to the Holy See and their faith in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar.

Mr. Marks, in his annals of Tyburn, notes the deaths of all the Catholics who suffered there. Among them we can often recognize the names of our beatified martyrs. But there are others who are not yet enrolled in the list; and, again, we find records of executions of Catholics where not even the name is recorded. In June, 1535, three more Carthusians are "drawn to Tyburne and there hanged and quartered for denying the King's supremacie." In 1537 there are records of many martyrdoms, mostly of unnamed men. Thus the record of the year opens with an extract from Stow's "Chronicle":

1537.—The nine and twentieth of March were 12 men of Lincolne drawne to Tyborne and there hanged and quartered. Five were priests and 7 were laymen; one was an abbot, a suffragan, Doctor Mackerel; another was the vicar of Louth, in Lincolnshire; and two priests.

In May of the same year, among the victims were the Abbots of Jorvaulx and Fountains, with other monks, priests, and laymen. And amongst those who died at Tyburn in June, 1537, was "Sir Thomas Percey, Knight and brother to the Earle of Northumberland." Year after year we come on records of the executions of Catholics mingled with those of common criminals. Thus in 1544 we

have it noted that "the 7th of March, Garmaine Gardner, and Larke, parson of Chelsey, were executed at Tyborne for denying the King's supremacie. With them was executed for other offences one Singleton." * (The "parson of Chelsey" means, of course, "the parish priest of Chelsea,"—the parish where the Blessed Thomas More had his house by the river-side.) Under Edward VI. the executions continued.

When Elizabeth came to the throne, the first notable execution at Tyburn was that of Catholics condemned for their part in the rising of the North. Christopher Norton, a gallant Yorkshire gentleman, prayed aloud while the hangman was tearing out his bowels, "O Lord, Lord, have mercy upon me!" and so yielded up the ghost. He, and those who suffered under the like sentence after the rising, had forfeited their lives under the ordinary law by taking up arms. But they fought for the freedom of the North and the restoration of the religion of their fathers, and to many of them life was offered if they would accept the new worship and the Royal Supremacy. Their case is different from that of the later Catholic victims of Tyburn; but, all the same, it may be said that they died for their Faith; only, from the human point of view, they were less fortunate than their comrades, who, like the Maccabees, had fallen in battle rather than live to see "the evils of their nation and of the holy places."

In this same year, after many efforts for peace, the Pope at last signed the excommunication of Elizabeth, and the rupture between the English Government and the Holy See was complete. John Felton, who nailed the Bull to the door of St. Paul's, was hanged and quartered in the churchyard. After this, says Mr. Marks:

For the next hundred years it became the most pressing duty of governments to tear out the bowels of men who acknowledged the Pope as spiritual father; and when governments became slack in the work, Parliament immediately set up a howl for blood.

* Stow, p. 586.

The first execution at Tyburn under this new state of things was that of a lawyer, Dr. John Story, on June 1, 1571. The execution is notable for more than one reason. It was for this occasion that the permanent gallows was first erected—three uprights with triangular crossbeams at the top,—a structure on which twenty-four men could hang together. On at least one occasion, in 1649, eight men were hanged on each of its three beams. Till it was removed in 1759 it was famous as "the Triple Tree of Tyburn." Mr. Marks has, with the help of old maps, very precisely identified the exact spot where it stood.

Dr. Story, as one of the crown lawyers under Mary, had been engaged in many of the cases against Protestants who were condemned to death during the Marian reaction. Mr. Marks says he was a "bitter persecutor"; but we doubt if there is anything to show that Story did more than carry out the routine duties of his legal office, or that he manifested any special zeal or bitterness in enforcing the old law against heresy. However this may be, Mr. Marks discusses his case with singular fairness:

In this matter of persecution, it is impossible for us of to-day to place ourselves in the position of men in the sixteenth century. Nothing could be more false than to represent the Reformers as advocates of religious liberty. They made no such claim for themselves. They would have regarded themselves as traitors to their trust if, when the opportunity came, they did not, in their turn, send to the stake the obstinate heretics who refused to yield to their arguments, and rejected "the truth." Latimer could jest in the sermon he preached on the occasion of the burning of Friar Forest. ["I played the fool after my customable manner."] Forest, it is true, was a Catholic. The Reformers persecuted others than Catholics, and here it is even more difficult to acquit them. Claiming liberty to discard old beliefs, they persecuted those who went further than they in the same direction.

In 1549 was appointed a Commission, and in 1551 another, with extended scope. Among the Commissioners we find Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, Coverdale,—more than thirty names of the brightest lights of the Reformation. They were appointed to try heretics—Anabaptists and those

who rejected the Book of Common Prayer,—to try, to condemn, and to hand over to the civil power. . . . Without reckoning too nicely the allowances to be made for the difficulty of achieving emancipation from the ideas of one's age, posterity has perhaps done rough justice in allowing subsequent martyrdom to atone for the errors of those who persecuted. Catholics have beatified Story; Protestants venerate the memory of those who suffered after having enforced the new doctrines by the aid of the gallows and the stake.

It is, perhaps, worth while pointing out, what apparently Mr. Marks has not noticed, that Story's conduct under Mary was not alleged against him at his trial. He had not been molested on the accession of Elizabeth. He was elected to her first Parliament, and he was one of the faithful few who had the courage to oppose her anti-Catholic legislation. After this he went to Antwerp with his wife and children, and became what we would now call a naturalized subject of the Spanish King. He was entrapped on an English ship and brought prisoner to London. The charge against him was consorting with the Queen's enemies—i. e., the English exiles at Antwerp. He argued against the jurisdiction of the court. "Every man is born free," he said, "and he hath the whole face of the earth to dwell and abide in where he liketh best; and if he can not live here he may go elsewhere." He was condemned, but there is little doubt he could have saved his life by conforming.

At Tyburn, care was taken to inflict the utmost suffering on him, and the execution was full of peculiar horror. "He was the object of general execration," says Mr. Marks. One may doubt this. Story addressed the crowd from the foot of the gallows, and evidently felt that many friends were looking on; for he asked them to see that provision was made for his wife and children. There, too, he spoke penitently of an early error. He had accepted the Royal Supremacy under Henry VIII. He offered his death as an atonement for this fall; and here, too, one feels he must have known he

spoke to those who could understand him.

How little Story's conduct during the Marian reaction had to do with his condemnation is shown by the fact that, for a century after, numbers of men were sent to the Tyburn gallows who had no part in the so-called Marian persecution, who never claimed to have acquired foreign citizenship, who professed their loyalty to the English crown, and whose only offence was that they acknowledged the Pope as the Father of Christendom, that they were priests or that they had harbored priests. It would need a long space even to enumerate these martyrdoms, but a few of their records may be noted as they occur in Mr. Marks' *Annals of Tyburn*.

(Conclusion next week.)

A Scoffer's Fate.

BY E. S.

IT was winter. Snow and ice lay over field and forest; and when the sun's first rays lit up the sombre landscape, every tree and shrub glistened with crystal rime. The smoke rising from the chimney of the woodman's cottage at the edge of the pine-wood, and the cry of a bird among the snow-laden branches, were the only signs of life. But within the cottage all were astir. Ere long the door opened, and father and son, their axes over their shoulders, stepped out into the frosty air to betake themselves to their work in the timber forest.

For some time they walked side by side in silence. Presently the father relaxed his pace.

"Joseph," he said, addressing his son, "what time did you get home last night?"

The young man turned away his head and looked into the forest.

"Where were you? Answer me."

"I was down in the village a while," was the sullen reply.

"Where in the village, Joseph?"

"Well, if you must know, Hubert had

invited me; but I was back about ten o'clock."

"You were not back at ten nor even at twelve. Has associating with Hubert taught you to lie? Now I say once more" (the old man drew himself up to his full height): "henceforth you must give up all companionship with that bad man. I have given him notice that he can no longer work under my orders. I only wish I had found out sooner what he is. He holds nothing sacred, not God or religion, and he is never to be seen in church."

"Because he is not saying his Beads all day long he is to be called a bad man!" his son retorted angrily.

"I tell you he *is* a bad man. You know very well that he is a poacher, and that a few months ago he was accused—and not unjustly—of the death of the old forester; although the charge could not be proved against him. Now mark what I say: unless you part company altogether with Hubert—much as it grieves me to say it,—there is no longer a place for you under my roof."

"I have been there too long already. I can shift for myself," Joseph replied, tossing his head defiantly.

The old man sighed as he slowly pursued his way. Soon the clearing in the forest was reached. The men who came from the village greeted their master respectfully.

"Good-day! 'Tis bitter cold this morning," responded Berger.

"We shall soon get warm enough. It will be no joke to lay this monster low," laughed Andrew, a fine stalwart fellow, placing his hand on the massive trunk of a very big tree.

"Then let us set to work at once, in the name of God!"

"In the name of God!" sneered Hubert, who, now that he had received notice of dismissal, no longer cared to conceal his opinions. "Come, Joseph! We will see what we can do without invoking Him."

Hubert's comrades looked reprovably at him, but said nothing.

Meanwhile the work of felling the tree began. The axes rang sharply upon the hard bark of that giant of the forest, a hundred years old, and splinters flew in all directions.

Presently, when it was near midday, the master bade his men stop.

"All is ready now," was the reply.

"Yes, we have got far enough. Are the ropes all made fast?"

According to the ancient and pious custom—a relic of bygone times,—the men dropped on their knees to say a "Hail Mary," in order to ask the protection of the Queen of Heaven before beginning the dangerous part of their work. Joseph hesitated a moment; then he, too, knelt down, more from habit than through devotion. Only one remained standing; that was Hubert. With a mocking smile on his lips, he drew a bottle of brandy out of his breast pocket.

"Good luck to you! This will help to pull the ropes better than all your 'Hail Marys,'" he said.

The others looked horrified.

Berger's eyes flashed. Should he chastise the scoffer there and then? But at that very moment a violent gust of wind swept through the wood, and a crack was heard in the cleft of the condemned tree.

"It is going to fall!—it is going to fall! Out of the way all of you!"

The men fled in all directions. A loud snap and breakage was heard; then a thud, which resounded far and wide as the giant tree crashed to the ground.

A cry followed almost immediately.

"Father, father!"

Joseph tore aside the branches over a prostrate form, while the others looked on aghast.

"Father, are you hurt?—are you dead? It is I—Joseph! O father, forgive my hasty words this morning! Wake up, father! Thank God, he is still alive!"

Berger opened his eyes. The blood was trickling from a wound on his forehead. "Help me up, Joseph. Our Blessed Lady protected me. Only a branch struck me

as I was escaping, and knocked me down. There is nothing serious the matter with me; only the fall has stunned me a little. But where is Hubert? He was just behind me," he added, looking round anxiously.

No one had thought of Hubert. He was found lying under a thick bough, his countenance horribly distorted.

"For God's sake, boys, saw through the bough and set him free! He does not stir. Andrew, run to the village and bring the priest and the doctor."

By the time the big bough was removed Andrew returned, accompanied by both priest and doctor. The latter knelt down and felt the man's pulse. Then he looked up and said gravely:

"Your reverence, I fear that neither of us can be of any use here."

"He is dead? May God have mercy on his soul!" Berger ejaculated.

"The blow alone was not sufficient to kill him, — at least not on the spot," the doctor presently remarked, after carefully examining the body. "No, the ribs are not broken. It appears to me that there must have been a bend in the bough that struck him, so that it did not fall on him with all its weight. His head is not injured."

"We could almost have got him out without sawing off the bough. It was a big one and lay across his chest," one of the men remarked.

"What, then, can have been the cause of his death?" asked another.

The doctor unfastened the man's shirt.

"There is blood here. Where does it come from?" he said.

Broken pieces of something hard fell to the ground, and the smell of spirits was noticeable. The doctor discovered a wound in the side, from which he presently drew a long, sharp splinter of glass. A cry of horror escaped the lips of the bystanders. A piece of the bottle had pierced the wretched man's heart.

Joseph went up to his father with tears in his eyes.

"Forgive me, father!" he pleaded. "I

did not mean what I said this morning. I am very sorry!"

"I have already forgiven you, my boy. May God also forgive you!" the old man replied.

"God is not mocked," said the priest, as he took Joseph's hand on parting; "nor may His Holy Mother be insulted with impunity. In His mercy, He will pardon an offence against Himself; but it is dangerous to touch His Blessed Mother—her honor or her interests."

A Deserving and Delightful Book.

A QUAIN old book that in this Month of the Dead should have many new readers is "Purgatory Surveyed," partly translated, partly "disposed, abridged, or enlarged" by Father Richard Thimelby, S. J., from a treatise, published in 1625, by Father Stephen Binet, a French Jesuit. The revision appeared in 1663; and a reprint of it, edited by the Rev. W. H. Anderdon, S. J., in 1874,—Messrs. Burns & Oates, publishers. It is a most interesting, forcible, and edifying little book. The alterations ventured upon, in the reprint, consist chiefly in the mode of punctuation. A few obsolete expressions have been changed, but the sterling and effective raciness of the author has in almost every instance been retained. The title-page, which we quote in full, is an excellent description of the contents of the work: "Purgatory Surveyed; or, A particular account of the happy, and yet thrice unhappy, state of the Souls there; also of the singular charity and ways we have to relieve them; and of the devotion of all ages for the Souls Departed. With twelve excellent means to prevent Purgatory, and the resolution of many curious and important points."

In a prefatory address Father Thimelby says: "There was a Roman emperor who would never dine but he would be feeding his thoughts with the contemplation of the torments of hell, and the

pleasures of the Elysian fields, which he had caused to be curiously painted and exposed for that purpose in his dining-room. I do not press you to use any such devotions or pictures. I only offer you this Survey of Purgatory, which I beseech you to look upon; and withal to have an eye still upon heaven, and the best means how to send souls thither, and to follow them yourselves, without stepping aside into Purgatory. For, believe it, if you come once there, you will find it a very restless and uncomfortable lodging, which I pray God you may all timely prevent." . . .

Instead of quoting from this delightful old volume at length, as we were minded to do, let us confine ourselves to a few short extracts, any one of which, we should think, ought to suffice to rouse our readers' interest and make them wish to procure the book for themselves. Our first selection is from a section in which "certain questions are resolved, about the application and distribution of our suffrages":

Now, to define precisely whether it be always better done to help one or two souls efficaciously than to yield a little comfort to a great many, is a question I leave for you to exercise your wits in. I could fancy it to be your best course to do both; that is, sometimes to single out some particular soul, and to use all your powers to lift her up to heaven; sometimes, again, to parcel out your favours upon many; and, now and then, also to deal out a general alms upon all Purgatory. And you need not fear exceeding in this way of charity, whatsoever you bestow; for you may be sure nothing will be lost by it.

In another chapter, entitled "How dangerous it is to trust others with what concerns the sweet rest of our souls in the next world," we find this striking consideration:

You would be loth to be emperor of the universe, upon condition to be perpetually tormented with the stone or the gout, or to lie broiling upon a gridiron. And are you so wilfully unwary as to cast yourself into the flames of Purgatory, upon a vain confidence that your friends or your children will fetch you out, who perhaps have scarce a thought of you once in a twelvemonth?

In reference to ancient Roman ways of honoring the dead—burning lamps at sepulchres, strewing them with flowers, preserving tears in phials and burying them with the urns containing the ashes of departed relatives and friends, etc.,—our author exclaims:

Good God! . . . shall they take on so bitterly for dead carcasses, that are not sensible of the flames that consume them? And shall not we be more concerned for souls that really feel the smart of a most cruel fire? Sure, they will one day rise up in judgment against us, and reproach us for believing as we do, and carrying ourselves clear contrary to the belief we profess.

The concluding paragraph of the last chapter—"Of twelve excellent means to prevent Purgatory, or so to provide for ourselves as not to make any long stay there"—must be quoted entire. Could anything be more quaint than this!—

Take courage, then, dear reader,—take courage! Imitate the Good Thief. Snatch heaven out of God's hands; steal away His Paradise; do something worthy of Him, worthy of yourself, and worthy of Paradise. If no better means occur to you, at least strive to be hugely concerned for the poor souls in Purgatory. Pray often and devoutly for them, and procure that good store of Masses may be said for their relief. You have in your hands the ell by which you may measure out your own happiness. Says the devout Salvian: Be charitable to others, and they will be no less to you. The time is not long that is allowed you to sojourn in this world. In this little time, be sure you make the saints in heaven and the souls in Purgatory your friends, that they be obliged to help you in your greatest need. Learn at least, by these discourses, to have a tender heart for the poor souls, and to use your uttermost endeavour to go yourself directly into heaven out of this wicked world. It is the thing I earnestly beg of God's infinite mercy for you, and for myself, at the instance of your good prayers. For though I must acknowledge I have deserved nothing but hell-fire, and have reason to take it for a high favour to be sent into Purgatory, to lie there as many months and years as it shall please God; yet I confess ingenuously I have no great mind to either place, but only to heaven; which I beseech God, by the merits of my dear Saviour, and by the plenary indulgence of His most infinite mercy, to grant us all! Amen.

Et fidelium animæ per misericordiam Dei requiescant in pace! Amen.

Notes and Remarks.

What must such irreligious rulers as those of France, Portugal, etc., think of President Taft's Thanksgiving Day proclamation! After stating that the records of population and harvests, which are the index of progress, show vigorous national growth, and the health and prosperity of our communities throughout this land and in our possessions beyond the seas, he declares that these abounding and overflowing blessings are "the blessings and bounty of God"; and the proclamation continues:

Now, therefore, I, William Howard Taft, President of the United States of America, in accordance with the wise custom of the civil magistrate since the first settlements in this land, and with the rule established from the foundation of this government, do appoint Thursday, November 24, 1910, as a day of national thanksgiving and prayer, enjoining the people upon that day to meet in their churches for the praise of Almighty God, and to return heartfelt thanks to Him for all His goodness and loving-kindness.

Let us hope that the "wise custom" may never be discontinued,—that, as time goes on, Thanksgiving Day will be more and more faithfully and religiously observed. There is much for which we should be truly grateful to God; and the public acknowledgment of our dependence upon Him is a guarantee of continued blessings. The latest and greatest of these is our deliverance from the dangers of New Nationalism.

Communion for children who have come to the age of reason is not an innovation: as one of the French Catholic papers remarks, it is simply a return to the old traditions of the Church. It was practised for many centuries and is still in use in the Orient. The Church has always favored this practice. *Fortiter et suaviter* is her motto; and now by the voice of her ruler she forcibly proclaims the doctrine taught by Christ Himself. Realizing what must be the desire of His Sacred

Heart, the Holy Father has promulgated his decree, and surely none can presume to question the wisdom of his action. He keeps an ever-watchful eye on the spiritual and temporal affairs of the Church; and with his vision illumined by a divine light, he sees far into the future. All thinking people must feel that we are now at a turning-point in the history of the world. The eventful panorama which daily confronts our gaze emphasizes the fact. Pius X. points to the reign of the Sacred Heart in the world, and the restoration of all things in Christ. To insure this result, surely the best means possible is frequent and even daily Communion by young and old.

Discussing the position of a preacher without a creed, a secular contemporary asks, "How far does any man get in any field of human endeavor who disavows belief in any fixed principles of action, no matter how admirable may be his personal conduct?" He doesn't even make a start. A creed is a *sine qua non*. How can any one be enthusiastic without believing in certain propositions? Admirable personal conduct supposes a creed of some sort,—is inconceivable without one. It is sheer nonsense to talk about a creedless religion. Creeds and dogmas and systematic theology are inevitable; and to ask for religion without theology is like demanding a two-sided triangle.

We have just been reading a short article, "Don't," by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, and can not refrain from passing along to our readers this pointed refutation of an obvious fallacy:

Don't say, "There is no true creed, for each creed believes itself right and the others wrong." Probably one of the creeds is right and the others are wrong. Diversity does show that most of the views must be wrong. It does not by the faintest logic show that they all must be wrong. I suppose there is no subject on which opinions differ with more desperate sincerity than about which horse will win the Derby. These are certainly solemn convictions: men risk ruin for them. The man who puts

his shirt on Potosi must believe in that animal; and each of the other men putting their last garments upon other quadrupeds must believe in them quite as sincerely. They are all serious and most of them are wrong. But one of them is right. One of the faiths is justified; one of the horses does win; not always even the dark horse which might stand for Agnosticism, but often the obvious and popular horse of Orthodoxy. Democracy has its occasional victories, and even the Favorite has been known to come in first.

But the point here is that something comes in first. That there were many beliefs does not destroy the fact that there was no well-founded belief. I believe (merely upon authority) that the world is round. That there may be tribes who believe it to be triangular or oblong does not alter the fact that it is certainly some shape, and therefore not any other shape. Therefore, I repeat, with the wail of imprecation, don't say that the variety of creeds prevents you from accepting any creed. It is an unintelligent remark.

It certainly is, as is also the cognate statement of the indifferentist, "One religion's as good as another,"—an assertion that becomes intelligent only in the mouth of an unbeliever in all religions.

In the matter of the Portuguese revolution, as in all other occurrences, a single grain of fact is worth a bushel of fantastic fiction. Now that the fairy tales of monks' and nuns' opening fire on the populace have had their brief sensational life, it is worth while reading the following extract from an interview with one who knows whereof he speaks—Father Espinouse, the Lazarist, who narrowly escaped death at the hands of the Lisbon mob:

Infamous calumnies have been spread about the religious. They have said that the scenes of mad fury, and of hatred of religion, and especially the attack of the convents, were provoked by the religious firing on the mob, that quantities of arms have been found in the convents by the invaders. All this is untrue. In our house (the Lazarist convent of Arroios) there was only one revolver and sixty cartridges. Moreover, no one used it, and I brought it away with me.

It has been said that the assault on the religious houses was a spontaneous movement, the work of isolated bands. This is untrue. It was a co-ordinated movement, and evidently premeditated and prearranged by certain leaders.

Nearly at the same hour, the bands of rioters—soldiers, civilians, and women—methodically besieged all the convents. Everywhere the assault was made in the same manner. For example, at our house the operations began toward three in the afternoon. I had left previously, under a first disguise, to find a refuge for our Fathers and young people. The encirclement of our house began at a considerable distance. This was to prevent any one escaping. Little by little, they drew gradually nearer, and at about six had completely surrounded the house. From the bottom of the little hill on which it stands, they all—soldiers, civilians, and women—fired on all the windows, whilst some forced the doors with hatchets. As soon as the doors were down, they called for the superiors—Father Barros-Gomès and Father Fragues. In the meantime the assassins, their guns charged, ran up. As soon as the superiors appeared, and before they could say a word, they fired on them. Father Fragues fell first. Father Barros-Gomès had time to fall on his knees before he was shot dead.

Once more, a plain tale has put down the Falstaffian liars who manipulate the press reports in the interests of the enemies of the Church.

The loving interest with which the Church looks after all classes of her children is well illustrated in this extract from an announcement by Bishop Nilan, of the diocese of Hartford:

The spiritual welfare of the deaf-mutes is of such concern to us that we have decided to offer them special opportunities for receiving instruction and approaching the Sacraments. A religious instruction in the sign-language will be given every Sunday at the nine o'clock Mass in St. Joseph's Cathedral. Catechism class for the children will be held every Sunday at 9.45 a. m. and at 2 p. m., in the conference room of the cathedral. There will be an instruction for the grown-up deaf-mutes every second and fourth Sunday at 4 p. m. in the conference room of the cathedral. Confessions will be heard every Saturday from 4 to 6, and from 7 to 10 p. m. All deaf-mutes will be most welcome at the exercises of the mission as well as the other special services during the year in St. Joseph's Cathedral.

The ordinary reader will probably be surprised to learn that the number of deaf-mutes is relatively so large as to warrant such special services; and he

may even be unaware that the interests of such of those unfortunates as belong to the Church are advocated by a special organ, the *Catholic Deaf-Mute*, published at Richmond Hill, N. Y.,—a well-edited paper, that is doing excellent work.

If there is one thing more than another which the average dissenting minister, according to a Protestant weekly (the *Reunion Magazine*) thoroughly resents, it is to see Catholic priests popular rather than the reverse with cultivated men of the world. And the *Magazine* affords this explanation of the popularity:

The Roman priest is a man of the world, with a curiously intimate knowledge of human nature. And so, in spite of his "superstitions" and "deadly doctrines," as the dissenting minister contemptuously designates the religious beliefs of the Roman priest, he is almost invariably *persona grata* with men who possibly do not believe in anything at all, but who are fervid in their admiration of a self-sacrifice and a power of self-denial, a courageous contempt of danger, which is only rarely indeed to be found in the men of the other side, who are so fond of decrying his whole life and work.

Another explanation may be that the typical priest is a man of education, whereas a large proportion of the dissenting parsons, especially the ranting variety of them, betray ignorance as crass as their prejudice.

That terse, if somewhat inelegant, characterization of statistics, "figures can't lie, but liars can figure," is too often verified in lectures by non-Catholic speakers on conditions in Catholic countries. There is, for instance, considerable stress laid by such lecturers on the superiority of Protestant nations in the matter of general education; and "statistics of illiteracy" are quoted with gusto. On this particular point the *Austral Light* thus comments:

There is in the Irish census report a table which includes as "illiterate" all who can not read or write, no matter of what age. This table states that in 1901, out of 3,308,661 "Roman Catholics," 813,985 were "illiterates." The statement is of no statistical value whatever,

for it is found by including as "illiterates" thousands of infants less than a year old, thousands "over one year and under two years," and so on; so that it actually includes as "illiterates" 324,863 infants under five years. What is the worth of an argument based on these misleading figures, and used to bolster up the ignorant cry that the Church frowns on education? The moral is that no illiteracy figures are worth consideration unless we know how they are arrived at, and whether they are officially authenticated. We can imagine the use that could be made of the bald statement that the Irish census returns showed nearly a million "illiterates."

It is to be noted, too, in the case of Ireland that from thirty to forty thousand "literate" emigrate from that country every year; and that in consequence there remains an undue preponderance of old people who lacked in their youth those opportunities for education that are now at the disposal of all.

The frequency with which largely attended Holy Name parades are taking place in our cities lends timeliness to the following extract from an editorial in the *Standard and Times*:

Catholics would not willingly wear their hearts upon their sleeves, but would rather keep them internally sanctified by holy living. Yet the conditions which surround them demand the outward proof of their loyalty to their Lord and the Church. All over Europe they are responding to the call to be up and professing their readiness to defend their priceless heritage of Faith. We who live in a land where persecution dares not raise its head are called upon by the tie that binds us to manifest our solidarity with our suffering co-religionists and confess Christ before paganism and wavering weaklings by the display of the symbols of the Faith. To defend from irreverence and dishonor the Name borne to us by the angels of God is pre-eminently a foremost duty, especially for the heads of families; for their example is being studied at short range by the young, who in time will be the heads of the families of the future.

Habitual readers of the secular press do not need to be reminded that few Catholic public demonstrations nowadays evoke such appreciative and sympathetic comments from non-Catholic citizens as do these processions of Holy Name

societies; and it is an excellent thing that their members have heeded in this particular way the Scriptural exhortation: "So let your light shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven."

We have more than once called attention to the good work done by the Catholic Sailors' Club of Montreal, and have expressed a hope that similar clubs may be formed in our own larger seaports. The following plea for the multiplication of such organizations is from a Catholic sailor who knows whereof he speaks:

I feel strongly on the subject: we sadly want an apostle who will be our shepherd. Severed from all good influences, scattered over the globe in twos and threes, surrounded by those who mock at religion, surely a miracle is necessary to keep the light of Faith burning in our hearts. I am an officer, and have had a sound religious education; but, feeling myself so isolated, associated with those to whom religion was not even to be mentioned seriously, I have often wanted strength and backbone to seek out a church against so many difficulties. And, if it was hard for me, how hard it must be to the sailor and fireman? Certainly, you will often find about the docks and shipping those who can speak English, but they seem, unfortunately, the very last to know anything about religion or churches. The Salvation Army man comes aboard, and the agent for the Protestant mission; but where can we find a Catholic church, or a priest who can speak English?

This last sentence emphasizes the fact that, in the matter of looking after those who go down to the sea in ships, as in many another sphere of activity, the children of the sects are wiser in their generation than the children of the Church.

A series of frescoes, dating from the end of the fifteenth century or the beginning of the sixteenth, some of them in fairly good state of preservation, have been discovered in the ancient parish church of Pieve di Coriano, in the Province of Mantua. Like San Lorenzo at Mantua, this church was founded by Matilda, the famous countess of Tuscany.



The Miser's Shoes.

ONCE upon a time there lived in Bagdad a rich old miser named Ali-Tam-Tam. He was a retired merchant, but he still did business when he saw a chance to drive a good bargain. He loved his money so much that he was loath to part with it even for clothing. He, therefore, wore rags, and his shoes were the laughing-stock of the whole city.

When Ali went out to buy the small amount of food necessary to keep him alive, street urchins would follow him about, jeering at him on account of his shoes. This did not worry the old man in the least. He had quarrelled with his last relative, who reproached him for dressing so badly when he was known to be very rich.

Shortly after this quarrel he had the opportunity to buy for a trifle, of a merchant in pressing need of funds, a magnificent box made of the costliest wood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, curiously wrought, and containing six crystal flasks filled with the rarest and most precious perfumes.

Because of the great bargain he had made, and the profits which would surely be his when he came to sell, he decided to give himself some sort of a treat. First he thought of new clothes; but he was afraid of being overcharged by dishonest dealers. He also dismissed the subject of shoes, arguing that new ones would hurt his feet and put to shame the rest of his attire. He finally decided on a bath at a public bath-house not far from his home.

The next morning, after a frugal breakfast, he went to the establishment. He found many there before him, among others the relative with whom he had

quarrelled a short time before. This man again called the miser's attention to his ridiculous shoes. The latter retorted sharply, and there was another quarrel.

At last Ali went in, leaving his shoes outside, as was the custom. He had a hot bath, was vigorously massaged by an attendant, then took a short nap. Upon leaving the place, he found in the vestibule a pair of shining new shoes standing where he had left his old ones. He tried them on and they fitted him exactly. As he did not see his own anywhere, he concluded that his relative, ashamed of seeing him walk about in such old shoes, had taken them away and left new ones in their place.

He, therefore, wore them home. He ate his lunch and was about to take his afternoon nap, when a loud rapping brought him to his feet. As he opened the door, a number of policemen burst into the room. Poor Ali was kicked and cuffed, then picked up like a bundle by four stalwart fellows and hurried off to the office of the *cadi*. This magistrate addressed him roughly, telling him that, in spite of his well-known wealth, his avarice had prompted him to steal the shoes of another so as not to have to buy any. Ali protested with all his might, but it was of no avail.

One of the city's magnates had gone to the bath-house after Ali. When he came out, he did not find his shoes where he had left them. A search by his attendants brought to light from a dark corner the old worn-out shoes that all Bagdad knew so well. The magnate was furious. He had Ali arrested at once, and taken before the *cadi* for trial. The old man tried to explain that he was innocent, and that some one had hidden his shoes to annoy him. No one believed him, and he was sentenced to pay a fine of twenty *dinars* and to receive ten blows on the soles of his feet.

The sentence was promptly executed; then the luckless Ali limped home, where he shut himself up and wept over his misfortunes. His shoes had been brought back to him and he tossed them in a corner, determined to get rid of them at any cost. When evening came, he hid them under the folds of his cloak and stole out through the gates of the city. Upon reaching the open country, he came to a stream of water both broad and deep, and into this he threw the despised objects, watching them whirl about in the current and finally disappear. He then returned home, his heart much lighter; although the thought of what it would cost to buy new shoes disturbed him.

The next morning there was great excitement in the city. The water supply had ceased. Not a drop was flowing from the fountains, and no one could account for the stoppage. The engineers were rushing about, and a small army of workmen were digging here and there, searching for the leaks.

Soon it was rumored that the main supply pipe had been stopped up by an obstruction, which had been removed. At this news people shouted with joy, Ali among the rest. His joy was soon turned to grief, however; for he was suddenly seized by officers and forced along with blows to the *cadi's* court. Imagine his despair when, upon entering the dreaded precinct, the first objects that met his gaze were his old shoes, water-soaked and swollen out of all semblance to shapeliness!

The wretched things had been carried by two currents to the opening of the supply pipe, obstructing it more and more as they swelled in size, and finally stopping it up completely. As before, Ali's explanations and entreaties were useless. The *cadi* sentenced him to pay twenty *dinars* and to receive twenty blows on the soles of his feet, threatening him with terrible things if he and his old shoes caused any more trouble.

Ali dragged himself home on his hands,

his heart heavy with sorrow as he wondered what he should do with the fatal shoes, which he had come to believe to be evil spirits bent on his destruction. At last he decided to burn them, so he put them out in the sun to dry. Then, to console himself, he opened the precious box and took out the flasks one by one, admiring the scintillations made by the sunlight falling on their crystal facets. He lingered long over his treasures, and was finally brought to himself by a din outside. Two loud raps on the door made his hair fairly rise, so great was his terror.

He jumped up in haste, made a false step and upset the table. The crystal flasks fell to the floor and were broken into a thousand pieces. More dead than alive, the miser dropped down in a faint just as the door was burst open by the agents of the law. This is what had happened. An officer, on his way to the Mosque, was passing along the street with a numerous suite. When they were directly in front of Ali's house, a black object rolled down the terrace and struck one of the officials on the nose. The object proved to be one of the miser's old shoes. A little dog belonging to a neighbor had found it on the grass, and, in playing with it, had sent it on its unlucky mission.

The official was very angry, and the order was given properly to chastise the owner of the shoe. The house was entered and blows were rained on the body of poor Ali. Nor was this all. As soon as he became conscious, he was dragged into the presence of the *cadi*, who ordered him to pay a fine of fifty *dinars*. He had already received his fifty blows.

When Ali reached home that night, dishevelled and torn, he was the most miserable of men. He now felt convinced that his old shoes were his mortal enemies. But what could he do with them? At last he exclaimed:

"I'll bury them deep down in the earth, and I hope Satan will not dig them up to do me another harmful turn!"

He determined to act at once. Although

bruised and sore, his desire to rid himself of his enemies was so great that it gave him strength for his task. He took a lantern, a spade, and the old shoes, and went out into a corner of his garden. There he dug a deep hole, put the detested objects into it, covered it up and piled stones on the mound.

Half the night was passed at this task, and the sun was high in the heavens when the weary man awoke the next morning. Somewhat comforted, he lay wondering whether it would not be better to remain in bed all day. That would save the price of two meals, and also would give him time to recover somewhat from his injuries.

His reflections were brought to a sudden termination by a violent pounding on the door. What could have happened now? The poor man's heart almost stopped beating as he heard the *cadi's* voice demanding admittance. Without taking time to dress, Ali opened the door, and the *cadi* and his followers burst into the room.

"Ali," began the magistrate, "it seems that you are not only a thief and a trickster, but that you are something still worse." Turning to his attendants, he added: "As I do not yet know whether or not this man is a murderer, seize him and guard him until matters are explained."

Without knowing what it was all about, Ali stoutly maintained that he had committed no crime of any kind. The *cadi* paid no heed, but walked out into the garden, followed by his soldiers and the crowd of idlers that had collected.

It seems that one of Ali's inquisitive neighbors had seen him dig the hole and bury something. The man could not make out whether it was a dead body or a treasure. He reported the matter to the *cadi*, and that magistrate himself had come to superintend the search, hoping to find the miser's wealth and appropriate it to his own use.

The digging began. Shovelful after shovelful of dirt was thrown out. The expectation of the onlookers was begin-

ning to be painful, when a last effort disclosed — not a chest of gold nor a dead body,—nothing but the miser's old shoes!

Furious at his deception and the jeers of the crowd, the *cadi* walked back into Ali's house, and sharply reprimanded the old man for making light of the law by thus continuing his eccentric exploits. On the spot he imposed a fine of one hundred *dinars*, and in addition the victim was to receive a hundred blows on the soles of his feet.

A few weeks after this adventure, a haggard, emaciated man, who looked as if he were a hundred years old, was seen wending his way to the office of the *cadi*. Pressed against his breast, he carried a carefully wrapped package. Upon reaching the tribunal, he prostrated himself before the magistrate, and said in broken tones:

"Illustrious *cadi*, you see before you the man who once was Ali-Tam-Tam. I come to enter a complaint against two enemies who for months past have left me no peace. I was happy: they changed my happiness to the keenest anxiety; for because of them I hourly expected all sorts of misfortunes. I was rich: they have almost ruined me. I was a healthy man: they have brought me close to the end of my days. Illustrious *cadi*, deign to order that in future their misdeeds shall not be laid at my door, else have me put to death at once. I would prefer that to the uncertainty which overwhelms me when I think of what I have suffered, and of what may be awaiting me in the future."

The opening of the package disclosed the unlucky shoes; so the *cadi* took pity on the old man, saying kindly:

"Rest easy. I myself will destroy your old shoes. But remember your lesson. It has cost you dear, but let it cure you of your miserly habits. Dress as you should, give to the poor, and may your days be long on this earth!"

Ali followed this advice. He lived to be a very old man, respected by all for his good works.

The "Punch and Judy" Children.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

III.

We need not relate the trivial events of the year through which Froggy pursued his avocation of street-sweeper. Sometimes he and Benny had enough to eat, but often they were hungry. They always managed to pay Mrs. Laurel, however; thus securing for themselves a shelter, which was the thing above all others they desired to retain. For Froggy knew that as soon as they should be unable to do this, there was danger of their being placed in some refuge or asylum, and perhaps separated.

One evening the two children came in together, for Benny often went out with his brother now. Had they been aware of it, the presence of the younger boy occasionally secured an alms that might not otherwise have been given,—the pathetic appearance of the child exciting the compassion of the pedestrians who encountered them on the crossings. They had earned only five pennies during the whole day. Froggy began to experience one of his rare moments of discouragement. He was hungry and tired. Benny looked paler and thinner than usual. As they passed up the last stairway before reaching the narrow flight that led to the attic, a door opened on the landing and a frouzy red head was put forth.

"I thought I heard you climbing the stairs," said the voice of their kind neighbor, Mrs. Morrow, whose husband, having lately been appointed special policeman to the children's hospital, was about to seek better quarters. "I have a frying-pan with just the sign of a crack in it, two cups and a bowl, two slightly damaged chairs, a mattress and three old comforters, that I don't care to take with me; so I thought I'd give them to you. Here they are."

The children were delighted with their new possessions, and began hauling them up the stairs. Two or three trips were

necessary for the purpose. At the last, when Froggy, carrying the frying-pan and cups, once more reiterated his thanks for the gifts, Mrs. Morrow said:

"Wait a minute, dear! I've a couple of herrings here, and a few biscuits my cousin, the baker, left this afternoon. Take them also."

Filling a wooden bowl with biscuits, and placing the dried herrings on top, Mrs. Morrow put them in Froggy's hands.

"Give the pan and the cup to Benny; he can carry them up better than you. Here are a few potatoes and sweet pickles. And I'll give you a little can of milk for good measure. Now good-bye! You're the best little fellows I ever saw, and I hope you'll win your way together."

While the boys were regaling themselves with herring and bread, washed down with condensed milk, the door was pushed gently open, and a black curly head thrust in. They recognized it as belonging to a boy, a nephew of Mrs. Laurel, known as "Mac," who formerly lived with her, but who for some time past had absented himself from the tenement. He had always been kind to the orphaned children, and was fond of making shadow pictures on the wall with his fingers and thumbs for the amusement of Benny when he was quite a baby.

"Hello, boys!" he exclaimed as he entered. "I was asking aunt about you,—if you'd gone or not; and she said you were still in the attic. So I came up to call on you."

"Sit down, Mac," said Froggy; while Benny, leaving his seat, advanced somewhat shyly, holding a piece of bread with a morsel of herring on it in one hand, as he said:

"Have something to eat? It's good."

"Oh, no! I know better than that," rejoined the boy, gently waving away the proffered treat. "I'd never take the last morsel out of a poor fellow's mouth, even if I did not have enough to eat, which I have. I'm never hungry nowadays, kids. I lead a happy life, free from care. I can

have as much beer with my roast beef as I like, and more meat than I can eat. I live like a prince. It's not me you'll find sweeping the crossings, Froggy!"

"And what are you doing now?" asked Froggy, much interested in any prospect of a business promising more lucrative returns than his own.

Mac hesitated for a moment before replying. Then, with a knowing smile, he said:

"Oh, I do lots of things! I get my living easy. There are a good many ways of earning money besides standing in the slush and cold over the crossings, Froggy. But you have to keep both eyes open to do it. We made a good thing of it at the last,—Derby, my chum, and I. We got the ideas from the Yankee minstrels. We made big stiff paper collars, that covered our throats up to the ears and stuck out at the sides; and we blackened our faces, and put jolly little black hats made of coffee cans on our heads. We flattened the sides of them so they'd stay on, and I tell you we looked swell. People nearly died laughing at us."

"What people?" asked Froggy.

"Oh, the swells in the carriages! My chum had an old banjo and I got 'bones,' and we sung all kinds of funny songs in front of the carriages and drags. They threw us lots of pennies and sixpences, and gave us lots to eat of what they'd left. We had great fun. That's *one* of my ways of making money."

"Tell us another way," said Froggy, who doubted his own ability to succeed in gaining a livelihood in the manner described by Mac.

"Well—let me see! For one thing, there was a great celebration at St. Paul's of a morning, and Derby 'pinched' a feller, and got twelve shillings."

"That seems queer," remarked Froggy. "How come he to get paid for pinching a man, Mac?"

For answer the larger boy roared with laughter. After his merriment had somewhat subsided, he said:

"You *are* an innocent, sure enough,

Froggy! I couldn't have believed it. Well, Derby got the money all right, even if he *was* 'snatched' for it. They couldn't prove nothing against him, because he handed me the 'swag,' and he made such a poor mouth and cried so hard they let him off next day. We lived pretty near a week on that money."

"I shouldn't doubt it," said Froggy, who had never seen twelve shillings together in his life.

"Sure! It's a lot better than standing shivering on the pavement waiting for some one to throw you a penny."

"Yes, it must be," rejoined Froggy, with a sigh. "I'd like to be able to do it."

"Nothing easier," said Mac. "You've only got to come with me and I'll show you how. You have such an angel face no one would suspicion you. Want to try it?"

"Oh, yes!" replied Froggy, wondering why people should "suspicion" him. "I'd be glad to."

"Monday would be a good time to start. We'll be all a friendly crowd together, kids. But, Froggy, you've got to promise to do exactly what I tell you, and not ask foolish questions."

"I'll not ask foolish questions. But what is going to happen Monday, Mac?"

"You know Victoria Park?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, it's a new park they're naming after the Queen. She's going to open it, they say; though how it could be open any more than it is now, with never a side wall to it nor the sign of a roof, I can't say."

"Maybe there's iron palings round it, and gates that's locked," said Froggy.

"Of course there is. The Queen is coming there next Monday; and there will be heaps of lords and ladies in carriages, besides the terrible crowds that always go on foot to such shows."

"And will Froggy be dressed up in a paper collar with his face blacked?" asked Benny, out of a long but deeply interested silence.

"Not this time, Benny," answered Mac.

"'Twouldn't do. We'll put him to selling matches or something like that along the route of the procession. Anyway, we'll have him doing something useful—by the way."

After this speech Mac suddenly began to turn a series of somersaults, to the great amusement of Benny, who laughed more at the performances than Froggy had heard him laugh for many days. And while he looked at his little brother, with a sad smile on his own lips, he realized that the boy was not nearly as gay and happy as he had formerly been. He felt a load lifted from his heart. A gleam of sunshine had penetrated their gloomy lives, and hope began to spring in his breast.

Mac did not remain long; he said he had very important business at one of the new "shows." But he made arrangements for Froggy to meet him on the following Monday at the hour of noon, on the corner of a certain street with which the boy had grown quite familiar in his "Punch and Judy" days.

Froggy arrived a few moments before the appointed time, Mac presently making his appearance with two singular-looking companions about his own age. They did not appear to be more than twelve or fourteen years old; but a second glance detected an expression of shrewdness and maturity which was not pleasant to contemplate. Their heads were shaven, and they wore hats which would have better suited men of three times their age. One Mac introduced as "Chickabiddy," and the other he called Derby.

They looked Froggy over from top to toe, as though he were a pony they were preparing to buy. The examination did not seem to be altogether satisfactory, in spite of Mac's recommendation, which they had received in advance. The three then drew apart for some moments after the inspection was completed, and Mac asked:

"Well, what d'ye think of him?"

"Appears to me he's innocent, sure enough," rejoined Derby; "and he's got such an appealing look in his eyes that

no one would ever think he could do a sharp thing; but, spite of it, I believe he won't be so easy as you think, Mac."

"That's me!" said Chickabiddy. "He's got a mind of his own, that kid has."

"Pooh, he's soft as mush!" answered Mac, with a gesture of contempt. "He's easy, that kid is."

"Don't you believe it!" observed Derby. "He's got a 'do-it-if-you-dare' look in his eyes that ain't promising."

"You couldn't frighten him into doing nothing he didn't want to," added Chickabiddy. "But he's got such pretty fingers, hasn't he? And he's awfully fine and innocent-appearing."

"We'll try him, anyway," answered Mac, with an air of finality which the others respected; for they both acknowledged him as their leader.

As they turned to rejoin Froggy, the three fell back and separated in very short order,—a movement caused by the appearance of a policeman, a class of gentleman whom none of them could encounter. But he passed on, apparently unobservant; and in a moment they reappeared from the edge of the crowd which had already begun to collect in large numbers.

"Come on, Froggy!" said Mac, with a beckoning wave of the hand.

Froggy followed them in silence. The three walked in advance, conversing in low tones, occasionally glancing at Froggy, who heard such expressions as "the kid," and "the young one," which he divined were meant to designate himself. He could understand very little of what they said, and wondered what could be the business which caused them to observe so much mystery and secrecy. He also observed that whenever they perceived a policeman approaching they either fell apart for a moment or turned to another corner.

At length they reached the neighborhood of Victoria Park, where an immense throng had congregated for the purpose of witnessing the procession. Men, women and children were packed six deep on

the sidewalk,—all eager to see whatever was to be seen, and to secure for that purpose the best places available. The police were everywhere in evidence,—making place between obstreperous sight-seers quarrelling for a foothold; or lifting from the ground the overturned booth of some childish peanut vendor crying at the demolition of his wares, while they gruffly, though not unkindly, bade him be off to a less crowded quarter. Again they would come to the assistance of some frightened and despairing mother with two or three children and a baby carriage; or with a sudden dart they pounced upon a luckless pickpocket, less wary than dexterous, and haul him red-handed to the nearest station.

Men in rags and tattered hats and bare feet, such as are never seen on the streets of American cities even in the poorest localities, were mingling with the respectably dressed throng, selling large prints of the Queen, which they offered at "only a penny, — her gracious Majesty Queen Victoria in her coronation robes." Others were vending cheap toys, cakes, and candies. Tottering old men, led by dogs or small boys, extended hands holding coarsely-worded "Ballads," at the low price of "only a farthing and help a poor blind man." A boy with a huge parrot on a stick, which he was lifting above the heads of the crowd, cried in a nasal voice: "A penny to hear the royal English bird salute his sovereign!" Whenever this appeal met with a response, the young showman would lower the parrot to the level of his own eyes, saying: "Well, Polly, what d'ye say?" And Polly would shriek, in a loud, croaking voice: "Long live Queen Vicky-Victoria!" Then an appreciative shout would ascend from all who heard the vociferous salute; and boy and bird would push through the phalanx once more, and disappear amidst the closing ranks of perspiring spectators. It was all novel, but to Froggy rather wearisome than otherwise.

(To be continued.)

The Story of a Portrait.

Julien was a poor little boy who was left an orphan at an early age. A rich man took pity on him and adopted him as his own son. He sent the boy to school, and when he was old enough he had him learn a trade.

His apprenticeship over, Julien started out on a tour of France. He travelled as a journeyman for five years, then returned to his former home. He had worked hard and faithfully, but he had not earned very much money.

Upon reaching his native town, he found that his benefactor was dead. His heirs were in the house; and, so angry were they at not receiving the sum they expected, they were selling off all the furniture and belongings, even to the dead man's portrait.

Julien was greatly shocked at this heartlessness, and he gave all the money he had for the picture. He reverently carried it to his poor little chamber and hung it up by a cord. The cord broke, as the picture was heavy, and it fell with a crash to the floor. Upon examination, Julien found that the frame was broken. He was considering how he could mend it, when he noticed something inside of it. The objects proved to be diamonds. With them was a piece of paper upon which the following lines were written:

"I am sure that my natural heirs are heartless. I am sure, too, that they will sell my portrait. This will doubtless be bought by some one to whom I have done a kindness. These diamonds are the property of that person. I bequeath them to him."

The document was properly signed, so that no one could dispute Julien's right to keep the jewels. He was now very rich; and, out of gratitude, he remembered the poor orphans of the city. He built a large, comfortable home for them, and often told them the story of the portrait and the strange will.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Catholic readers will be especially interested in two new books just issued by Messrs. Methuen & Co.,—"The Early Christians in Rome," by the Rev. H. D. M. Spencer-Jones, D. D.; and "Alarms and Discussions," by G. K. Chesterton.

—Many readers will welcome a new and cheaper edition of "The Old Road," that lively and delightful book of travel in England by Mr. Belloc. Mr. William Hyde's illustrations enhance its attractiveness. The Old Road is the "Pilgrims' Way," as investigated by Mr. Belloc and two companions.

—A second series of popular tracts on Catholicism and Socialism published by the English Catholic Truth Society includes: "A Dialogue on Socialism," by the Rev. J. B. McLaughlin, O. S. B.; "Three Socialist Fallacies," by the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J.; "An Examination of Socialism" and "The Catholic Church and Socialism," by Hilaire Belloc, M. P.; "My Catholic Socialist" and "My Catholic Socialist Again," by the Rev. R. P. Garrold, S. J.; "Catholicism and Social Study" and "Workingmen as Evangelists," by the Rev. C. D. Plater, S. J.

—The death of Father Alexander Baumgartner, S. J., is everywhere mourned as a great loss to literature. He was well known as a historian, poet, and literary critic. His books on Lessing, Joost van Vondel, and Goethe are of highest merit, and have won generous praise even from distinguished scholars who were strongly at variance with his views. The work upon which he was engaged at the time of his death, a history of the world's literatures, was Father Baumgartner's most important undertaking. The first volume was published in 1897; five others have since appeared, and the sixth was in preparation when death ensued. Other hands will complete the work, which will remain a lasting monument to the scholarship and industry of the great Swiss Jesuit.

—"The Paternoster Ruby," by Charles Edmonds Walk (A. C. McClurg & Co.), is a detective tale, with an incidental love story running through its pages. A quarter of a century ago, the book would have appeared in yellow paper covers and would have cost the reader from ten to twenty-five cents. In this more pretentious age it comes out in large 12mo form, is well printed and bound, has five colored illustrations, and sells for \$1.35, although it contains scarcely more than half the number of words found in another novel published by the same firm at the same price. Of the story

itself, one may say that it is sufficiently interesting, or at least will be found so by those who favor the variety of fiction of which Wilkie Collins' "The Moonstone" is a good example. The proper adjective of the title has no religious significance: it is merely the name of an Italian dealer in precious stones.

—The pretty tales included in "Guerber's Easy French Prose Composition" (American Book Co.) should be full of interest to the young translator who desires to learn idiomatic French. Frequent repetition is applied through all the twenty-five English selections, and this affords ample practice and a steadily increasing French vocabulary. This little book will have patronage where larger and more pretentious volumes will be ignored.

—From the Metropolitan Church Association, Waukesha, Wisconsin, there has come to our table a book somewhat different from the volumes usually sent for review or notice by THE AVE MARIA. Its title is "Catacombs of Worldly Success"; its sub-title, "History of Coarsellor Dell"; its author (who assures us in the preface that he believes "the second coming of Jesus is at hand"), F. M. Messenger; and its motto, which is singularly appropriate,

Truth is always strange,—
Stranger than fiction.

The book purports to give a glimpse of the interior workings of a large industrial concern, showing its social and religious sides, with relation to its business policies. A cursory examination of its pages fails to disclose any reason for advising our readers to give it more attention.

—Rose Elizabeth Cleveland has translated into English "The Soliloquies of St. Augustine." (Little, Brown & Co.) By generous spacing of the 112 pages of the Soliloquies proper, the less generously spaced 39 pages of Introduction and 64 pages of Notes are made to appear, what as a matter of fact they are not, the smaller half of the book. St. Augustine's portion of the work of course speaks for itself, and the translator in her Introduction speaks for *herself*. For instance: "Though, in the true sense of the word, they [the Soliloquies] are theological, discoursing of God, 'the one Reality,' they are not dogmatic or ecclesiastical. No 'system' can be founded, or even suggested by them,—no institutional Christianity. They contain much in suggestion and in spirit of that abomination of desolation to the Vatican Catholic, Modernism; but nothing of that ecclesiastical

technique which has fitly joined together and floated over all waters these many centuries the massive ark of St. Peter's. . . . This book has no other *raison d'être* than the translator's intense desire that Augustine the man, apart from the ecclesiastic, shall be better known." It is rather regrettable that the translator, recognizing her limitations, did not confine herself to the Englishing of the Soliloquies. The book would have been considerably smaller, much cheaper, and a good deal more worth while.

—"The Cost of a Crown," a story of Douay and Durham, thrown into the form of a sacred drama in three acts, is the latest published volume of that prolific *littérateur*, the Rev. Robert Hugh Benson. The play was written for the students of Ushaw, and was performed by them on the occasion of the centenary of St. Cuthbert's College. In all its essentials and most of its details, the drama is a historically accurate representation of scenes from the life, and of the death, of the Venerable John Bost. It should be welcomed by the dramatic societies of Catholic colleges and Catholic young men's associations, who are perennially on the lookout for good Catholic plays "for male characters only." The characters in "The Cost of a Crown" number some two dozen. Longmans, Green & Co. have brought out the drama in a bound volume, of one hundred pages, with eight illustrations.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Cost of a Crown." Rev. R. H. Benson. \$1, net.

"The Spaniard at Home." Mary F. Nixon-Roulet. \$1.75

"St. Thomas à Becket." Mgr. Demimuid. \$1.

"Round the World." Vol. VIII. \$1.

"The Attributes of God, Mirrored in the Perfections of Mary." 90 cts.

"Mere Hints, Moral and Social." Rev. John E. Graham. \$1.

"Donal Kenny." Rev. Joseph Guinan. \$1.50.

"Later Poems." Father Tabb. \$1.

"The Iona Series." 35 cts., each.

"Biographies of English Catholics in the Eighteenth Century." Rev. John Kirk, D.D. \$2.75.

"A Spiritual Canticle of the Soul." St. John of the Cross. \$1.95.

"St. Clare of Assisi." Very Rev. Léopold de Chérancé, O. S. F. C. \$1.10.

"Life Lessons from Blessed Joan of Arc." Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J. 85 cts.

"History of the American College, Rome." Rt. Rev. Henry A. Brann, D. D., I.L. D. \$2.20.

"Home Life in Ireland." Robert Lynd. \$2.50.

"Missale Romanum." \$2; mor., \$2.57.

"The Friendly Little House, and Other Stories." \$1.25.

"Flamstead Quarries." Mary E. Waller. \$1.50.

"A Renegade Poet, and Other Essays." \$1.25.

"Meditations and Instructions on the Blessed Virgin." Vol. II. Rev. A. Vermeersch, S. J. \$1.35.

"Are Our Prayers Heard?" Rev. Joseph Egger, S. J. 15 cts.

"Raccolta." 1910 Edition. \$1.

"Simple Catechism Lessons." Dom Lambert Nolle, O. S. B. \$1.

"A Minister's Marriage." Austin Rock. 75 cts.

"The Imitation of Christ." (Pocket Classics.) 25 cts., net.

"Christian Symbolism." Mrs. Henry Jenner. \$1.

"Father Paul of Moll." Edward Van Speybroeck. \$1.25.

"Towards the Altar." "Towards the Eternal Priesthood." Rev. J. M. Lelen. 15 cts., each.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Charles Hahne, of the archdiocese of Cincinnati; Rev. J. J. Conway, archdiocese of Baltimore; Rev. Father David, O. C. R.; Very Rev. Herman Goller, S. J.; and Rev. Osmund Baker, O. P.

Sister Mary Thomasine, of the Sisters of Charity; and Sister Leo Joseph, Sisters of Charity of Providence.

Mr. Charles F. Clarke, Mrs. Mary Welsing, Mr. Thomas Kelly, Mrs. M. E. Valler, Mrs. Marcella O'Brien, Mr. Thomas Whitney, Mrs. J. Cuddy, Mr. Mathias Knoepfel, Mr. Bartholomew McAndrew, Mrs. Mary Jones, Mr. Michael Needham, Mr. J. F. Prager, Mr. Joseph Kavanaugh, Mrs. J. F. Strayer, Mr. Daniel O'Crowley, and Mr. Charles Wangler.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 26, 1910.

NO. 22

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

Mary's Power.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

WHOSE name is heard all the wide world
through

In the new lands and the old,
Where the tropic skies are far and blue,
Where the snows lie white and cold?

Whose aid do the sad and lone desire
In the woe that trials bring?
And whose praise does many an angel choir
In the day eternal sing?

'Tis the name of the simple Hebrew Maid
That fills the earth and skies;

'Tis for Mary's help and for Mary's aid
That the prayers of the wretched rise.

And who in the court of heaven dares
To turn God's wrath aside?
Who turns to Him with pleas and prayers,
And will not be denied?

Who loves the sinner whose crime and sin
Left blood-red Calvary's crest?

And whose look will God's compassion win
For the wretched and distressed?

Mary's power had birth when to this earth
God a Saviour came to be,

And through the fears, the joys and the tears
Of thirty years and three.

"WILL you honor the dead?" says Saint Chrysostom. "Do not spend yourselves in unprofitable lamentations: choose rather to sing psalms, to give alms, and to lead holy lives. Do for them that which they would willingly do for themselves, were they to return again into the world; and God will accept it at your hands as if it came from them."

St. Leonard of Port Maurice.

BY M. N.

ON the 26th of November, the Order of St. Francis keeps the feast of that great missionary, St. Leonard of Port Maurice, who spent forty long years in the exercise of one of the most laborious and successful apostolates ever accomplished by one of God's servants. He "evangelized," we are told, "with extraordinary results, Corsica and nearly all the towns of Italy"; whilst he was known as the chief promoter of the devotion familiar to us all as the Way of the Cross, or the Stations of the Cross,—a pious practice so rich in indulgences that, next to the Adorable Sacrifice of the Mass, it is the most touchingly appropriate, as well as the most efficacious, means of aiding the souls in Purgatory.

After the ascension of her Divine Son, the Blessed Virgin, alone or accompanied by other holy women, was accustomed to traverse the Way of Sorrows along which our suffering Saviour was led from the court of Pilate to Calvary's fatal hill. This we learn from a venerable tradition, confirmed by the revelation which our dear Lady herself deigned to make to St. Bridgit: *Omni tempore, post ascensionem Filii mei, visitavi loca in quibus ipse passus est, et mirabilia sua ostendit.** "As long as she lived," says St. Andrew of Crete, "she constantly visited those places where her Son had spoken some word, or which He had consecrated by some act, as well

* Lib. vi Revel., chap. vi.

as those where He had been loaded with chains and nailed to the Cross." "She watered them with her tears," says Venerable Bede, "and fervently kissed them with her virginal lips."

From the earliest ages of the Church, therefore, it was the custom for the Christians in Palestine, and, in succeeding centuries, for thousands of pilgrims from far-distant lands, to follow the example of the Mother of Sorrows. Like her, they loved to tread the road from the Pretorium to that hill beyond the city wall where the last act of the world's great tragedy was enacted. Like her, they loved to linger and meditate on those spots forever sanctified by the footsteps and the sufferings of our Redeemer and our God.

During those troublous times in the fourteenth century, when, after the Crusades, the Holy Places fell once more into the hands of the infidels, it became increasingly difficult for the great mass of the faithful to visit them in person; and on this account the Franciscan Fathers of the Strict Observance, who, then as now, were charged with the care of these sanctuaries, instituted the practice of erecting in their churches a series of paintings representing the several points of Our Lord's journey, and the principal incidents which marked it; in order that pilgrims visiting those places, at least *in spirit*, might be excited to a keener realization of His sufferings, a deeper and more perfect contrition, an humbler and more heartfelt love.

"If thou wouldst advance from virtue to virtue, from grace to grace, and from good to better, meditate daily, and with all the devotion thou art able, on the Passion of Our Lord; for nothing will so thoroughly sanctify thy soul as meditating on the sufferings of Christ," says the Seraphic Doctor, St. Bonaventure. The sons of St. Francis, therefore, imitating their holy founder and St. Bonaventure, strove by every means in their power to increase amongst the faithful a sincere

compassion for the mental and physical agony endured by our Divine Saviour. And what better calculated to bring about this end than the devotion of the Way of the Cross,—a devotion so rich in spiritual benefits both for the living and for the dead?

The Way of the Cross may be said to constitute, as it were, the special heritage of the Friars Minor. It is to them what the Scapular is to the Carmelites, and the Rosary to the Dominicans. In fact, until the year 1726, only the members of the three Orders of St. Francis and of the Confraternity of the Cord could gain the indulgences attached thereto.

The Confraternity of the Cord, it will be remembered, originated in a circumstance related by Wadding, who tells us that St. Dominic, after many and urgent entreaties, obtained from his well-beloved friend, St. Francis, the rough cord with which he girt himself, "and wore it constantly with great devotion until the hour of his (Dominic's) death." The apostolic head of the Friars Preachers soon found many imitators; and the practice of wearing a cord like that of the Friars Minor spread rapidly throughout Europe, though it was not until the sixteenth century that the custom of wearing the Franciscan Cord received the formal sanction of the Holy See by the erection of an archconfraternity, the object of which was "to refresh the minds of devout Christians with a daily remembrance of the Passion of their dear Redeemer"; and, "that they may more effectually do this, the members of it wear a cord wherein are made five knots in honor and remembrance of the Five Wounds of our Blessed Saviour."

But to return to the Way of the Cross. In the year 1726, authorities tell us that its many and great privileges were extended to all the faithful by Pope Benedict XIII.; and in 1731, Clement XII. authorized its erection in churches and oratories not belonging to the Franciscan Order, *provided it was done by the Friars Minor.*

At the present day, the faculty of erecting it is frequently granted to other religious and to secular priests, except in those places where the Franciscans are established.

The Way of the Cross is composed, as we all know, of fourteen Stations indicated by the same number of crosses. Each Station corresponds with one of the spots where Jesus was obliged to rest; and as our Saviour, between Pilate's house and the Holy Sepulchre, paused fourteen times—twelve times during life, and twice after death,—we make fourteen Stations.

St. Leonard of Port Maurice, that distinguished Franciscan, whose feast we so fittingly keep in this month dedicated to the Holy Souls, was undoubtedly, as has been said, the most illustrious promoter of this pious practice. He it was who obtained from the Holy See declarations to clear away all doubt respecting the indulgences with which it was enriched; and to smooth away the difficulties which hindered its propagation. During the forty years of his strenuous missionary labors, he put everything in train for furthering "this holy and salutary devotion," himself erecting Stations in more than six hundred places. It was this saintly man also, who conceived and carried out with the approval of Pope Benedict XIV., the idea of erecting the Via Crucis within the precincts of the Coliseum at Rome, where later on St. Benedict Joseph Labre, himself a disciple of St. Francis, established himself in an obscure nook, in order that he might follow the Way of the Cross by night as well as by day.

Speaking of the efficacy and importance of the practice, St. Leonard addressed his religious brethren in the following remarkable words: "It devolves upon you, as children of St. Francis, to spread this devotion, and to engrave upon all hearts the remembrance of the Passion of our Divine Redeemer. Recollect that the Stigmata was granted to our Seraphic Father in order that he might imprint upon the brows of the faithful the myste-

rious sign which represents the Passion of Jesus Christ. For this end, Divine Providence has willed that the care of those places hallowed by the blood of the Saviour should be confided to us, and that our Order should enjoy in an exceptional manner the privilege of erecting Stations of the Cross, to which would be attached the indulgences of the Stations in Jerusalem."

The story of St. Leonard is an interesting one. He was born at Port Maurice in 1676; and as he grew in years, he began to show promise of intellectual gifts considerably above the average. One of his uncles, who lived in Rome, hearing this, sent for the youth and had him educated in the Holy City. It was there, whilst pursuing his course of studies, that Leonard became a Brother of the Little Oratory; there, too, that he heard the voice of his Divine Master calling him to a higher life. Years and years afterward, when an old man, he was wont to speak with gratitude of the blessings he had derived from St. Philip's Institute. God has His mysteries of grace, ways that we can not tell; and who shall say that the benign spirit of the great Oratorian, which drew the young man to spend his leisure hours in works of mercy, did not influence the choice which was destined to make Leonard a saint?

"After great deliberation," his biographers tell us, "he entered the Franciscan Order." Then for five years his health failed, the cross of illness and languor, of weariness and enforced inaction, was laid upon the shoulders of the fervent young friar, so eager to be up and doing instead of leading the apparently useless existence of an invalid. To stand aside, however, whilst others labored in the Lord's vineyard, was not always to be Leonard's portion. The sacrifice he had made in giving himself wholly to God in the religious state was at length rewarded. "By the special intervention of Our Lady," we are told, his strength was completely restored, and he vowed to

her, in thanksgiving for this favor, to devote himself to the conversion of hardened sinners.

"His first act on leaving his room," says one of his biographers, "was to perform the Way of the Cross"; and thenceforward he went up and down through Italy, preaching penance. He gave three hundred and sixteen missions, and in two hundred and sixteen different places established the perpetual adoration of the Most Holy Sacrament. He wended his way barefoot from town to town, in storm or sunshine, winter or summer, and lived always on alms. His bodily penances would, to our eyes, seem excessive; for he was wont so to scourge himself that he fainted from exhaustion. "I wish not for rest on earth," he would exclaim, "but in Paradise!" Again, when urged on account of weakness to omit the Holy Sacrifice, he replied: "One Mass is worth all the treasures of the world."

His devotion to the Immaculate Mother of God was, it is hardly necessary to add, both deep and fervent. "O blessed Heart, O amiable Heart of my August Queen, you are the touchstone that proves your true servants!" was one of his favorite ejaculations; and he specially recommended those who attended his missions to fast on Saturday in her honor, and to make a firm resolution not to commit any deliberate fault on that day. Again he urged the faithful servant of Mary to choose a day each month, and to consecrate it to her memory by going to confession and Holy Communion, hearing Mass, making a visit to the Adorable Sacrament, and giving an alms in order to obtain, through Our Lady's intercession, the grace of a good death.

Amongst several other daily practices advised by St. Leonard, we find the following: "Recite every day, with all possible devotion, the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and meditate piously on the mysteries. During the day, as often as you hear the clock strike, say a 'Hail Mary' in your heart; and do the

same on entering or leaving your house, or when you pass near a statue of Our Lady. Say three 'Hail Marys' morning and evening in honor of her Immaculate Conception, with a prayer for purity. Pay a visit daily to some statue of the Blessed Virgin; and, when this is impossible, turn in spirit toward the church, and do so in heart. Each time beg the grace of holy perseverance and the love of Jesus Christ. Meditate continually on Mary's ineffable prerogatives, and often invoke her holy name."

These are only a few of the devotions in honor of Our Lady so strongly recommended by the saint, but they will suffice to show how ardent was his desire to promote her glory. On vigils of her feasts he took only bread and water, whilst it is needless to state that he kept the Saturday fast which he urged upon the faithful. Moreover, in every mission, he preached a sermon in her honor with such zeal and fervor that the most hardened sinners were touched. "In preaching on the devotion to our dear Mother," he often remarked, "I have accomplished that which the fear of eternal torments and the last judgment failed to do."

The saint has left us a beautiful manual of the Way of the Cross, with several methods for performing this holy exercise; and the erection of the Stations in the Coliseum may well be described as his last work for Rome, whither he was going to preach in the year 1751, when he died, at the age of seventy-five. Devotion to the Passion of our Divine Lord as specially represented in the Way of the Cross, and love for His ever-virgin Mother,—these were the objects for which this sainted son of St. Francis labored so strenuously; and doubtless they brought down upon him that abundance of spiritual graces and favors which enabled him to become the great "missionary of Italy" during the eighteenth century.

The following conditions must be fulfilled in order to gain the indulgences attached to the Way of the Cross,—indul-

gences which are exceedingly numerous, and which may be applied to the holy souls in Purgatory; in fact, *each time* we make the Stations in a state of grace we gain *all* the indulgences accorded to those who visit *personally* the Holy Places in Jerusalem. What a means is thus placed at our disposal for aiding those who can no longer aid themselves,—those bound to us by ties of blood or the strong links of friendship; those whom we have injured or offended; those whom we have misjudged and misunderstood, or who, perchance, misjudged and misunderstood us!

(1) Neither confession nor Communion is required: the state of grace suffices.

(2) The fourteen Stations must be made at one time and without interruption.

(3) Whilst passing from one to the other in their proper order, it is necessary to meditate on the Passion of our Saviour. This meditation, though it may be brief, is the very soul of this holy exercise,—the reason, in fact, for its institution. It is not obligatory to recite any vocal prayers whatsoever; but the faithful are exhorted to say at each Station one "Our Father" and one "Hail Mary" and a short act of contrition. (4) If infirmity or the crowded state of the church renders it impossible, or very inconvenient, to move from Station to Station, it suffices to turn successively, with a slight movement of the body, toward each Station, meditating on the incident of Our Lord's Passion which it represents; or, if incapable of this, at least on His sufferings in general.

It may also be advisable to mention that Clement XIV. granted the same indulgences to those who are physically or morally incapable of visiting a church where the Stations are erected, provided they hold in their hands a crucifix which has been blessed by one of the superiors of a Franciscan friary, reciting at the same time twenty *Paters*, *Aves*, and *Glorias*,—fourteen for the Stations, five in honor of the Five Wounds of Christ, and one for the intentions of the Sov-

ereign Pontiff. This crucifix can not be sold, lent, or given to another, in order to gain the indulgence.

Surely it should be no such hard thing to tread this holy Way in company with our Divine Lord and His Blessed Mother. If we care not to do it for its own sake, and for the sake of those lessons of compassion, love of suffering, humility, and contempt of the world, which it teaches, shall we not do it for the sake of the helpless, waiting souls in Purgatory,—souls whom, by God's grace, our reverent performance of this exercise might admit to the everlasting joy and gladness of their heavenly home?

Nameless and from Nowhere.

BY A. DEASE AND M. LACHESE.

XIV.

SOME days later a letter was received from Mrs. Allison's friend, Mrs. Stewart; and it contained information even more valuable than those interested in the matter had dared to hope for. She had told her husband of the inquiries that were being made; and, as soon as he was satisfied that it was of importance that definite answers should be made to them, he gave his wife leave to reveal a secret that, as one of the chief creditors of Mr. Severn, had been confided to him.

About five years after the Glan accident a priest had sent this Mr. Stewart a small sum of money, which he asked him to convey to the poorest of those who had suffered from Mr. Severn's bankruptcy. The priest was not at liberty to tell where the money came from, and he begged of Mr. Stewart to keep the transaction as secret as possible. From that time forward, twice each year, money had come regularly in the same way. It was not enough, even in the aggregate, to make very much difference to those who, in spite of their losses, were still

wealthy men; therefore there was no need to make a public declaration of what were evidently the struggles of some one who, though poor himself, was trying to repair the injustice of others.

Mr. Stewart now suggested that he should tell the priest that, merely by making himself known, this anonymous representative of Mr. Severn might save two innocent women from false and cruel accusations. This suggestion was eagerly seized upon, and Mr. Dillon sent a short account of the case to Mr. Stewart to be laid by him before the priest. This time the answer came with little delay. If Mr. Dillon or some other reliable person would visit the priest on a certain day, and give his word of honor not to make known to others the name and address that would be confided to him, he would be given the information he desired.

On hearing this, Mr. Dillon said he would write at once to Anthony; for it would be best for him to interview Mr. Severn's representative. But Dick Burke had another plan to suggest. It was evident that facts were about to be disclosed which would prove Mr. Martin's story a fiction from first to last; and all the "committee of defence," with the exception of Mr. Dillon, were anxious to find out who had started the horrible fabrication. Dick's idea was to go over to London and explain to Anthony the contents of his aunt's and Mr. Stewart's letters; and when he had secured from the mysterious unknown personage the final proofs, Anthony and he should together make another effort to find Mr. Martin at home; or, if that failed, to unearth him wherever he might be.

If Mr. Dillon had his way, he would have ignored the existence of Mr. Martin, now that he had ceased to trouble them; but the others would not hear of such magnanimity; and, as they approved of his scheme, Dick started off without any further delay. Mr. Dillon, however, imposed upon him one condition, by which he promised to abide: if he succeeded in

seeing Mr. Martin, he was to keep whatever passed between them a secret even from Anthony,—to speak of it to no one until he had again consulted Mr. Dillon himself.

During these long days of anxiety Mr. Dillon had seen or heard nothing of Mr. or Mrs. O'Malley. But he had met Fanchea a few times; and she, eager for news of Querida, whom her mother had forbidden her to see, had spoken to him more openly than she had ever done before, and unconsciously she had let him see how determined her mother was to oppose her son's marriage. Mr. Dillon had known Mrs. O'Malley since he was a boy, and he had also known her father. It seemed incredible that an educated Christian woman, and one who called herself a lady, could possibly have anything to say to such a scheme as that which was now being unveiled; but who else was there that had any interest in trying to make out that Querida was other than what her friend knew her to be? At first he put the idea away from him as preposterous; but when Dick Burke declared his intention of unmasking Mr. Martin and his accomplices, Mr. Dillon could not free himself from the thought that one at least of these, and probably the only one, was near at hand. To insist that no further steps should be taken to find out and avenge the plot might only have roused the suspicions of others; so all he could do was to bind Dick to silence.

Before writing to Mr. Stewart, the priest had obtained permission to send the answer that he did, and also to tell Mr. Dillon's representative the name of his mysterious protégé. It was Stephen Severn, son of the man who, it had been pretended, was Querida's father; and the address that was given to Anthony was that of a goldsmith's workshop in the city.

It was a grim grey street; and at last, amongst the tall dark houses, Anthony found the one he sought. Stephen Thomas was the name he had been told to ask

for, as Mr. Severn's son had kept the secret of his identity even from those with whom he had lived all these years. Anthony knew that he must be past thirty, but the tall, bent figure that rose at his entrance might have been that of a man of fifty.

"I think Father Pierson has already told you the reason of my visit," began Anthony.

"You are the Mr. Dillon of whom he spoke to me?" replied the other.

"No," said Anthony quickly, "I am not Mr. Dillon. My name is Anthony O'Malley, but it is Mr. Dillon who has sent me. I have come to ask a favor from you; and, to put it shortly, it is this. I am engaged to be married to a girl whose father was killed in the railway accident at Glan—"

The elder man started, but Anthony went on.

"Lately it has been said that—that she is the daughter of Mr. Severn, and therefore your sister. We know, of course, that this is not the case; but we are anxious, all the same, to have definite proofs. What I have come to ask you is to give me a formal declaration of what really happened to your mother and sister after the accident."

"Neither my stepmother nor my little sister was in the train," answered Stephen Severn. "They left home some days before my father did, but they did not leave London at all. Mrs. Severn had Jewish blood in her veins; and, among the Jewish colony here, she had friends who would have kept her hidden from a far more rigorous search than that which was afterward made for her. That she took securities away with her was false. She had only enough money to keep her for a few weeks—until, as they had hoped, we could all have joined my father in America. That money was soon spent, and then the owner of this shop took her jewels, making her an allowance until the time of her death."

"Ah! she is dead, then?" exclaimed

Anthony. "A copy of her death certificate would be enough for what I want; for my fiancée's mother is alive. Indeed, the report which we are contradicting included her as well as her daughter."

"That will be easy to get for you," replied Severn. "And, as my sister is also dead, I can send you copies of the two certificates together."

"That will be exceedingly kind," said Anthony; but still he hesitated, and then he questioned further.

"I hope you will not mind," he said. "But—it was not your own name that was given to me; and if the certificates are made out under assumed names—"

"You will find that they are all right," said Severn, quietly. "My stepmother could not bear to hear our real name mentioned, and it was thought wiser for her to use the name of the old cousin in whose house she lived."

"Thomas?" asked Anthony.

"No," replied the other. "It was only I who took that name,—or, rather, it is my own second name. We did not live together." (He looked up and met Anthony's gaze unflinchingly.) "Mrs. Severn was a woman who could not combat want and hardship, and Charlotte was only a baby; but I was old enough to earn for myself, and I would sooner have starved than use a penny of the money that came from the sale of those jewels. My present employer took me in, first as a messenger boy (I was only twelve at the time), and later as a workman. When my stepmother died I meant to make a home for my sister; but she fell ill almost immediately and died in the hospital. But I am detaining you," he said. "Our sad story can be of little interest to you, beyond the details that you need for your friends."

"On the contrary!" cried Anthony. "What you have told me is of the greatest interest."

He held out his hand. Although he did not say more, the grip that he gave that work-worn hand expressed the admira-

tion which he could not speak. The facts, so baldly given, told so very much! This man, brought up until he was twelve years old in the lap of luxury, as heir to an immense fortune, had spent twenty years in ceaseless toil, wearing himself out before his time in the struggle to make whatever amends he could for his father's dishonesty!

"If you will leave me your address I will send you the certificates," said Severn, quietly; but his face showed that he was touched by Anthony's admiration.

"I can only thank you again," replied Anthony, handing him his card. "And some day, if you will let me, I shall bring my wife to thank you too."

He went out, and away back to where Dick was awaiting him; the elation that would have been only natural at the success of his mission overpowered for the moment by the sadness of the life into which he had had a glimpse,—a life, to all appearance, wasted; for a man who was capable of struggling and of suffering as Stephen Severn had done would surely, under other circumstances, have won his way in the world. But the sins of the father are visited upon the children.

XV.

As soon as the certificates of the deaths of Mrs. Severn and her daughter were posted to Mr. Dillon, Anthony had time to listen to Dick Burke's plan for unearthing Mr. Martin. Whilst Anthony was busy with Stephen Severn, Dick had looked up Freville and his former Bohemian allies, and had told them as much as was necessary of the story. Several of them had accompanied him to the street that the Chambers were in; one amongst them had gone in to the porter's office and asked for Mr. Martin, but had received only the same answer that had been given to Anthony both times he had been there. Freville had been primed to make his inquiries at the door of one of the chambers themselves, not at the porter's office. But the Negro was

too much on the alert to let him pass up the stairs unchallenged; and when he declared he was going up to see Mr. Martin, his passage was barred by the assurance that the solicitor was not at home.

It was evident that Mr. Martin did not really live there at all; but the Negro was a faithful ally, and they saw that it would be useless to try to get the truth from him. Dick's plan had been for him and his friends to "hold up" the porter whilst Anthony went upstairs and asked for Mr. Martin at each of the flats in turn; but this Anthony dissuaded him from doing. He suggested that, instead of resorting to force, one of the artists whom the porter had not yet seen should boldly ask for Mr. L'Estrange, a really well-known solicitor, who did live in the house; and, once upstairs, he could make all the inquiries that were needed. This wiser plan was carried out; and, had it only been thought of sooner, it would have saved many a day of anxiety and heart-ache at Drinagh.

Mr. L'Estrange was at home when Dick's friend called, and he was able to give him some information that they felt quite sure applied to Mr. Martin. The great solicitor did not know of any one of that name, of his profession, who lived either in the house or in the neighborhood; but he added that, not long before, he had employed for some months a clerk called Martin, and possibly this was what had caused the confusion of addresses. Questioned in confidence as to whether this clerk was a reliable man, he owned that, although he had come to him with excellent testimonials, he had not found him satisfactory, and he had left under a cloud. He had reason to believe that the man was no longer employed in London. Hearing this, Anthony was inclined to put the case in the hands of the police; but, mindful of his promise to Mr. Dillon, Dick opposed himself absolutely to this proceeding; and, as it was through him that so much information had been ex-

tracted, Anthony felt he could not prevent him from continuing his search in his own way.

Fortune favored the efforts of this private detective; for with evening there came a storm of almost tropical rain, which was exactly what he needed in his enterprise. About a quarter to eight the whole street where the chambers stood was two or three inches under water, and the rain came pouring down so fiercely that there was not a single passer-by in sight when there turned into the Negro's office a commissionnaire with rivulets pouring off his oilskin, the collar of which was turned up so that the lower part of its wearer's features was partially hidden. The peaked cap was drawn down over a face that was very young-looking in spite of the grey mustache that hid a pair of curiously boyish lips.

"Mr. Martin?" he said interrogatively. "Which floor?"

"Mr. Martin isn't at home," replied the Negro, crossly. "So get out as quick as you can, and don't stop dropping water over the floor like that!"

"Not at home!" repeated the commissionnaire, paying no attention to the latter part of the porter's remark. "Well, this letter must go to him to-night; so address it, and let me put it in the post."

The Negro held out his hand.

"It can't go to-night," he answered. "The boxes have been cleared. I'll post it in the morning."

"That won't do," said the commissionnaire. "It wants ten minutes of eight yet; so write the address, and I'll post it."

"Give it to me," replied the porter, sulkily. "I'll see to it."

"Look here," said the commissionnaire. "I've been paid to deliver that note, or to see it posted with my own eyes. I'm an honest man and I don't take money under false pretences. Write the address at once."

Still the man hesitated.

"Hurry up!" said the commissionnaire. "There is not much time to lose, and it

will be the man himself that will suffer if the letter doesn't go."

"What do you mean?" The Negro looked up suspiciously.

"Well, I don't exactly know," replied the commissionnaire, cautiously; "but those who sent the letter were very particular about its getting to this Mr. Martin to-night; and I did hear about being 'pinched' or something of that sort."

"Who gave you the letter?" asked the Negro, turning it over in his hands.

"How should I know?" said the other. "It isn't part of my business to question everyone who employs me; only when I say I'll see a thing done, I'll see it done. I'm an honest man."

Evidently the Negro had had his orders; for, tearing open the envelope, he read the message that it contained.

"Halloo!" cried the commissionnaire. "What's this? Are you Mr. Martin?"

But the porter gave him no answer.

The note ran: "Look out for yourself! I have just heard that they are on your track. No time to lose, for they're a nippy crew." That was all,—no signature, no address. But, such as it was, the note corroborated the commissionnaire's story.

"Well, I suppose it must go," the Negro admitted grudgingly. "That'll do for you. You needn't wait. I'll post it myself."

"All right!" said the commissionnaire, apparently well satisfied. "But I think I'll see it in the box myself. I've been paid for the service, you know; and I'm an honest man."

The porter turned to his desk and took out an envelope, into which he slipped the note. Then, sitting down, he wrote out an address laboriously enough.

"Time's nearly up," said the commissionnaire, consulting his watch. He opened the door and looked out, letting in a dash of heavy rain as he did so. "What a night!" he exclaimed. "Why, a dog couldn't go out in this rain without a coat! Here, give me the letter and I'll post it."

He stretched out his hand quite naturally; and, before the Negro had time to take the envelope from the table, the other had seized it and was off, slamming the door of the little office as he dashed out. It was done too quickly to have been an accident; and in half an instant the blackman had wrenched his door open, and, bareheaded and coatless, was out in the street with the rain pouring down upon him. But that instant, and the pause that was necessary to ascertain in the dim light which way the other had gone, were enough for the commissionaire. The Negro saw him like a flash pass the pillar box at the end of the street, and he knew then for certain that he had been outwitted. He ran on, all the same, half blinded by the rain; but before he had gone many yards the hoot-hoot of a taxicab brought him to a standstill. And as the cab, doubling back, passed him and made its way out to the main thoroughfare, there was a flicker of white paper at the window that told him he had failed. It was a foolish act for a staid commissionaire; but not so astonishing as his next one, which was to detach his grey mustache and throw it with a low chuckle of triumph on the floor of the taxicab.

And when the letter was laid out on Anthony's table, the address was found to be in Dublin. Unless the Negro was able to telephone to his accomplice, Mr. Martin would still be in ignorance of this discovery until after the telegraph office opened next morning. This left Dick something over an hour to dine and start off by the night mail for Holyhead. Here again Mr. Dillon's prohibition forbade Anthony from accompanying him, and Dick could not even promise that he would be able to send him a full account of the next day's proceedings.

As the train sped northward bearing Dick to Dublin, he little thought it was his own life more than that of his friends that was to be influenced by his coming interview with Mr. Martin. He had made

up his mind to have as little as possible to say to Fanchea for the future. That she was dangerously attractive, he had already discovered to his cost; but he fully believed that the way she had treated him on the night of the ball had cured him of his infatuation for her. He would not even dignify it by the name of love; yet he owned that, given the same intercourse with her that he had had the previous summer, he would certainly be liable to another attack of the same uncomfortable malady. He thought, however, that he was strong enough to guard himself against such danger; and his first outpost was the conviction that Fanchea did not want him, that she had everything she could wish for in a happy home and in the admiration of those whom she had openly preferred before him.

In a dingy Dublin lodging-house (for Mr. Martin's accomplice had not succeeded in warning him in time of the commissionaire's ruse), Dick learned to what depths Mrs. O'Malley had stooped in her desire to prevent her son from marrying Querida. At first Mr. Martin had made some attempt at blustering; but when Dick pointed out to him that his own actions were not above blame, and that, unless the name of his employers was given, proceedings would be instituted against him for trying to obtain money under false pretences, to his listener's horror, he gave the description, down to the smallest detail, though not the name, of Mrs. O'Malley. Her name she had not given him. Dick was able to pull himself together enough to declare that if Mr. Martin had found out who his client was, or if in the future he should ever find it out, the first attempt on his part of making it known to any one would result in his arrest. By thus making the man's own safety dependent upon his keeping Mrs. O'Malley's secret, Dick felt he was doing all that was possible to secure those who belonged to her from the shame of a public exposure; and if the man chose at any future time to make use of his

knowledge to blackmail the woman herself, that need not affect her family.

And it was of her family that Dick was thinking, — or, rather, of her daughter alone. When his mother had suggested that he should marry Querida, he had exclaimed in horror at the idea of marrying a girl whose parents might possibly have done something, or been something, of which their daughter would have to be ashamed; and yet now, when he himself had proved that Fanchea's mother had done as low, as shameful an action as any he could think of, his only thought was to go to her, to save her from the influence of such a mother, to protect her from any possible breath of shame by making her his wife.

In a single moment the whole aspect of his feelings toward her was changed. He recognized now that he loved her, not with the passing fancy of a boy, but with the deep, lasting love of a man. Before, he had approached her diffidently, and at the first rebuff had stood aside; now he meant to make her marry him. She had liked him, — of that he was sure; now he would not rest until that liking had turned to love. She was innocent and good, and he shuddered to think what she might have to suffer from a mother who was capable of doing such things as Mrs. O'Malley had done. What if Fanchea married a man whose love was not strong enough to bear such a blow as the knowledge of this thing might some day give to it! For Dick knew that, had his love for her not been deep and true and strong, the discovery of her mother's crime would have sent him from her forever.

He returned to Drinagh a very different man from what he had left it three days before. In his pocket he carried, signed and sealed, Mr. Martin's declaration and his promise of secrecy, which he would have to hand to Mr. Dillon; and in his heart, stowed away with equal care, was his resolution of winning Fanchea O'Malley, in spite of everything, for his wife.

(To be continued.)

The Curé's Door.

BY JOSEPH AUTRUN. TRANSLATED BY M. E. M.

ⓁITTLE closed door,
Half concealed behind
A clinging emerald vine
Waving in the wind!

O little rustic door,
Gnarled, arched and old,
What tragedies of life
Thy panels could unfold!

I love thy penthouse dark,
I love thy wrinkled face
So near the house of God,—
I love the holy place

Where dwells the humble sage
Who, 'mid a life of care,
Strengthens his faithful soul
In patience, peace, and prayer.

Fortune has passed thee by,
O warped and ancient door!
Thou shelterest God's friend,
Thou dost not ask for more.

But when at Misery's knock
The feeble echoes wake,
Thy portals open wide
For pleading Mercy's sake.

And never sinful soul,
By Pharisee denied,
Begged there to lay its load
But thou didst open wide.

O little rustic door,
Thou hidest faith untold!
To me only heaven's gate
A holier doth unfold.

IN this world, where there is so much sorrow and so much unnecessary grief, fret, and worry, how grateful ought we to be that God sends along, here and there, a natural heart-singer, who, by his very carriage and spontaneous actions, calms, cheers, and helps his fellows! God bless the good-natured, for they bless everybody else.—*Anon.*

Tyburn Tree.

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

III.

IN 1573 we have the execution of "Thomas Woodhouse, a priest of Lincolnshire, who had long lain a prisoner in the Fleet." After this, page after page has its record of martyrdoms. Here is the brief account of the death of Blessed Thomas Sherwood:

1578.—The 7 of Februarie, one named Sherwood was drawne from the Tower of London to Tyborne, and there hanged, bowelled and quartered. [Stow, p. 684.] Thomas Sherwood was a layman. In the Tower he was cruelly racked to make him tell where he had heard Mass.

It should be added that he was racked in vain. He refused to betray his pastors.

In telling of the torture of Campion and his companions, Mr. Marks quotes Burghley's infamous defence of this illegal infliction. His victims had not been so badly treated, argued Elizabeth's minister. "That very Campion, I say, was never so racked but that he was presently able to walk and to write." Granted that "Alexander Briant" was starved and tormented with thirst: it was his own fault; for there were orders to give him food and drink as soon as he wrote what his gaolers wanted. Blessed Campion, Sherwin and Briant were executed on December 1, 1581. In their case an attempt was made to argue at their trial that they had plotted against the Queen while residing abroad. It was in vain that they denied the calumny: their priesthood was offence enough, and a carefully chosen jury would bring in any verdict asked against them. But in most cases even the attempt to build up a charge of constructive treason was not made. Stow, chronicling the events of his time, and faithfully reflecting current opinion, calls it "a trayterous speech" when, on his trial at the Old Bailey, Blessed Everard Hanse "affirmed that

himself was subject to the Pope in ecclesiasticall causes, and that the Pope hath now the same authority here in England that he had a hundred yeares past." That priesthood was treason enough is plainly set forth in such extracts from Stow's "Chronicle" as the following:

1584. — February 12.—The 7 of February were arraygned at Westminster John Fen [James Fenn], George Haddocke [Haydock], John Munden, John Nutter, and Thomas Hemerford, all fiue found guilty of high treason, in being made priestes beyond the seas, and by the Popes authoritie, since a statute made in *anno primo* of her maiesties raygne, and hadde judgment to be hanged, bowelled and quartered; which were all executed at Tyborne on the 12 of February.

The law of treason was stretched still wider in 1581 by an Act of Parliament,* making it high treason to convert any one to the "Church of Rome," or to be so convertéd. Burghley and the Queen's other advisers felt that the public opinion of Europe was being outraged, and attempted more than one defence of their conduct in pamphlets, in which it was argued that to be a priest or a convert implied disloyalty. One of these pamphlets—"The Execution of Justice in England"—called forth a reply, for circulating which a priest, Father Alfield, and a layman, Mr. Webley, a dyer of London, were executed. Stow notes under date of July 6, 1585, how they were "condemned as felons to be hanged for publishing of books containing false, seditious and slaunderous matter, to the defamation of our soueraygne lady the Queene," and how they were hanged next day. The charge was felony, not high treason; so they were spared the horrors of quartering. Mr. Marks' apt comment is:

It is proverbially dangerous to argue with the master of legions; it was equally dangerous to argue with the mistress of the rack, the gallows, and the ripping knife. Alfield and Webley had circulated copies of an answer to "The Execution of Justice in England." They experienced this "Justice" in consequence; were tortured in prison and afterward hanged

* 23 Elizabeth, cap. 1.

On February 21, 1595, Robert Southwell suffered the traitor's death at Tyborne for his priesthood. He was one of England's poets, of whom Ben Jonson wrote that he would willingly destroy much of his own writings if he could claim the authorship of one poem of Southwell's. He had been two years in prison, "and so brutally tortured and ill used that his father petitioned Elizabeth that he might at once suffer death if guilty, or be better treated."

On February 27, 1601, a Catholic lady Mistress Anne Line, or Lynde, was hanged at Tyburn. Her crime was that a priest had said Mass at her house, and when the agents of the government arrived to arrest him she secured his escape. On the same morning two Benedictines, Fathers Barkworth (or Barkwey) and Filcock, suffered the full penalty of treason. Mr. Marks gives an account of these executions from the report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission on the Duke of Rutland's papers. Anne Linde was an aged lady. When she was tried, "her weakness was suche that she was carryed to the said sessions betwixt two in a chaire." On the way to Tyburn the ministers worried her with attempts to "convert" her. At the gallows,—

being urged amongst other things by the minister that she had been a common receavor of many preistes, she answered, "Where I have receaved one I would to God I had been able to have receaved a thousand." She behaved most meekely, patiently and vertuously to her last breath. She kissed the gallows, and before and after her private prayers blessinge herself, the carte was drawne awaye, and she then made the signe of the crosse uppon her and after that never moved.

In the same record we read how Father Barkworth kissed the gallows and the rope, and exclaimed: "*Hæc est dies Domini. Gaudeamus in ea!*" ("This is the day of the Lord. Let us rejoice in it!") Here, too, the Protestant minister was officiously forward, and told the priest to remember Christ died for him,—as if he were likely to forget it! The martyr, "holdinge the rope in his hands," replied:

"And so do I for Him; and I would I had a thousand lives to bestow upon Him in this cause." Asked if he would pray for the Queen, he replied at once: "God bless her and send her and me to meet joyfully in heaven!" Then he prayed for the judge who had sentenced, the lawyers who had prosecuted him. As he was swung off the cart he said again: "*Hæc est dies Domini. Gaudeamus in ea!*" Under the knife he struggled to rise, exclaiming, "Lord! Lord! Lord!" But, "being holden by the strength of the executioners," he was hacked to death. His comrade died as courageously.

It is not quite certain whether brave Anne Line was not waiting for her own death during these horrors. The priest she had saved was the Venerable Francis Page, S. J. He was captured shortly after, and suffered at Tyburn in April, 1602. It is a coincidence that with him was executed another priest, Thomas Tichborne, who had been rescued from the hands of the constable the year before by two Catholic gentlemen—his cousin, Nicholas Tichborne, and Thomas Hackshot. The rescuers saved the priest at the cost of their own lives. They were taken, and hanged at Tyburn on August 24, 1601. The last of Elizabeth's victims here was Father W. Anderson, executed on February 27, 1603, simply for being a priest, "found in England contrary to the statute of Anno 27 Eliz."

Under James I., the first priest executed there was Robert Drury (February 26, 1607). Amongst the next year's victims was the Jesuit, Thomas Garnet, a brother of the more famous Father Henry Garnet. The evidence on which he was convicted was simply that he had signed his name "Thomas Garnet, priest." Stow tells how he had "favour offred him if he would take the oath of alleageance aforesayd, but he refused it." Lord Exeter, of the Privy Council, who was present at the execution, would not allow the rope to be cut till the priest was dead; and this more humane method was used at some other executions under James.

Mr. Marks tells how, in 1610, Father John Roberts was arrested while saying Mass, and hurried away in his vestments. He was hanged at Tyburn with Father Thomas Somers and "sixteen persons condemned for various offences." Father Pollen has published a narrative of this execution from the Stonyhurst manuscripts. One is sorry Mr. Marks has not used this source of information, for it contains some very interesting details. Thus we are told how Father Roberts was so weak "with two hours of suffering on the hurdle" that the hangman had to help him to rise. This throws some light on the misery of being "drawn" to Tyburn. Like Blessed Thomas More, he jested with death. Looking at the fire and the caldron beside the gallows, he said: "Here's a hot breakfast ready, despite the cold weather." And when a kindly bystander, seeing him bareheaded, offered him a cap, he replied: "Do not trouble yourself about that, sir. I am not afraid that hereafter I shall ever suffer from headache."

There were always many Catholics at Tyburn on the day of a martyrdom. They came to witness, not the horrors of an execution but the triumph of a champion of the Faith. When Father Thomas Maxfield was hanged there in 1616, with thirteen criminals as his companions, there was a strange spectacle; for the Catholics had hung wreaths of flowers on the Triple Tree.

Under Charles I. executions of Catholics ceased for a while. His Queen Henrietta Maria, of France, startled the court by making a pilgrimage to Tyburn to pray at the spot where so much innocent blood had been shed for the Faith. But when the Parliament became master of London, executions of priests began again. There were many between 1641 and 1654. In this last year Father John Southworth was martyred. Twice before he had been arrested; once before he had been condemned to death, but was set free on the intercession of the French Ambassador. He had been sent abroad, but returned

to the dangerous English mission. Mr. Marks thus relates his end:

He was finally apprehended in 1654. On his arraignment he pleaded that he was not guilty of treason; but, in spite of persuasion, acknowledged that he was a priest. The court, with, it is said, great reluctance, passed the inevitable sentence. On June 28 five coirers were drawn, hanged and quartered with Father Southworth. He was an old man of 72; nothing was alleged against him but that he was a priest. The guilt of this judicial murder rests wholly with Cromwell. The life of Southworth was in his hands; he was deaf to the suit of the French and Spanish ambassadors for Southworth's life.

No more Catholics were executed till the frenzy of the Popish Plot seized on England in 1678-81. In those years fourteen priests and laymen were put to death at Tyburn. The last of these was Dr. Oliver Plunket, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of Ireland. He was dragged from the cabin where he lived the life of a poor man in Ulster, to be condemned on the evidence of perjurers in London. His was the last martyrdom at Tyburn. In these later years Irishmen and Irishwomen have done great things for the revival of the Faith in England; and the memory of how this saintly prelate died, at Tyburn, closing the long series of martyrdoms which have consecrated the ill-omened spot, is a link between the past of Catholicity in Ireland and England.

In this brief retrospect of the story of Tyburn I have been able to name only some of the martyrs. Mr. Marks' book tells of many more. The record of their triumphs is mingled with the narratives of the deaths of murderers, thieves, highwaymen, forgers, and other criminals. This helps one to realize that, like their Lord, they were condemned to what the world considered a shameful death. Many non-Catholic readers, who would never open a book on the English martyrs, will learn something of them from the pages of these annals of "Tyburn Tree."

And it is well that their story should be told to non-Catholics in these days, when attempts are being made by the Anglicans to bolster up a fantastic theory

that no essential change was made by the English Reformation, and that the Established Church can claim continuity with the Church of St. Augustine and St. Thomas Becket, the Church of Saxon, Norman and Plantagenet days. But if there was no essential change, what means this trail of blood across a century and a half? Why did these priests and laymen, women, nobles and commons, go to the death of felons and criminals? "It was a question of the Pope's claim to supremacy clashing with royal claims," say the Anglicans. No: this was only part of it. Numbers died simply because they were priests, or had sheltered priests and heard Mass. For the new religion imposed on England by the arquebuses and pikes of foreign mercenaries, the axe of Tower Hill, the halter and ripping knife of Tyburn, repudiated priesthood and sacrifice and sacrament, and denied the central fact of Christian worship unchallenged in England for more than a thousand years.

It was because the Reformers hated the Mass with a diabolical hatred, and the Catholics held that no price was too great to pay for its perpetuation, that the promoters of the new religion sent the priests of the old Faith to die a cruel death at Tyburn. Until the record of these martyrdoms can be explained away, it is folly to talk of continuity. It matters not that in recent years the Anglicans have revived an imitation of the Mass, and claimed priestly powers for their ministers; for, as Canon Henley Henson, of Westminster Abbey, a dignitary of the State, rightly said, "revival is not continuity," and can not retrospectively bridge over a gap that existed for generations. The hard fact remains, that the Established Church of to-day in England is the heir of the men who sent our martyrs to Tyburn. It was the constancy of these heroes of the Faith that kept intact the historic bond between the Catholic Church in England of pre-Reformation days and the Church that to-day in England recognizes Pius X. as its head.

It was during the Eucharistic Congress in London that one of the French archbishops said: "The altar, the Holy Sacrifice, the Sacramental Presence, banished from the historic cathedrals of England and forbidden by sanguinary laws, were preserved to the people of England at the price of the blood of countless martyrs." This is why Tyburn has become for us the name of a holy place, and why something of the glory of the Cross is associated forever with the memory of its "Triple Tree."

(The End.)

A Great American.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

WHEN the writer's mother, Mrs. James Sadlier, was writing her widely read and popular stories, and her father was one of the original partners in the publishing house of D. & J. Sadlier, their home in New York was a meeting-place for many celebrities. None amongst them was more honored than Orestes Brownson, who was regarded by the whole household with reverence and affection. Always affable and condescending to the young folk, the Doctor's words of wisdom were impressed upon their minds, to be remembered and more deeply appreciated by the survivors of that circle, now that the sun of life has waned from youth to maturity, and is slanting toward its setting. It seems fitting that in all the honors heaped upon the grave of Orestes Brownson, a single wreath should be cast by the daughter of those oldtime friends.

That Orestes A. Brownson was amongst the very greatest men whom America has produced is a fact admitted by those most competent to judge. And it is a fact which would have been far more widely blazoned forth, had not the keen logic of that noble intellect brought it into submission to the Catholic Church. Brownson could never have been content with the

half truths, the philosophical dilettantism of Emerson. He was profound, original, above all analytical and searching. He had to get at the truth and to proclaim it to the four winds of heaven.

The best part of half a century has elapsed since the huge bulk, the majestic figure, and leonine head of the philosopher were familiar to the people of New York in particular, and to those of other States on occasions. Many of that generation, which hung upon his words, which was genuinely proud of his genius, have passed away. The people of those days, and of course numbers who still survive, were familiar with his remarkable career and the various stages by which he reached upward to the perfect light. "In philosophy," says a recent writer in *America*, "there was no error which he had not explored and temporarily accepted,—scepticism, pantheism, even socialism. . . ." It was, in fact, "his intellectual courage and honesty that caused him to run through the whole discordant gamut of sectarianism." As he himself tells us, "I have never been the slave of my own past, and truth has always been dearer to me than my own opinions."

That was an intensely interesting phase of his career amongst the literary illuminati of Boston and its vicinity, during the early years of the nineteenth century. He met in familiar intercourse Thoreau and Emerson, Alcott and Holmes, Longfellow and Whittier, Hawthorne and Lowell. He was amongst the delightful group which is sketched by that ideal publisher, Fields, in his "Yesterdays with Authors," and who, with his partner, the cultured and scholarly Ticknor, formed a centre, more properly a focus, for that famous circle. Like Isaac Hecker, afterward the holy priest and founder of a religious Order, Dr. Brownson took part in the utopian and communistic scheme of Brook Farm. That it toppled to earth again from its bright vision of restoring mankind to its primitive plan of existence detracts nothing from its sociological

interest, nor from the charm of those wonderful hours that must have been passed under the arching trees of the quaint New-England town which saw its birth.

Mr. Brownson, after all those wanderings, was received into the Church by that distinguished ecclesiastic and scholar, Bishop Fitzpatrick, of Boston, for whom he always retained the warmest sentiments of admiration and affection. It required both courage and steadfastness—yes, and humility, too,—for a man of Brownson's calibre deliberately to make his submission to the Church in that day and generation; for the American Catholic Church, which has so amazingly progressed in all directions, was then in its infancy. The social and intellectual status of its members was, generally speaking, not the highest. As a system, and especially in New England, it has been truthfully said that "it was regarded as a dead-and-gone superstition." To become a Catholic then was to be superciliously regarded as erratic, extraordinary, and altogether incomprehensible.

Brownson, however, his genius apart, was of that truest and finest type of American—fearless, unshackled by conventionality of any sort, carrying everything to its logical end with simplicity and directness, scanning with eagle eye the whole range of divergent aims and opinions, and finally centring in the Sun of truth. The entire story of the Doctor's conversion, is luminously and graphically told in "The Convert," which deserves to be more widely known than it is, and to be placed in the hands of the educated inquirer.

Besides his voluminous works, Dr. Brownson for many years published his *Review*, a veritable compendium of thought upon all the problems of the day, religious and ethical, philosophical and literary. In addition, he found time to write brilliant papers for the *Catholic World*, then edited by his stanch friend, Father Hecker; and to contribute vigorous articles to a leading exponent of Catholic opinion in that

day, the *New York Tablet*, with which he was editorially connected. Many of these articles were written during the exciting times of the Civil War,—Dr. Brownson giving his ardent and outspoken adhesion to the cause of the Union. Those wise and trenchant words of his, aglow with fiery patriotism, no doubt exercised a powerful influence over the mind of his contemporaries.*

After his conversion, the philosopher still maintained his friendship with many of his oldtime associates, though in a much less intimate fashion; and, as time went on, the companionship of those within the Fold naturally became more congenial. This wide circle gradually narrowed to those who specially commended themselves to his mind. But of course pilgrimages were always made by innumerable prelates and priests, as well as by those Catholics whose social and intellectual status permitted them the privilege, to that quiet home in Elizabeth, New Jersey, of which Dr. Brownson was not only the head but the centre. Needless to say, it was a very interesting household, presided over by the gentle, lovable and holy Mrs. Brownson, together with the only daughter, the brilliant, witty and fascinating Sarah, afterward the wife of Judge Tenney. This gifted woman predeceased her father, after having written some important books, notably a *Life of Prince Gallitzin*.

Of the Doctor's sons, two served with distinction as officers in the regular army and during the Civil War. One of these, Major Henry F. Brownson, afterward resigned and took up the practice of law; finding time, besides editing a complete edition of his father's works, to make valuable contributions to current Catholic literature.

Although, as Thomas D'Arcy McGee once wrote in a private letter, "Brownson was too big for America: he should have had the other continents as a field for

his genius," the philosopher was as ardent an American as he was a Catholic. He describes himself as "simply devoted to the real, living and energizing Constitution of the American Republic, as it is, not as some fancy it to be or are striving to make it." And he went on to say that he had "no other ambition than to present it as it is to the understanding and love of his countrymen."

From his pronouncements in this regard, wherein are united his two master passions of religion and patriotism, a few brief and typical sentences may be quoted. "I believe," he says, "that he who can exert the most influence on our Catholic population, especially by giving tone and direction to our Catholic youth, will exert the most influence in forming the character and shaping the future destiny of the nation. Ambition and patriotism alike, as well as my own Catholic faith and sympathies, induce me to address myself primarily to Catholics. I write as a Catholic, because all Christian principles—nay, all real principles—are Catholic; and there is nothing sectarian either in Nature or Revelation." Again, he declares that "theological principles are the only real principles of all science as of all reality."

As regards those outside the Church, he thus explains his attitude: "I quarrel with none of the sects. I honor virtue wherever I see it, and truth wherever it is found. But, in my belief, no sect is destined to a long life or a permanent possession." His idea with regard to controversy is interesting: "I engage in no controversy with any one not of my religion. For if the positive, affirmative truth is brought out and placed in a clear light before the public, whatever is sectarian in any of the sects will disappear as the morning mists before the rising sun." He optimistically refers to a condition of things which, if true at the time of his writing, is doubly true to-day: "It is no discredit to any man in the United States to be a firm, sincere and devout

* Dr. Brownson was also a contributor to *THE AVE MARIA*, for which, he once declared, his most careful work was done.—ED. A. M.

Catholic. The old sectarian prejudice may remain in a few whose 'eyes,' as Emerson expresses it, 'are in their *hind-head*, not in their *forehead*.' But the American people are not at heart sectarian; and the nothingarianism so prevalent amongst them only marks the state of transition from sectarian opinions to positive Catholic faith. At any rate, it can not be denied that the Catholics are an integral, living and growing element in the American population,—quite too numerous, too wealthy, and too influential to be ignored."

His reflections on a Papal Encyclical then recently published apply, it would seem, with still greater force to our day. "The Holy Father," he declares, "has simply exercised his pastoral and teaching authority to save religion, society, science, and civilization from utter corruption or destruction. The opinions, tendencies and movements, directly or by implication censured, are the effect of narrow and superficial thinking, of partial and one-sided views; and are sectarian, sophistical, and hostile to all real progress; tending, so far as they go, to throw society back to barbarism, from which, after centuries of toil and struggle, it is just beginning to emerge. The Holy Father has condemned nothing that real philosophy, real science, does not also condemn."

Dr. Brownson freely acknowledges his indebtedness, in the domain of theology and polemics, to "the great Fathers and Doctors of the Church,—the great masters of all that is solid or permanent in modern thought, either Catholic or non-Catholic." There were moments, during the publication of his *Review*, when his independent and original cast of mind brought him into conflict with this or that theologian. But, with the humility of true greatness as well as of his consistent Christian profession, Brownson invariably brought his theories and line of argument into harmony with the teaching Church, to which, with touching self-abasement, he submitted as a child might to a mother

beloved and revered. That splendid intellect, long wandering, was chained at last by voluntary bonds, never to wander more.

In public as in private, as a mighty wielder of the pen or the conversationalist who held whole circles, as the devoted father and husband, as the true and loyal friend, as the devout worshipper in the lowliest sanctuary, Brownson everywhere and always showed forth the faith which was in him. It was related of him that once, upon some public occasion where chiefly non-Catholics were present, Dr. Brownson, before sitting down to table, made a large and conspicuous Sign of the Cross. On being questioned by a companion as to his reason for this obtrusive display of his religion, he answered in a perfectly audible voice: "Because I want to show that there is one Christian man in the company." That was his constant attitude,—a desire to make conspicuous his Christian manhood.

He offers sage and profound reflections on the mission of nations which "are only individuals on a larger scale," and particularly on that of the American nation,—reflections which are somewhat as follows: "The Jews were the chosen people of God, through whom the primitive traditions were to be preserved in their purity and integrity, and the Messiah was to come. The Greeks were chosen for the realization of beauty and the splendor of art; and the Romans, for the development of the State, law and jurisprudence. The mission of the United States is to accomplish a greater work than was assigned to either for the realization of a great idea—the dialectic union of authority and liberty, of the natural rights of man and those of society.... It is not the union of Church and State—that is, the union, or identity rather, of religious and political principles—which it is desirable to get rid of, but the disunion or antagonism of Church and State. And this is nowhere possible outside of the United States.... For nowhere else is it practical at present to maintain between

the two powers their normal relation. . . . It may be safely asserted that, except in the United States, the Church is either held in subjection or treated as an enemy. The relation is not that of harmony, but that of antagonism, to the grave detriment both of religion and of civilization."

He goes on to show that, though in the United States all religions, the false as well as the true, are free, the former, being one-sided, sophistical, and un-Catholic, are opposed by the State; and he notes that none of the peculiarities of the sects have become incorporated in the law of the State, because "the State conscience is Catholic, not sectarian." He is convinced, therefore, that those principles of the State will finally put an end to the warfare between the civil and religious forces, and leave the Church in her normal position in society. For to his keen and forcible mind it seems clear that the sects can not prevail against that true Republic, and must in time give way; though, of course, the Church will always have to contend with such foes as indifferentism and infidelity. He makes an observation that is likewise still more applicable to present-day conditions: "In France, which has the proud title of Eldest Daughter of the Church, Catholics, as such, are not freer than they are in Turkey. All religions are said to be free except the religion of the great majority of Frenchmen."

For more than a generation in the life of man, Orestes Augustus Brownson has been sleeping with the illustrious dead. In this present generation, American Catholics are paying in a small degree the outstanding debt of their gratitude by erecting in Central Park a bronze bust of the man who necessarily towered above his contemporaries, and was enabled to do a work which none other, at least amongst the laity, could have done. In placing that memorial there, amongst the many others to men of various creeds who have rendered service to the country or to humanity in general, American

Catholics have honored themselves. It has proved their appreciation of the place which he deserved to occupy amongst the great, and of those services rendered by Brownson,—a fearless champion of the truth, who, with splendid courage and independence, devoted the resources of his intellect to the Church which he had made so many sacrifices to enter.

Our Lady's Statue on the Marienbrücke.

THE late Bürgermeister of Vienna was the promoter of the restoration and adornment of the Marienbrücke, one of the finest of the many bridges that span the river Vien. The installation thereon of a statue of the Blessed Virgin gave rise to a protracted debate in the Municipal Council, in which Lueger for a time forbore to take part. The Semite and Protestant opponents of the project contended that it was unseemly and unpractical to expose a fragile work of art to the high winds and accidents of traffic so usual in this spot. The idea was declared unesthetic and most unpalatable to devout citizens, whose feelings would be shocked by the vulgar and uncalled-for display, etc.

Lueger had listened in silence till the case seemed made out for the placing of the statue in some less exposed — i. e., less conspicuous — spot, and now rose to give his opinion. His first words assured the last speakers that they had converted him to their views.

"I fully appreciate," he said, "the regard of some of my fellow-councillors for the interests of the city, and I realize that our original plan was unworthy of the capital. Therefore we shall modify it, and this is what I have decided to do. The figure being small, we shall procure one double its size, and have it fixed in a stone pedestal, the whole to be protected by a framework of handsome iron, so solid as to withstand the fiercest hurricane. Should it, however, suffer from the inclemency of the seasons, I, Karl Lueger,

undertake to insure its being immediately repaired or renewed. No other danger is within the range of my conception, and I dare promise the solicitude for its preservation of the humblest inhabitants."

How justified was this promise may be seen by everybody that crosses the Marienbrücke. The statue is in perfect condition; flowers are ever strewn at its base, and it is kept free from dust. At dusk a halo of electric light throws into relief the beautiful figure presiding over the city. The writer of these lines was much edified recently to observe that coachman, cyclist, or pedestrian never failed to give the customary salute to the statue on the Marienbrücke.

A Difficulty Dealt With.

If you don't mind, will you explain how it happens that out of 706 prisoners in the Minnesota State Prison, there are 278 Catholics? . . . If you notice this letter—you probably won't—don't try to dodge the difficulty.—"A. P. A."

We do not "mind" and we shall not "dodge the difficulty," which is more apparent than real. The figures, if correct, would go to show that there are ever so many more Catholics in this country than is generally supposed. We say "if correct," because we have been assured by a prison chaplain that numerous criminals who, for reasons of their own, declare themselves Catholics, are found to be utterly ignorant of the Catholic Church.

The second remark to be made is that if the Minnesota prisoners who profess themselves Catholics, and really are such, had practised the Catholic religion, they would never have found themselves where they are. And let us add that if the ancestors of the Protestant prisoners had remained Catholic, instead of allowing themselves to be led astray by an expriest (the Rev. Martin Luther), there would have been less likelihood of their children's ever getting into jail. Of course the Catholic inmates in question are most

to blame, but let us not be too hard on them. We do not refer to them as criminals, because many of the offences for which people are arrested are not moral crimes, but merely violations of the civil law, which are due very often to ignorance, misfortune, or inadvertence. Even in cases of criminality, the most guilty are not always those who suffer penalty. The number of persons who richly deserve to be in jail is probably large in comparison to the number that are actually there. If all the blackmailers, adulterers, perjurers, defaulters, etc., in the United States were to be arrested to-morrow, the penitentiaries, we venture to say, would be more crowded than the churches.

Keeping out of prison is largely a matter of luck. For instance, if a poor man gets drunk, he is apt to be arrested; while the "prominent citizen" is put into a taxicab and escorted home or taken back to his club. The defaulting cashier generally manages to make his escape to foreign parts; the tramp who steals a sandwich or a pair of shoes is almost certain to be apprehended and convicted. Wealth, social and political influence, legal ability—or trickery—account for many escapes from justice. As a rule, the offender with most money is able to secure the best defence. So it goes in this "naughty world" of ours.

We rejoice that those poor fellows in the Minnesota State Prison have not increased their guilt by denying their faith. As for their being a dishonor to the Catholic religion, the Church can stand the reproach. Her divine Founder was taunted with being the friend of publicans and sinners. Fidelity to her teaching produces saints. If it were everywhere followed, there would everywhere be an end of greed and lust and uncharitableness. These, more than ignorance or prejudice, account for the opposition to that teaching.

A last word to our correspondent: Don't pin your faith to statistics, and—don't write anonymous letters.

Notes and Remarks.

European statesmen are now seeking the cause of the sudden outbreak against the Republic in France. If the French people are not satisfied with a republic, the most democratic form of government that exists, and with a Ministry presided over by an ex-Socialist, evidently there is no security for individuals or for property in the future. The recent strikes were more serious than is generally realized. Not since the Commune has such grave danger threatened Paris. The whole population, aroused by the strike on the railroads and by that of the electricians, was seething with discontent. Any sign of weakness on the part of the Government would have led not only to a general strike amongst all the workers, but to a regular rebellion and to the sacking of the rich quarters of the capital. The firmness with which M. Briand acted undoubtedly postponed the revolution which is sure to come.

And the spirit of unrest is not confined to France. The peace of Europe is seriously menaced. There is increasing opposition against all constituted authority. As many as 6000 policemen were required to quell the recent outbreak in Berlin. The Kaiser was well advised if he is correctly reported to have said, on the occasion of a subsequent visit to the Benedictine monastery at Beuron, "the twentieth century has set loose ideas which can be successfully combated only with the help of religion and the support of Heaven. My crown can guarantee me success only when it relies on the word and personality of Our Lord. The governments of Christian princes can be carried on only according to the will of the Lord. The altar and throne are closely united and must not be separated."

The uncompromising attitude of the Church toward all heresies and schisms, her invariable courage in maintaining her

principles at all costs of temporary or apparently permanent losses, has always extorted the praise of true men everywhere. A case in point is the Unitarian *Christian Register's* appreciation of the Church's attitude toward Modernism. (We quote it from the *Republic* of Boston):

So far from expecting the Church to come to terms with these new heretics, we learn from its history that it will rather run the risk of overthrow and ruin, if there can be any such risk to a divinely supported institution. The Catholic Church is no coward, as the history of the Reformation shows. It will stand, as it stood then — and as it must stand, or lose its right to stand at all — upon its belief that it is founded upon the divine warrant of Christ, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. None of us could respect this Church if it did otherwise. . . . It is the man who tries to act as a liberal while holding his place with churchmen — who cries, "Peace! peace!" when there can be no peace, but a sword; who is all things to all men if by any means he may gain over some in a way which St. Paul never would have approved, — that we have to watch. There are plenty of them, but so much the more must we honor those who fight us fairly and hold their flag where all men can see it.

Just so; and it should be a source of continuous pride to Catholics that, in the course of nineteen centuries, their great Mother has never once condescended to

... crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning.

The beauty-loving Italians form a most desirable element of our population; and it is an easy prophecy that they will not always be the organ-grinders, fruit-sellers, and peanut-venders of our large cities. Poverty can not degrade them, nor does prosperity render them material. It would set many people thinking to know that Dante and Petrarch, Tasso, Manzoni, Silvio Pellico, and lesser authors who wrote in English — Dickens, Macaulay, Cooper, etc., — find a host of admiring readers in the Italian quarter. Think of ten-cent paper editions of Dante, Tasso, and the rest, finding eager buyers among a class of immigrants whom so many despise and denounce! Whatever may be

said of other nationalities, there is little warrant for the very general prejudice existing against the Italians. It is always pleasant to hear a good word for them. The latest is from the *Dial*, which declares "as long as these poor children of sunny Italy manifest their spontaneous love of good reading by buying it, and of good pictures and statuary by thronging our art museums on Sundays and holidays, and of good music by packing the galleries of our opera houses on Italian-opera nights, what more hopeful class of immigrants could we desire to leaven the lump of our materialism and our stolid content with worldly prosperity?"

The late John La Farge won distinction as a painter, illustrator, author, and lecturer; but he will be remembered best for his services to the art of the glass-stainer, which it is no exaggeration to say that he revolutionized. His method, known as the "American," found favor all over the United States. Many churches in our larger cities contain beautiful paintings or stained-glass compositions by Mr. La Farge. He was admitted to the National Academy in 1869, was president of the Society of American Artists when it amalgamated with the Academy, president of the Society of Mural Painters, honorary member of the American Institute of Architects, officer of the Legion of Honor; and wrote among other things "Letters from Japan," "Artist and Writer," and "Lectures on Art." *R. I. P.*

As corroborating the strictures, occasionally made in these columns, on the incongruity of the topics often discussed in Protestant pulpits, we quote this trenchant editorial comment from the *Chicago Israelite*:

All over the country the majority of Protestant clergymen are frittering away their time, labor and influence on such minor matters as prohibition, stricter enforcement of Sunday laws, Bible reading in the public schools, etc., to the neglect of such more important concerns

as the teaching of honesty and the inculcating of a higher moral standard in the conduct of the government, national, State and municipal, and of all business, corporate or private. As it is to-day, the clergy and the "pillars of society" are the most dangerous allies of the "grafters," and the corporate illegitimate exploiters of the people. Both have much to answer for because of their failure to do the good for which so many opportunities are offered them.

On the whole, perhaps Christ's Gospel will be found the best intellectual pabulum to feed to any congregation calling itself Christian.

While there may be Catholic organizations more "in the public eye," stronger in the matter of public parades, and oftener trumpeted by newspaper fame than is the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, it is a question whether any other association of lay Catholics does quite such effective work for the temporal and spiritual welfare of needy and unfortunate humanity. The aversion to ostentation so notable in their saintly founder, the reluctance to let their left hand know what their right hand doth, is characteristic of the typical Conference of the Society; so that it is, as a rule, only in the regular reports forwarded to the Council General in Paris that we learn of their beneficent and comprehensive activities. From such a report—that of the Superior Council of New York for 1909—we extract the following paragraph, the brief narrative of an incident that will serve as a sample of the work done by the Particular Council of Baltimore:

Found in the tuberculosis ward, was a young man with certain marks of refinement but marred with the indelible impress of a life of vice. One of the visiting Conference men picked up an acquaintance with him, and after much persuasion induced him to go to confession and to receive the sacraments. Finally the Conference man, realizing that the end was not far off, prevailed upon him to disclose something of his family history. It was learned that he had a mother living in a Southern city. Correspondence was opened with the family, but within a few days thereafter the young man

died. The family sent money to us, to have the remains interred in Bonnie Brae. Later, a brother came to the city to see us, and expressed the deep sense of gratitude which he, his mother and sisters felt toward the Society for its kindness to the deceased. He seemed to think that some special attention had been shown to his brother, and was amazed when he was told that what had been done for him was done a hundred times a year for men and women without friends, without homes, and with no one to show a kindly interest in them other than the Conference visitor.

And these same Conference visitors, though wanting in the 'broad phylacteries and enlarged fringes' which are not less in evidence to-day than in the time of the Scribes and Pharisees, will surely be repaid by their "Father, who seeth in secret."

A Montreal Freemason declared not long ago that "Masonry will never amount to anything in this city until it has made a conquest of the primary schools." The hoped-for and projected conquest has been considerably retarded by the recent action of Montreal's Catholic School Commission. Five schoolteachers, implicated in the malodorous affair of the Emancipation Lodge, have gently but firmly been removed from their positions. Educators whose ambition it is to teach the young idea how to shoot Masonic arrows have no business in Catholic schools anywhere, and least of all in a city which has so recently and triumphantly vindicated its claim to the title, the Rome of America. We congratulate the Commission on its prompt and energetic action.

At an Anglican synod held recently in Melbourne, Archbishop Clarke made this definite pronouncement on the subject of prayers for the dead:

With our Church's principle (Act VI.) of requiring nothing to be believed as an article of the faith, or to be thought requisite or necessary to salvation which is not read therein, nor can be proved by the Canonical books of the Old and New Testaments, we can not exalt the custom to a necessary requirement of the religious life. But is it a forbidden thing? Those

who value decisions of courts may wish to know what was decided so long ago as 1838 in the Court of Arches in London. . . . "I am, then, of opinion that no authority or Canon has been pointed out by which the practice of praying for the dead has been expressly prohibited." (Breeks v. Woolfrey, Court of Arches Judgment, 12th December, 1838.) To all those pious souls who use such prayers, and who have asked me if they do wrong, and to others of whom I do not know, I say that your Church allows you these petitions, and that she has never forbidden such prayers as long as you ask aright. I give in an appendix to this address the words of a prayer which, I am told, is extensively used, and which contains no false doctrine. If any one says this is dangerous, I bid him remember the limitations I have stated; if unnecessary, he knows nothing of the habits and desires of a large number of sorrowing and bereaved hearts who long to realize that the saints above and those below but one communion make; and, further, that we have no right to forbid to our people any lawful exercise of natural religious rights.

Prayers for the dead either imply the existence of Purgatory, or they are not only unnecessary, but in the last degree impertinent. Dr. Clarke, of course, like other scholarly Anglicans, believes in Purgatory, in spite of Article of Religion, No. XXII. And we are glad to see that, even on so feeble a basis as a decision of the Court of Arches, he justifies his spiritual subjects in praying for their departed loved ones.

One of the questions that necessarily confront all growing countries seems to have entered the arena of practical politics in Argentina. Says the *Southern Cross*:

The Japanese are industrious and hardy people, and they have proved in more ways than one that they are a virile race. But their ways are not our ways, and we doubt that their advent is an advantage to our country. Immigrants who can not or will not assimilate, who will not give their hearts unreservedly to the country of their adoption, are often a nuisance if not a positive danger. The Welsh colony in Chubut gave an example of this some years ago, just as the Japanese have been doing in California. The Yellow man has turned his eyes on South America; and we venture to say that Japanese immigration, if unchecked, will assume large proportions within a year or two.

The Syrians have gone up to third or fourth place on the immigration returns, and the Japanese will do likewise ere long. Are we destined, then, to evolve in the Argentine Republic new ethnographic conditions with a strong blend of Asiatic blood? Is it wise? Is it fair to the future of the country?

Candidly, we don't think it is. Unrestricted immigration has been recognized as a danger and an evil in more than one country during the past quarter of a century; and it is as true of State maladies as of individual ones, that prevention is better—and much easier—than cure.

[Christ's] visible personal presence is withdrawn now from the world of men, but His words remain; they are enshrined in the Gospels; and the children who listen to them to-day—to the parables of the lost sheep or the prodigal son, or to the story of His Passion—are, apart from His personal presence, exactly in the same position as they who may have sat at His feet eighteen centuries ago on the flowery hillside of Nazareth, or beside the smiling waters of the Galilean lake, or who may have stood beside the Cross when He suffered on Calvary. And, when all is said, the explanation of His words, whoever imparts it, may at least conceivably be wrong; but His words themselves must be right.

Reviewing a recently-published collection of sermons by the Anglican Bishop Welldon ("The Gospel in a Great City"), the *Academy* quotes the foregoing passage, and thus comments upon it:

One must confess that there is a plausible ring about most of this; though in the last sentence there seems a tendency to that fetish or talismanic notion about the Bible which was one of the most distinctive features of the older Protestantism. Heresies, as well as the Catholic Church, have their sacraments; and the Bible was for three centuries the great sacrament of Protestantism. But a heretical sacrament is a fetish, or grossly superstitious usage; and in Bishop Welldon's contention that in words, *qua* words, without explanation, there resides, *ex opere operato*, a mysterious virtue, seems perilously near the superstitious belief once held by Protestants. Following out this doctrine to its legitimate conclusions, one converts the whole of the sacred Scriptures into a series of talismans, spells, and incantations. You do not want any authority to tell you what the words mean, since "the explanation... may

be conceivably wrong." No doubt; but, the superstitious nature of this belief apart, it is curious that the Bishop does not perceive that, human nature being human nature, some explanation will always be demanded. A child hears a passage from the Gospels read: it will not receive it as a sort of lengthy version of that blessed word, Mesopotamia; it will require some kind of interpretation. What interpretation is it to have: its own necessarily imperfect and infantine fancies, the private doctrine of the schoolmaster, or the interpretation of the Holy Catholic Church?

One who reads the discussions of religious questions in non-Catholic papers must be prepared for surprises, but the greatest we have experienced in a long time was to find an absurdity of an Anglican bishop thus disposed of by an Anglican editor.

From an unnamed exchange, the *Missionary* quotes this interesting item:

"Priest-ridden" is a favorite metaphor of Godless demagogues who represent Catholic people as groaning under the incubus of innumerable clergymen. Sometimes it is applied to the Catholics of the United States. Store up for future use the following percentages deduced from the recent Census Report on religions: The percentage of ministers of the Methodist Church is .069; Baptist, .007; Presbyterian, .068; Episcopalian, .006; Christian Scientist, .014; all the Protestant bodies combined, .007. The Catholic percentage of clergymen is .001.

And so another hoary old falsehood is relegated to the dust-heap of discarded lies.

Poetic justice and the eternal fitness of things have seldom been better exemplified than in one incident which the Lisbon correspondent of the *London World* relates in his story of the revolution in Portugal and the infamous treatment of religious in the capital:

A Jewish journalist, whose hatred of monasticism amounted to a mania, but who had the misfortune himself to be clean-shaven, was mistaken for a Jesuit in disguise, and dragged for miles by infuriated soldiers and followed by a howling mob. And all this despite the fact that he had just "wired" his paper that the religious were being treated with extreme delicacy and consideration.



Our Lady of Lourdes and Her Little Client Yvonne.

A TRUE STORY.

SHE had not yet seen five summers, this little French girl Yvonne; and we find her seated in a big armchair, with her poor little hand all swathed in bandages and her arm in a sling; while with the other hand she is listlessly turning the pages of a beautiful picture book. Beside her on the chair sits a wonderful new dolly, dressed in the latest style, such as only the Paris toyshops can produce. Both are the gifts of her big brothers, two romping schoolboys, who pet and tease her by turns; but whose real devotion to their little sister is shown by their sacrificing the pocket money they had been saving for months, to buy for her these beautiful toys. And they would gladly have done much more to relieve the pain of the little sufferer, and to bring back a smile to her saddened face.

The accident had happened while they were all at play. The little girl's left hand had been caught in a heavy door and dreadfully crushed, though no bones were broken. Each day, after the doctor examined the hand, he wore an anxious look upon his kind face; and at the last examination he very reluctantly declared that amputation of the hand was absolutely necessary, as symptoms of blood poisoning were clearly developed, and it would be endangering the child's life to postpone the operation.

The parents were dreadfully alarmed on hearing the doctor's verdict, as they realized what the consequences must be for their darling child. A few months before, in travelling through the South of France, they had stopped a few days

at Lourdes, and little Yvonne had been greatly impressed by all she had seen and heard there. One evening, after the procession of pilgrims had passed, she had said to her father: "O papa, how beautiful it is here! Even the stones seem to sing *Ave Maria!*" And when she was given some water from the Grotto to drink and was told that it was this water that cured so many poor sick people, she said: "Mother, we must take some home with us; for if I ever get sick I know that Our Lady of Lourdes will cure me."

And now, in her anguish and distress, Mrs. de K. remembers their visit to Lourdes and recalls Yvonne's words. The bottle of the precious water was soon found; and, coming with it to the little patient, she said:

"Yvonne darling, this is the water we brought from Lourdes. Don't you remember how the Blessed Mother cures the sick who visit this wonderful grotto?"

"Yes, mother. Put some water on my hand and give me some to drink. I know that the Blessed Virgin will cure me too."

The bandages of her hand were saturated with the miraculous water while mother and child prayed with earnest faith to the Queen of Heaven. The following day had been set for the operation, but now the poor mother's heart was filled with hope.

In the morning the doctor came with his assistant, and the preparations for the terrible ordeal were made. Before loosening the bandages, the doctor whispered to Yvonne's father: "You will see for yourself, from the dreadful condition of the child's hand, that it is impossible to save it." Meanwhile the mother's lips moved in fervent prayer to the Heavenly Physician and to His Blessed Mother.

To the watchers it seemed that the doctor's usually deft fingers were unusually

slow in removing the bandages. At last they are off. But what—can it be true? Surely this is not the clotted mass of mutilated flesh which they expected to see, but their dear little girl's hand in a perfectly healthy condition, with its solid flesh and rosy finger tips, just as it had been before the accident!

The doctor was dumb with astonishment and could hardly believe his eyes. Mr. and Mrs. de K. fell on their knees in grateful thanksgiving for this wonderful favor granted them on behalf of their darling child; while Yvonne herself, wild with joy, waved her hand, exclaiming:

"It is the Water of Lourdes! The beautiful Lady of Lourdes has cured me because I have been good. I want to send her a present."

And, leaving the astonished group, she soon returned carrying her new doll and her pretty picture book.

"I want to send her these — to Madame la Sainte Vierge. And, mother, please tell her that they are from little Yvonne, who loves her dearly."

The "Punch and Judy" Children.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

IV.

After what seemed to Froggy an interminable delay, there was a spontaneous movement in the crowd assembled for the opening of the Park.

"The parade's started!" said Mac.

The two other boys exchanged a few words with him in a low voice. Froggy heard Mac say:

"You go on. I'll take care of the kid."

They separated, each boy going in a different direction, Mac remaining by Froggy's side.

"Listen to me, kid," he began in a subdued tone, laying his hand on Froggy's shoulder. "Will you promise to do exactly what I say?"

"If I can," replied Froggy, looking up

with his innocent blue eyes into the face of his companion.

"You see that old duffer over yonder?" continued Mac,— "that one with the blue goggles hanging by a gold chain?"

"Yes," said Froggy.

"You know how to turn fine somersaults. I've seen you."

"Yes," replied Froggy. "Father used to say it was the only 'show' thing I could do."

"You're light and quick," said Mac. "Now go over there, just in front of that fellow, and begin to turn somersault as fast as you can, and don't stop till I lift my finger—so."

"How can I see when you do it?" asked Froggy.

"Watch me every time you get on your feet. I'll be standing by that iron post with the lamp on top."

"Yes," said Froggy. "Why do you want me to turn somersaults, Mac?"

"To get his attention. When he begins to take notice, ask him for a penny."

"I hate to do that," said Froggy.

"You hate to do it,—you that have been holding out a tambourine for pennies ever since you could walk!" exclaimed Mac, in disgust.

But Froggy was not at all ruffled by Mac's displeasure.

"I wouldn't mind doing it if I had a tambourine and had been amusing people, but I don't call turning somersaults in front of a swell like that much fun."

"Didn't you say you'd do what I asked you?" inquired Mac.

Froggy hung his head.

"I'll hold out my cap if you like."

"Well, do it, then. And begin and turn some more somersaults after you've got the penny, and swing your cap a second time. Will you?"

"Yes," said Froggy.

"And don't stop till I make the sign."

"I won't," said Froggy. "I'll do just as you say."

Discreetly retiring, Mac took up his position opposite the old gentleman, who, with a few other favored mortals, was

standing at the very edge of the crowd, inside the railing. Froggy, edging his way in among the people, presently appeared in front of the person described by Mac and began to turn rapid somersaults on the flagged walk. The man stood looking over the boy's head, seemingly unconscious of his close proximity, in spite of the interest Froggy was beginning to excite in his neighbors. Whenever Froggy got on his feet, he cast a glance toward Mac, who still remained unconscious. Once in his circumlocutions he thought he caught a glimpse of Chickabiddy cautiously threading his way toward the background of the throng. Utterly weary, and thinking only of the queer old gentleman who stood staring into vacancy, apparently unobservant of him, Froggy was at last rejoiced to see Mac's uplifted finger.

This gesture was followed by another, which Froggy took to indicate that Mac desired him to join him. He was about to do so when his attention was directed to another group, a few feet from where he stood. It was the voice of a little girl that first made him aware of their proximity.

"Grandpapa," the child was saying, "that is the dear little boy that used to come under the nursery window with a man and woman and a little fellow that could just barely walk. They had a 'Punch and Judy' show, and we used to drop pennies in the tambourine. He has grown, but it is the same boy, I am sure."

Froggy turned his head and saw a kindly-looking gentleman, with two children—a girl, and a boy much younger. He immediately recognized the little girl as one who had sometimes thrown them cakes and lumps of sugar when the window was open; and who frequently tapped upon it when the weather was unfavorable, as a signal that she was about to open it to bestow some pennies. She smiled as she caught sight of his face, and he returned the smile.

"Yes, Miss," he said, with that sim-

plicity which made him so charming. "I am the same boy."

"And you have given up the show?"

"My father and mother are dead this long while, Miss," answered Froggy. "I have been sweeping the crossings."

"Poor little fellow!" said the girl.

"Where do you live?" asked the old gentleman. "I remember you very well."

"With my brother, sir, in Benton Lane, No. 6."

"Do you have a hard time?" continued the old gentleman. He had observed the boy's pinched cheeks and threadbare clothes, and had no doubt he was in very indigent circumstances.

"Yes, sir," replied Froggy; "especially in winter."

"You ought to go into a Refuge," said the old gentleman. "You are much too young to be around the streets, trying to earn a living. I could help you to that kind of a home."

"Thank you, sir! But I wouldn't go," said Froggy, without a moment's hesitation. "They might take Benny from me, and I couldn't stand that."

The old gentleman was about to reply when a hubbub began in the vicinity, and a policeman was seen approaching.

"See here, young fellow," he said, taking Froggy by the arm. "You've been stealing, haven't you?"

"Stealing!" repeated Froggy, indignantly. "I never stole in my life."

"Well, you've been with suspicious parties," the policeman went on. "Several persons have had their watches taken within the last half hour, and I'm certain you belong to the gang. Haven't you been turning somersaults around here?"

"Yes, Mr. Policeman," said Froggy. "How could I have been stealing at the same time?"

"Well said!" exclaimed the gentleman. "How could you, indeed?"

"An old ruse, sir," said the policeman, with a laugh. "There are usually three or four in the gang. They have one doing something to divert the attention of the

crowd—turning handsprings or pretending to be hurt or ill,—and in the meantime the others pick pockets. One gentleman has just lost his watch and three or four are complaining about their purses.”

As he spoke he lifted Froggy’s head between his two hands and looked at him sharply.

“Please don’t take me, Mister!” pleaded the boy. “I haven’t done anything.”

The man continued to scrutinize the child’s face.

“Weren’t you talking a while ago to three bigger lads, just over yonder?”

“Yes, I was,” answered Froggy. “Two of them I never saw before, and the other one’s aunt lives in our building. He used to be good to my brother and me. I haven’t seen him for a long time.”

“Till to-day?”

“Till last week,” said Froggy.

“Where did you see him then?”

“He came to our house, and he said he could put me on a good job to-day. So I met him here.”

“What was the job?”

“He didn’t tell me.”

“Was it he told you to turn handspring in front of the crowd?”

Froggy did not answer. He had a strong misgiving that Mac was not above reproach, but a feeling of loyalty to an old acquaintance deterred him from saying anything that might tend to incriminate the boy.

“Speak now! Didn’t he tell you to do that stunt? Answer me, or I’ll put you in the calaboose.”

Froggy was still silent.

“Here, Mr. Policeman,” said the old gentleman, who, with the two children and several other persons standing near, had been an attentive listener. “There’s no harm in this little chap. Even if the others used him for their own purposes, he was an innocent party, I am certain.”

“Do let me go!” said Froggy, looking alternately from the policeman to the kind grandfather and children, with big tears in his frightened eyes.

The policeman released his hold, and at the same moment another stir in the crowd caused him to turn to a different quarter. After he had gone, the gentleman said:

“You had better run along home now, my little fellow. ‘Bobby’ may return at any moment and take you in custody, particularly if he finds your companions are what he suspects them to be. Have you had any breakfast?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Have you any money to buy your dinner?”

“A little, sir.”

“Here, then. Get yourself and your brother a good meal.”

With these words he placed a coin in Froggy’s hand, closing the small, grimy fist over it.

“Thank you, sir!” said the boy, gratefully. “I’ll go.”

“Hurry! hurry!” cried the little girl. “You’re sure to be caught if you don’t!”

“Thank you, Miss!” answered Froggy, touching the rim of his tattered cap as he turned and quickly disappeared in the crowd.

His one idea now was to get back to Benny. Pushing along as quickly as he could, he suddenly encountered Mac, who was also edging himself toward the outer fringe of the throng.

“Ha—hello!” exclaimed the older boy, seizing Froggy by the arm. “Come right back here.”

Half pushing, half dragging the child, Mac presently reached one of the narrow streets that opened on the Park. It was almost deserted, as the populace were engaged in pressing forward to see all that was to be seen. To Froggy’s surprise, Chickabiddy and Derby were awaiting them under a large tree.

“What did the ‘Bobby’ say?” asked Mac, when they had joined the two others.

“He asked me if I had been stealing.”

“And what did you tell him?”

“I told him I had never stolen in my life.”

"What else?"

"He asked me if I hadn't been turning somersaults, and I said I had. Then he asked me if he hadn't seen me talking to three bigger lads, and I said 'Yes.'"

"Why didn't you say 'No'?"

"That would have been a lie," answered Froggy.

"You want to go to the calaboose, don't you?" said Chickabiddy. "You should have said 'No: I'm all alone.'"

Froggy turned again to Mac, not thinking himself responsible to the other two.

"He wanted to know if you hadn't told me to turn somersaults, but I didn't say anything," continued the child.

"You're not so bad, kid. You don't peach, if you *are* a 'softy.' And how came he to let you off?"

"There was a little girl there," said Froggy. "I used to get pennies from her when we had the 'Punch and Judy' show. Her grandfather was with her. She remembered me, and the old gentleman told the policeman I wasn't stealing. He asked him to let me off, and he did. And then the old gentleman told me to hurry home, else the 'Bobby' might nab me again."

"Good old gentleman!" answered Mac, and the three older boys laughed.

"I think I'd better go now," said Froggy. "I don't believe I can get much of a job here, Mac. Good-bye!"

"Not so fast!" answered Mac. "You'll fall onto something good after a while."

"Let him go!" cried the other two in one breath. "He's no good; he'll get us into trouble."

"If it wasn't for him we wouldn't have hauled this here 'swag.' Give him a chance. He isn't broke in yet."

"And never will be," observed Derby, sullenly. "You can't make anything out of him."

"We've made twenty shilling already,—twenty shilling at least. Old Solomon will give us that for the 'swag.' And he's entitled to his share."

"Not *even* shares," said Chickabiddy:

"Well, a couple of shillings," answered Mac, who, in his own way, wanted to be just. Besides the kindly feeling he had for Froggy, he believed he could use him in future undertakings to very good purpose. He did not share the misgivings of his companions concerning the boy.

"I think I'd rather go back now," said Froggy. "It's a long way, and I want to get home to Benny."

"Wait a bit," continued Mac. "Come along with us for a short way. I'll put you on the road home then."

Froggy made no further objection; and the four boys pursued their way along the street till they came to a lane, which they entered. Along this lane they hastened, and after a short time reached another, bordered by shops and dwellings of the poorest kind. At one of these places they paused. Mac cautiously opened the door, and they found themselves in a small shop, the shelves of which were filled with cans of tobacco and boxes containing pipes.

There was no one in sight. Mac coughed three times. An inner door opened, and a little old man, with very small eyes and a very long nose, made his appearance.

"What iss?" he asked, as Mac stepped forward.

"Some 'swag,'" replied Mac, softly.

The old man extended his hand, in which Mac placed three silver watches.

"Who iss?" again asked the old man, pointing at Froggy.

"A friend. He did stunts, and that's how we got them," answered Mac.

"Kids like him iss best," said the Jew. "Let him stop here when you go, and I'll speak with him some words."

"He's queer," said Mac. "Better leave him to me a while yet, Solomon."

"All right!" rejoined the Jew.

Placing the watches in a drawer under the counter—a drawer which was very skilfully concealed from view,—the Jew opened a purse and counted out twenty-three shillings. Then he said:

"The day is yet early. Plenty business

yet to do. Hurry there, kids, and come again back when you have found some more things lost on the streets."

He gazed keenly at Froggy as he spoke. The child avoided his gaze. He did not like the old man's appearance.

"Come on!" said Mac.

In the shadow of the doorway he counted out seven shillings each for himself and his two companions; the other two he offered to Froggy. But the boy, standing with his hands behind his back—the right hand clasping the money the old gentleman had given him, and which he had kept concealed—shook his head.

"What! You don't want any?" asked Mac in surprise.

"No, Mac, I don't," answered Froggy. "I saw what you gave him. They were watches. They were stolen. I don't want your money; and I tell you, Mac, you better do different or you'll get in jail."

Before the astonished boys could utter a word, Froggy turned and vanished along the lane as fast as his little feet could carry him. He had no idea in what direction he should go; but, glancing at the sun, he calculated his bearings, fortunately turned in the right direction, and trudged on. Before long he met groups of persons returning from the parade. After a steady walk of an hour and a half he came to a more familiar region. Another half hour brought him to the thoroughfare from which Benton Lane opened.

As he passed hurriedly along he saw something lying on the ground. Stooping to examine it, he found it was a shilling. He picked it up, and at the same time looked carefully at the coin he had held firmly all the way. To his surprise and joy, he discovered that it was a half sovereign, bright, new and shining.

(To be continued.)

The Legend of the Crossbill.

Everyone has heard the legend of the robin redbreast,—how one of these little birds, flying over Mount Calvary, saw Our Lord hanging upon the Cross, His head drooping beneath the crown of thorns. Full of yearning compassion for the sacred Sufferer, the robin, forgetting his usual timidity, flew down, and, perching lightly on the cruel circlet of pain, drew with his beak from the brow of the Saviour a thorn that had sunk deep into the flesh. As he did so the blood from the wound splashed the feathers of his breast, and ever since the robin has proudly worn the ruddy badge of honor.

Not less beautiful than this story of how the robin won his crimson breast is that explaining the name and blood-red color of the beak of the crossbill, who is said to have tried to pluck out the nails from the hands of Christ, as related in a poem by the German Julius Mosen, which our own Longfellow has thus translated:

On the Cross the dying Saviour
Heavenward lifts His eyelids calm,
Feels, but scarcely feels, a trembling
In His pierced and bleeding palm.
And, by all the world forsaken,
Sees He how, with zealous care,
At the ruthless nail of iron
A little bird is striving there.
Stained with blood and never tiring,
With its beak it doth not cease;
From the Cross 'twould free the Saviour,
Its Creator's Son release;
And the Saviour speaks in mildness:
"Blest be thou of all the good!
Bear as tokens of this moment
Marks of blood and holy rood."
And that bird is called the Crossbill,
Covered all with blood so clear;
In the groves of pine it singeth
Songs like legends strange to hear.

The crossbill is a native of Europe and Asia as well as North America; dwelling chiefly in evergreen forests, and extending as far north as they do, not dreading the coldest climates. These little friends of the air go about in small, chattering flocks. The power of their bill is such that with it hard wood may be split to pieces.

It is a saying in the North of Europe that if St. Andrew's Day (November 30) is cold, there will be a mild Christmas, and *vice versa*.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons are publishing an anthology of old English folk-songs and airs. The work is entitled "English Melodies from the Thirteenth to the Eighteenth Century," selected and arranged by Mr. Vincent Jackson.

—"The Closet of Sir Kenelm Digby, Kt.," is a reprint, by Philip Lee Warner, of a rare collection of recipes. Sir Kenelm Digby (1603-65) was by turns author, scientist, and man of action. His works are familiar to many readers, but this little book is generally unknown.

—Mr. D. J. Scannell O'Neill has chosen and edited, and the Society of the Divine Word, Techny, Illinois, has brought out in a 16mo, of one hundred and eleven pages, "Watchwords from Dr. Brownson." If only to whet the appetite of the average American Catholic who, it is to be feared, knows altogether too little of Brownson and his incomparable apologetic work, this modest volume is eminently worth while.

—"Jacquetta," by Louise M. Stackpoole-Kenny (Benziger Brothers), is a charming story, with all the "thrillers" an enthusiastic reader could desire. There is, all through, a Catholic atmosphere that is refreshing; and the youthful heroine Jacquetta, with all her faults, irresistibly holds one's attention, from the day she drops like a whirlwind into the quiet sitting-room of her bachelor Uncle John until one loses sight of her in the closing chapter. The tragic scenes scattered through the book stimulate the interest, but most readers will be glad that they are fiction. "Jacquetta" is a delightful book with which to while away a leisure hour, and then to pass on to a friend. We predict that it will be popular, especially with the younger readers.

—"The Memories and Impressions of Madame Helen Modjeska," just published by the Macmillan Co., will command a larger public than the general autobiographies of actors and actresses, because it mirrors the innermost thoughts and feelings of a woman as noble as gifted. Besides presenting a new and unexpected view of the joys and sorrows of life behind the scenes, it contains many interesting anecdotes and reminiscences of contemporary celebrities, and affords delightful descriptions of social life in Modjeska's own country,—of the festivals celebrated in Warsaw, notably that of the Corpus Christi procession; of the Dominican church, and of other places; while her accounts of the Polish uprising, and of the consuming of

Cracow by flames, are gems of word-painting, full of life and color. Indeed, Modjeska writes with vividness from her earliest memories down to her last days in the remote and peaceful home in California, whither she retired while at the zenith of her triumphant career.

—M. Gernez, the well-known French physician and chemist, whose death occurred in Paris two or three weeks ago, was one of Pasteur's earliest collaborators in investigating the diseases of vines and other matters. He was the author of many scientific papers of great value.

—The most recent issue in the Canterbury Classics Series (Rand McNally & Co.) is "The Lady of the Lake," Sir Walter Scott's famous narrative poem, published for the first time just a century ago. Florus A. Barbour has done the work of editing the poem very well. The forty-six pages of notes contain just the information of which young readers stand in need; the biographical sketch of Sir Walter is a good summary of a well-filled life; and the brief notice of the history of the period to which the poem refers is one of genuine interest. An innovation in the matter of illustrating a book is found in colored representations of the plaids of the great Scottish clans, the Stuarts, the Douglas, the McAlpines, and the Grahams.

—The words of praise given in these columns some months ago to "The Courage of Christ," by the Rev. Henry C. Schuyler, S. T. L., are equally applicable to "The Charity of Christ," by the same author,—a work just published by Mr. Peter Riley. Apart from the introduction, the little volume (177 pp., 16mo) consists of five chapters, dealing with Charity and Bodily Needs, Ignorance, Correction, Sorrow, and Injury. Father Schuyler has in preparation a third volume in this "Virtues of Christ Series," its title being "The Obedience of Christ." As a specimen of his practicality, we quote the following from the "Charity and Injury":

In order to love our enemies as Christ commands us to love them, it is not necessary for us to forget the injury we forgive. In fact, it is oftentimes not within our power to drive from our mind the recollection of an offence committed against us. Our desire to forget it may be ever so deep and sincere. Our determination not to permit its presence in our mind may be as firm and as persevering as it possibly could be, and still the thought of it will steal into the mind, and the bitterness of it will rankle in the heart, in spite of all our efforts.

Forgetfulness of anything is a defect of the memory, is not directly under the control of the will. But, since it is the will that gives the merit to an act of forgiveness, we may feel perfectly sure that the pardon we accord an enemy is a meritorious one, if we will strongly and consistently to grant this pardon. Our Master could not forget

even the slightest offence committed against Him, because His memory was perfect, and forgetfulness would argue imperfection. He knew, moreover, the full malice of the offence. And it was with this perfect memory and perfect knowledge, that He forgave those who injured Him.

—The admirable conferences on "the synthesis of all errors," by his Eminence Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines, were appreciatively noticed in these columns when they first appeared in the original French edition. It is accordingly unnecessary to say of the slender volume published in English by Burns & Oates (in this country by B. Herder), "Modernism," translated by Marian Lindsay, anything more than that the Englishing of the Cardinal's not too facile lectures has been very well done.

—"A Catechism Primer of Christian Doctrine," by the Rev. Roderick A. McEachen (John Murphy Co.), is a first book in religion for children from six to nine years of age. It differs from other manuals of its kind in its use of three pedagogic principles: 1st, naming the qualities of the subject before the subject itself; 2d, giving particulars rather than categories and generalities; and, 3d, proposing questions that suggest the answers. A cursory examination of the little work has led us to consider it admirably suited to give the young that sufficient, though of course not thorough, knowledge of religion which, according to the Holy Father, justifies the child of seven years, more or less, in receiving Holy Communion.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Watchwords from Dr. Brownson." 50 cts.
- "Jacquetta." Louise M. Stackpoole-Kenny. \$1.50.
- "The Charity of Christ." Rev. Henry C. Schuyler, S. T. L. 50 cts.
- "Modernism." Cardinal Mercier. 56 cts.
- "The Cost of a Crown." Rev. R. H. Benson. \$1, net.
- "The Spaniard at Home." Mary F. Nixon-Roulet. \$1.75.
- "The Attributes of God, Mirrored in the Perfections of Mary." 90 cts.

- "St. Thomas à Becket." Mgr. Demimuid. \$1.
- "Round the World." Vol. VIII. \$1.
- "Mere Hints, Moral and Social." Rev. John E. Graham. \$1.
- "Donal Kenny." Rev. Joseph Guinan. \$1.50.
- "Later Poems." Father Tabb. \$1.
- "The Iona Series." 35 cts., each.
- "Biographies of English Catholics in the Eighteenth Century." Rev. John Kirk, D. D. \$2.75.
- "A Spiritual Canticle of the Soul." St. John of the Cross. \$1.95.
- "St. Clare of Assisi." Very Rev. Léopold de Chérancé, O. S. F. C. \$1.10.
- "Life Lessons from Blessed Joan of Arc." Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J. 85 cts.
- "History of the American College, Rome." Rt. Rev. Henry A. Brann, D. D., LL. D. \$2.20.
- "Home Life in Ireland." Robert Lynd. \$2.50.
- "Missale Romanum." \$2; mor., \$2.57.
- "The Friendly Little House, and Other Stories." \$1.25.
- "Flamstead Quarries." Mary E. Waller. \$1.50.
- "A Renegade Poet, and Other Essays." \$1.25.
- "Meditations and Instructions on the Blessed Virgin." Vol. II. Rev. A. Vermeersch, S. J. \$1.35.
- "Are Our Prayers Heard?" Rev. Joseph Egger, S. J. 15 cts.
- "Raccolta." 1910 Edition. \$1.
- "Simple Catechism Lessons." Dom Lambert Nolle, O. S. B. \$1.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Joseph Bastian, of the diocese of Green Bay; Rev. John Kinney, diocese of Rockford; Rev. Bernard Mueller, diocese of Cleveland; Rev. Thomas Healy, diocese of Trenton; and Very Rev. Cyril Fournier, C. S. V.

Sister M. Francis Clare, Religious of St. Joseph.

Mr. David Chartrand, Mr. Joseph Lauer, Mr. Patrick Donahue, Mr. Daniel Doyle, Miss Philomena Mary Nelson, Mr. Michael Driscoll, Mrs. Catherine Merziger, Mr. Joseph D. Cooney, Mr. Albert Hellenkamp, Mr. Michael Fitzpatrick, Mrs. Charles Jackson, Mrs. Cecilia Moquinn, Mr. William J. Graham, Mrs. John McCormick, Mr. Cyril E. Viera, Mr. Owen Flynn, Mrs. Abbie Clifford, Mr. E. J. Waag, Miss Katherine McNeelis, Mrs. David S. Brown, Mr. James E. Brogan, Mrs. Mary Wren, and Mr. Charles Mertz.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace. Amen. (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 3, 1910.

NO. 23

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

Advent Hymn.

(*Creator Alme Siderum.*)

BY ST. AMBROSE.

CREATOR of the starry height,
Of hearts believing endless Light,
Jesu, Redeemer, bow Thine ear,
Thy suppliants' vows in pity hear;
Who, lest the earth, through evil eye
Of treacherous fiend should groan and die,
With mighty love instinct, wert made
The wasting world's all-healing Aid;
Who to the Cross that world to win
From common stain of common sin,
From virgin shrine in virgin birth,
A spotless Victim issuest forth;
At vision of whose glory bright,
At mention of whose Name of might,
High angels and base fiends e'en now
In reverence or trembling bow.
Almighty Judge, to Thee we pray,
Great Umpire of the last dread day,
Protect us from our foes' dread might
With armor of celestial light.
To God, the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Ghost all praise be done,—
All honor, might, and glory be
Through all the long eternity.

Father Lambert and Robert Ingersoll.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

MORE than a quarter of a century has passed since the audacity and popularity of Mr. Robert Ingersoll made American agnosticism popular, and at the same time stirred up the controversy which shattered the ambitious dreams of that successful and wealthy lawyer. Robert Ingersoll's dream was to be considered a great agnostic, the leader of a movement to shake off the shackles of religion; and the constructor of a new theory of life, by which the individual man would be enabled to pass through life serene, untroubled by doubt, undisturbed by adversity, equal to any fate, with roses and wine for festive hours, and sweet sleep and dignity for the ending. The world has forgotten his dream and his labors, his oratory and his books; and the death, the other day, at the age of seventy-five, of his triumphant adversary, the Rev. Louis Lambert, editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, reminded only the few, whose memory goes back twenty-five years, of Mr. Ingersoll's former glory, of his flamboyant speeches and his ridiculous books, and of the humorous pulverization made of him and his dream by the witty, learned, tantalizing pastor of Waterloo, N. Y. The passing of the two antagonists is worth the attention of the thoughtful.

Mr. Ingersoll died of apoplexy a few years ago, at his country residence in

IN the ancient Keltic Church the whole of December was known as the holy month, a name supposed to be still preserved in the cry "Hagmenay! Hagmenay!" so often heard in the north of Scotland at Advent time.

Dobb's Ferry, N. Y. He had lost his reputation as a great agnostic, through the searching exposure of his deficiencies sent forth by Father Lambert. But he was still the successful and wealthy New York lawyer, the roses-and-wine orator, the conscienceless enemy of everything Christian, the dispenser of ancient lies and fallacious arguments against religion; and when he passed away, the American press, edited in great part by his disciples or his sympathizers, "wrote him up" with enthusiasm and much misinformation. Very few alluded to his overthrow by Father Lambert. The magnitude of that task and its striking success surely entitled the parish priest of Waterloo to the gratitude of the Christian world; yet he never received any special recognition for a great work; his death roused only the memories of the few, and his great service is practically unknown even to the millions whom he benefited. To him it never mattered, and just now is of no earthly moment. But the contrast between the passing of the two antagonists is suggestive, and provokes the question for our gracious leaders: Will this fascinating indifference tend to develop another Lambert at the critical moment when he is needed?

Robert Ingersoll was a notable man in his day—characteristic, typical of a large class of Americans; a fluent rather than a brilliant speaker; with no intellectual training or equipment, except for the law; positively ignorant of the thing he talked about most; indifferent as well as ignorant for he never took any pains to inform himself on religious matters; conscienceless on this point, because he repeated his lies and fallacies in the face of refutation. Yet among his intimates he was popular and loved; men swore by him; his irreverence was matched by his generosity of character, and his injustices toward Christian doctrine and history by his charity toward individual Christians. A strain of recklessness ran in his blood, which betrayed itself by

profanity on occasions, and by wild statement all the time.

A distinguished journalist, Mr. Frank Mack, of the Associated Press, assured me that no more lovable man lived than Ingersoll. Mack professed a firm belief in the eternal life, and could not understand how a man of Ingersoll's temperament and brain power could be a crude materialist. In fact, he thought it a pose; and once asked Ingersoll, in the privacy of the orator's home, if he had really come to a fixed conclusion on the mortality of the soul. Ingersoll, impressed by the sincerity of the question, walked about the room for a few minutes before replying. Then he answered solemnly that, to him, there was no life for man beyond the grave. Even then Mack hesitated to accept the statement as final; but Ingersoll reaffirmed it so often that there could be no reasonable doubt of his belief.

In 1875, the agnostic movement had sprung into prominence in England. Tyndall and Huxley, the scientists of the hour, were telling their audiences, humorously, how useless is prayer to change the course of nature, in sickness or in drought, or in any other physical distress. The revolt against religion was general among one set of scientists; and the demagogues began to proclaim the destruction of Christianity, and all other like myths, by the peaceful, irresistible power of science. On this side the water, Prof. Henry Draper wrote books illustrating this thesis; and the literary coterie which admired Matthew Arnold adopted the agnostic pose. The press opposed the movement by ridicule of Arnold and Huxley and Tyndall; but the crowd welcomed these leaders as the heralds of emancipation, and their popularity grew until their disciples became the editors and reporters of the modern journal. The agnostic wave rose, and on its topmost curve rode Robert Ingersoll. The agnostic crowd, not the savants, desired a leader, eloquent and witty; and by accident Ingersoll got the position.

He had a few of the qualifications for leadership, such as eloquence, audacity, wit, humor, sentimentality. Crowds flocked to hear him. A fine presence and a fine voice, perfect confidence in himself, perfect ignorance of his subject, utter recklessness in his assertions, were his characteristics. It was sickening to study his audiences. They were for the most part the young men and women of the day, the product of the secular school; specially prepared for this orator by a long course of indifference in religion, of secret ridicule of doctrine and minister. Every denunciation of Ingersoll, every jibe at the Church, every false statement, was received with rapturous applause. Agnosticism of the popular kind hailed him as its prophet, and boasted that the most eloquent speaker of the day upheld its tenets or attitude.

The harm done by Ingersoll must have been immense. His lectures were turned into books, which sold by the hundred thousand. The "hubbub," made by him and over him reached the ears of the remotest hamlet. His books were everywhere—became in fact the bibles of unbelievers. I recall the astonishment with which, in 1885, I read one entitled "The Gods." From the outside uproar, I had judged that an agnostic Daniel had come to judgment, and that for the first time in centuries our theologians would have an antagonist really worth while. Read with that expectation, the book became more laughable than Anstey's "Vice Versa." Such a hodgepodge of lies, errors, misinformation, false sentiment, fallacy, weak argument, bad English, lurid oratory, had never appeared in the English tongue. It was an oratorical stew, whose ancient and putrid materials were supposed to be concealed by a perfect American perfume. It afforded me my first view of modern American journalism, in the departments of criticism and editorial writing. The men who could sincerely praise such stuff as Ingersoll put forth in lectures and books must

have been the originals for the slang phrase "birds." They owned at least a passing eminence. Lloyd Brice was editor of the *North American Review* about this period; and, taking advantage of the popular ferment, he started in the *Review* a mild controversy between Christian and infidel. Mr. Ingersoll was asked to write a statement of the agnostic position; and Judge Jeremiah Black, the most eminent jurist of the day, was chosen to follow him with a statement of the Christian argument. The controversy ended, lamely, Ingersoll's absurd article appeared in due time, and Judge Black's followed it; but, in the same number, which contained the Black article there also appeared a reply to it, apt and witty, written by Ingersoll. The Judge accused Mr. Brice of unprofessional conduct in showing his article to Mr. Ingersoll, and refused to carry on the argument in the pages of the *North American*.

There was a great "hubbub" at the time. Many thought it beneath the Judge's dignity to enter into serious argument with an opponent, able enough as a lawyer and talker, but a mere clown in philosophy and theology. Many others thought differently. Ingersoll had become an influence in behalf of irreligion, and the young were following him with enthusiasm. It has been said that he could get \$2000 for a lecture any time in the great cities. His audiences were mostly the young. The more thoughtful leaders held that his influence could not be too earnestly fought or too soon destroyed. All guns were turned on him. Heads of universities, bishops and clergy, writers and orators, thundered at him for months, and he enjoyed it. The arguments which flooded him Mr. Ingersoll did not understand. He did not know when he was beaten. He replied with a witticism, a funny story, a comic sneer, which threw his thoughtless admirers into spasms of laughter and admiration. He continued to make money while the "hubbub"

grew. His disciples increased in numbers and flippancy. They imitated his audacity, and hid their ignorance under a sneer.

At this point, while the agnostic Goliath was rampaging on the platform, the new David appeared on the field. Father Lambert had edited in his parish of Waterloo, in the diocese of Rochester, a paper which became merged in the *Catholic Union* of Buffalo, and has since been known as the *Union and Times*. He had agreed to furnish a weekly article for a certain length of time to the merged publication, and took up Ingersoll for his theme. Father Lambert was a true scholar, a voracious reader, a student of his times, and a man of the world. He knew, from the simple people around him, how deeply Ingersoll had bitten into their lives, how his poison had entered their blood. He had witnessed the efforts of scholars to discredit and to defeat Ingersoll; seeing what everyone saw—that heavy mortars were bombarding one very small but active and amusing flea. He adopted another method. He trapped the flea, enclosed him in a glass case, and proceeded to analyze his antics for his own admirers. The "Notes on Ingersoll" are simply the application of this method. He took up the blunders of Ingersoll in grammar, rhetoric, history, and science; described them briefly, laughed at them, sneered at the incompetency of the blunderer. He made former admirers ashamed of the prophet. At least a prophet of the American day should know his own tongue, avoid obvious errors in history, and be secure against such ridicule as this. The publisher of the *Union and Times* had sufficient appreciation of the "Notes" to put them into book form, and to distribute them widely. It is said that he received a generous reward, and would have done even better had he thought of copyrighting the work in all English-speaking countries. International copyright was then only a mooted question, but there were ways and means for

securing the profits of a book for the foreign author and publisher.

Father Lambert got little or nothing for his share. No one knew then that his pebbles had brought down the giant of popular agnosticism in America. Only when the demand for the "Notes" grew into proportions, when the agents and societies fighting Ingersoll's evil influence all over the English-speaking world found in the "Notes" the very ammunition which they needed, did men understand the value of Father Lambert's pleasant papers. The popular mind—the man in the street, as it is expressed nowadays,—could not grasp the arguments of theologians and philosophers and jurists against Ingersoll, any more than the prophet himself could understand them. The prophet had not assailed religion with an argument but with a laugh, with a falsehood, with bad grammar, and worse history, and ridiculous science. Here his adversary tripped and slew him. The popular mind could understand these tactics of the priest of Waterloo. The influence of the "Notes" was tremendous and unescapable. A man who could err in grammar and history could hardly be a trustworthy teacher in religion. The former admirers of the prophet had to join in the laugh against Ingersoll. The "Notes" went far and wide, were distributed by the thousands, are selling yet wherever Ingersoll's influence exists or recrudesces. All other adversaries left the field to Lambert and Ingersoll, and the Goliath lay prone and dead in the eyes of all men. Ingersoll never alluded to his adversary or his own terrible punishment. The press hardly gave a line to Father Lambert; for it was manned by Ingersoll agnostics and pulseless Protestants and Catholics, pretty much as it is to-day. The victor received no laurel, and the vanquished was not mourned.

What happened was this: Ingersoll's popularity in press and on the platform suddenly declined; the reason offered was the profitable increase of his law

business; one disciple replied indifferently to Father Lambert, but almost immediately disappeared; and after a little the man who desired to be the great agnostic also vanished. I heard him once in New York, when he spoke on Shakspeare to a crowded house. He read from manuscript, in a sonorous voice, an interesting but not remarkable study of the dramatist. The audience did not care about his view of Shakspeare: they came expecting a diatribe against religion, as one could see by their wild applause whenever the orator took a fling at Christianity or its exponents. He disappointed them. He might have had much to say against Christianity, but his terrible adversary was in the field; and, since neither his grammar nor his history was up to the mark, he preferred silence to another onslaught from Father Lambert. His day was over, and he knew it. Agnosticism had not died, but its leader had been slain, and none knew better than Ingersoll that he was dead. He remained agnostic to the end, never could understand anything else, and turned angry and irritable when pressed by the complex arguments of the new time.

It is not easy to measure the large value of the service rendered by Father Lambert to society in his suppression of Ingersoll. The priest himself never claimed for his book so fine a triumph. In later years he produced a second book, entitled "Tactics of Infidels," which was intended to reinforce the "Notes" by a scholar's study of the mean tricks resorted to by Ingersoll and his kind in their villainous war on religion. This book did not enjoy the vogue of the "Notes," simply because it appealed to a different audience; but it supplemented the more popular book for earnest readers, shocked by the disclosures of the "Notes," and curious to learn why the incompetent, conscienceless, ribald teachers of infidelity, like Ingersoll, were listened to and applauded by the apparently respectable mob. In spite of his sentimental oratory, Ingersoll pos-

sessed the commercial instinct. He would not have given up the platform, with its revenue and its popularity, had not his audiences failed him. He had jested with Judge Black and other eminent persons in controversy, and had carried the public with him by his jokes and stories. He did not jest with Father Lambert, never alluded to the "Notes," never replied to their amusing and effective charges, never mentioned the name of his adversary. This silence, in my view, is explicable and excusable. Ingersoll could not reply, could not even see his slayer, because Ingersoll was "as dead as ^{the} a door-mat," agnostically.

It was a curious victory, and its slight hold on the memory of men is worth noticing. Protestant fighters of Ingersoll used the "Notes" liberally; for their people were most affected by Ingersoll's influence. They never paid their benefactor any honor. I heard of no resolutions of sympathy and recognition at the time of his death. Catholics had the honor of presenting the champion to the world very opportunely, but I have heard of no resolutions from Catholic bodies in praise of his service. While this vacant condition of mind among Christians affects in no way Father Lambert or his work, it must be regretted for the sake of those who are just setting out in life—the present generation. If the general body does not recognize true service, real merit, exalted work; if it has no means of recognizing it when it appears; if it must sit like dumb cattle in the field chewing the cud while the heroes sweat and die on guard,—how can it look to the rising generation to provide heroes? These young people are shrewd as well as ambitious. They must have models to imitate, honors to which they may aspire, and see the bronze statues of those who went before. But if they learn how Lambert passed away, how Orestes Brownson died, how John Gilmary Shea departed, amid the oppressive silence and indifference of those whom they had most nobly served, can

any one reasonably expect the young to tread the same path? And, as a matter of fact, have they not already turned aside into the secular field in great numbers, so as to leave us worse off than we were half a century back?

It is not pleasant, while offering tribute to the illustrious dead, thus to animadvert upon our failings; but if we are thereby waked to our misery, reproach will be forgotten. Father Lambert rendered his people a great service, and recognition should be as wide as the English-speaking world.

Nameless and from Nowhere.

BY A. DEASE AND M. LACHESE.

XVI.

THE accusations made against Querida and her mother had been proclaimed so openly that, although as soon as Mrs. Allison's first letter was received their connection with the Severn family had been energetically denied, it was thought advisable to publish the copies of the death certificates which, according to his promise, Stephen Severn had sent to Anthony. Mr. Dillon decided that the best way to do this was to have them displayed on the public notice board which stood opposite the chapel in the village of Drinagh.

Returning home late on Saturday night, Dick found that on the following day it had been arranged for all Querida's friends to greet her as she came out of the chapel after the midday Mass, and to congratulate her upon having proved so conclusively the falsity of Mr. Martin's story. Together they would read over the death certificates, and thus draw general attention to them; and then one after another, they would felicitate Querida on the success of her defenders' efforts.

But on reaching Drinagh, late as it was, Dick had a commission to execute before he went home to Ardrum. Mr. Martin's

secret had to be confided to Mr. Dillon. When the incriminating document was safe in the mill-owner's keeping, Dick wanted to put the whole thing from him, to forget that he knew any more than the others who might ask about the success of his mission, but who must be kept in ignorance of the truth at all costs. How this was to be done Dick did not trouble himself to arrange. Once Mr. Dillon knew, it would be all right; for he had not lived all these months at Drinagh without learning to share in the unquestioning trust that Mr. Dillon had won for himself in all things.

Sunday morning was fair and bright. It seemed as though the sun itself wished to help in the reparation that was about to be offered to Querida; and the chapel seemed even fuller than usual with village folk, and with people from the country around as well. Mr. Dillon was generally the last to leave his place; but to-day, as soon as Mass was over, he walked down the chapel and stood waiting till Miss O'Malley with Querida came to join him. Then followed Doctor Kelly and his wife; the faithful Julia, who for once had left her beloved mistress to the care of others; Lady Burke and her son; and last (and this was an addition to the party that had not been expected) Mr. O'Malley and Fanchea came out and joined the group. It was the first time that Anthony's father had seen Querida since his son had announced his intention of marrying her; and his presence was taken, as he intended it should be, as a tacit acceptance of the girl as his daughter-in-law. Even Fanchea had not known of her father's intention of being present; for it was his invariable habit to go to the early Mass, and it was only when she reached the door of the chapel that she saw him there.

Fanchea herself had come in fear and trembling, unwilling to be absent; yet fearful for Querida's sake, of drawing attention to the engagement which every one knew was disapproved of at Ballycadden. Now, however, with her father

there, she could safely give vent to her real feelings of joy; and, going up to Querida, she threw her arms about her and kissed her openly before them all.

It was thus that Dick saw her for the first time since the night of the eventful ball. It was thus, too, at Querida's side, that he had seen her for the first time on the day, not long after his arrival at Ardrum, when he had gone with his mother to the funeral at this very church. It was only a few short months ago, yet both of the girls were altered. Querida had passed through so much it was only natural that she should be graver, more womanly; but Fanchea had apparently had no reason to justify such a change. And Dick was not the only one who saw that there was a deeper look in her eyes, that the butterfly exterior was now only the outer shell,—the bright, attractive outer shell that covered a nature which was developing into something as solidly good and sensible as the character they all knew her brother Anthony to possess.

Mr. Dillon saw the change, and guessed at the cause of it. Lady Burke noted it, and acknowledged that she saw now the grounds Mr. Dillon had gone on when he thought of Fanchea as a suitable wife for Dick. And Dick himself? He saw it, too; but to him alone was visible a softness, a timidity that seemed to ask his forgiveness for the past. And he, with his new determination of winning her in spite of all,—he also was changed. There was a strength of purpose in his face as he approached her that his mother had never seen before; and, seeing it, whilst breathing a last sigh at the thought of Querida, she breathed a *Fiat* to what was to be; and from that time forward she was wholly on her son's side,—wholly satisfied that he should seek out Fanchea and win her as his wife.

Mrs. O'Malley's absence was passed over in silence by the little group of friends who were gathered round Querida outside the chapel that fair Sunday morning. But if Fanchea had pleaded illness

as her mother's excuse, she would have been justified in so doing. Instead of being the better for the treatment of her Dublin doctor, Mrs. O'Malley had seemed to grow worse as the days passed by. Fanchea guessed that Anthony's absence was preying on her mother's mind, although the elder lady never spoke of him, and would not even allow his name to be mentioned in her presence. When the accusations were brought against Querida's parents, she did not make the smallest pretence of being sorry: on the contrary, she was coldly triumphant. She was not surprised,—oh, no! For she had always expected something of the kind to happen. Then, when the case had been so warmly taken up, she expressed her opinion that it was almost a pity to rake up more than was necessary against the unfortunate girl; and she really persuaded herself that in saying this she was acting most magnanimously. But it was not often that she seemed to trouble herself about Querida and her concerns. She was really ill now. Her nerves were so unstrung that the least thing upset her; and Fanchea found that, try as she would, it was impossible to please her.

Then had come this triumphant refutation of the whole scheme. And Fanchea, returning home, softened to all the world by the dawning of new-found happiness which Dick's change of manner had made her dare to hope for again, was positively alarmed at her mother's ghastly appearance. But she would not own to being any worse. She angrily refused to see the local doctor, saying that she was satisfied to follow the advice of the one in Dublin. But next morning, going into her room to take her breakfast tray away, the maid found her stretched upon the floor, with one of the letters that had been brought to her half an hour before torn to ribbons at her side. The doctor, now hastily summoned, pronounced that her nerves were in such a state as to account for more than a single swoon. It was doubtful whether he could ward off an

attack of brain fever; but, if he did, the patient must be removed at once to a home where she could undergo a cure of absolute rest.

It was easy to prescribe such a rest as she needed; but, with the knowledge that had just come to her—come to her in four words in the letter she had just had time to destroy before she fainted away,—it was not so easy to carry it out. "Your secret is known." That was all,—nothing more. But nothing could have avenged her crime more completely. Who knew it? When would it be revealed to all the world? These were questions to which there were no answers. Day and night must she live now with the fear of exposure ever present.

It was only after long months that she, the shadow of her former self, was able to return to Ballyadden; and even then she did not stay for long. It seemed as though she could not bear the scenes and sights, or even the people who had been familiar to her before her illness; and for one month that she spent at Ballyadden, three or four were passed wandering here and there, ostensibly in search of health, until it became impossible for her to remain in one place for any length of time. She had not scrupled to aim a deadly blow at the happiness of another; and, instead of succeeding, she had killed her own peace and turned her life to torture.

XVII.

It had seemed as though, once the accusations made by Mr. Martin had been refuted, everything would be well with Querida. But now that this was done, and the excitement was all over, she still had to face the obstacles that stood between her and Anthony. Even if Mrs. O'Malley had been willing to relent, she was for the time incapable of doing any business; and, in any case, almost her last words to her husband before leaving home were that under no consideration would she ever give her consent to a marriage between her son and a nameless

girl. Mr. Dillon had wondered if it would be possible to use his knowledge of her dishonorable conduct to force her to change her mind. But the only alternative would have been to threaten an exposure, which he could not, for the sake of her family, for the sake of Anthony himself, have carried out.

There had been hopes that with the turn of the season the water supply would increase at Drinagh. Instead of this, the diminution went on at an alarming rate; and it was evident that some peculiar geological phenomenon was taking place underground,—a phenomena which, if not counteracted, would result, even sooner than had been supposed possible, in the closing of the mills. Other experts had come to examine the place, but they had not been able to solve the problem; and now as a last resource Mr. Dillon was drawing up a detailed account of the whole matter, which he wanted Anthony to lay before the writer of an article in one of the scientific reviews, which had been sent to him by his own engineer, as possibly having a bearing on the case.

Sir Cuthbert Tennant was a scientist purely for love of the study. An amateur, insomuch as that his work was experimental and not for gain, he was acknowledged to be one of the leading geologists of the day. He had given up his whole life to the pursuit of science. His beautiful old place in the country had been let for years, and his town house was an absolute museum of geological specimens. He was a solitary old man, without wife or child or belongings, wrapped up in his studies, and oblivious to all that passed in the world unless it happened to concern his hobby. Socially, he made no acquaintances. But when Anthony wrote asking permission to lay his geological problem before him, the young man was bidden to make his own appointment; and this he did without delay.

Sir Cuthbert's home was a big house in a quiet, old-fashioned street. Formerly the locality had been one of the most

fashionable; and, though that time was now past, the size of the rooms, the decorations, the furniture, old though little worn, told what its owner must once have been. The hall was panelled with oak; and there were carvings of the same wood in the big room, library and study in one, into which Anthony was shown. It was evident that no money was spared either over the scientific equipment or over the books that lined the walls. Then, too, there were geological specimens that could not have been procured without great expense. The room was dark and severe; and the only thing in it, excepting the books that was not geological or scientific was a large picture that hung over the mantel. It was the portrait of a beautiful lady with a child in her arms; and the two were laughing so naturally to each other that they made a spot of brightness in the otherwise sombre room.

There was something pathetic in the sight of the lonely student seated beneath this portrait, and Anthony approached him with a feeling of personal interest in the man himself. Sir Cuthbert had already looked through Mr. Dillon's report, and the questions that he asked showed that he had grasped the whole bearings of the case. So far as the physical aspect of the river's source was concerned, Anthony was able to give the information that was needed; but those who had already examined the place had discovered that the secret, whatever it might be, did not lie on the surface, and so far all excavations had been useless. It was a case of unusual interest, said Sir Cuthbert; but he added that, without visiting the spot, he did not feel competent to give any opinion. The only theory he could suggest would entail a large outlay, and it would also need the constant supervision of an expert.

"Mr. Dillon has not commissioned me to speak definitely for him," said Anthony when he learned this decision. "But I think I may say that he would be willing

to expend more upon an experiment than might, from a purely commercial point of view, he considered advisable."

Sir Cuthbert looked questioningly at the speaker. He had naturally taken the mill to be an ordinary money-making concern, and had spoken as though the experiment he had mentioned was out of the question; for its outcome was so uncertain that no body of directors would have been justified in laying such an expense on their shareholders.

"May I, without indiscretion, ask you to explain your meaning a little more clearly?" Sir Cuthbert said courteously.

"For some years past," said Anthony, "Mr. Dillon has been carrying on the mills at Drinagh as a philanthropic undertaking. It has paid its way, and paid well; but he has devoted all his share of profit, beyond what supplied his own most simple wants, to improving the condition of the people,—building them houses, providing them with gardens, having them taught; in fact, he has been working for years to make them a model community, self-supporting, and fitted to manage for themselves all the things he has started for their welfare. This year he had intended to turn the mill into a company, of which the workers themselves were to be the principal shareholders; and I am over here now in order to fit myself to take his post as managing director. This loss of water power, of course, will put an end to all this. I can not say that it will ruin Mr. Dillon, for he had not intended to keep anything for himself; but it will ruin the workers: it will mean that a thriving village—a village that is a model of what a mill village ought to be—will cease to exist. The people will have to go to America, for there is no work for them in the neighborhood; the houses and gardens will be deserted. It will mean the ruin of the hopes of an entire lifetime. But I think I have now explained to you sufficiently why I feel sure that Mr. Dillon will wish to take this forlorn hope; so perhaps you

"will be kind enough to give me the name of the expert you referred to, that I may find out from him his fee, and if he is willing to undertake the work."

"Where do you tell me this model village is to be found?" asked Sir Cuthbert, who had followed Anthony's recital with the deepest attention.

"At a place called Drinagh," answered Anthony, "in the southwest of Ireland."

"A long way, — a long journey," said Sir Cuthbert, thoughtfully. "He is an old man, — the expert, as you call him, — an old man who has not left his own fireside for years; since age and infirmity have put an end to the geological rambles that used to be his delight."

"Then," said Anthony (and his voice betrayed the disappointment that he felt), "you think it would be useless for me to ask him?"

"I did not say that," and a faint smile crept over the old man's face. "Had it been a matter of simple business, his reply would have been a refusal, in spite of the interest attached to so unusual an occurrence. But, God knows, in his long life he has done too little for his fellow-beings to dare now to refuse his feeble aid to a man such as this Mr. Dillon must be."

"Then you think I may ask him?" said Anthony, eagerly.

"You have asked him," replied the old man, smiling more openly now; "and his answer is this: Mr. O'Malley, I am at your service."

Of course it was he himself. Anthony felt now that he had been stupidly blind not to have seen this sooner; and he felt, too, a pang at having asked a man so old, and plainly so feeble, to undertake a journey that to him must seem very long. Nevertheless, the interest at stake was so great that he soon forgot the pang; and before he left the house he had made all arrangements with the old gentleman to start for Ireland as soon as Mr. Dillon's approval, which certainly would not delay, had been obtained.

A Symphony in Color.

BY S. M. B.

WHAT splendor now the Autumn woodlands wear,

Arrayed in gorgeous colors manifold!

Bright hues that never mortal palettes hold
Now riot in those leafy temples fair.

Brown, purple, orange, amethyst are there,

With russet, beryl, emerald, rose, and gold;

And myriad tints, of loveliness untold,

In this autumnal pageantry have share.

Hail, weaver of this color symphony!

What beauty, Nature, doth thy touch impart,

Sweet music making to the raptured eye!

God's wonder-worker great thou seem'st to me,

Forming from color tones, with matchless art,

A hymn of praise unto the Lord Most High

The Centenary of Montalembert.

BY E. BOYLE O'REILLY.

IN a recent number of the Paris *Figaro*, M. Ernest Daudet honors the centenary of Count Charles de Montalembert; and surely it is fitting to recall that Crusader of Christian liberty in an hour when the holy places are held by later-day unbelievers. For forty years — from 1830 to 1870 — Montalembert stood forth to champion the cause of freedom — freedom of education, freedom of religious Orders, and freedom of oppressed countries. His masterful logic and the elegance of his incisive speech won the admiration even of his opponents. Thiers called his answer to Victor Hugo's aspersions on Pius IX. the highest flight of oratory he ever heard.* "*Ecrasons l'infâme*," Voltaire's

*It opened with the scathing words that rang out in the midst of foes: "The speech [Hugo's] to which you have just listened, has received the chastisement it merited in the applause with which it has been received." And on swept his eloquence, ever mounting higher, till he ended with the famous climax that won

blasphemous catchword to rally the enemies of Christianity. Montalembert turned back to its legitimate use. Every one knows his own famous watchword: "We are the sons of Crusaders, and never will we recoil before the sons of Voltaire!" From first to last, love of religion and love of freedom were his passion. "If any one asks me," they said in an appeal of noble indignation in the Chamber of Peers, "when first these convictions got anchored in my soul, I shall tell him it was on that day, fourteen years ago, when I saw the Cross, torn down from the front of the 'Paris churches,' dragged in the dust, and thrown into the Seine in the midst of the frantic crowd's applause. That profaned Cross, I gathered it to my heart, and I swore to defend and to serve it." Born in 1810, of an English mother, and an émigré father who traced a clear descent from one of the St. Louis knights, Charles Forbes de Rehé, Montalembert spent eight years of his childhood with his Protestant grandfather in England. From the beginning his mind interested itself in the intelligent understanding of his Faith. On the restoration of the Bourbons, his father was raised to the Peerage and sent later as Ambassador to Sweden. There, Charles, on finishing his studies in Paris, joined him. He was returning to a warmer climate with his

the victory for his cause? And why is your failure certain? Ah (remark this well), because there is inequality of forces between the Holy See and you, or whoever struggles against it! And understand that this inequality is not in your favor, but against you. You have 300,000 men, fleets, artillery, — all the resources that material force can furnish, it is true. And the Pope has nothing of this; but he has what you do not possess, moral force, an empire over souls and consciences, to which you can make no pretensions; and this empire is immortal.

"You deny it! — you deny this moral force; you deny the faith; you deny the empire of the Pontifical authority over souls, — that empire which has subdued the proudest emperors. But there is one thing which you can not deny, and that is the weakness of the Holy See. It is this weakness, understand, that gives it insurmountable strength against you. There is

delicate sister when, as they reached the French frontier, the beautiful young girl died. The shock and grief, remembered through life, added depth to his religious belief.

In 1830 Montalembert travelled through Ireland, as his imagination had long been haunted by her oppression. The scenes there witnessed, "the indomitable faith of a martyr race," brought to a focus his life-purpose. "I am no longer the same man," he wrote to a friend. "Here I have grown ten years." Thus he was at twenty; and at sixty, before his death, he expressed the same fervent attachment to "the divine beauty" of the Church.

On his return to France, he placed himself under the banner of Lamennais, then the foremost leader of religious thought; and, in the columns of *L'Avenir*, struggled for the freedom of the Church and the schools from government trammels. Lacordaire worked side by side with him. "Our souls and our lives drew close to each other," wrote Montalembert. "Then began the community of contests, ideas and belief which has united us for thirty years."

Unending are the books that have been and will be written about the affair *L'Avenir*. Like the Oxford Movement, it grips the mind. To break down the State monopoly of education, Lamennais' journal in the history of the world a sight more wonderful or more consolatory than the embarrassment of strength in conflict with weakness. Permit me a familiar comparison. When a man struggles with a woman, if that woman is not the most degraded of beings she may defy him with impunity. She says to him, "Strike!" But you will disgrace yourself and you will not overcome me. The Church is not a woman: she is more than a woman — she is a mother. She is the mother of Europe, of modern society, of modern humanity. And though a son may be unnatural, rebellious, ungrateful, it is vain for him to struggle against her. He is still a son. And there comes a moment in every struggle with the Church when the parricidal war becomes insupportable to the race, and when he who has maintained it falls overpowered, annihilated, either by defeat or by the unanimous reprobation of humanity. (Oct. 19, 1849.)

nal worked boldly; it gave slashing blows at the interference of the civil power in episcopal elections. The flaw lay in its boldness: its attitude was too haughty and antagonistic. Such aggressiveness was untimely in the Thirties. All know the end. Montalembert, with Lamennais and Lacordaire, journeyed to Rome; and when the disapproval of the Holy See was apparent, Lacordaire found grace to submit his judgment. Those magnificent words of later years, "*Il faut savoir descendre devant les hommes pour s'élever devant Dieu,*" recall this burning experience of his youth. Rome's decision led to the apostasy of Lamennais,—that downfall so tragic and complete, which ended in an unmarked grave in the cemetery of Père-Lachaise.

The love of Montalembert for his leader made him cling to him even after his rebellion. Among his correspondence, no letters are of more interest than those that urge Lamennais to pause, to join him abroad, to ease the tension by travel. Before its publication, he listened to the "*Paroles d'un Croyant*" ("the words of a believer who has lost his faith," the Protestant Guizot said of it); and, though it appalled him, he held to his mistaken loyalty. In this interior struggle, Lacordaire was a pillar of strength. "It is our exaggeration, it is the violence and hatred, that Rome has condemned," he wrote. Letter followed letter in supreme expostulation. With such a guide and his own profound Christianity, Montalembert was happily saved from the precipice. Probing to its deepest meaning, "To accept an authority is an act of liberty," he emerged from the trial with strengthened convictions.

To lessen his heart-grief, he travelled in Germany; and he has told us how there, in wandering in the Gothic church of Marburg (Christian architecture was with him a life-long enthusiasm), when he saw the tomb of St. Elizabeth of Hungary unhonored and forgotten on the very day of her feast, a new love

sprang up in his heart to compensate for this neglect. His "Life" of that gentle saint, who "epitomized the Catholic poetry of suffering and love," stands among the permanent things of French literature. The introductory chapter on the thirteenth century is a *chef-d'œuvre*. The Middle Ages, with their faith and seething impulses of liberty, naturally appealed to Montalembert. He brought to their study great exactitude and respect for truth, while at the same time his imagination touched those neglected days to life with the power of genius.

Carrying the MS. of his "St. Elizabeth," he went into Italy; and at Pisa passed some idyllic months with his friends, Albert and Alexandrine de la Ferronnays, whose lives have been enshrined—"enshrined" is the true word for such romance and holiness—in that classic crowned by the French Academy, "A Sister's Story," of Madame Craven. It was while with this ideal young married couple that Montalembert sent in his adhesion to Rome.

Now followed the years of his political life,—years of speaking and writing in defence of the Church and of freedom. After the Revolution of 1848, he sat in the Constituent Assembly, where appeared also Lacordaire in the white robes of a Friar Preacher. Dreading the red spectre of Anarchy, and thinking Louis Napoleon an honest man—he had not yet shown the cloven hoof of absolutism,—Montalembert tried to support the government, thereby losing influence with his own party. When he saw his mistake, not long after the *coup-d'état* he broke entirely with the Emperor, and became an assailant of his arbitrary repression of public opinion.

On his failure of election in 1857, Montalembert devoted himself to literature. In forced retirement (a bitter grief to the end was his exclusion from public life), in broken health, he wrote his great work, "*Les Moines d'Occident.*" "The Monks of the West" should be reread to-day by the Catholics of every land. Now is the

hour, when those masters of their will, the civilizers of France and the West, are heaped with contempt, to learn anew of their achievements. Montalembert had the special gift of seizing from the mass of old monastic records the vital action and word. These are not dull abstractions that pass before us, but men of flesh and blood, who rouse our admiration. Claiming descent from the Fathers of the Desert, from Jerome and the learned patrician women of Rome whom he directed, one striking figure follows another, — Benedict and Gregory the Great; Columbanus, who came from the Isle of Saints to teach in Gaul and Italy; the lovable Columba, apostle to Scotland; Augustine of Canterbury, Wilfrid and Cuthbert, and all the holy women in their train. St. Bernard was to have been the historian's culminating point; and regret will ever be keen when thinking of the picture which Montalembert would have drawn of that astonishing man of God, who led the Europe of his century, "the chariot of the Church and its guide."

In the introduction to his great work, the author refers to the nightly vigils in his Burgundian chateau. At La-Rochefort-Breny he led an active country life, with the interests of the peasantry at heart, aided by his four daughters and his wife,—"ever wiser than I," he said of her. By happy coincidence, her family (her father was the Belgian Catholic leader, Count de Mérode) traced its descent back to "the dear St. Elizabeth." There was a constant come and go of distinguished friends,—Mgr. Dupanloup, telling ghost stories to the children; Ravignan; Madame Craven (Pauline de la Ferronnays); M. de Falloux, who wrote the memoir of another choice soul, Madame Swetchine; the Duke de Broglie; and, greatest of all and the closest, the prince of sacred eloquence in the nineteenth century, he whom Montalembert called "the austere and tender Lacordaire."

Each evening, after the family prayers in the chapel, the master of the manor

would retire among his books and spend half the night poring over the ancient folios. Around him would gather "the imposing array of saints, pontiffs, doctors, missionaries, artists, masters of word and deed, who have issued from age to age out of the crowded ranks of the monastic Orders"; and he would hear them asking: "So many incessant labors, so many services rendered; and behold the return! Calumny, ingratitude, proscription. Will no man rise up to avenge our memory?"—"And I felt a thrill of ardent emotion run through my veins. . . . I have only a pen for my weapon, and I am the first of my blood who has fought with the pen alone. But if it serves with honor in the holy war of conscience and of right against triumphant falsehood, it may become a sword."

A sword it is for all time. France to-day may forget her great champion for faith and freedom, but the seed he sowed is lying in the ground and will quicken. He grew up amid full hostility to Catholicism. It was the sight of injustice, the mob desecrating the Cross, an archbishop's palace sacked in the presence of 10,000 of the National Guard; it was the Irish people, their only church a hidden room, kneeling in long, respectful ranks down all the streets that led to their humble sanctuary,—it was such scenes of persecution that roused the faith of a Montalembert. Is it too much to hope that out of the unjust laws to-day another such leader may arise? Montalembert lived in dark times, yet he did not despair of his country; but he held, with Lacordaire, that only the principles of Christianity could impede her downfall; that there could be no enduring society without religion, no elevating religion without Christianity, no lasting Christianity without the Catholic Church. He not only warned of evils: he pointed the way to light. He has set before France shining pictures of the heights to which men have risen when professing the religion she now persecutes.

A Modern Cinderella.

BY S. M. CHRISTINA.

"It is really very annoying," said Lady Althorp, discontentedly stirring her cup of chocolate with a quick, irritable motion, that reflected her ruffled feelings. "I suppose it would never do to ask Eileen to give up her room."

"I rather think not," promptly replied the person she addressed, — a decidedly handsome young girl, with a somewhat loud manner. "Why, we've had up in arms!"

"It's absurd, I must admit, this notion of Vivienne's," went on the first speaker, picking up an opened letter which lay by her plate, and rereading it. "Just a fad she has taken up."

The letter, the cause of this tempest in a teacup, ran as follows:

DEAR LADY ALTHORP:—Shall be with you on the 18th. Can you put up Davis (my maid) in a room near my own? If so, thanks awfully! Tell you why later on. Hope all are well.

Yours, etc.

VIVIENNE I. CHARTERIS. The laconic, jerky style befitted a young lady of advanced ideas, most of whose correspondence was carried on by the medium of picture post-cards. Vivienne Charteris was to form one of the house party at Lismona, the Irish seat of Sir George Althorp, where he had elected to spend the coming half-year. Sir George was an English landowner, but possessed also this small estate in the South of Ireland. Hither had likewise come, very much against their will, his wife and only daughter. The exquisite natural beauty of their surroundings did not appeal to either lady. For them, Piccadilly and the "Row" held a charm more potent than Nature, in her loveliest aspect. By way of compensation for their enforced exile, they had planned a series of house parties.

The present one promised to be a brilliant success, as, among other notabilities, it comprised a bright particular star of London society—the greatly admired and much sought after Miss Charteris, the belle of two seasons. Lady Althorp plumed herself on having secured such a catch, who would not fail to bring in her train one or two notable young men of Mayfair.

"What a good thing it is," she confided to her daughter, "that Vivienne happens to have taken up a wish for country life. 'Tis only a passing idea I know; but it serves our purpose just as well."

Maud Althorp gave a short, incredulous laugh. She had a very shrewd suspicion as to the reality of Miss Charteris' newly-developed admiration for rural life. Perhaps it will be admitted there was ample ground for such, when these facts of the case are considered. Some four or five miles from Lismona was the fine old estate of Darramore. It was a beautiful place, cradled in a gentle hollow, of the blue Galtees, with the silvery Anner gleaming through its miles of woodland, and mighty Galteemore towering at its back. But beautiful Darramore was lonely. Its last owner, Lord Glenult, had died as he had lived, in solitary state. He had been a rather eccentric old bachelor, and his heir, a distant cousin, had not yet come to take up his abode under the ancestral roof-tree. So Darramore was left to take care of itself, more or less, and Mr. Freke, the agent, was popularly supposed to be making hay while the sun shone, and filling his pockets at the expense of the absentee lord of the soil.

Now, however, a change was at hand. The heir, it was reported, had decided to take up his residence on his estate. Orders had been issued, and were being carried out, to put all in readiness for his coming. Darramore would soon have a master. Should it not also, in the due order of things, have a mistress? Such was the burning question addressed to herself and to the unappropriated fair

ones of her flock by many an anxious mother of daughters. Such likewise was the magnet which was drawing Miss Charteris from across the sea. For, somehow or other, that much-admired young lady had so far failed to carry off a prize in the matrimonial field of competition. Younger sons and impecunious professionals by the score had worshipped at her shrine, but of these she would have none. A coronet, with the means to wear it with splendor as well as with grace, was the end to be encompassed. Here now was the means at hand,—a noble estate, and an owner who, if report spoke truly, was none too well fitted for the honors that had fallen to him.

The new holder of the title was, so far, an unknown quantity in the land. There had been, indeed, some little difficulty in tracing his whereabouts; and when he was at length found, his instructions had been imperative that his movements should be kept secret until such time as he should think well to make himself known on his new horizon. Naturally, conjecture was rife. Probably the new Peer, whose remote kinship had brought him to the title only by the death of several intervening links, labored under social disabilities. All the more reason, then, that he should seek a helpmate. And who more fitted for the position than the eminently capable Miss Charteris?

Meanwhile the vexed question of Davis' room had been settled. Miss Charteris, on her arrival was effusive in her thanks.

"I don't know that we'd have been able to manage it," Maud admitted, in their confidential evening chat, "only that Eileen was so good-humored about it. She insisted on giving up her room the minute she heard mother lamenting over the matter."

"Eileen?" questioned her friend. "Do I know her?"

"Oh! I don't suppose she has come much in your way!" returned Maud, coloring a little. "It's like this, you know. Dad's youngest sister married an Irish

barrister as poor as Job,—a Catholic, too; by the way. They both died some years ago. Eileen was their only child. She has lived with us ever since."

"A Catholic also?"

"Yes: a thoroughgoing one. She keeps pretty much to herself, and doesn't care to go about."

"I see!" commented Miss Charteris.

Yes, she could quite clearly see much more than Miss Maud had volunteered to explain. She well remembered the slender young figure, the white brow under a wealth of sunny auburn hair, the deep blue "Irish eyes" of the girl she had once or twice noticed during "At homes" at the Althorps. So this was she,—a modern Cinderella, doubtless. And, with a shrug, she dismissed the subject from her mind.

The Lismona house party that month was a great success. Only one crumpled rose leaf appeared in the person of an additional guest, whom Sir George, with masculine disregard for times and places, introduced to the elect circle.

"So unreasonable of your father!" remarked Lady Althorp plaintively to her daughter. "He brings this Mr. Jeffries among us, of all times in the year, just now, when I have to be so particular. What to do with him I'm sure I don't know."

"Where in the world did Dad pick him up, I wonder?"

"He says he's the son of some one he knew long ago at college, and that he's coming down here on some business. That man may be a commercial traveller; though Dad seems to know him and to think a great deal of him. Heaven help us all!"

This dialogue occurred shortly before the arrival of the obnoxious Mr. Jeffries. He proved to be a stalwart man, of fine physique, aged about thirty or thirty-five. Without being at all shy, he was rather quiet, and was promptly voted by the very smart set in which he found himself, "not in the swim, you know,"—which

judgment, subtly conveyed to him, did not in the least trouble the young man. But what did impress him was the gentle kindness with which Eileen Darcy treated him, and the unobtrusive thoughtfulness with which she strove to cover the thinly-veiled discourtesy of the others. Those keen grey eyes of his took in the whole situation. He appraised her position in the household; and realized that she, like himself, was relegated to the ranks of outsiders.

That Mr. Jeffries was not without the saving sense of humor was evident from his appreciation of Lady Althorp's spasmodic attentions as hostess. On one of these occasions his eyes accidentally met Eileen's, which were brimful of fun; and the little episode seemed to form a link between them. On another occasion a chance word elicited the information that Jeffries had shot big game in the "Rockies," — a fact which very greatly impressed some of the youths with eyeglasses, whose feats as nimrods had been limited to bringing down a couple of moor hens at short range.

"I had thought him a regular duffer!" confided one of her admirers to Miss Charteris. "By Jove, you could have knocked me into a cocked hat!"

A surprise of a different character was given to the company by this undesirable guest when, on the Saturday evening following his arrival, he asked his hostess, *en plein salon*, where he could find a Catholic church at which to attend Mass on the morrow. Lady Althorp frigidly referred him to her niece. They walked together next morning to the little village church, finding new pleasure in yet another bond of union.

That union was destined to be lifelong; for before Max Jeffries' visit came to an end, sweet Eileen Darcy had consented to cast in her lot with his. The wooing was not long adorning; but it met with Sir George's hearty approval, and Lady Althorp secretly congratulated herself on getting rid of Eileen. The engagement

was not to be made public until her *fiancé* had settled some business of importance on which he was engaged; so for a little while Eileen had time in which to realize the great happiness that had come into her life, and to bless the Giver of all good gifts therefor.

Meanwhile things were moving rapidly to a climax at Darramore. Lord Glenult was to arrive in a few days, and his coming was to be celebrated by a ball, to which the principal county families were invited. Bewildering toilettes were planned for the occasion by all the ladies of Lismona — with one exception. It was intimated to Eileen by Lady Althorp that she was not expected to appear at the gay scene. Various reasons were alleged by the lady. Eileen knew them all by heart, as they were old acquaintances. Her pride forbade her to appeal to her uncle; so, much as she would have enjoyed the ball, she accepted the decision that debarred her from the evening's pleasure. Wistfully, when the night came, she watched the carriages rolling off to Darramore. Poor little Cinderella! But it was a rôle she was by this time well accustomed to play.

Quite a long time had passed since the last carriage drove away, when Eileen, sitting all alone in her little room at the top of the house, heard a sudden commotion downstairs. A clamor of voices in the hall, exclamations from the servants, the shrill barking of Lady Althorp's pugs, and, above the din, a woman's thin treble issuing directions in no uncertain tone.

Eileen jumped to her feet, exclaiming: "What on earth can all this be about?"

She ran out on the landing, peeped over the staircase into the hall beneath, and added:

"Why! it's Aunt Pen! Now, what could have brought her out at so late an hour?"

And down the stairs sped Eileen, to welcome the unexpected visitor.

Aunt Penelope Page was stepsister to Eileen's father, and was very much older than he. So wide a gulf of years, indeed, lay between them that she had been

more of a mother than a sister to the young barrister. Eileen was her god-child. It was only on her account that Aunt Pen occasionally partook of Lady Althorp's hospitality. Both ladies entertained strong feelings of mutual dislike; but as each knew the other to be an enemy worthy of her steel, they lived on terms of armed neutrality.

"O Aunt Pen, what a delightful surprise!" cried Eileen, bestowing a warm hug on the little old lady. "And how fine you are to-night! Are *you* going to the ball?"

For Aunt Pen was arrayed in black satin, adorned with some old family lace and jewelry.

"There, there, child! You'll crush me. Of course I'm going to the ball. And so are you. Morris" (this to Lady Althorp's maid), "be good enough to bring up that box to Miss Darcy's room. Now, Eileen my dear, run up before me!"

"But, Aunt Pen, you're surely not in earnest! *What* would Lady Althorp say?"

"Leave all that to me, my dear! And, instead of talking, begin to dress. We've no time to lose."

"But I have no dress, Aunt Pen!"

"I have seen to that. Morris, open that box, please!"

The dress-box was opened, and, with exclamations of rapture, the maid drew forth an exquisite toilette of soft, cloud-like chiffon.

"Now, my dear, don't tell me you have no dress. Not another word! Get ready as fast as you can. Perhaps Morris will help?"

With the maid's willing aid the toilette was arranged in an incredibly short space of time; and Eileen, a vision of girlish beauty, followed her aunt to the hall door. Here a new surprise confronted her; for, instead of the old lady's little pony trap, there awaited them a perfectly appointed brougham, drawn by a pair of magnificent bays.

"Get in, child,—get in quickly!" commanded Aunt Pen.

Eileen, half dazed, obeyed. Morris tucked the fleecy white skirts scientifically about the dainty little satin shoes, the coachman whipped up the horses, and they were off.

"Now, auntie dear, will you *please* explain all this mystery?" began Eileen, as soon as they were fairly started. "Where has this carriage come from?"

"It has come from the Darramore stables, if you must needs know," replied that lady. "Lord Glenult was greatly distressed when he discovered that the Lismona house party was not complete; and your uncle was furious when he found you hadn't appeared; so I came to the rescue. There now! Don't ask any more questions. You're really getting on my nerves."

As Aunt Pen had never been heard to mention "nerves" before, always asserting that she 'despised such things,' Eileen felt there was something inexplicable about the whole proceeding.

"O Aunt Pen," she burst out, after a short silence, "do you know that I feel just like Cinderella to-night? You are the dear, kind fairy godmother, with her lovely gifts. Did I ever think I should have such a dress as this? Then this fine carriage, and the ball!"

"You forget the stepmother and step-sisters," said Aunt Pen. "And what about the Prince?"

"The Prince?" Eileen laughed happily. "Oh, the Prince is all right. He's Max. Ah, if only *he* were there to-night!"

"Well, keep on wishing, my dear! One never can tell what's going to happen."

And, truly, after the occurrence of this night, Eileen felt she could never call that statement in question.

Here they were at Darramore,—beautiful Darramore, lovelier than ever in the witchery of the moonlight. Eileen thought of the morning her uncle and Max had persuaded her to go and look over the grounds with them. The owner would only be delighted to have them do so, Sir George assured her. What a happy

morning they had spent! She remembered Max's saying: "What if I had such a place as this to bring you to, Eileen?" And she colored softly as she thought of her reply: "I'd rather go to whatever little home you can give me, Max, than reign at Darramore without you."

With a well-executed curve, the carriage drew up. They had reached their destination. And through the open doors a flood of light poured out on the broad sweep in front of the house. In a few moments more they found themselves mounting a noble flight of stairs, at the head of which a lady and gentleman, evidently the host and hostess, were waiting to receive them. Lord Glenult, as Eileen conjectured the former to be, was at the moment speaking to some one behind him. His face was turned from them.

"That's Mrs. Ashlyn, a distant relative of the family," remarked Aunt Pen, under shelter of the gorgeous footman who preceded them. "She is acting as hostess to-night. This is my niece, Eileen," she continued, as, having reached the top of the stairs, she presented Eileen to the gracious-looking lady.

Eileen, a little surprised at the informality of the introduction, was still more surprised at the great cordiality of her reception. Mrs. Ashlyn took both her hands in a warm clasp, and in the kindest manner welcomed Eileen to Darramore.

"No introduction is needed here," she added, with an arch smile, as Lord Glenult, turning round, faced his fair young guest.

For an instant Eileen could only gasp as, almost doubting the evidence of her senses, she saw who stood before her. It was Max Jeffries,—Max, with the humorous gleam in those steadfast grey eyes of his!

Eileen! he said, coming forward quickly and taking her hand. Before you begin to scold me, listen for a few minutes.

Mechanically she allowed him to lead

her to a recess overshadowed by palms, contrived for the benefit of those who wished to sit out dances.

"O Max," she exclaimed, "what does all this mean? I feel bewildered."

"My dear little girl! Well, you'll understand everything in a few minutes. You know there was great trouble in making out the late Lord Glenult's heir. I was the person, living in one of the Western States of America, and having no idea but that the inheritance should ever come to me. One of the first things I learned was that the estate was grievously mismanaged, and the tenantry very badly treated. I became most anxious to see for myself how far this information was correct. Your uncle, a college chum of my father's, made the matter easy for me. As I was quite unknown in this part of the world, when Sir George introduced me under my second name, no one guessed my identity."

"No, indeed!" murmured Eileen, conscious what a vast difference such a knowledge would have made in his reception at Lismora.

"Well, later on, your Aunt Penelope was admitted to our secret."

"You never told me!" interrupted Eileen, reproachfully.

"Sweetheart, I wanted to present you with Darramore at its brightest. And 'twas so sweet to realize that it was as plain Max Jeffries you cared for me, that I put off making myself known till the last moment. You may imagine my feelings when I found you hadn't come to-night. But Heaven bless your Aunt Penelope! She rose to the occasion. It seems she foresaw such a thing might happen, and made provision for it."

"Ah!" said Eileen (a long, comprehensive "Ah!"), "I see it all now."

"And I know you will help me, dear, to set things right at Darramore, to make our poor people comfortable and happy!"

"Yes, Max, indeed I will, with the help of God."

For a moment they stood, with hands

clasped, looking in spirit down the bright vista of happy years opening before them. Then Lord Glenult said:

"I think we had better make our appearance in the ballroom now. People will be wondering what has become of us."

They emerged from the little recess, and found that Mrs. Ashlyn had returned to her duties as hostess. Aunt Penelope was seated not far away, awaiting them. She rose as they approached.

"O Aunt Pen," cried Eileen, taking both her hands, "everything, even the Prince, has come to-night to your little Cinderella!"

The Sacristan's Secret.

FATHER BAYLE, pastor of N., had in his employment an old sacristan, who, besides his duties in the church, acted as man-of-all-work about the place, sawing wood, carrying water, and caring for the horse which the good curé rode on his more distant sick calls. The old man was very faithful in the discharge of his numerous duties, though he was so advanced in years that what had formerly been as child's play to him was now sometimes very wearisome work.

Shortly after the arrival of the new curate, Father Peyramale, the old man began to show symptoms of strange mental disturbance. He could often be seen walking in the garden, absorbed in deepest thought; he would enter the woodshed or stable and come out hastily, looking frightened, and making the Sign of the Cross as if to dispel some fearful thought or scene.

These symptoms distressed the kind pastor, who was not unappreciative of old François' long years of faithful service. One day he said to him:

"François, you must have some secret trouble. What is it that distresses you?"

"Yes, Father, it is strange, — very strange. But I can not tell you of my secret; for you, too, would be greatly frightened."

"Please tell me, and do not fear to alarm me."

The old man hesitated a long time; but, the priest still insisting, he said:

"Well, Father, I must tell you your presbytery is haunted!"

"What do you mean by saying that my presbytery is haunted?"

"I mean, Father, that spirits—ghosts—visit this place every night in the week."

"My poor François, you are losing your mind!"

"No, Father, I am not losing my mind. You well know that every night before going to bed I lock all the doors and also the garden gate. And I always hang the keys on a nail in the pantry. In the forty years that I have been here I have not missed this a single night."

"Well?"

"Well, Father, it makes my hair stand on end to think what happens. Here in this house, with all the doors securely locked, the spirits have been coming to work every night for three weeks. Every evening I leave my empty buckets by the well: at half-past five in the morning I find them all filled. Every evening I pile the wood near the door ready to saw. In the morning it is sawed, ready for use. In the stable the spirits have actually fed and curried the horse! They must certainly come out of the ground, for the doors and gates are always locked and barred, as I leave them in the evening."

"We must watch for them to-night, François," said Father Bayle.

"Watch for them! Why, Father, I should drop dead at the sight of a ghost! I sometimes hear the noise they make while they are at work; but I cover my head with the bedclothes, and am afraid to come down before daylight."

But the pastor was braver than the old sacristan; and that night the young curate, Father Peyramale, was caught in the act of clandestinely doing the work of the old sacristan, who would not resign his office, though he was weak and worn with age.

Scotched, Not Killed.

AS is evident from recent Papal letters and decrees, the Sovereign Pontiff is of the opinion that the Modernistic snake was only scotched, and not killed, by his Encyclical *Pascendi* of 1907. It was very effectively scotched, beyond all doubt; as long, however, as it retains any vitality, the Holy Father purposes to make unceasing war upon its insidious attacks. His later pronouncements upon "the synthesis of all heresies" will doubtless be as thoroughly travestied in non-Catholic and anti-Catholic periodicals as were those of the historic document published three years ago; but in all probability there will be found, now as then, a goodly number of reputable secular journals that will place the matter in the true light, will take the unassailable common-sense view that those who are not in harmony with him whom they admit to be the infallible head of the Church have no right to call themselves Catholics, and have no just cause for complaint when, on account of their insubordination, they are expelled from the Church's fold.

As for such periodicals as seek to identify Pius X.'s condemnation of Modernism with reactionary opposition to progress, science, etc., they might do worse than study Cardinal Mercier's little work, "Modernism," recently translated into English. They would learn, among other things, that "Modernism is not the modern expression of science, and consequently its condemnation is not the condemnation of science, of which we are so justly proud; nor the disapproval of its methods, which all Catholic scientists hold, and consider it an honor to teach and to practise. Modernism consists essentially in affirming that the religious soul must draw from itself, from nothing but itself, the object and motive of its faith. It rejects all revelation imposed upon the conscience; and thus,

as a necessary consequence, becomes the negation of the doctrinal authority of the Church established by Jesus Christ; and it denies, moreover, to the divinely constituted hierarchy the right to govern Christian society."

As a terse exposition of the whole matter—an exposition quite understandable by the man in the street—the following extract from Cardinal Mercier's book is worth quoting and passing along to one's friends:

The excommunication pronounced by the Pope against wilful Modernists, which adversaries characterize as an act of despotism, is simple and natural; and in it we see only a question of loyalty. Yes or no, do you believe in the divine authority of the Church? Do you accept outwardly and in the sincerity of your heart what in the name of Christ she commands? Do you consent to obey her? If so, she offers you her Sacraments, and undertakes to conduct you safely into the harbor of salvation. If not, then you deliberately sever the tie that unites you to her, and break the bond consecrated by her grace. Before God and your conscience you no longer belong to her,—no longer remain in obstinate hypocrisy a pretended member of her fold. You can not honestly pass yourself off as one of her sons; and, as she can not be a party to hypocrisy and sacrilege, she bids you, if you force her to it, to leave her ranks. Of course she repudiates you only so long as you wish it yourself. The day you deplore having strayed from the fold, and return to recognize her authority loyally, she receives you with clemency, and treats you in the same way as the father of the prodigal son, who welcomed with tenderness his repentant child.

Such, then, is the constitution of the Church. The Catholic episcopate, of which the Pope is the head, is the heir of the Apostolic College that teaches the faithful the authentic Christian revelation. And as the life of the entire organism is centred in the head, which directs its actions and arranges with order all its movements, so the Pope assures unity to the teaching Church; and each time that one of the faithful, even a bishop, proclaims contrary doctrine, the Holy Father decides with supreme authority, and from that authority there is no appeal. In fine, the entire question resolves itself into this: whenever a Christian is in doubt, he asks himself these two questions: What must I believe now? And why must I believe it? The reply is this: I believe the teaching of the Cath-

olic bishops who are in accord with the Pope; and I am forced to believe it, because the episcopate in union with the Pope is the organ that transmits to the faithful the revealed teaching of Jesus Christ. Let me say in passing that this organ of transmission is no other than tradition, which the believing Christian must loyally accept and follow. Hence the Modernism condemned by the Pope is the negation of the Church's teaching,—a simple truth you learned as a child when preparing for your First Communion.

This is the clearest and best explanation that we have seen of what Modernism is and what it is not, and why it was condemned by the Church.

Since we have already quoted at such length from this excellent little work, we may as well give Cardinal Mercier's advice to Catholics on the matter of perfecting their religious knowledge. He says:

In these troubled times I understand the conquests of unbelief, and I deplore them; but what seems more difficult to explain is that a believing, intelligent man, conscious of the value of that rare gift of Faith, is content to ignore what he believes, why he believes it, and what the solemn vows of baptism pledged him to, toward God and his neighbor.

Every well-educated man should have in his library a catechism, if not to learn by heart, at least to study the text. The one most highly recommended is the Catechism of the Council of Trent, an admirable work in its clearness, precision and method, in which, by the order of the Fathers of the Council of Trent, a commission of distinguished theologians was charged to condense the substance of faith and morals and the institutions of Christianity. To instruct himself in the reasons for his belief, the well-informed Catholic should have, beside his catechism, a manual of the dogmatic teachings of the Church, and the principal Pontifical Encyclicals addressed to our generation,—those of Leo XIII., of glorious memory, and the Encyclicals of Pius X.

All Catholics should have in their households, if not the integral text of the Bible, at least the New Testament,—that is, the four Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles. And they should have, moreover, a history of the Church and an apologetical treatise. But, to keep alive and nourish his piety, every Christian should possess a Roman Missal and a treatise on the liturgy that will explain the ceremonies of the Mass and the principal manifestations of religious worship in the Church.

Notes and Remarks.

If any man of our time deserves to be called a benefactor of humanity, it is Henri Dunant, the originator of the Red Cross Crusade, who passed to his reward on October 31, at Heiden, Switzerland. The alleviation of human misery was his life work, to which he devoted his fortune and all his energies. As a young man, he was foremost among the opponents of slavery; later on, he espoused the cause to which Florence Nightingale had devoted herself; though it was not until 1859, at the age of thirty-one, that he began the great crusade with which his name will forever be associated. A mere accident had brought him to the battlefield at Solferino, where he labored day and night among the wounded and dying. His experiences were afterward given to the world in his book, "Souvenir of Solferino," which created a profound impression everywhere. The result of this was the Geneva Convention and the inauguration by M. Dunant of the Red Cross Crusade, which has since become an international institution.

Of a retiring disposition, and having a real hatred of publicity, M. Dunant, as soon as his efforts were crowned with success, withdrew from the public gaze, and so completely that after some years his existence was forgotten. Meantime, his patrimony reduced to a pittance, he retired to a home for the aged at Heiden. There he was accidentally discovered in 1895. But for this he would have been deprived of the common comforts, if not the necessities, of life. Honors and gifts were showered upon the good old gentleman after that, but the supreme consolation of his last days was in the triumph of the Red Cross Crusade. *R. I. P.*

In the Australian colonies, as elsewhere throughout the world, there are governments and governments. The *Catholic*

Press of Sydney, N. S. W., appears to think that Victoria is at present better off, politically, than is its own colony. In a recent speech, Mr. Murray, the Premier of Victoria, who is a Protestant, said he could not understand how sectarian strife could exist in the twentieth century. It was not, he felt, on the side of the Catholics of the country; they desired to live in peace and good-will with all their fellow-citizens. He desired to do the same. He had entirely absent from his nature any bitterness against those who differed from him on religion or any other question. A man who did so was only exercising his rights in a free country. His liberty should be respected, as long as he did not interfere with that of others. He himself found among the Catholic people most loyal friends. He would be an ingrate if he did not have the warmest feeling for the Catholic community.

Commenting on the foregoing, the *Press* remarks that in Victoria all classes and creeds have confidence in the administration; and if there are differences of opinion, they are on purely political grounds. The Premier, it declares, is a large-hearted man, a true Australian, who can look all his fellowmen in the face, and associate with people of every creed as citizens bound together and working together for the advancement of the State and the public well-being. "In paying the tribute which he did to the Catholic community, he, as a Protestant, voiced, we feel sure, true Australian opinion, and censured the narrowness, sourness, and aloofness of the wretched Wade Ministry, which was recently hailed by Orangemen as 'the most Protestant government this country has had.'"

Cardinal Logue, like many another ecclesiastic, and many a layman as well, deplores the apathetic attitude of the masses in several European Catholic countries. In a recent address he declared: "There is no doubt that large numbers of the French people are fervent and zealous Cath-

olics, and the same is true of Italy. They are struggling, but struggling in a half-hearted way, to protect themselves against the evils which are introduced both into their schools and into the government of their towns, and into every other public institution, by those men who are the enemies not merely of the Church, but the enemies of Almighty God Himself, men who are opposed to all religion. They are suffering, that, but they are suffering it from their own apathy. If we have escaped—as, thank God, we have—in comparative safety here in Ireland, we had to fight for our freedom. If we are free now, as we are in all our religious concerns, it is due to the struggling of ages. If we had been apathetic, as in many other countries, we should likely be under the yoke still and trampled down, as our forefathers were in the past. So that we have every reason to be thankful that our people did not sit down passively under persecution. They made an effort, and that effort has been crowned with comparative success so far, and I hope it will be crowned with greater success in the future.

Lamentable apathy and supineness in the matter of allowing anti-clerical candidates to represent them in the parliaments of their respective countries are undeniably contributory causes of the abomination of desolation that now reigns in more than one so-called Catholic nation. And it will take years of exceptional energy and persevering courage to undo the mischief that has been effected.

Writing in the *Month* of the necessity for a manual or handbook of higher Catholic instruction, Mr. C. C. Martindale S. J., remarks that nothing at present exists which is suitable for those who are training to be school-teachers; or are themselves at the universities, or may be still at school, but possessed of unusual aptitude for study and a precocious readiness to assimilate new mental positions. Of the contents of such a work, he says:

Apparently, the problems of philosophy (especially of moral philosophy) of ecclesiastical history, of the history of religions, of science, etc., ought to be stated in it in the shape in which they are likely to be met with in the near future or in the actual present; for we have known of schoolboys having the moral

superiority of Buddhism" thrust on them in their holidays. I myself was given diluted doses of Strauss at school. And recently, I received a letter from an undergraduate who informed me that he was assured at his university that Christianity was a mere "branch" of ancient religions, Mithraism in particular. It is proposed to begin, at once, a series of very clear historical expositions of the main Catholic dogmas, divested of all literary graces and rhetoric, unanxious even to produce very original and personal work, and quite likely destined to be entirely rewritten in five years. These will aim, too, at a succinct statement of the modern objections, with their solution, and copious references for further study. The mean between superficial "popularity" and aridly scientific treatment will, it is hoped, be preserved. Avenues of further inquiry will be indicated; and, above all, strict intellectual honesty must, at all costs, be made apparent. Later these could be collected into one section of the manual above referred to.

Such a work as that indicated is not less necessary on this side of the Atlantic. There is a real need also for a clear, succinct, thoroughgoing Catholic refutation of Socialism,—a treatise, if only as large as the small catechism, in which adequacy of treatment is combined with a vocabulary and a style "understood of the people."

(You say that fidelity to the teaching of the Catholic Church produces saints! It is easy enough for you to say things like this! But can you name one Protestant that agrees with you? If you can, I wish you would. . . "A. P. A.," Boston.

Here you are, brother, and welcome—an extract from the Introduction to *Madame Swetchine's Life and Letters*, written by the Rev. W. R. Alger, a Protestant minister of your own city. It would do you good to read this book—soften your heart, stretch your mind, and calm your spirit.

It may seem strange that a work so eminently Catholic in its quality as this biography should be introduced to a Protestant people by a Protestant translator and Protestant publishers. But, on further consideration, will not this be found especially fit and serviceable? In this country, a traditional antipathy or bigoted repugnance to the Catholic Church prevails in an unjustifiable extreme. Whatever is repulsive

in the Catholic dogmas or rule is fastened on with unwarrantable acrimony and exclusiveness. The interests alike of justice and of good feeling demand that the attention of Protestants shall, at least occasionally, be given to the best ingredients and workings of the Catholic system. In the present work, we have, the forensic doctrine and authority of Catholicity in the background, its purest inner aims and life in the foreground. We have here a beautiful specimen of the style of character and experience, which the most imposing organic symbol of Christendom tends to produce, and has, in all the ages of its mighty reign, largely produced. If every bigoted disliker of the Roman Catholic Church within the English-speaking race could read this book, and, as a consequence, have his prejudices lessened, his sympathies enlarged, the result, so far from being deprecated, should be warmly welcomed.

Governor-elect Baldwin, of Connecticut, whose political enemies in the recent campaign charged that he was infected with the anti-Catholic virus, has been rather effectively vindicated by the *Catholic Transcript*. With a fine sense of the proprieties, our Connecticut contemporary waited till the election was over, before giving, from Mr. Baldwin's personal history, a page that shows him to be, or at least to have been some twenty-three years ago, precisely the reverse of an anti-Catholic bigot. In December, 1887, in the course of the General Christian Conference, held at Washington, D. C., under the auspices of the Evangelical Alliance, Governor Baldwin—Professor Baldwin he was then—expressed his regret that "a more kindly tone has not been manifested toward that venerable Christian Church which has its centre at Rome." A member of the Conference, having interpolated, "I object to that: I don't believe it is a Christian church at all," the Professor continued:

That is precisely the sentiment that has been uttered from this platform; and I rise here as a layman to say that in what I have done (and I have done something), in social reform, I have found in my own State, Connecticut, no truer friends in many of the questions that have come before this body than gentlemen of the Roman Catholic Church. My friend Mr. Dike and I

stood together in Connecticut as organizers of the National Divorce Reform League. One of the best helpers in the cause was a Roman Catholic. Now, I do not desire to raise any question of antagonism in this assembly. I simply want to say this, and I do say it—that I think one of the great friends to the cause of social advancement in our cities is the Roman Catholic Church. We can't afford to reject its aid. It guards the family; it looks at the children; it looks at the home, from the standpoint of a Christian organization. And we ought to make friends with that Church; . . . and unless we do it we reject one of the great factors that is ready at our hand to help on the cause of Christ in America.

If the Democratic "spell-binders" in the recent campaign in Connecticut did not make effective use of that declaration in winning votes for the head of their ticket, they certainly neglected an excellent opportunity. Judging from the returns, we are inclined to think that they had their wits about them.

The body of St. Francis Xavier, the Apostle of the Indies, whose feast occurs on the 3d inst., is now being exposed for public veneration at Goa. The following account of a miraculous cure which took place there the last time the body was exposed will thus have special interest. It was furnished to the Rev. Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B., by the lady whose servant was cured, and is published, with her permission, in the London *Tablet* of Nov. 12. The lady herself is not a Catholic, a fact which adds some weight to her testimony:

My husband, Mr. W. J. Tate, a member of the Indian Civil Service, had a Roman Catholic servant, who, after being about twelve years in our service, became very ill. He was treated for some months by the hospital doctors in Mangalore (Madras Presidency), but at last we were asked to refrain from sending him down into the town for treatment. The doctors wrote that the poor fellow was suffering from tuberculosis, which had already made such inroads that there was no cure possible—no means of healing the cavities in the lungs,—and that each journey into the town endangered his life. Finally, during the cold weather of 1890 and 1891, he was twice *in extremis*, and each time

received Extreme Unction. He lingered on, however; and when, in March or April, he heard that the embalmed body of St. Francis Xavier was to be exposed to view, as was the custom every fifty years, he begged to be allowed to go on pilgrimage to Goa and see the Saint, and invoke his aid toward his recovery. For several weeks we tried to dissuade him, but the doctor said the condemned man might as well have his last wish gratified. Thereupon a boat was fitted up to take him, his wife, and two children along the coast to Goa,—a journey by boat of about two or three days' duration.

When all was ready he came, with the help of his wife, to the drawing-room door to wish me good-bye. I can see him now, a swaying, shrunken figure, with feverishly glittering eyes in an emaciated face, and, of course, I felt we should never see him return. He was carried down to the shore in a litter and put on board the little craft. After ten days, behold! he returned with his family, radiant, able to walk briskly; and what was more wonderful than all else, he was able to speak quite naturally, without those painful stops between each word. He told us how he had crawled between the legs of the soldiers that were guarding the body and touched the feet of the Saint with the hand in which he held trinkets,—trinkets which he had bought and afterward distributed to his wife and children, and to each one of us. He told us he never coughed while at Goa, although the thousands of pilgrims there made a great deal of dust on the roads. This was in the year 1891. He remained in perfect health and strength in our service till we left India in 1899, fulfilling all duties in camp and at headquarters without any return or sign of his old malady, and he is living now in 1910!

In his Rectorial Address at Aberdeen University, England's Premier, Mr. Asquith, made some notable admissions in the matter of the Church's attitude toward education. After acknowledging Scotland's debt to the Medieval Popes for their patronage and encouragement of learning, he went on to remark the difference in the Middle Age and in our own in regard to the purpose of universities. The Medieval University, he told his hearers, was never intended to be, and was not in fact, an aristocratic or exclusive institution which opened its doors and offered its teaching only to the children of the well-to-do. On the contrary, it

was cosmopolitan in composition, and, to some extent, democratic in government, and recruited by students drawn from all ranks and classes of society, but for the most part they were the sons of low-born parents.

"Yes," comments the London *Catholic Times*, "and had not the Reformation come and driven the poor out of their opportunities, the universities would still have been popular and democratic institutions. As things are, they are aristocratic preserves, where the rich enjoy the provision originally intended for the benefit of the poor. When Protestant lecturers talk to working-class audiences in this country about the darkness of the Middle Ages, they carefully abstain from telling them that in those far-off days of general unenlightenment the peasant had a chance of education in a university as well as a peer."

It is consoling to know, however, that even the working classes, in England and elsewhere, are gradually opening their eyes to the true inwardness of the Reformation, and the practical results that have followed therefrom. That it has to be apologized for nowadays by self-respecting Protestants themselves is a significant commentary on the "blessed event," as it used to be called, of the sixteenth century.

What are to be the results in Portugal's foreign possessions of the late revolution in the home country is a question not less interesting to the religious than to the political world. The *Illustrated Catholic Missions*, naturally concerned as to the probable fate of a number of foreign missions involved, points out that the foreign possessions of Portugal are considerable: the Azores, Madeira and Cape Verde Islands in the Atlantic Ocean; the St. Thomas and Prince's Islands in the Gulf of Guinea; a part of Senegambia as well as the Portuguese Congo, — a large territory extending from the Congo to the Cunene River, in West Africa; in East

Africa, Mozambique, extending inland from Cape Delgado to the Limpopo River; the settlements of Goa, Damaun and Diu, in India; and Timoor, in Malaysia. Of the present status and the probable outlook for religion in these colonial possessions of Portugal, the *Catholic Missions* has this to say:

Religious Orders have gone out to these countries to labor for the evangelization and civilization of the native races, to teach in the schools and take charge of charitable institutions. They have been followed for the same purpose, and in several instances supplanted, by Portuguese and native secular clergy. Considering the large number of native Catholics, and especially of native clergy, in several of these colonies and settlements, an enormous work for Christianity and civilization has been done by them. What will be the effect on the Church in these Portuguese possessions if, as has been the case in some of the colonies of France, anti-religious decrees are enforced? Who will support the clergy should they be robbed of their stipends? Who will take the place of the religious Orders, in case they be expelled, for the different works in which they are engaged?

Who, indeed? Let us hope that wiser councils than have of late been in evidence in Lisbon will prevail in the administration of Portuguese colonies; and, should the worst fears be realized, let Catholics everywhere rally with redoubled generosity to the support of the Foreign Missions. It is a common saying that God can draw good out of evil. Let us not forget that it is often in our power to do the same ourselves.

A few years ago two nuns of an Anglican community in England became Catholics and entered a Franciscan convent in this country. On the 12th ult. six other members of the same community, including the mother superior, sailed for New York from Liverpool to join their former companions. The private letter which supplies this information states that only a few others remain in England; and it is hoped that they also will see the light and follow its leading.



Ave Maria.

[These verses, by an unknown author, were found in a manuscript of the early part of the fifteenth century, and copied by a kind friend in England for the younger readers of THE AVE MARIA.]

MAY, be thou, Mary, Christ's Mother dear!

Queen thou of Heaven, fair and sweet of cheer;

Bright Star of Morning, shining ever clear;

Help me, mighty Lady, hear my prayer,

Ave Maria!

Hail be thou, Mary, that high sittest in throne;

I beseech thee, sweet Lady, grant me my boon:

Jesus to love and dread, and my life to mend soon,

And bring me to bliss that shall never be done.

Ave Maria!

The "Punch and Judy" Children.

BY MARY E. MANNING.

RARELY had Froggy and Benny fared better than they did on the night of the celebration; though, with the prudence born of long privation, the elder boy wasted no pennies on luxurious food. Cautioning Benny not to say a word to Mrs. Laurel about the money he had received, Froggy sewed it carefully into the bosom of his shirt.

"Why do you do that?" asked Benny. "Every time you put on a clean shirt you've got to rip the money out and sew it in again."

"That's true," answered Froggy. "But it's safer. I'm keeping this money for something special."

"Tell me," said Benny. "Nop yet, little brother! Pretty soon maybe."

Benny burst into loud laughter.

"What's the matter, boy?" asked Froggy, in surprise. "I don't believe I

ever heard you laugh so loud before."

"Because I don't often have things to laugh at," rejoined Benny, still half convulsed with merriment.

"What's up now?" Froggy repeated.

"Just to know that we're getting rich," Froggy said. "What a good old gentleman that was! I'd love to see him!"

"You may some day," replied Froggy.

"One never knows when or where one may meet a friend. Who'd have thought I'd have met that nice little girl again or that she'd know me?"

"I'd like awfully well to see them once more, and thank the old gentleman for the half-guinea."

Benny's face suddenly became grave.

"What's the matter? You're looking so sober all of a sudden," said Froggy.

"What if he never meant to give you the gold?" Benny answered.

"What if he thought it was only a shilling?"

Froggy reflected a moment before answering.

"That might be, but I don't think it likely. Gentlemen like him can tell by the feel of money what they've got almost without looking at it. But I saw him a look—I did. He just put his finger and thumb in his waistcoat pocket and pulled it out, and I saw him look before he gave it to me. He laid it in my hand and closed my fingers over it. He knew well what he was doing!"

Benny's countenance brightened.

"I suppose you're right," he said.

"Swells don't throw money around; neither without knowing what they're about; do they?"

"Not to my knowledge," answered Froggy, gayly.

Even if he did make a mistake, how was I to know? And he knows it was his own fault. Think I ought to go and find out?"

"No," said Benny. "I don't suppose

we can keep the half sov' all right."

"We surely can," rejoined Froggy; "and we surely shall."

"What are you going to do to-morrow, Froggy?" inquired Benny, after the money question was settled satisfactorily.

"Go out sweeping a bit," answered Froggy. "Even if we are rich we can't get used to being idle."

Another burst of joyous laughter from Benny, who said:

"You didn't tell me anything about Mac, and what he gave you to do. Was the procession long? Did you see the Queen?"

"As it happened, I got away from the place before it passed, and I never saw the Queen. I didn't even think about it."

"How was that?" said Benny.

"I was never gladder to get home to you than last night," continued Froggy. "It's best, I think, to keep mum about some things when they happen unexpectedly. All I'll say is this: I've got a kindly feeling to Mac, in a way, because he was always good to you and me. Mother used to say that we never should forget kindness, whatever happened; and Mac has been kind. But I'll tell you, once and for all, Benny (and don't breathe it to Mrs. Laurel or any other person): I don't like Mac's ways nor his business, and I've done with him. I could have had more money if I'd taken it, but I wouldn't. Don't ask me any questions, Benny."

"I won't," rejoined the child. "And the other boys—Mac's friends? Did you see them?"

"I like Mac best of the three. I'm afraid they'll all be in trouble before very long. Now, that's enough. We won't talk about that crowd."

This conversation was held before they went to bed. The boys slept later than usual next morning. Froggy was frying a piece of bacon when they heard a noise on the stairs and the door was unceremoniously thrown open. The boys turned quickly to see two policemen standing

before them, one of whom Froggy recognized as the "Bobby" whom he had seen the day before. Terrified at the sight, he became deadly pale. Benny sprang close to his side. Both of the boys had that dread of the police so common to their class and circumstances.

"Here we are!" said the policeman, whom Froggy had already seen. "I thought we'd find you early in the morning."

Benny began to cry.

"Don't cry, little brother!" said Froggy, patting him on the shoulder. "There's nothing to be afraid of."

"Not for the kid," observed the policeman. "So far as we know, he hasn't done anything; but as for you—"

"What have I done?" bravely asked Froggy, his hands in his pockets, as he gazed with a fearlessness he did not feel into the face of the guardian of the law.

"You haven't done anything, either," said Mrs. Laurel, who now appeared at the door, her hair dishevelled. Evidently she had been aroused suddenly from a morning nap. "Policemen," she went on, "it's a great piece of foolishness for you to come around this place, and up five flights of stairs, frightening two poor innocent little orphans that are as harmless as cooing doves. These boys haven't a thing to do with me, nor I with them, except that I try to be kind to the fatherless and motherless who are poorer than myself."

"Keep still, woman!" commanded one of the policemen.

"You know very well what we're after," said the other. "It's no sign because your son isn't home this morning that he wasn't here last night."

"My sons are all dead," replied Mrs. Laurel.

"That's a lie!" retorted the policeman.

"No, sir!" said Froggy. "Mrs. Laurel has no boys."

"If you're trying to save her, little fellow," said the policeman, "it'll be all the worse for yourself later."

"I'm not deceiving!" persisted Froggy.

"What did I tell you both?" cried Mrs. Laurel, turning to the men. "Ask any one in the building. They all know I haven't any children but girls."

"Who was that boy you were with yesterday at the Park?" asked the policeman, pointing his finger at Froggy. "Wasn't he this woman's son?"

"No, sir," answered the boy.

Mrs. Laurel's face, which had appeared sad and anxious, now became wreathed in smiles.

"None of those three boys?" asked the officer.

"No, Mr. Policeman,—none of them."

"Who is he, then? Doesn't he live here?"

"Not now," said Froggy.

"He used to but he doesn't any more," ventured Benny.

Then Mrs. Laurel, fearing that something serious was imminent, turned to the policeman and said, as indifferently as she could:

"I'm beginning to understand, Mr. Policeman. You must be meaning Mac."

"That's the very one, ma'am."

"Oh, he hasn't lived with us for an age! He's doing for himself. He's my nephew. He's a smart boy."

"Too smart, I'm afraid. How long since he's been here?"

"I disremember."

Then he turned again to Froggy.

"And how came you to be with him yesterday?"

"Why do you want to know?" asked Froggy, cautiously.

"Get to work, Payne!" said the other policeman, impatiently. "We haven't any time to waste."

"What do you mean?" inquired Mrs. Laurel.

"I mean that three small pickpockets were doing some sharp work yesterday around Victoria Park," rejoined the policeman. "They've been caught, but we can't find the 'swag'; and, ten chances to one, the little fellows are concealing it in this here room, if you haven't got it downstairs."

Then Benny began to cry aloud, and Mrs. Laurel shook her fist in the officer's face as she shrieked:

"I'll have the law on you for this! I'll sue you for defaming the character of an honest woman and two as innocent children as ever the Lord made. Get downstairs, both of you, as quick as you can step!"

"Easy now!" said Policeman Payne.

"No, I'll not be easy," returned Mrs. Laurel. "Honest people have their rights as well as you have."

The policeman then turned to Froggy:

"You were seen yesterday, after I spoke to you, talking to those three young villains at the corner of Priory Lane. At least you were seen running away from them."

"That's true," answered Froggy: "*I ran away from them.*"

"Why?" asked the policeman.

Froggy hesitated. He glanced at the frightened Benny, then at Mrs. Laurel, who, he felt confident, had nothing to fear from any disclosure he should make.

"Because I didn't like their ways," he replied; "and I was afraid of being found with them."

"Smart trick you're trying to put on us!" said the other policeman. "Why don't you tell the truth, and admit you ran off with the 'swag' we can't find, and hid it here, where they didn't think it would be found? But we'll search for it, and get it all right."

"You may search where you like," said Froggy. "I told you the truth: I haven't got it."

"Maybe not," said the policeman. "Maybe they disposed of it before you left them. But, if they did, you got your share. I see you were cooking some bacon when we came in. Smells good! I don't get bacon every day for breakfast."

"Neither do we," answered Froggy. "Seldom we get it."

"How came you to have it this morning?" asked the policeman.

"I found a shilling on the sidewalk,

and bought two slices a while ago."

Which statement was literally true, as the reader already knows.

"Come along, Payne! Search!" said Policeman Gorse, utterly disregarding the boy's assertion.

Mrs. Laurel had disappeared; she did not feel comfortable, and was not desirous of being drawn any further into the matter by reason of her connection with Mac.

Froggy did not say a word as the two policemen lifted the thin tick from the miserable bed, shook it, and began to look for holes into which the plunder might have been thrust. Benny stood trembling, his hand in that of his brother.

"I've a mind to rip the thing open," said Policeman, who was named Gorse. "We're wasting a lot of time here."

"Rip it open if you like," responded Froggy. "You'll get nothing."

The man threw the tick back on the bed, and turned to the corner of the room where there was a small cupboard. He could find nothing in it to reward his search. There was no other furniture in the place except two chairs and a deal box turned upside-down.

"Maybe it's under this," observed Payne, lifting the box. Again he was disappointed.

Gorse meanwhile quietly peeped under the stove.

"The kid hasn't got it," he said at last.

"No," answered Payne. "I doubt if they'd trust him with it. He's too green in the business. They used him only for a blind to fool people while they did their work. Let us go."

Froggy and Benny each heaved a sigh of relief. Benny sat down on one of the rickety chairs. He felt faint and ill.

"Be on the lookout, boy," said Payne. "I believe you're straight yet, but if you go with those ruffians you'll soon get into jail. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," rejoined Froggy. "Just answer one question: did Mac tell you I had what they stole?"

"No, he did not."

"How did you know where to find me, then?"

"You yourself told me yesterday where you lived, when you were talking to the old gentleman and the little girl."

"So I did," replied Froggy.

"That's enough!" cried Gorse. "If you weren't so new to the business, Payne, you'd be sure no kid that wasn't straight would give you his real address. Come on! Boys, finish cooking your bacon."

The men turned to descend the stairs. As they passed to the next floor, Froggy heard Gorse say:

"Those children ought to be put in a Refuge."

"That's so," answered his companion.

"Benny," observed Froggy when he re-entered the room, "wasn't it a good thing I sewed the money in my shirt? I was afraid they'd search me all the time."

"So was I," answered Benny. "Do you think they'll come back?"

"Not on this job. Come on! Let us have something to eat. I am almost starved. And let us eat enough—for once."

"Yes, let us," replied Benny, who had already recovered from his fright.

(To be continued.)

St. Nicholas.

In former times preparations for the celebration of Christmas began on the 6th of December, the feast of St. Nicholas, who was everywhere regarded as the particular patron of children, especially school-children. The beloved Bishop of Myra was supposed to have special influence with Our Lord, and to petition Him for all Christmas gifts. In some parts of Germany it is even now the custom, on December 6, for boys and girls to put in the windows of their homes carefully addressed petitions to the "dear little Christ-Child in heaven," for St. Nicholas to take back with him to Paradise, after the visit to earth which he is

supposed to pay every year on his feast-day.

St. Nicholas was born at Patara, in Asia Minor, of wealthy and pious parents, to whom he was granted after they had prayed for many years. Both died while he was still quite young. He was distinguished for his kindness, gentleness, and charity; and when he grew up and became Bishop of Myra, he was known as the friend of the poor and forsaken. Many stories of his goodness have come down to us, among them the following.

A rich man had a son whom he called Adeodatus ("Given by God"), because he was granted to his parents through the prayers of St. Nicholas, to whom a chapel in the family castle was afterward consecrated. Now, it chanced that the boy fell into the hands of the pagans and became the servant of their king. After the lapse of a year, his parents were celebrating the feast of St. Nicholas, while the son held a precious cup before the king. And Adeodatus sighed as he thought of his loved ones and the feast-day at home. The king, on learning the cause of his grief, taunted him with the powerlessness of St. Nicholas;—when suddenly a great wind shook the palace, and the boy was caught up with the cup in his hand and set down before the door of the church where his parents had gone to pray for him.

One of St. Nicholas' symbols in art is three golden balls or purses, in allusion to a golden deed of his performed three times in favor of as many sisters. A certain nobleman was reduced to such poverty that he and his three daughters had nothing to eat. As there seemed no way of saving his children from starvation, he became desperate. St. Nicholas, hearing of this, went stealthily by night, and found him weeping while the daughters slept. He threw a purse of gold in at the window and crept away. The father gave it to the oldest of his daughters, and the same thing happened for the second and the third. Finally, the

secret was discovered, but St. Nicholas insisted that the nobleman should tell no one. Maybe he didn't; but if not, his grateful children must have done so; and the story has been repeated ever since.

Pictures of the Blessed Virgin.

Many celebrated pictures are distinguished by titles derived from some particular object in the composition; as, for instance, Raphael's "Madonna del Impannata," so called from the window in the background, being partly shaded with a piece of linen; Correggio's "Vierge au Panier," so called from the workbasket which stands beside her; Murillo's "Virgine de la Servilleta," in allusion to the napkin on which it was painted. Others are denominated from certain localities, as the "Madonna di Foligno"; others from the names of families to whom they have belonged, as "La Madonna della Famiglia Staffa," at Perugia.

The most famous of these pictures is the Madonna di Foligno, which is now among the treasures of the Vatican Gallery. It belonged originally to Sigismund Conti, of Foligno, private secretary to Pope Julius II., and a distinguished man in other respects—a writer and a patron of learning. It appears that Sigismund, having been in great danger from a meteor or thunderbolt, vowed an offering to the Blessed Virgin, to whom he attributed his safety; and in fulfilment of his vow had this precious picture painted by Raphael.

Pet Bears.

Somebody has said that every person who would be happy in this world must keep two pet bears. They are called *bear* and *forbear*; that is, if we expect to have fast friends and happy homes, we must learn to *bear* patiently unpleasant things, and *forbear* doing or saying things that are unpleasant to others.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Among new novels published by Hutchinson & Co. (London) we note "The Golden Rose," by Mrs. Hugh Fraser and J. I. Stahlmann. It is a book of nearly four hundred and fifty closely printed pages.

—An important treatise on "Irish Ecclesiastical Architecture of the Middle Ages," by A. C. Champneys, is among Messrs. Bell's new publications. The value of the work is greatly enhanced by several hundred illustrations, mostly from the author's own photographs.

—Mrs. Meynell's "Selection from the Verses of John B. Tabb" (Burns & Oates) is a reissue of the selection from his work first published in 1906, with the addition of a brief memorial postscript. It seems wholly needless to remark that the poems are exquisite, and that Mrs. Meynell's appreciation of the author is just and graceful.

—Mr. Denis A. McCarthy, one "of the most melodious of lyric poets," has brought out a second edition of his volume of poems entitled "Voices from Erin." Its dedication—"to all who, in their love for the new land, have not forgotten the old"—should secure for it a welcome from many new admirers. There are exquisite thoughts pulsing through the lines, together with the native wit of the old Celtic blood. Benziger Brothers, publishers.

—"Sermons of St. Bernard in Advent and Christmas," with a preface by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hedley (Benziger Brothers), is a timely and almost welcome publication. The excellent translation, from the sixteenth-century edition, is by a member of the community of St. Mary's, York, England. "The reader will find in St. Bernard," says Bishop Hedley, "a steady, large, and almost unconscious exposition of Catholic faith, which the multiplication of religious books must always need as a corrective to limited views and one-sided enthusiasm." The book is for reading in convents more particularly.

—From G. P. Putnam's Sons comes the seventh edition (carefully revised throughout) of Lt. Col. W. H. Turton's "The Truth of Christianity," an examination of the more important arguments for and against believing in that religion. Col. Turton's famous book, like Father Lambert's "Notes on Ingersoll," enjoys the distinction of securing, and meriting, high praise from Catholics, non-Catholics of many denominations, and even rationalists and agnostics. It is clear, simple, readable, logical, and eminently calculated to appeal to the

common-sense of the man in the street not less than the student in his closet. The popularity of this book is matter for rejoicing. We hope there will be many more editions of it.

The faithful of the British Isles especially will find "The Catholic Diary for 1911," published by the Angelus Co. (Norwood, London), a very useful little manual. Its most novel feature is the "winged word" at the foot of each page of the diary. The book is of portable size, clearly printed, and flexibly bound, the corners being rounded.

—The library of the late Robert Hoe, to be sold at auction in February, is said to be not only one of the largest private libraries in existence, but the most valuable collection ever made by an American citizen. The catalogue, which is in fifteen volumes, describes 6993 titles of English literature; 6574 titles of books printed in foreign languages, including a marvelous collection of *incunabula*, crowned by a copy of that great treasure, the first book printed with movable types—the Bible on vellum, issued from Gutenberg's press at Moguntia between 1450 and 1455. At the time of his death Mr. Hoe was preparing a catalogue of his illuminated and other manuscripts, of which there are over 130 single titles.

New York newspapers recently printed a thrilling story of the sea,—the sinking of a schooner in the Gulf of Mexico. Her captain refused the aid of a passing steamship, for himself, but said to his sailors: "Go, boys, and save yourselves! I'll stick to the ship." The seven sailors betook themselves to the steamship; and, shortly afterward, down, down into the vasty deep, went the schooner and her doughty captain. Thus the newspapers' story. It had to be modified a few days later when the schooner, with her captain on board, was towed into Galveston, Texas. She was loaded with lumber, and, as the captain told his crew, couldn't sink anyway; but they resisted his appeals to remain with him and made off in the steamship. The *Editor* and *Publisher* thus comments on the matter: "We suggest that publishers post conspicuously in the editorial rooms this rule: Don't write fiction!"

—The writer of a practical article on "The Bedroom Bookshelf," in a recent issue of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, gives this pertinent advice: "Put some volumes of poetry among your books—and read them. Poetry keeps the heart young; and, if the beauty and passion of

certain verse brings a regretful sigh, it will also help you to understand what the young people about you may be feeling at the moment. Poetry is the best specific for keeping the heart and mind young." The suggestion is a good one, but a small collection of favorite poems made by one's self would be better than a large number of volumes of verse. There are poems of which one never tires, and it is an advantage to have them where they can be found without a moment's search. Should the idea commend itself to any of our readers, here is a poem to which they will be glad, we think, to have their attention called—a beautiful sonnet ("To-Morrow") of Lope de Vega, thus exquisitely translated by Longfellow:

Lord, what am I that, with unceasing care,
Thou didst seek after me,—that Thou didst wait,
Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?
O strange delusion!—that I did not greet
Thy blessed approach! And oh, to heaven how lost,
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon Thy feet!
How oft my Guardian Angel gently cried,
"Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see
How He persists to knock and wait for thee!"
And, oh, how often to that voice of sorrow
"To-morrow we will open," I replied!
And when the morrow came I answered still, "To-morrow,"

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Sermons of St. Bernard in Advent and Christmas." 75 cts.

"The Truth of Christianity." Lt.-Col. W. H. Turton. \$1.25.

"Voices from Erin." Denis A. McCarthy. \$1.

"Watchwords from Dr. Brownson." 50 cts.

"Jacquetta." Louise M. Stackpoole-Kenny. \$1.50.

"The Charity of Christ." Rev. Henry C. Schuyler, S. T. L. 50 cts.

"Modernism." Cardinal Mercier. 56 cts.

"The Cost of a Crown." Rev. R. H. Benson. \$1, net.

"The Spaniard at Home." Mary F. Nixon-Roulet. \$1.75.

"St. Thomas à Becket." Mgr. Demimuid. \$1.

"The Attributes of God, Mirrored in the Perfections of Mary." 90 cts.

"Round the World." Vol. VIII. \$1.

"Mere Hints, Moral and Social." Rev. John E. Graham. \$1.

"Donal Kenny." Rev. Joseph Guinan. \$1.50.

"Later Poems." Father Tabb. \$1.

"The Iona Series." 35 cts., each.

"Biographies of English Catholics in the Eighteenth Century." Rev. John Kirk, D.D. \$2.75.

"A Spiritual Canticle of the Soul." St. John of the Cross. \$1.95.

"St. Clare of Assisi." Very Rev. Léopold de Chérancé, O. S. F. C. \$1.10.

"Life Lessons from Blessed Joan of Arc." Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J. 85 cts.

"History of the American College, Rome." Rt. Rev. Henry A. Brann, D. D., LL. D. \$2.20.

"Home Life in Ireland." Robert Lynd. \$2.50.

"Missale Romanum." \$2; mor., \$2.57.

"The Friendly Little House, and Other Stories." \$1.25.

"Flamstead Quarries." Mary E. Waller. \$1.50.

"A Renegade Poet, and Other Essays." \$1.25.

"Meditations and Instructions on the Blessed Virgin." Vol. II. Rev. A. Vermeersch, S. J. \$1.35.

"Are Our Prayers Heard?" Rev. Joseph Egger, S. J. 15 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii 3.

Rev. Henry Read, of the Archdiocese of Chicago; Rev. Francis Dent, archdiocese of New York; Rev. Thomas D'Arcy, archdiocese of Sydney; Rev. John Feltman, archdiocese of St. Louis; Rev. Michael Masterson, archdiocese of Boston; and Rev. John Volio, S. J.

Sister M. Felix, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; Sisters M. Annunciata and M. Martha, Sisters of the Presentation; Sister M. Frances and Sister M. Agnes (Myers), Order of the Visitation; and Sister M. Raina, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Dr. James Nidelet, Mr. Nicholas Oakes, Mr. J. B. Dougherty, Mr. P. M. Campbell, Miss Ellen Walsh, Mr. J. F. Benisch, Mr. Frank McDonnell, Mr. James Butler, Miss Lettie Tierney, Mr. Charles Eberle, Mr. Joseph Platzter, Mr. Patrick Murphy, Mr. Pierce Dooley, Mr. John Pohlmann, Mrs. Michael Bradley, Mr. William Helfrich, Mr. John Dohon, Mr. George Torlina, and Mr. J. G. Kuest.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXXI. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 10, 1910. NO. 24

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

Whitest of All.

BY THE REV. HUGH F. BLUNT.

I KNOW the sea where the breezes are twining
Wimples of white for the brows of the billows:
White is the foam where the sunlight is shining,
But whiter the roses at rest on their pillows.

I know the tree where the young rose is dreaming,
Lilted to sleep by the croon of the fountains:
White is the rose where the sunlight is streaming,
But whiter the snows on the crest of the mountains.

I know the peaks where the snowflakes are dancing,
Tripping it light as the feet of a fairy:
White is the snow where the sunlight is glancing,
But whitest of all is thy brow, Virgin Mary!

Our Lady's Greater Feasts.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

IN the neighborhood of his father's house at Ephra, Gedeon, son of Joas, of the tribe of Manasses, is threshing and cleansing wheat. He is laboring secretly and silently. He is not using the threshing floor; he drives no oxen. Sheltered by a spreading tree, he is cleansing his corn in a wine-press, to escape observation; for Israel has for seven years been grievously oppressed by the Madianites, and the enemy may at any moment surprise Gedeon and carry off the fruits of his toil.

Suddenly he is aware of a stranger seated under the tree. The unlooked-for visitor salutes him with words which sound inappropriate. "The Lord is with thee, O most valiant of men!" he says. Gedeon, greatly astonished, replies: "If the Lord be with us, why have these evils fallen upon us?" He tells of all the trials and indignities to which his nation has been subjected; and adds sorrowfully: "And now the Lord hath forsaken us." But the answer is altogether unexpected. "Go in this thy strength," says the strange visitor, "and thou shalt deliver Israel out of the hand of Madian. Know that I have sent thee." But Gedeon still doubts. "I beseech thee, my lord," he asks, "wherewith shall I deliver Israel? Behold, my family is the meanest in Manasses, and I am the least in my father's house." The stranger replies in tones of authority: "I will be with thee, and thou shalt cut off Madian as one man." Then, by wondrous signs, the visitor reveals to Gedeon his true character; and Gedeon cries in fear and trembling: "Alas, my Lord God: for I have seen the angel of the Lord face to face!" His fears are calmed by the gracious answer: "Peace be with thee. Fear not: thou shalt not die."

When, in obedience to the divine command, Gedeon had assembled the men of his own tribe and others from Aser, Zabulon, and Nephthali, he begged of God yet further signs of His will,—more, perhaps, to encourage his followers to act manfully than to dispel any doubt on his own part. "If Thou wilt save Israel by my hand as Thou hast said, I will put this

fleece of wool on the floor: if there be dew on the fleece only, and it be dry on all the ground beside, I shall know that by my hand, as Thou hast said, Thou wilt deliver Israel. And it was so. And rising before day, wringing the fleece, he filled a vessel with the dew."

One more proof he presumed to ask from God: "Let not Thy wrath be kindled against me if I try once more, seeking a sign in the fleece. I pray that the fleece only may be dry, and all the ground wet with dew. And God did that night as he had requested; and it was dry on the fleece only, and there was dew on all the ground."

The mission of the angel of the Lord to Gedeon foreshadows in a striking way, as regards many of its circumstances, another angelic embassy many centuries later. A lowly Maiden, hidden in the seclusion of a poor cottage at Nazareth, is suddenly aware of a like heavenly visitor. His salutation is: "The Lord is with thee." His object is the deliverance of God's people from a powerful and cruel enemy, who has long oppressed them. He promises the certain help of God, if the recipient of the divine embassy will carry out God's designs. In the later scene, as in the earlier, the chosen agent humbly professes personal unworthiness. The same consoling words are spoken: "Fear not!"

But a still more striking type of Mary is to be found in the wonders wrought by means of the fleece. It is a type frequently used by the Fathers, and for that reason alone would command our appreciation. But it has a higher authority still. It has been adopted by the Church in her liturgy; for one of the antiphons for the feast of the Circumcision thus refers to the Incarnation: "When Thou wast born ineffably of the Virgin, the Scriptures were fulfilled. As dew upon the fleece, Thou didst come to save mankind. O Lord our God, we bless and praise Thee!"

In the antiphon, the fleece is taken to represent Mary, whom the Holy Ghost overshadowed at the Incarnation, and

who gave birth to the Son of God. But there is in question another fulfilment of the prophetic sign, and one which refers more especially to Mary than to our Blessed Lord. In both miracles connected with the fleece of Gedeon we may see a foreshadowing of the unique privilege bestowed upon her who was to be the Mother of the Word Incarnate, — her Immaculate Conception.

The fleece filled with dew in copious measure speaks to us of the all-pure soul of the Virgin, completely sanctified from the first moment of her existence by the plenitude of the grace wherewith God had endowed her. All other human creatures, since the first man and woman, had come into being devoid of sanctifying grace; their state of soul was represented by the parched soil upon which the fleece lay. Mary alone was worthy to hear the angelic salutation: "Hail, full of grace!"

The dry fleece is a type of the same privilege regarded from another point of view. The copious dew upon the earth around represents the flood of iniquity which inundated all souls through the fall of Adam and Eve. The fleece was untouched by moisture; in like manner the soul of God's chosen Mother was altogether free from the taint which affected all other descendants of the first created pair. The ever-present dominion of sanctifying grace and the freedom from original sin in the soul of Mary constitutes the privilege which we style her Immaculate Conception.

In the Bull *Ineffabilis Deus*, in which Pope Pius IX. defined the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, the Sovereign Pontiff speaks of God's eternal decree that the Mother destined to give birth to His Divine Son should be endowed with His choicest gifts, as a sign of His special predilection. "He poured out upon her," says the Pope, "more abundantly than upon any angelic spirit or heavenly saint, the plenitude of His graces in the most marvellous profusion. Being entirely exempt from the slavery of sin, she was

endowed with a perfection of innocence and holiness so great that no greater can be imagined after that of God Himself,—so great that God alone is able to fathom its immensity. For it was fitting that a Mother so worthy of veneration should be resplendent with the highest sanctity, and that she should be entirely preserved from the taint of even original sin, in order to triumph the more completely over the old serpent; since God the Father had determined to give to her as her Child that only-begotten Son, equal to Himself, whom He loved as Himself, and whom He had begotten of His own bosom, so that He should be at one and the same time the Son of God and the Son of the Virgin."

Although there are proofs innumerable that the dogma of Mary's Immaculate Conception has been constantly believed in the Church, for many ages it was not regarded as an express article of the faith which all Catholics were bound to accept. It was not until 1854 that Pius IX., yielding to the ardent desires of Christian nations, solemnly declared it to be part of the original deposit of faith. "The doctrine," said the definition, "which holds that the Blessed Virgin Mary in the first instant of her conception was, by the special favor and privilege of Almighty God, in view of the merits of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the human race, preserved exempt from all stain of original sin, has been revealed by God, and is therefore to be firmly and constantly believed by all the faithful."

It is impossible to realize, however imperfectly, the height of the dignity to which Our Lady was raised by her Divine Maternity without being struck by the absolute fitness of the prerogative bestowed upon her in her Immaculate Conception. The Word of God was to take flesh from her; had her nature been in the slightest degree defiled by sin, the taint would have rendered her unworthy of so close a union. It is inconceivable that a body which had ever been under

the dominion of the devil should become the abode of the All-Holy God.

But, apart from this, God owed it to His justice, His truth, His power and His love that Mary should enjoy her unique privilege. Justice demanded that, as the first Eve had received in her creation all the riches and endowments of a soul in perfect union with its Creator, the second Eve, destined to repair the fault of the first, should be no less liberally dowered. Eve was immaculate in her creation, therefore Mary must needs be immaculate also. God had given His word that the Woman should eventually triumph over the serpent; He had said: "She shall crush thy head." God's truth is shown in the complete fulfilment of this promise by the preservation of Mary from the effects of Eve's transgression. In like manner His power is manifest in the humiliation of His enemy; and His love toward the human race, and toward Our Lady in particular, in so generously enriching His human Mother.

For centuries before the solemn definition of the dogma, a feast was celebrated in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God. In the East it can be traced back as far as the sixth century; in the eighth it was kept in Spain, and by the ninth had been introduced into the Church of Naples. In parts of England it was observed in 1066; and St. Anselm, when Archbishop of Canterbury, extended it to the whole island. France adopted the festival a little later, after it had been carried from England to Normandy. In 1049 it was sanctioned in Germany, in a council at which Pope St. Leo IX. was present. Finally, Pope Sixtus IV. established the feast in Rome in 1476.

Various changes have been made from time to time in the liturgy by which this festival is honored; indeed, different churches and religious Orders had their special formulas. But in 1863 Pius IX. issued a proper Mass and Office for the whole Church, abolishing by the same decree all others. It will be well to glance

at some of the more prominent features of the new rites.

The beautiful antiphons for Vespers celebrate the spotless purity of Mary, and the glory it has won for her with God:

1. "Thou art all fair, O Mary, and the stain of original sin is not in thee!"

2. "Thy garment is white as snow, and thy face as the sun."

3. "Thou art the glory of Jerusalem, thou art the joy of Israel, thou art the honor of our people." (These words of praise were addressed to Judith, one of the types of Our Lady, after she had delivered her nation from the enemy that oppressed them; they celebrate, with regard to Mary, her victory over the serpent.)

4. "Blessed art thou, O Virgin Mary, by the Lord the most high God, above all women upon earth!" (These words have the same origin as the foregoing):

5. "Draw us, O Immaculate Virgin! We will run after thee to the odor of thy ointments."

The versicle, which occurs frequently throughout the Office of the feast, recalls the victory of Our Lady over the enemy of mankind:

"To-day is the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary."

"The Virgin whose foot crushed the head of the serpent."

The antiphon of the *Magnificat* is taken from the canticle itself; it celebrates the immense graces conferred upon Mary by God:

"All generations shall call me blessed, because He that is mighty hath done great things in me."

The Introit of the Mass, like that of some other modern Offices, is not taken from the psalm which follows it, but from another part of Scripture. In this case it has been selected from the prophecy of Isaias. The words of exultation are put into the mouth of Our Lady: "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, and my soul shall be joyful in my God; for He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation; and with the robe of justice He hath

covered me, as a bride adorned with her jewels." Then follows the first verse of Psalm xxix: "I will extol Thee, O Lord; for Thou hast upheld me, and hast not made my enemies to rejoice over me." Here, as in so many other portions of the liturgy of the festival, Our Lady is represented as pouring forth grateful thanks for her unique privilege.

The Collect runs thus: "O God, who by the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin didst prepare a worthy dwelling-place for Thy Divine Son; grant, we beseech Thee, that, as by the foreseen merits of the death of this Thy Son, Thou didst preserve her from every stain of sin, we also, through her intercession, may be cleansed from our sins and united with Thee." In this we have a summary of the teaching of the festival. Because Mary was to become the dwelling-place of God, she was preserved from all stain. We also are destined to be closely united with Him even here on earth. "You are the temple of God. . . . The Spirit of God, dwelleth in you," says St. Paul. And purity of heart is necessary for us too, if we desire this union to continue.

The Epistle is taken from the Book of Proverbs; it speaks of the existence of Divine Wisdom from all eternity. The Church has always interpreted this passage of Our Lord and of His Mother, since the Mother and Son are united in the eternal decree of the Incarnation of God the Son. Of Mary, therefore, it may be said: "The Lord possessed me in the beginning of His ways, . . . I was set up from eternity, and of old before the earth was made." The Epistle ends with those impressive words: "He that shall find me shall find life, and shall have salvation from the Lord."

In the Gradual the Church returns again to the type of Mary presented by Judith; the words used are those with which the ancients of her native city greeted Judith after her defeat of their enemy: "Blessed art thou [O Virgin Mary] by the Lord, the most high God, above all women upon

the earth! Thou art the glory of Jerusalem, thou art the joy of Israel, thou art the honor of our people." The words are literally true of the Blessed Virgin alone. She is the glory of heaven, the joy of the Church of God, the honor of the human race.

The Alleluia verse which follows gives the reason for which so great praises are due: "Alleluia. Thou art all fair, O Mary, and the stain original is not in thee! Alleluia."

In the Gospel we are able to find an allusion to the privilege of the Immaculate Conception. It recounts the salutation of the Angel addressed to Mary, in which she is styled "full of grace." This means that Mary possessed that of which sin had deprived Eve. It means that not only did she possess grace, but was even then filled with it, so that she was already resplendent with the perfection of purity. The Angel goes on to style Our Lady "Blessed . . . among women"; since she alone has never been under the dominion of the serpent, but has been raised up to conquer him through her Divine Maternity.

With equal appropriateness, the Church has chosen for the Offertory verse the first part of the Angelic Salutation: "*Ave Maria, gratia plena; Dominus tecum, benedicta tu in mulieribus. Alleluia.*"

The Communion verse applies to Mary the words of David in praise of the City of God: "Glorious things are said of thee, O Mary!" The words which follow give the reason of the glory of this mystic city in whom God was pleased to take up His abode: "For He that is mighty hath done great things in thee."

The words of the triumphant antiphon for the Second Vespers of this feast, placed before and after the joyous canticle of the *Magnificat*, will bring to a fitting close these thoughts on Our Lady's Immaculate Conception: "This day there went forth a branch from the root of Jesse; this day was Mary conceived without any stain of sin; this day was the head of the old serpent crushed by her. Alleluia."

Nameless and from Nowhere.

BY A. DEASE AND M. LACHESE.

XVIII.

WHEN the day came for Sir Cuthbert Tennant to start for Drinagh, young O'Malley would have given a great deal to accompany him; but he could not jeopardize his present employment by taking promiscuous holidays. If this last attempt at righting the water supply did not succeed, his only chance of ever earning enough to support a wife would be to stay on in the office where Mr. Dillon's influence had obtained for him a position. He had made every preparation for the old gentleman's journey, and had seen him off in the Irish Mail at Euston. After that he could only wait and hope for the success of his mission.

Sir Cuthbert had never been in Ireland before; and, after breaking his journey in Dublin, he made his way leisurely southward. At Drinagh station he was met by Mr. Dillon and Dick Burke; for it had been arranged that the old gentleman should stay at Ardrum, not at Mr. Dillon's own little house, which was equipped less with a view to the comfort of a visitor than to the owner's own ascetic tastes. The source of the river was not an easy place to reach except on foot or on horseback. But when, on the morning after his arrival, Sir Cuthbert found himself as far along the mountain track as Lady Burke's victoria could go, there was a small pony waiting to take him the rest of the way. Although it was many years since he had been on horseback, he was not going to let so slight an obstacle stand between him and the end he had come so far to carry out; so he eagerly mounted his charger.

On arriving at the pool, he set to work to examine the experiments that had already been made; and, found to his relief that what he proposed to do had not yet been tried. The lay of the pool,

and the fact that there was at least one spring higher on the hillside than the larger body of water, were both declared by him to be in favor of his supposition. But, though Mr. Dillon's men set to work at once to carry out his directions, Sir Cuthbert announced that it would be days, if not weeks, before he would be able to tell what might be the result of his efforts. He was hopeful, however; and it was also an encouragement to see that he was able to manage the expedition without overmuch fatigue.

Lady Burke proved an ideal hostess; and after a week of glorious summer days, spent partly on the mountains and partly in resting on the terrace at Ardrum, with the ever-changing panorama of sea and bog and distant hills before him, Sir Cuthbert declared that, were he not so old and so solitary, he would imitate his host's example,—desert London, and end his days amongst such beautiful surroundings. He was stronger, too, he said, than he had been for years; and, in spite of his almost daily visits to the pool, he felt able to go over the mill and the village, which, after what he had heard from Anthony, aroused his interest keenly. When the gardens, the houses, the class and clubrooms, the mill itself, had all been visited, Sir Cuthbert asked to be taken to call upon Miss O'Malley, whom he wished to see, both because she was Anthony's aunt, and because she was the owner of the little pony that had carried him so bravely up the mountain; and he wished to thank her personally for lending him her pet.

As the carriage drove up the little avenue, Lady Burke's thoughts went back to the first day she had gone to visit Miss O'Malley. It was summer again,—just such another day as that had been; and, on nearing the house, it seemed as though the silence that had greeted her first arrival was to be renewed. Now, however, Lady Burke was sufficiently at home to see for herself whether the seat under the willow tree was unoccupied;

for her gentleness had won the poor dumb lady's confidence, and she was always sure of a welcome from her.

She waited for a moment or two on the doorstep; for Miss O'Malley's bell had the failing, common to country door bells, of ringing in a somewhat erratic fashion. And she was just about to cross the lawn when there was a step in the hall, and Querida's mother came forward with a smile, holding out her hands in silent greeting. With an answering smile, Lady Burke turned to remount the two steps she had just descended, when she saw a change come over the face above her, and at the same time a strange, wild cry burst from the dumb lips. It was not a cry of fear,—that was Lady Burke's instantaneous idea. But before she had time to formulate any further thought, before she had time even to reach the dark figure that she saw swaying above her, the cry was followed by two words:

"My father!"

Sir Cuthbert had been admiring the beauty and quaintness of the old house and garden, and the lady had advanced to the top of the steps before he had noticed her approach. There was something familiar to him in the pose of the figure; and, with a swift, sudden pang, his thoughts went, first to his dead wife, then to his daughter, who was also dead to him. Had either of them lived to be the age of this woman—and then, as the light of youth came into her face at the sight of him, as the piercing, agonizing cry reached his ears, he knew her.

"Madeline! My child!"

She was down the steps and in his embrace. Her arms were about his neck, and the lips he had never thought to feel again were pressed to his. Tears of joy suffused her eyes.

"Father! father! father!" It was all she could say, but again and again she repeated it; and he, too bewildered, too much amazed to question, could only fondle her, calling her names of tenderest endearment.

"My darling, my little Madeline!" he murmured, forgetting that his daughter was a grey-haired woman now. "Speak to me, forgive me, and tell me all! How has it happened that God has sent you to me?"

She tried to answer, — tried to speak as he had bade her do; but the poor dumb lips that had been silent for so long refused to obey. Had the power of speech come back to her for that single moment only? It was an awful thought. She felt that she must scream aloud. She could not control herself, and scream after scream pierced the air. Dr. Keily had prophesied long ago that if ever her speech came back to her, it would be from some shock as great as that she had already undergone; and surely this was nearly so. But whether her mind could stand a second shock he had never dared to say.

They carried her indoors, for her screams had brought all the household to the door; and Lady Burke had sent her carriage off at full speed for the doctor. Querida was not at home, but Miss O'Malley and Julia hung round her with every restorative they could think of; for now she had passed into a deathlike swoon. At last, before the doctor had had time to come, she opened her eyes.

Querida, having heard in the village of her mother's sudden illness, had hastily returned home, and at this moment she entered the room. She was terrified at the sight of the recumbent form, motionless as in death; and, without even noticing that Sir Cuthbert was in the room, she flung herself beside the sofa.

For a moment her mother's eyelids quivered and she drew a deep breath. Then she turned her head so that her gaze fell on her daughter, and, passing her, it rested on the bowed white head of the old man behind her.

"Father, this is Rosamond!"

Her mother had spoken! The lips that for years had not emitted a sound were parted now, and thus Querida learned her own name. And not only that: her mother

had called the stranger her father. It was too wonderful, too incomprehensible. For a moment the girl thought that she herself must be dreaming. But before there was time for any explanations Dr. Keily entered the room; and he, seeing that the girl needed care almost as much as her mother, bade them take her away and tell her gently all they knew, whilst he attended to his own patient. The shock that he had foretold would give her back her speech had done its work, and now there was nothing to combat but the deathly weakness that had ensued, and the fear of undue excitement. But it seemed as though Nature was going to work her own cure without recourse to drugs; for, as the physician watched her, she fell into a sleep, from which he expected she would wake with the full control of her faculties.

In the meantime they had led Querida away perfectly dazed, not yet able to grasp all that was going on.

"Dear child," Miss O'Malley gently said, "listen to me. Did you hear what your mother said just now? This gentleman is your grandfather. The Blessed Virgin has obtained more than we had dared to ask for."

The speaker's own astonishment was boundless; but, for Querida's sake, she had to appear calm and composed. She continued:

"This is Sir Cuthbert Tennant. You know he has come over to see about the water for Mr. Dillon. He arrived here to-day, and when your mother saw him she recognized him at once."

The girl, looking up at her old friend's face, followed what she said, and now answered in a low voice:

"I understand! O Immaculate Mother, I thank thee!"

"It was true, then,—true that she had found a name and a family,—true and not a dream!"

"I understand," she repeated. Then, turning to Sir Cuthbert: "You are my grandfather."

"Madeline's child!" he said, holding out his arms to the young girl. "Ah, my dear, dear little granddaughter!"

He kissed her, and raised her face to look at her more closely. It was the same face, the same figure. Except for the difference in the fashion of the dress, it might have been the daughter he had lost sight of twenty years ago. He had not recognized his daughter at first sight; but Querida he would have known and claimed as his own wherever he had seen her. True, she was not like her father; but something in the way she looked at him made Sir Cuthbert think of his son-in-law.

"Your father, child?" he said questioningly. "Tell me of him before anything else."

"He is dead," replied Querida, "I never knew him, for he died when I was only a baby."

"Dead!" There was regret, remorse in the tone. "And I have thought of him and of your mother as living happily in America."

"He was killed in the railway accident that deprived my mother of her speech," began Querida; then the wonder of it all came back to her, and she turned to Miss O'Malley. "Tell him," she whispered. "You can tell him better than I. And now let me go to her. I am quite calm. I promise not to disturb her."

And, whilst she crept back to her mother's side, Miss O'Malley told the wondering old man as much as she knew of his daughter's story.

When Miss O'Malley had told all that she knew about Querida and her mother, Sir Cuthbert had, in his turn, to tell of himself and of his daughter's early life. But it was not until some days had passed, and Mrs. Mordaunt (for this they now knew was the lady's real name) was able to recall and relate the events immediately preceding the accident at Glan, that the whole story was unravelled and explained.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Children's Communion.

BY MERCEDES.

IT seems to me as in a dream I heard
The songs of little children soft and sweet,—
A great procession winding through the world,
All hastening to the Master's sacred Feet.

Ten thousand little lads of tender years,
Ten thousand little maids with soft pure eyes,
All climes and races, with small eager hands
Outstretching for the Bread of Paradise.

Pure-hearted little ones, with guileless souls,
All innocent of worldliness or sin,
Knowing but this: the Lord of Heaven comes
To make His home their little hearts within.

What reverent awe on every childish face!
What folded little hands mark earnest prayer!
Their simple, wondering hearts are opening wide
To make the King of Heaven welcome there.

O blessed Pius Tenth! thy prophet-heart
Decrees this train of little ones to bless,
And leads them, as in old Judea's time,
To Him who gladdens them with His caress.

"Pope of the Blessed Sacrament," all hail!
High Heaven rejoices at thy mandate strong!
The Sacred Heart of Christ must throb with joy
To see this eager, gladsome childish throng.

What though the endless warring of the Schools
May never find a place in childish breast!
The Master asks but faith and love and trust,
And children's hearts are those that know
these best.

We echo your *Te Deum*, little ones!
How blest ye are the envious angels know;
So come with guileless hearts to feed on Christ.
His Vicar speaks: the Master wills it so!

—♦♦♦—
WOULD you judge of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of pleasure, take this rule: whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things,—in short, whatever increases the strength and authority of your body over your mind, that is evil to you, however harmless it may be in itself.—*Southey*.

A Woman of the Tenements.

BY JOHN AUSTIN SCHETTY.

IT was at a funeral I first saw her. An Ancient Hibernian had died rather suddenly, by reason of falling from a roof where he had been working; and a variety of clans was gathered together to do him honor, — myself of the number, although not of the clans.

"Who is that lady?" I asked of a fellow-mourner, indicating a substantial-looking woman in the opposite corner, who maintained an outward air of becoming decorum, while the mourners in her immediate vicinity were regularly moved to stifled mirth whenever she spoke, which, it seemed to me, was seldom.

"That's Mrs. Patrick Desmond. The big man who just went out is her husband."

"She's a fine, healthy, fresh-looking woman," I remarked admiringly. Indeed, I might have said she was notably above any of the hard-worked throng about me, with her clean-cut features, fair skin, and robust figure. She was dressed tastefully, with no hint of cheap extravagance; and there was about her a contented air that impressed me forcibly.

"Is she well-to-do?" I asked curiously.

"Not exactly. Desmond's an iron-worker. Gets good wages, of course. But there are eight children, so he'd need wages to keep things going."

"Doesn't drink, perhaps?" I said.

"Just so! Soaks the coin away instead."

I made up my mind then and there that the Desmonds could not be overlooked. They would prove pillars of strength to the community.

Before I left that night, I met Patrick Desmond, and found him a big-hearted, clear-eyed man. But it was some weeks later before I met Mrs. Desmond. I was out on a professional call to one Chris Lanigan, a young fellow who had been prominent in his day as an amateur athlete, but who was now dying of that

tenement scourge, consumption. When I knocked at his door, it was Mrs. Desmond who opened it. I was frankly glad to see her. As the new doctor of the district, our common errand made us comrades at once, without any attempt at formality.

"Whist, Doctor!" she said, her clear eyes softening with pity. "He's very bad, poor boy! He won't be long bothering any one. I'm afraid 'tis little good the money from the benefit euchre will do him now."

"Was there to be a benefit?" I asked.

"Yes," she said, "next Monday night. Perhaps you'd like to go?"

"Well, hardly that. But I'll take some tickets." And then I knew our friendship was launched on a permanent footing.

Stepping inside, I eased the sufferer all I could. Beside him on a little table stood a bowl of broth. I sniffed at it.

"The very thing for you!" I said. "Take it when you can. It will do you more good than medicine. But who keeps things so well for you? I understood you lived quite alone."

His lips moved, and then, with an effort suppressing a cough that threatened to rend him, he gasped: "Mrs. Desmond."

"Mrs. Desmond!" I repeated, turning quickly, to find she had vanished. "And she with eight children of her own!"

I recalled some of the women I had known, who thought *one* child, and their household *badly* cared for, a crushing affliction. Quietly stepping out, I found Mrs. Desmond on the floor below, waiting at her own door. I remarked meaningly on the care bestowed on the poor fellow above stairs.

"Sure, 'tis the St. Vincent de Paul and the Sisters that do it all," she answered evasively. "Pat is president of the St. Vincent. Sometimes I think 'tis too much for him altogether, travelling round to help them all, after his own hard day's work. But his heart and soul is in it. And, after all, why shouldn't those that have health help those that haven't?"

I admitted that this logic was irrefut-

able. Then, with a sudden change of humor, she pointed to three of the young Desmonds, whose sturdy limbs proclaimed them worthy scions of their mother.

"Aren't you glad now you're not a woman, to have such a crowd of young boilermakers on your hands?"

She laughed a rich, mellow laugh, that had in it the lilt of the green hills and gurgling brooks far away. It was clear there was no false fastidiousness about her. She was proud of her motherhood.

"You're to be envied instead of pitied," I rejoined heartily. "There's not many women could boast as much."

"Foolish creatures!" she said scornfully. "I do be wondering what's the matter with some of them, at all, at all,—with their whimpering and their nonsense!"

"But this isn't all the family. Where are the others?" I queried.

"At school, five of them. And they're doing fine. Learning seems no trouble to them at all. There's a knock!"—as a summons came to the door.

I saw her take some bills from a pocket-book and pay the man at the door, who made a memorandum, and, nodding cheerfully, left.

"That's the instalment man, Doctor," she explained. "Sure everything I have here" (she ushered me into the sitting-room, which a glance showed me to be furnished in really good taste, simply and cheerfully) "is got on instalments. I'd be waiting for them yet if I were to do any other way. But I always pay up on time. And I can get anything I want anywhere."

I readily believed it; for there was a conviction of honesty about her that went straight to one's heart.

"You see, it's this way, Doctor. There's a day for everything. On Saturday comes Pat's pay; Monday, there's the insurance; Tuesday, there's the instalment man; Wednesday, there's the grocer (I always pay him once a week); Thursday, there's the milk (for we drink a great deal of milk; it's better than meat, Doctor); Friday, there's the butcher; and with

what's left I get the clothes, and put a little money away. I'm not the kind of a hector that doesn't save. No, indeed! I'm going to send Pat to Ireland this summer. The poor man needs a rest. 'Twill do him good to see his people again. He thinks we can't afford it, but he doesn't know how much I've saved."

"That's fine!" I commented, a bit dazed at the thought of a woman of the tenements essaying so much. It seemed incredible. But, looking at her, with her strong, resolute figure, her clear, truth-lit eyes, I felt it was possible, even probable.

Three weeks later, when Chris Lanigan died, I saw Mrs. Desmond again.

"Where's Patrick?" I asked.

"Sailed for Ireland last Friday. He really hated to go, he's that loving and kind. I had him dressed out fine. But I'm sure 'twill do him a world of good, though we all miss him terribly."

"I'm sure of it. You will be glad when he is back."

"I'll never let him go again,—never!" she said, with such heartfelt earnestness as was a revelation.

Six weeks later, the *Columbia*, with Patrick Desmond aboard, sailed for home. I well remember the joy of Mrs. Desmond and her children at the thought. They kept counting every day, every hour.

"In six days, children," she kept saying, "your father will be here!"

It was all very joyous until the last day, when ominous whispers began to gain ground that the *Columbia* had met with some dire mishap. The next day all the world knew the dreadful truth. The *Columbia*, stanchest of her kind, rammed in her vitals by a whaler, had gone to the bottom, with nearly all on board. It was terrible! It was horrible!

When I thought of Patrick Desmond and the waiting group at home, I felt benumbed, frozen, as though one of my own flesh and blood had been snatched away in the calamity. Summoning my wits and my courage together, I went to call on the family.

"I'm not crying, Doctor," said Mrs. Desmond, stonily. "I can't! Something is gone dead within me."

Her face was set in a fearful calm, rigidly unmoved, as though some portentous influence had frozen her lineaments for all time. It was more tragic, this outwardly calm demeanor at such a time, than the wildest grief.

"To think, Doctor, it was *I* sent him! O God, would I were lying forever in that cruel sea beside him! And now he's dead,—dead, with his heart full of love for me and these poor children! He never wanted to go; but, to please me, he did. And now,—oh! oh! oh!"

"It is terrible!" I said helplessly. "But I wouldn't give up hope altogether. One can never tell. Perhaps—"

But I never finished the sentence, for some one abruptly opened the door and stepped into the room. Mrs. Desmond and I stood petrified, frozen—for the some one was her husband!

"I was to come home on the *Columbia*, sure enough," said Desmond, when he could pry away the numerous arms that were twined about his neck; "but I got to the Liverpool docks just fifteen minutes too late. It's little we know what's best for us, for I'd have given fifty dollars to be on the *Columbia* just then. I was so anxious to get home! And, finding the *Eureka* sailed next day, I got passage on that. But didn't you get the wireless?" he asked. "Sure that would have saved you all your worrying."

"There's some one at the door!" I said, hearing a knock.

Desmond flung it open. There stood a messenger boy, an envelope in his hand.

"Desmond?" he asked.

"Your wireless, perhaps!" I hazarded.

"Sure enough!" He laughed grimly and handed the message to me.

"Don't worry," I read. "'Thank God I'm on the *Eureka*!'"

"Thank God I'm home!" said Desmond, joyfully and reverently.

A Roman Charity.

BY GRACE V. CHRISTMAS.

AMONGST Rome's many charities there are few so deserving of mention or support as the Children's Hospital, founded in 1869 by a member of an ancient Roman family, the Duchess Salviati. Until she originated the idea, no such institution existed throughout Italy; and it is not too much to say that the whole of her after-life was devoted to this great work. In common with the majority of important undertakings, its first beginning was a very modest one. Six children were received in a temporary room communicating with the convent of the Sisters of Charity of Zoccollette; and, as soon as funds permitted, a house was purchased and altered for hospital purposes. As time went on, however, this also proved far too small for all those who demanded admittance, so it was enlarged and the number of beds tripled.

In the year 1881, owing to the alterations which were being effected on the banks of the Tiber where the house was situated, the safety of the hospital was threatened, and it became necessary to make a fresh move. It was at this moment that the municipal authorities rose to the occasion; and, by way of showing their appreciation of a work which had already rendered such inestimable service to their city, offered to the founder, and those who were assisting her, a portion of the old and picturesque Monastery of Sant' Onofrio, on the Gianiculum, at a nominal rent; and there finally the sick children were conveyed.

It is a spot immortalized by the frescoes of Pinturicchio and Baldassare Peruzzi; and haunted by memories of the poet Tasso, who, attracted by the beauty of the surroundings and the purity of the air, came there to end his days on earth. "I caused myself to be brought to this monastery, not only because the air is

purser than in any other part of Rome, but also because I wished, in the conversation of these holy Fathers, to begin my conversation in heaven." So wrote the poet in a letter to his friend, Antonio Costantini, soon after his arrival at Sant' Onofrio, and when Death's icy finger was already beckoning to him. And truly it was an ideal place in which to die. From the window in the long corridor outside his room, Rome lay outstretched before his gaze, her palaces and cupolas bathed in sunlight; the yellow Tiber flowed beneath; and in the distance the Sabine and the Alban hills raised their amethyst-hued crests to an azure sky.

Apart from these memories of a vanished genius with which Sant' Onofrio is so inseparably connected, the church and cloisters are full of interest, and can boast of many artistic treasures. The former, built in the year 1430 by Niccolo da Forca Palena, in honor of the Egyptian hermit Honuphrius, is rich in paintings and frescoes; and contains, moreover, in the chapel of St. Jerome, the magnificent tomb of Tasso erected by Pope Pius IX. The cloisters, with their Old-World air of peace and tranquillity, are formed of columns of great antiquity. They are decorated with frescoes, painted by Domenichino, representing various episodes in the life of St. Jerome. The cloisters adjoin the monastery itself, which belongs to the Hermits of St. Jerome, founded by Blessed Peter of Pisa in the fourteenth century.

Since the entrance of the Italians into Rome, the community is considerably smaller in number than was formerly the case; and it is chiefly owing to their association with Tasso, which forms an attraction to inquiring strangers, that the Italian Government permits their present existence. What was once the monks' garden is now intersected by the new "Passeggiata Margherita"; but the remains of Tasso's oak tree (destroyed by lightning in 1842), under which, we are told, the poet used to read and pray, is

still to be seen upon a hill slope to the left, near a clump of cypresses.

It is here, then, that the Hospital of the Bambino Gesù, as it is called, is established,—here that the sufferings of thousands of children are alleviated, and the tenderest care lavished upon them, body and soul, by the sweet-faced, sympathetic Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. The rooms that required repairing were rebuilt; and, after a few months of anxiety and strenuous work, the hospital was completed, and capable of containing 180 little patients. The number of those who have been received there since its first foundation exceeds 17,000; and the personal staff now on duty consists of a chaplain, 22 Sisters, 15 doctors, and 50 nurses. Children, both surgical and medical cases, are taken from the age of one year up to twelve; and they are attended by some of the cleverest doctors in Rome.

In recent years the hospital has been greatly enlarged and generally improved. Three pavilions for the isolation of contagious cases, and those who attend on them, have been built; and all that modern research and medical science can effect is daily brought into requisition for the benefit of those poor little waifs of humanity, of whom many are the offspring of shame and disgrace. A large number of beds have also been added. But there still remains much to be done; and the work, supported as it is practically by charity, is, to a great extent, dependent on the subscriptions and donations of benefactors and casual visitors.

Since her mother's death, Donna Maria Salviati has devoted herself to the hospital. She is anxious that it should be made as perfect as possible, and is contemplating still further additions and improvements, amongst which is the construction of a wooden shed for carbon. At present the carbon is bought in small quantities, as there is no place to keep a large supply; and in order to maintain a uniform temperature in the wards, 7000 francs' worth is required every year. It would, there-

fore, be an immense economy if it could be purchased by the hundredweight in the summer, when it is cheap. A weighing machine for the carbon is also greatly to be desired, as well as shelters and tents on the terraces to enable the convalescents to spend the day in the sunshine and fresh air. A laboratory for the microscope and chemical analysis would be an inestimable boon. Improvements in the hydro-pathic section, in the way of douches, and so forth, are also a necessity; in addition to a large receptacle for salt water, so beneficial in the case of sick children that can not be sent to the sea.

By studying the statistics of those admitted, one can judge of the incessant progress made by this eminently up-to-date hospital since its foundation in 1869. In that year, for instance, there were only 11 patients; in 1870 the number had risen to 89. In 1874 we find 204 names on the list; in 1890, there were 305. After that there is a steady increase up to 1909, during which year as many as 1751 were received.

That which particularly strikes visitors is, I think, the spotless cleanliness and general neatness of the wards, corridors, operating theatres, etc.; these desirable qualities being, as a rule, chiefly conspicuous by their absence in Italian institutions. The little sufferers in their snowy cots, their tiny faces pinched, and their infantile beauty ravaged, in many cases, by inherited disease, are provided with every available comfort; tended night and day with love and sympathy; surrounded with sunshine and flowers; while Donna Maria, the moving spirit of the place, takes an intimate and personal interest in each one of them. Her entire soul is in the work originated by her saintly mother; and it is owing to her patience and perseverance under enormous difficulties, her unfailing tact, and her singular talent for organization, that the Children's Hospital on the Gianiculum ranks to-day as the best and most modern establishment of its kind in all Italy.

His Holiness Pius X., who visited it before he ascended the Pontifical throne, takes a lively interest in its welfare, and has bestowed his benediction upon all those who contribute to its support. "We remember with pleasure," he said recently, "the visit made by us twenty years ago to the Hospital of the Child Jesus, when we admired the affection and care lavished upon those young sufferers. Feeling confident that the pious founder has already received in heaven the reward of her labors, we call down the blessing of God upon all who in any way minister to the wants of these little ones. And they, in their turn, will never cease to pray for their benefactors."

And so this beautiful memorial of the Duchess Salviati's love and compassion for the poor and afflicted, carried on by her energetic daughter, lives, as it were, from day to day without capital and without debt,—a miracle wrought by the paternal Providence of God. In order, however, that Donna Maria, and those who co-operate with her, should be enabled to persevere in their charitable efforts, it is necessary that the future of this admirable institution should rest upon a sure foundation, so that the children now so tenderly cherished there will never be compelled to return to the cold bare wards of the public hospitals. And this, she tells me, can be accomplished by the endowment of more cots. If, for example, a hundred benefactors would each bestow the sum of 15,000 francs, and thus connect their names with the work by founding a bed, the future of the hospital would be assured, and their immediate reward would be a Mass, said yearly for their intention in the Chapel of the Bambino Gesù.

In concluding this brief and inadequate sketch, I will add, for the benefit of those of my readers who occasionally fly South with the swallows, that visitors to the hospital are always welcome, and are admitted every day from three o'clock to half-past four.

The Gipsy Chief's Confession.

THEY were seated near an open window in the old chateau, — the Countess de Sudy and her guest, the Abbé Denef. The bright morning sunshine shed a brilliant lustre on the rich draperies and priceless ornaments that were scattered about the room, and cast golden rays on the silver hair of the Countess, whose classic features still showed signs of her former beauty.

The priest, the new curé of the little village of Sudy, which might be seen in the distance, was a young man, barely thirty years old, whose bright mind and kindly manner had won for him many friends in the short time he had been there. The spiritual care of his little flock always received his most earnest attention. But he soon discovered that many important material improvements were also necessary, as the church, which was very old, was now in an almost dangerous condition; and the school, the good Sisters informed him, was too small to accommodate all the children who came to them.

The Abbé Denef was a frequent visitor at the chateau, where the Countess always received him with her warmest welcome. She was ever ready to help him in his numerous works of charity; but, best of all, her ample means would be of most valuable assistance in realizing the ambitious dream he had conceived—the building of a beautiful new church.

It was on this all-important subject they were just now conversing; and Madame de Sudy listened with deepest interest to the description of the plans just received from an architect in Paris. The Abbé was completely absorbed in this the cherished desire of his heart. He described so minutely every detail of the beautiful Gothic church, which as yet existed only on the paper before him, that the Countess could not refrain from smiling at the enthusiasm of the young priest.

"I wish that I could see our new church as distinctly as you do, my dear Abbé! But so far, you know, we have barely reached the foundations."

Nothing, however, could dampen his ardor; and when, in his apostolic zeal, he told his kind old friend of the higher work, the spiritual transformation he hoped to accomplish in the parish, she could find no more appropriate words of encouragement than these:

"God bless you, Father, and all that you will do for Him!"

Both were silent for a few moments; then she turned to him and said:

"Is your mother living, Father?"

"I never knew my mother,"—and she noted the tone of sadness in his voice.

"How proud she would have been of her son!" whispered the gray-haired woman, whose eyes filled with tears in memory of a long-hidden sorrow of her own.

The young priest's face also seemed clouded by painful recollections; and the motherly heart of the Countess read, in the far-away look of sadness in his eyes, the loneliness of his childhood days. Not wishing, however, to force his confidence or to burden him with her own secret sorrow, she soon resumed her usual cheerful smile. Then, in her sweet, low voice, as he was leaving, she said:

"Father, in our new church I wish to place two beautiful memorial windows in memory of our dead."

A gipsy van was slowly moving along the road that led from Nice to Sudy. The poor half-starved horses seemed too weary to go farther, and made frequent halts to nibble the grass that grew by the roadside.

"The lazy beasts!" a voice from the wagon was heard to exclaim. "At this rate, we will not reach Sudy before sunset."

Sudy—the pretty village, with its green trees, and the running brook which came from the hillside beyond—seemed like an oasis in the desert to these poor people, who had been travelling four days on the dusty highway, with the scorching

rays of the July sun beating down upon them. But at last the longed-for goal was reached. At the outskirts of the village the horses were unhitched; and the gipsies, young and old, tumbled from the wagon like a flock of birds let loose from a cage.

"Take care of Père Fenor, Pinson! Move him gently."

An old man with a long gray beard, still handsome in his tatters of faded finery, was lifted from the wagon with tender care by the arms of a young giant.

"Sudy!" said Père Fenor, with a look which seemed to recall memories of the past. "Yes, this is the place. I remember it well."

"Then you are satisfied at last," said Pinson, the young athlete. "This is where you have longed to be for many days. And certainly your choice of a camping ground was a good one."

The old gipsy smiled sadly. It was the smile of one who is in pain.

"Pinson, I am going to die soon, and there is something I must do before I go. Old Fenor, your chief, who for years has led his band through many lands, can not start on his last journey without having done at least one good deed."

Pinson looked surprised and a little sceptical; his eyes twinkled, as if this were a joke. But, seeing the earnestness of the old man, he felt sure that he meant what he said.

"Room for our chief!" Pinson cried, as he laid Fenor gently on the grass, in the midst of the busy group who were making active preparations for the evening meal.

Fenor watched them in silence for some time as they moved about him, and he seemed to be dreaming. At last, pulling himself up with an effort which showed his great weakness, and calling a child who was playing near by, he whispered something to him, adding many times over, "Abbé Denef, Abbé Denef,"—making the child repeat the name after him to be sure that he understood.

The little messenger started running

down the road; then turned into the fields, leaping the hedges as he went, seeming to understand that there was no time to lose.

Turning to the gipsies who had gathered about him, old Fenor said:

"Make haste with your supper. We are going to have a visitor."

They looked at one another in astonishment. Surely the old man must be dreaming. What could he mean?

"Yes, my children, we are going to entertain an honored guest. It is not often that we are visited by one of this kind."

"A priest?"

"Yes: the Curé of Sudy, whom I knew long ago, and whom I have sent for."

"What was your reason for sending for him?" they asked.

"A very important reason, though it may appear strange to you. Your old chief feels that he is going to die, and wishes to go to confession."

Not a word was said; not even a smile flitted across the face of a single one who stood about the old man. Their chief had spoken, and his word was their law. But they all turned to the road where the child had disappeared, watching with eager interest for the arrival of the guest. This would surely be a novel sight to them,—a priest of God in their midst, hearing the confession of their old chief.

They had not long to wait. The Abbé soon appeared at a turn in the road, with the little boy at his side, pointing to the camp which was hidden in the trees. Fenor called Pinson to raise him to receive the priest; and, after having presented his band each in turn to the curé, he said he considered himself highly honored that he should have answered his call. He then proceeded to explain why he had sent for him.

Being seriously ill, and feeling that he was about to die, he wished to go to confession, to obtain forgiveness from God, and to atone for his sins,—for *one* sin in particular. He wished to make his confession in public, to humble himself, and

to give good example to his companions at least once in his life.

"I have often enough taught them evil," he said, with an expression of deep regret.

"I am listening, my friend," observed the priest.

"Father, I was baptized and made my First Communion; but after that I never more thought of God or of my religious duties. I broke all the Commandments, I often, very often stole, what belonged to others. One sin, however, I never committed: I never took the life of another. In this respect I am as innocent as the newborn babe. And yet there is something,—the greatest crime of my life. I do not wish to die with this sin on my soul. Listen, Father, to my story.

"In spite of my vagrant, restless life, I had adopted a child—a little girl,—whose parents had been gypsies like myself. This child, my beautiful Carmen, was my joy and my pride. When she was twenty years of age she married a handsome, though worthless, young fellow, whose dissipated habits caused her much sorrow and misery. He died shortly after the birth of their child. The care of this innocent babe was now her greatest joy, and she might well be proud of the beauty of her little Ligui. But when he was three years old, Death robbed Carmen of this treasure.

"Oh, I can not recall without a shudder those dreadful days! The poor mother, distracted with grief, took her dead child in her arms, and said that she would end her own life, as she did not care to live without him. I did all I could to quiet her and to soothe her grief, but my efforts were in vain. She was really crazed by the loss of her child. She did not know any of us, and sat for three days rocking her dead baby in her arms, and any attempt to take it from her made her wild.

"Then a dreadful thought came to my mind: to restore Carmen to her senses by fair means or foul,—to give her back her child. I remembered that a short time before, as we halted near a little village,

we had seen a beautiful child—a little boy—playing in the garden of an old chateau; and, strange but true, this child bore a striking resemblance to our little Ligui. So great was this likeness that Carmen, calling to her the little stranger, and placing the children side by side, said to me: 'Père Fenor, see how alike they are! They might easily be taken one for the other.' And she clapped her hands with delight that her child, the little gipsy boy, should have been as favored by nature as the heir of an aristocratic family.

"And now, as this forgotten incident was recalled, I resolved to make a desperate effort to save the mind of my child. Messengers were sent to the village where we had seen this child. He was stolen from his home, and put in Carmen's arms in the place of the little corpse she had been clasping to her breast for many days. And when the stupor into which she had fallen was passed, and she awoke to consciousness, a happy smile came to her face at the sight of her boy strong and well once more.

"Father," the old man faltered, "has Heaven any mercy for such sins as this?"

"Go on, my friend!" said the priest gently. "God hears and is merciful."

"I did not profit long by my sin," resumed old Fenor. "In less than a year Carmen died. The little boy, the new Ligui, continued for a few years as one of our little band. He had grown dear to me in memory of Carmen and of the other Ligui—the real little gipsy boy. But our wild life and our uncouth manners were not suited to him,—the stolen child with his blue blood and instincts of refinement. He always seemed timid and depressed even with the other children; and one day, yielding to his longing for a more congenial life, he ran away. I did not try to find him, as remorse for having stolen the child weighed heavily on my soul after Carmen's death. But I heard that he had found a home with a cobbler in the village of Cunig."

At these words the priest gave a sudden start and became very pale.

"The man's name was Bertho," continued Fenor, who seemed not to notice the excitement of the Abbé. This cobbler took a deep interest in the child; and, as he was a widower and had no children of his own, he adopted him. I learned since that the boy had studied for the priesthood."

The Abbé closed his eyes, and in a voice so low that it could scarcely be heard by the others he said:

"Go on, my friend! You are sorry for all your sins, are you not?"

Fenor raised his head, and, calling one of the men to his side, he whispered something in his ear; adding aloud:

"Quickly,—go quickly!"

Then, turning to the priest, he said:

"Father, I wish to make atonement for that sin. My conscience would give me no peace until I had sought and found this child. And now I must give him back to his own—to his family. Oh, may I bring happiness where I have caused so much sorrow!"

There was now a deep silence. All the gipsies had listened anxiously to the words of the old chief. And in the midst of this strange group, with their rough faces tanned by the suns of many climes, their garments reflecting the rainbow hues, stood the young priest. His head was uncovered; his handsome face showed calm and serene; and the tranquil depths of his clear grey eyes did not betray the deep emotion which filled his soul.

"Do your duty, my child!" he said in a steady voice, as, after a few moments of private converse, his hand was raised to absolve the penitent.

"Well, Father, the little Ligui of those bygone days has since become the Abbé Denef, and the Abbé's real name is—"

Just then fast approaching footsteps were heard in the brushwood back of their little camp. Fenor's face beamed with joy. One moment more, and the branches were pulled aside to clear the way for the

Countess de Sudy, who now stood before them with the rays of the setting sun lighting her beautiful face.

Drawing across his heaving breast his old tattered plaid, the chief said, in a voice which, though it faltered slightly, recalled the tragic tones of the days when he was the star actor of this troupe:

"Abbé Denef, this is your mother! You are the Count de Sudy!"

Then, with tears in his eyes, the old man, by a supreme effort, knelt down before the young priest and received from his lips pardon and absolution.

Of the Advent of Our Lord.

(William Caxton, 1483.)

THE time of the Advent or coming of our Lord into this world is hallowed in Holy Church the time of four weeks, in betokening of four divers comings. The first was when he came and appeared in human nature and flesh. The second is in the heart and conscience. The third is at death. The fourth is at the Last Judgment. The last week may unnethe [hardly] be accomplished: for the glory of the saints which shall be given at the last coming shall never end nor finish.... Therefore the fastings that be in this time, be of gladness and of joy in one part, and that other part is in bitterness of heart. Because of the coming of our Lord in our nature human, they be of joy and gladness. And because of the coming at the Day of Judgment, they be of bitterness and heaviness.

As touching the coming of our Lord in our bodily flesh, we may consider three things of this coming,—that is to wit, the opportunity, the necessity, and the utility. The opportunity of coming is taken by the reason of the man that first was vanquished in the law of nature of the default of the knowledge of God, by which he fell into evil errors, and therefore he was constrained to cry to God: *Illumina oculos meos*,—that is

to say, Lord, give light to mine eyes. After, came the law of God, which hath given commandment in which he hath been overcome of impuissance, as first he hath cried: There is none that fulfilleth but that commandeth. For there he is only taught, but not delivered from sin, ne holpen by grace, and therefore he was constrained to cry: There lacketh none to command, but there is none that accomplished the commandment. Then came the Son of God in time when man was vanquished of ignorance and impuissance. To that if he had so come tofore, peradventure man might say that by his own merits he might have been saved, and thus he had not been bound to yield thanks to God.

The second thing that is shown us of this coming is the necessity by reason of the time, of which the apostle Paul speaketh, ad Galatas the fourth chapter: *At ubi venit plenitudo temporis*,—when the plentitude or full time of the grace of God was ordained, then he sent his Son that was God and Son of the virgin and wife which was made subject to the law. To that, that they be subject to the law he bought them again, and were received sons of God by grace of adoption. Now saith S. Austin that many demand why he came not rather [sooner]. He answered that it was because that the plentitude of time was not come, which should come by him, that all things were ordained and made; and after when this plentitude of time came, he came that of time past hath delivered us, to that we shall be delivered of time, we shall come to him whereas no time passeth, but is perpetuity.

The third thing that is showed to us of this coming is the utility and profit that cometh for the cause of the hurt and sickness general. For sith the malady was general, the medicine must be general, whereof saith S. Austin that: Then came the great medicine, when the great malady was through all the world. Whereof the holy Church remembereth in the seven anthems that be sung before the nativity

of our Lord, where the malady is showed in divers manners, and for each demandeth remedy of his malady of the physician. For tofore the coming of our Lord we were ignorant and blind, bounden to pain perdurable; bond to the devil, allied to him by evil custom of sin, wrapped in darkness, and driven out of our country, and therefore we have great need of a doctor or teacher, of ayenbar [redeemer], of a deliverer, of a conductor, of a lighter or illuminer, and a Saviour. . . . Then let us pray that we may in this holy time so receive him that at the day of judgment we may be received into his everlasting bliss. Amen.

The Matter that Concerns Us Most.

IT is hard to understand why any one should be in the least disquieted by Mr. Edison's declaration that he doesn't believe in a hereafter. If the thoughts of a cobbler on a Correggio are not taken seriously, why should the man of science, *qua* man of science, be supposed to be any authority on the eternal mysteries of the soul? If a poet, painter, sculptor, musician, or "the man in the street," knowing nothing of electrical science, were to intrude into Mr. Edison's laboratory and venture opinions regarding the experiments conducted there, the inventor would probably not give them a moment's consideration. He himself acknowledges that he knows nothing about electricity itself,—nor, of course, does anybody else. What weight, then, can attach to his opinion regarding the soul? Man is "an aggregate of cells," and his brain "a storehouse for keeping and giving records." Yes, but what about the power that presides over the storehouse?

In connection with this opinion of Mr. Edison, a remark made by Mr. Chillingham Hunt, in his famous essay, "The Deathless Soul" (a new edition of which, with short extracts from the writings of divers and diverse thinkers, has just appeared in

London), deserves consideration. He says: "The mind which rejects the doctrine of the soul's immortality usually bases its unbelief on materialistic grounds. Such a mind, judged by the ordinary standards of worldly intelligence, may possibly be accounted as able and accomplished when dealing with purely worldly questions; but beware of its opinions when delivered on spiritual questions, for they will be of the hardest and most unsympathetic character."

First among the common-sense reasons for believing in existence after death is the fact that we instinctively desire a future life. Annihilation is abhorrent to every right mind. M. Renouf bears witness that "a belief in the persistence of life after death, and the observation of religious practices founded upon the belief, may be discovered in every part of the world, in every age, and among men representing every degree and variety of culture." No belief of humanity is more catholic. Old Seneca said: "When we discuss the question of the immortality of souls, the universal agreement of men in their fears and hopes is an argument of no small weight." "We have a perpetual aspiration which tells that the body is ours for a while, but it is not ourselves," declares Coleridge. "Everything is prospective—and man is to live hereafter," says Emerson. "That the world is for his education is the only sane solution of the enigma." "I feel in myself the future life," wrote Victor Hugo. "You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of the bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, but eternal Spring is in my heart. There I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets, the roses. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and in verse. . . . But I feel I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like so many others, 'I have finished my day's work.' But I can

not say, 'I have finished my life.' . . . The tomb is not a blind alley: it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight; it opens with the dawn."

Another very strong evidence of the soul's immortality, according to Mr. Hunt, is afforded by the fact of its having, during life on earth, an activity which can be, and is at times, exercised quite independently of the body; this independence being conferred upon it to enable it to survive the death of the body. "To me," says Goethe, "the eternal existence of my soul is proved from my idea of activity." Science teaches that matter, so far as its atomic constituents are concerned, can not be annihilated. What difficulty, therefore, can there be as to the belief in the continuation of the existence of the soul?

In favor of the argument that a future life is needed to readjust the inequalities of the present life, Dr. Momerie writes: "We must remember that to immense numbers of our fellow-creatures life is infinitely sad. To many it is a struggle for bare subsistence, — a struggle monotonous, uninteresting, wearisome, disappointing. There have been, and are, and will be, a vast multitude to whom the word 'love' is an unmeaning term. Does not your heart ache for that vast procession of the unloved, whose life-path lies through dreary desert wastes, where the flowers of affection never bloom? 'Somewhere, somewhere,' as Oliver Wendell Holmes passionately remarks, 'love is in store for them; the universe must not be allowed to fool them so cruelly.' Yes, somewhere there must be compensation for the unsatisfied yearnings of earth. If not, then humanity is a failure."

We should think that any one reading the remarkable essay to which we have referred, and the thoughts on immortality by many thinkers appended to it (a few of which are quoted above), would find it incomparably harder to believe in the extinction of the soul than in its immortality.

Notes and Remarks.

Apropos of a subject mentioned in the recent address at New Orleans of the president of the American Federation of Catholic Societies, the *Western World* says:

In so far as elective offices are concerned, Catholics are as free to aspire to them as people of any other religion; and if we look around in city, State and nation, we shall find that Catholics who are "in politics" are fairly successful in running for office. The same is almost, if not equally, true of appointive offices, in which Catholics enjoy a goodly share of the patronage. In these matters it will not do for Catholics to seek preferment because of their Catholicity. They must take their chances as American citizens, as others do; they must base their claims to public or political recognition upon their fitness and their integrity as individuals, or as party men, if you will, but not upon any consideration of their membership in the Catholic Church. There may be some prejudice against us on account of religion, but this we shall have to fight down on broad American lines until bigotry shall find itself impotent at last.

Neither President Feeny at New Orleans, nor any other representative layman or ecclesiastic of our Church, ever demanded offices for Catholics as Catholics. What is demanded, and with every right, is that the Catholicity of an American citizen otherwise fitted for an office shall not debar him therefrom. Bigotry, let us add, will be most likely to find itself impotent in such matters when the distributors of patronage in appointive offices discover that it is bad politics to ignore Catholic claims for proportionate representation. And Catholic voters can enforce that demand whenever they wish.

In a recent book entitled "Progressive Revelation," the Very Rev. S. A. Alexander, M. A., canon and treasurer of St. Paul's, London, foretells the speedy dissolution of the Bark of Peter. It should interest this new prophet to know that the same prediction was made just two centuries ago by a worthy of Sheldon, Warwick (England), in a pamphlet which lately came under our notice

bearing this title: "A farther warning of Popery and of the second dreadful wo now certainly at hand, and of the third dreadful wo, 1710." A terrifying title, truly; but we venture to say that it caused as little consternation among the English Catholics of those far-off days as will be created now by the prediction of Canon Alexander. The Bark of Peter has weathered the storms of nineteen hundred years so well that it seems ridiculous to foretell her speedy dissolution at this time. The rickety crafts of the sects, without compass, ballast, rudder or commander, should be the concern of the calamitous Canon.

Shortly before the present political crisis engrossed all his activities, Lord Rosebery was solicited by a Protestant minister of a small Scotch village for a subscription to his church-building fund; whereupon the noble Lord read (or wrote) the minister something of a lecture. The same village, it seems, has another Protestant church; and Lord Rosebery does not see why two churches, two ministers, and two manse should be required for the spiritual needs of the villagers. "The case seems to me," said he in his letter to the minister, "to be an object-lesson of what is going on elsewhere, — waste of effort in one place, crying demand for effort in another. Scotsmen who wish well for their country can not but hope that the churches will soon agree, and put an end to a state of things so anomalous and so indefensible."

This would be intelligible enough in the mouth of a Catholic; but how, in the name of the basic Protestant doctrine of the right of private judgment, can such a position be held by any English or Scotch sectarian!

The present season, we fear, is likely to witness a general increase of an old malady, of which the Anglican vicar of Marlow has made a fresh diagnosis, and to which he has given a new name—

morbus Sabbaticus (Sunday sickness). Its attacks, he explains, come on very suddenly and regularly each Sunday morning. No symptoms whatever are observed on Saturday night. But, as church time approaches next morning, the attack comes on and continues with varying severity until the services are over. Then there is rapid recovery till the time of evening service, when there is sure to be a relapse; but later this insidious disease quite disappears until the following Sunday. Sunday sickness is difficult to cure and likely to become chronic.

It is stated that, by special permission of the Sovereign Pontiff, Requiem Masses were celebrated in the churches of the diocese of Salford on one of the Sundays of November, "as an aid to a greater devotion to the souls in Purgatory"; apropos of which a correspondent of the *London Tablet* writes:

Many readers of *The Tablet* must have welcomed this item of news, if only because it awakens a fresh sense of hopefulness that ere long the same privilege will be graciously extended to every diocese in England. It is sadly needed. With the scant observance of this Black-Letter Day in so many churches in this land — owing to modern exigencies, — devotion to the dead that was so deep and strong in the hearts of our Catholic forefathers is fast dying out among present-day Catholics. May God hasten the time when throughout this country the feast of All Souls will be kept with due solemnity on the Sunday within the Octave of All Saints!

We heartily unite in this prayer, hoping that the privilege will soon be extended to every country of Christendom.

Our British exchanges record interesting evidence given before the Commission on Divorce, recently held in London. At the opening of the Commission, Sir John Bigham, a member of the Court that deals with English divorces, stated: "My experience shows me that members of the Roman Catholic Church seldom come to our Court; and I attribute that fact to

the great influence of their priesthood, and to the respect which is inculcated among Roman Catholics for the marriage vow." Later on, a Dr. Glyn Whittle, an advocate of divorce, declared that he had questioned countless poor women, victims of habitual cruelty, as to whether they would avail themselves of divorce if they could get it. The answers had been most impressive. Protestants said, "Yes." Catholics said, "No." He could not recall a single Protestant exception.

To the question, naturally arising in non-Catholic minds, Why so great a difference in this matter between Catholics and Protestants? a writer in the *London Daily Dispatch* gives this thoroughly adequate answer:

Only in Catholicism is marriage a sacrament. . . . Protestantism will have none of it. The Reformation, in this as in other points a revolt from Catholicism, expressly declared that marriage is not a sacrament, — that it is essentially a secular matter.

The most prominent advocates of Home Rule for Ireland for many decades have disowned any hatred of the English *people*; the English Government has been, not without reason, the object of their undying enmity. And not all Englishmen hate the Irish or even Ireland. Witness the able reviewer of the *London Catholic Times*, "Papyrus." In a recent notice of a history of Ireland, he declares:

Celt and Saxon, differ they never so widely, have not such distinct characteristics as to explain, and explain away, the fierce feuds that have strangled the prosperity of Ireland and weakened the strength of England. Celt and Saxon! But I am a Saxon, and I beg leave to doubt whether there lives any Celt in whose heart beats a warmer love for Ireland than thrills in my own. I could die for her. As that may not be, I will live for her; and, whenever chance offers, will say a small word, weak and lowly though it be, of love and affection for the Green Isle, whose people have for centuries eaten their bread in bitterness, and planted their very hopes in tears. My love for England, I know, is not less because my love for Ireland is more. Like some fond mother whose soul goes out to

her weakest child—if the parallel be not an injury to the holiest form of human affection,—my soul goes forth with tenderest sympathy to Ireland. May my lips never falter, my pen never fail, to utter words of hope and happiness for her! Few have been the friends on her hearth; fewer still her friends on the hearth of her foes. Never mind! Justice will overtake ignorance, and judgment follow truth. The hopes men held have grown sere, and withered, and fallen off. But Spring has come after Winter, and the branches are green again. We'll have Summer at last. After the leaf, the flower, and then the fruit. God save Ireland! He will!

There are, doubtless, many generous Englishmen who share both the affection which "Papyrus" bears to Erin and his conviction that the goal of centuried struggle and faith and hope is at last within measurable distance. In 1879, when the Land League had been but a short time in existence, Ruskin wrote: "You know I never read papers, so I have never seen a word of the Irish Land League or its purposes; but I assume the purpose to be—that Ireland should belong to Irishmen; which is not only a most desirable but, ultimately, a quite inevitable condition of things,—that being the assured intention of the Maker of Ireland and all other lands."

There is in Valladolid a Catholic society known as Popular Social Action, which is interesting itself in the Spanish Government's persecution of the religious of their country. The society has published a statement containing official figures which prove how valuable are the services rendered to Spain by the religious. Members of the Orders, male and female, give free education to 133,991 children of all classes, whilst in the free lay schools there are only 5821 pupils. Religious take care of the sick in 422 hospitals. In all cases in which payment is made to them, the remuneration is slight. In 111 hospitals they serve without being remunerated at all. The Little Sisters of the Poor and Sisters who come to the aid of aged folk out of work support 8668 old people. There are

1503 nuns who devote themselves to attending the sick in their own homes. In reducing the number of religious the Government is therefore striking a blow at the poor and suffering. Priests and nuns who sacrifice their own comfort in order that the children of the humblest classes may receive their education free, that the patients in the hospitals may be well cared for, and that a friendly hand may be extended to toilers who are ill, or, owing to advanced years, are unable to make a living, are to be cast forth. With crushing force the Popular Social Action's statement adds that, while benefactors of the country are not to be tolerated, the immoral are allowed perfect freedom.

That the late Count Tolstoi was great in some ways can not be denied. But his extreme views on many subjects show him to have been a visionary, not to say a "crank"; and he was often treated as such where he was best known. No one doubted his sincerity; but this, coupled with his austerity of life, was what made him dangerous. His presentation of life's problems was strongly biassed, and many of his conclusions are utterly unwarranted. As an English writer pertinently remarks, "Were some of Count Tolstoi's ideas logically carried out, there would soon be no problems to trouble us—and no one left to trouble about them; for the human race would die out in the course of a generation or so."

In the oldtime classification of notable epochs, the seventy-fifth anniversary of such an event as a wedding or a religious profession was called the Diamond Jubilee; in more modern use that phrase has come to be applied to the sixtieth anniversary. Accordingly, the Diamond Jubilee of Mother Rose, O. S. D., recently celebrated at Holy Rosary Convent, Port Elizabeth, Cape Colony, means that this eminent Dominican nun made her religious pro-

fession away back in 1850. She was then in Black Rock, Ireland, where she did educational work for seventeen years before she went to Cape Colony. She founded the Dominican Convent in Port Elizabeth, and was prioress thereof for a quarter of a century. The energy and determination of her character, the strenuousness of her lifelong labor in the cause of education, and the attractiveness of her personality, made it inevitable that so notable an event as her Diamond Jubilee should not be allowed to pass unheralded or unhonored; and we are accordingly not surprised to find in the *Catholic Magazine for South Africa* a lengthy account of a celebration fully worthy of the occasion; the outstanding and especially gratifying feature of which, from Mother Rose's viewpoint, was doubtless the autographed Apostolic Benediction of the Holy Father.

Archbishop Bruchési, who has just received a cordial autograph letter from the Holy Father, congratulating him on the remarkable success of the recent Eucharistic Congress, has been of late years an energetic promoter of temperance. His efforts are meeting with notable success, too, as may be judged from his recent declaration to this effect:

Since I began my temperance crusade, I have in this way pledged 200,000 young people. I am sorry I did not begin sooner. As they grow up, we do not abandon them, but guide them into societies of temperance, graded according to age. A black cross, emblematic of sacrifice and the fight against evil, is given to every family; and when a mother takes her children, and prays with them and for them before that cross, "O Lord, have mercy upon my children! Keep them sober and be their protection," don't you think God answers her prayers?

Apobos of the contention that Catholic schools should receive from the State compensation for the secular knowledge imparted to the children, it is interesting to read the following summary of the Act regarding denominational schools recently

adopted in Holland, and, according to Archbishop Carr of Melbourne, giving satisfaction to all concerned:

1. When 20 heads of families in any district demand a denominational school, their request must be complied with, although State or private schools may already exist in the district.
2. Such denominational schools receive the same amount of Government aid for erection as State schools,—i. e., one-fourth of the outlay.
3. Teachers in denominational schools have the same claims in regard to salary, pension, etc., as State schoolteachers have.
4. The salaries in all schools depend on the grade of the school and the number of pupils.
5. Government fixes the grade of the school according to the standard attained by the children.
6. Subjects not contained in the Government curriculum must be paid for from private sources.
7. The original applicants appoint a committee, of which the local pastor is always president.
8. The committee are the legal owners of the school, and on them devolves the duty of presenting teachers for appointment and dismissal. The president of the committee is the acting manager.

Education being, in this country, a matter under State, not Federal, control, it is hardly extravagant to predict that within the next quarter of a century some State, in which Catholics and those Protestants (yearly growing more numerous) who believe in denominational schools are in the majority, will elect a legislature pledged to bring about such reforms in educational matters as will ensure fair play and only an equal burden of taxation to all parties.

In an address on the question of school neutrality during the recent Congress at Lille, Cardinal Luçon declared that the godless school had become a scandal in France, and that the failing of honor, patriotism, and faith in the young, as a result of irreligious education, constituted a grave national peril. It would seem that one-fourth of the crimes in France last year were committed by persons under twenty years of age. Categorically, 23 per cent of those condemned for theft, 15 per cent of the incendiaries, and 17 per cent of those guilty of crimes of violence, were minors.

Notable New Books.

The Son of Man: His Preparation, His Life, His Work. By the Rev. Placid Huault, S. M. R. & T. Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.

As is apparent from the title of this work, Father Huault is going over ground that has been repeatedly gone over before, so that to expect anything savoring of the original or the new in the substance of his book would be to ensure disappointment. Old truths and old stories may, however, be served up in new forms, certain phases of historical facts may be treated from an original viewpoint and with new emphasis, and, in such a book as this, old doctrines may be vindicated in heretofore unused ways against new fallacies, or old ones newly furbished up.

It is thus that "The Son of Man" justifies its appearance among so many apologetic works of a similar, not to say identical, character. Without going into the deeper subtleties of the Higher Criticism, or taking up the vaguer sophistries of Modernism, the author gives a plain, matter-of-fact, easily intelligible refutation of not a few present-day theories and errors of critics, Modernists, and infidels as well. Part I. comprises three chapters: the Fall of the Human Race, Expectation of the Redeemer, and the Second Eve. Part II. deals with the Child and the Artisan, the Teacher, the Miracle-Worker, the Prophet, the Personal Character of Jesus, the Son of the Living God, the High-Priest, and the Martyr. And Part III. treats of the Establishment of Christianity, the Effects of Christianity, the Christian Type, the Master-piece of Christ, and the Folly of Infidelity.

Joseph Haydn: The Story of His Life. Authorized Translation, from the German of Franz von Seeburg, by the Rev. J. M. Toohey, C. S. C. THE AVE MARIA Press.

There will always be a large number of persons in whose opinion the best of all Christmas presents is a really good book, — a volume that conforms to the standard laid down by Denham,

Books should to one of these four ends conduce,—
To wisdom, piety, delight, or use.

There will, accordingly, be nothing impertinent in the suggestion, to such of our readers as are deliberating about what Christmas boxes they shall select, that they may easily make a worse choice than the handsome, inexpensive, and thoroughly interesting volume whose title heads this notice. Haydn's life, as narrated by Von Seeburg, holds an attraction for a far wider circle of readers than those merely who are interested in music and musicians; and its lessons are of universal application. Father

Toohey's excellent translation of the original German work has been carefully revised throughout, and the reader will encounter no locutions that smack of the foreign tongue.

A demy octavo of three hundred pages, the book is clearly printed on good paper, and substantially as well as attractively bound.

The Catholic Encyclopedia. Volume IX. Laprade-Mass. Robert Appleton Co.

The steady advance of this great work is most gratifying. Hardly four months have elapsed since Vol. VIII. appeared; and now we have its successor, which completes the letter L and presents a considerable portion of M. Six additional volumes will conclude the Encyclopedia. The appearance of some new names among the contributors shows that the editors are sparing no efforts to secure the fullest and most reliable information on every topic treated. Chief among the recruited specialists represented in the present volume is the Rev. H. C. Ganss, who contributes a thorough and masterly article on Luther, occupying nineteen pages, with almost an additional half page of bibliography, which the student will find extremely helpful. This article is, indeed, a notable feature of Vol. IX., and Father Ganss is perhaps the only writer who could have produced it; he is certainly an authority on the great religious revolt of the sixteenth century in Germany and its leader. Another exceptionally valuable article by the distinguished Jesuit theologian Lehmkuhl deals with the Sacrament of Matrimony. A highly important and enjoyable contribution is that on the Mass, by the Rev. Dr. Fortescue, whose writings on liturgical subjects are invariably interesting and informing.

But to select only a few specimens as deserving of special notice out of an abundance of readable and instructive articles may be invidious; in addition to those already referred to, however, we may mention: "Logic," by the Rev. Dr. Turner; "Lourdes," by Dr. Georges Bertrin; "Manning," by the Rev. W. H. Kent, O. S. C.; "Lope de Vega," by Dr. Jeremiah Ford; and "Mary Tudor," by the Rev. Herbert Thurston. If we were to instance papers that we found disappointing, we should not fail to include those on Denis Florence McCarthy, La Salle (the explorer), and Bishop McQuaid. Hardly half a page is devoted to this great prelate, whereas the article on Cardinal McCloskey occupies three full pages. Of omissions we shall not speak.

Vol. IX. contains no maps, but it presents an additional number of colored plates, excellently chosen and admirably printed. The illustrations in the letterpress and on separate

plates (plain) are as numerous as they are good. On the whole, the present volume of the Encyclopedia will be found quite up to the high standard of the preceding ones; and the more frequently the work is consulted, the more valuable it will seem.

Mary Aloysia Hardey, Religious of the Sacred Heart. 1809-1886. With an Introduction by the Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S. J. The America Press.

This handsome volume has a twofold interest: it is the life-story of an extraordinary woman, one who did much for the glory of God and the good of humanity; and it is also the history of the Society of the Sacred Heart in North America. It is no exaggeration to speak of Mother Hardey as an extraordinary woman; for she had many qualities, any one of which would suffice to render the possessor remarkable. She was a born leader and ruler, one who inspired enthusiasm, confidence, and affection. That a religious so wondrously endowed, so like the sainted Mother Barat, should have been raised up to carry on the work of the Sacred Heart in America seems a special Providence; and that a life so precious should have been prolonged until every establishment was flourishing, and a host of laborers had been gathered and trained, must be regarded as a special blessing to the Church in this country.

Of Mother Hardey's inner life, glimpses of which are afforded in every chapter of the book before us, it is needless to speak. In two words she once sketched the portrait of a true religious of the Sacred Heart,—"one who has the zeal of an apostle and the love of a spouse." Her biographer presents a finished picture, every detail of which excites one's admiration. Even those to whom the subject was a stranger will realize that it is a true portrait, so unmistakably was her zeal apostolic; her love, whole-hearted, and her fidelity ever-constant. As Bishop Spalding beautifully said of her: "From the earliest dawn until evening she watched for the coming of Him who alone is worthy."

The volume is admirably produced, and should be remembered as a suitable holiday gift,—as a book sure to do good and sure to give pleasure.

Heroic Spain. By E. Boyle O'Reilly. Duffield & Co.

This is a thoroughly interesting account of a leisurely journey, eight months in duration, through a land about which more than one American "globe-trotter," and several American essayists, like the author of "Castilian Days," have spoken and written stupid inanities, eloquent only of their authors' unseeing

eyes and unintelligent conception of people and customs and institutions other than those with which they have all their lives been familiar. Eight months is, of course, altogether too brief a period for anything like a thorough study of a country or its people; but it is considerably longer than the average twentieth-century American tourist deems at all necessary for an authoritative pronouncement on any land that does not fly the Stars and Stripes, more particularly if the land happens to be one of those backward Latin countries that have wasted so much good stone and such excellent commercial sites on those useless old cathedrals and convents and monasteries.

Miss O'Reilly, although a Catholic, went to Spain with no particular prepossessions in its favor. As she tells us in her Introduction: "I went far from sympathetic. . . . With the cant and smug self-conceit of Northern superiority, I expected, among other jars, a shock to my religious beliefs." She used her eyes and ears, however, in the Basque Country, in Burgos, Valladolid, Salamanca, Barcelona, and a score of other cities; and declares: "After eight months I left Spain with the conviction that, magnificently faulty though she is with her bullfights, a venal government, and city loafers, she can give us lessons in mystic spirituality, in an unpretentious charity, in heroic endurance, and in a very practical, not theoretic, democracy." A readable book of travel, handsomely published, with sixteen fine illustrations, and supplied with a good index to its 440 pages.

The Diary of an Exiled Nun. With a Preface by François Coppée. An Authorized Translation. B. Herder.

There is little if any extravagance in asserting that no weightier or more telling indictment of the French Government, in its anti-religious aspect, has thus far been penned than will be found in the pages of this unpretentious record of a foully wronged community. No one who peruses the story to the very end, and takes account of the effect produced on his mind and heart, will contest the statement found in M. Coppée's preface: "Sooner or later all this [infamous persecution of French religious]—alas! to our own shame—will be recorded in history; and among the documents destined to authenticate the deplorable truth, one of the most conclusive and most trustworthy will be this book which I have just now read with keen emotion—"The Diary of an Exiled Nun."

The Diary covers the period from New Year's, 1904, to Easter, 1906; the style, while simple, is distinguished; and the translation is notably good.



To Our Heavenly Mother.

BY H. H. N.

☪ MOTHER Immaculate, Virgin most pure,
We come on this feast to thy throne,
Imploring a grace that thou lovest to grant—
Oh, make our hearts pure like thine own!
May never a thought that might sully or stain
Find room in those hearts, Mother pure;
May trust in thy goodness, and watching and prayer,
Our souls 'gainst all evil secure!
As Children of Mary, our hearts, dearest Queen,
To thee in their youth have been given:
Oh, keep them e'er pure from the least stain
of sin,
Till we join in thy praises in heaven!

The "Punch and Judy" Children.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

VI.

BENNY was soon asleep; but Froggy lay wide awake, his eyes staring at the ceiling. The thought of the Refuge had taken possession of him; he could not put it out of his mind. Once, standing without the iron railings of a "Home," not far from the neighborhood in which he lived, he had seen a crowd of children playing. They were boys of about his own age. They looked contented and well fed; but there was a sameness about their appearance and movements—a sort of mechanical come-and-go—that did not appeal to the boy who had all his life been free to do as he pleased and roam where he would. Presently one troop of boys formed ranks and re-entered the big grey building. A few moments passed, and another procession issued from the

broad, wide-open doors. Those boys were much smaller than the others; and Froggy, turning to a street vagabond who had edged up from the roadway to a place beside him, said:

"I suppose they put the big boys and the little ones apart from each other, don't they?"

"Yes," was the reply; "that's just what they do. There's a place for girls on the other side. If you've got a brother or sister in there, you can't see them only once a week. And, just as like as not, they'll send one of them off to the country to be adopted without saying a word to the other. I knew a girl, Nellie Mountain her name was, and she was ten. Her father and mother died, and she had a little kid of a sister, a baby just five months. There was another, and she was four years. Well, the Refuge people came and took the three of them, and they were all parted. The baby died, and that wasn't much loss, it was such a sickly one. But they sent the pretty, curly-haired one, Becky, to live with somebody that didn't have any children of her own, and never said one word to Nellie. That girl nearly died from crying, and she ran away one day and came up to my mother's place; and she said, 'I'm going to search for Becky,' and she went. And that's all any one ever heard of Nellie. Maybe she died on the road somewhere, or maybe she fell into the river and was drowned."

Froggy had turned shudderingly away. What if such a fate lay in store for him and Benny! To-night the remembrance of it came vividly back to him. Try to banish the unwelcome vision as he might, the spectre of the huge stone building loomed before him. Perhaps arrangements had already been made to take them away. He felt certain the policeman, actuated no doubt by motives which seemed to

him most kindly, had set the machinery of the law in motion:

As three o'clock boomed forth from the throat of "Big Ben," Froggy rose from his bed and lit a candle. With it in his hand, he passed from place to place in the room, collecting various small objects, which he deposited in two heaps on the box that served as a table in their miserable lodging. At last he pulled a battered pasteboard box from under the bed, and, opening it, took out two old and faded but clean red handkerchiefs. Tying up in each the different articles he had collected, he went to the corner and brought forth two sticks or canes,—one of rattan, the other of wood, with a crook at the end. They had been there ever since Froggy could remember. Occasionally he had seen his father use them.

By this time it was beginning to grow lightsome. He went over to the bed where Benny lay in a deep sleep, and looked down upon him for a few moments, the tears falling from his eyes as he gazed. Then he shook him gently by the shoulder.

"Benny!" he whispered. "You've had a good, long sleep. It's time to wake."

The child stirred uneasily and sat up in bed.

"Why, it's hardly daylight yet!" he said, glancing at the window, while he rubbed his eyes. "What's the matter with you, Froggy?"

"Are you wide awake? Can you understand what I'm going to say to you?" asked Froggy.

"Of course I can. What's up?"

"I didn't sleep one wink after I lay down," answered the older boy. "I've been thinking of what one of those policemen said,—that we ought to go to a Refuge. That, and something else, kept me awake."

"What else?" asked Benny, his hand now fast clasped in that of his brother.

"That maybe they'd come back and search us again. Once they spot you, Benny, they never let their eyes off you; you're never safe. They might arrest me

on suspicion; and if they did, and took me up, they'd send you to the Refuge. And if they didn't arrest me, they'd be more than likely to take both of us to the Refuge. I can almost believe I hear them coming up the stairs for us every time I listen."

"They'd never come so early as this, Froggy," said Benny.

"I know they won't come this early," rejoined Froggy. "I'm just frightened, that's all. But they will come some time, and perhaps soon. And, Benny, which would you rather do: go to the Refuge and have enough to eat, and schooling, and like as not be adopted by some man that lives in the country, because of your pretty, curly hair, and never see Froggy again, or come along with me now, while it's all quiet and still, and hardly any people on the streets, and take to the road and stay with me?"

For answer Benny jumped to the floor.

"Oh, come,—come quick!" he said. "Let's go now—this minute! Where'll we go, Froggy, so they won't catch us?"

"I don't know," replied Froggy. "We'll just walk on and on, tramping it till we come to some place we can stay. I'd like to see the beautiful green fields, and the streams with fish in them, and the flowers growing on bushes and smelling so nice, that mother used to talk about; and the cows grazing in the meadows, and the lambs running about. Wouldn't you, Benny?"

"Oh, yes, yes! Let us go." And Benny began to fasten his shoes.

"Don't do that. Take them off till we get to the street," said Froggy. "Some of them will hear us going down, if we make a noise; and maybe tell the policeman when he comes around to-morrow, because I feel sure he'll come."

Benny took off his shoes again and tied them together, then stood beside his brother, ready to start. Froggy produced the sticks, placing a bundle on each.

"They'll think we're two little Italian fellows," he said. "They'll think we've

just come over from Italy for the summer. Police are awfully good to those music boys with the guitars and monkeys."

"Wish we had one!" said Benny.

"Yes, it would be fine; but we haven't. We'll think of something as we go along,—some way of earning pennies."

"We've got the 'sov,'" said Benny.

"Yes, but I am afraid to have it changed. They might think we stole it."

"'Twouldn't do much good then. But it's fine to think we've got it."

The day was breaking as the two children crept down the rickety stairway, pausing at the door to put on their shoes; and a moment later they found themselves on the narrow, dirty pavement. A red glow suffused the eastern sky. The air was fresh and cool. Filled with the spirit of their new adventure, the uncertainty of which but served to render it the more attractive in their eyes, the two boys trudged bravely on through the silent streets, without meeting any one except an occasional half-intoxicated man, or some night worker returning to his home. Whenever they heard the sound of the policeman's step upon the sidewalk, they would dodge into the open door of some tenement until he had passed. They were specially desirous of avoiding this class of pedestrians. Froggy had taken care to provide himself with the remnants of last night's meal. When they had been walking steadily about two hours, and the houses became farther and farther apart, they began to perceive a large, open space of ground in the distance.

"That is Hampstead Heath!" said Froggy. "After we cross it we'll be in the country."

"How do you know it is Hampstead Heath?" asked Benny.

"Because I've often heard folks say it lay in this direction. It's the end of London. When we come to it we'll sit down and eat a bite."

Another hour had passed before they reached it. Few and far between lay the houses now; many of them had the

aspect of country houses, and some were surrounded by high walls. They were the relics of the old days, now entirely passed away. But at the time the two little boys were traversing the road there were still many vestiges left of an older and different manner of living from ours. Here and there a hillock rose in slight elevation above the flat expanse, stretching so far that, to the eyes of the boys, it seemed to end only at the horizon's rim. At the foot of one of them, clothed with a rough growth of low bushes, Froggy proposed that they pause to rest. The heat of the day had already set in.

Froggy opened the bundle he carried and produced some bread and meat. They both ate eagerly, and felt rested and refreshed.

"Froggy," said the child, "I forget if you said you saw the Queen day before yesterday?"

"No, as I have already told you,—don't you remember? But I saw the little princess."

"What's she like?"

"The princess? A girl about as old as I am. She was laughing; her hair was floating over her shoulders; she was dressed in a pretty white frock with a blue ribbon. But a few weeks ago, Benny, I saw the Queen out riding."

"Is she a pretty lady?" asked Benny.

"Not to say *pretty* at all," responded Froggy. "She looks *good*, though."

"Did she have her crown on?"

"Not that I could see, unless she'd put it under her bonnet. And I don't believe it would fit there."

"What kind of a bonnet was it?" Benny continued curiously. "All roses and bright ribbons?"

"No, indeed: plain, with ribbons tied under her chin,—just a good kind of Sunday bonnet that I've seen old ladies wear going to church of a Sunday."

"Wonder she'd dress like that! Where does she live, Froggy?"

"At Buckingham Palace."

"Is that far from here?"

"Miles and miles,—at the other end of London."

"Could a letter get to her?"

"What a question, Benny! Stands to reason the Queen gets letters every day. A letter can go anywhere."

"What if we wrote to her?"

"What about?"

"Asking if she'd get us a monkey or an organ or maybe a rabbit or a pair of—" Froggy reflected.

"I've heard she was very—very kind," he replied. "But I'm inclined to think she'd agree with the most of them that we ought to go into a Refuge. And if the Queen once set herself to that, we'd *have* to go. And yet, Benny, I don't know but you can look at it another way. For all that stay out of the Refuge and earn their own living, there's room for others that can't,—cripples and sick, and some that are blind. If the Queen helped us to get something we could earn our living by, 'twould be saving room, as I said, for others not so strong and able as we are. Maybe she'd see it in that way, if I could write it down clear."

"I think it would be a good thing to do it, Froggy. Let's try. Did you ever write a letter?"

"No," said Froggy; "but I know how, because father and mother both showed me of evenings. I'm not the least afraid to write it, Benny."

"But you haven't any paper, have you?"

"Want me to write it now?"

"Yes: the sooner the better."

"I've some paper in my bundle. 'Tisn't very clean, but I could write the letter now, and copy it some time when I had a chance."

"Got a pencil?"

"Yes, and one with a good sharp point, too. It's in father's book,—the one I always keep strapped."

Opening his pack, Froggy produced a shabby old pocketbook, from which he drew forth a pencil and some sheets of paper yellow with age.

"I think that paper looks all right," said Benny.

"Well, we'll try it."

Bracing himself against the bulwark of thick-growing bushes, and bringing his knees almost to a level with his chin, with many interruptions from Benny and erasures of his own, Froggy indited the following letter:

"DEAR QUEEN:—We are two little boys who lived, until yesterday, at Shore-ditch. You may have heard of it, though it's not a very pleasant place to live in. Our father and mother are dead, and Benny is not able to work; he is too little. I have to earn the money to keep us from starving. We are tramping it now and don't know how we're going to earn our living.

"They say you are a very good lady and kind. I think you look like it, because I saw you myself the other day when you were out riding. And I've often seen pictures of you in the shop windows, some with a crown on and some just in your plain hair. Benny and me we're awful afraid of having to go to a Refuge. They might take us away from each other. If you want to know if this letter is true, dear Queen, just stop some day when you're out riding at—"

Froggy hesitated. Here was a difficulty.

"Where'll I tell her to stop at, Benny?" he asked, looking up from his task.

"Truly, where?" echoed Benny, putting his finger in his mouth as he always did when perplexed.

"If we say at Mrs. Laurel's, she won't find us there; if we tell her any other place—"

"My, there isn't any other place. It's no use of our sending a letter if she don't know where to send the answer."

"Maybe we'd better wait a few days till we get settled somewheres," said Froggy. "No doubt there's post offices in the country. Two or three days won't matter. Besides, the paper looks kind of yellow, and it would be more respectful to copy it with ink."

"Be sure you don't lose it, Froggy!" said Benny.

"No, I won't. I'll put it back, folded just as it was, in the pocketbook."

Opening his bundle, Froggy took out the pocketbook, and, after having written "F. Bowie" on the back of one of the leaves, deposited the letter between the faded morocco covers. Then the boys took up their bundles and began to tramp the heath once more.

(To be continued.)

The Czar of Russia and the English Founder.

In the year 1844, Nicholas I., of Russia, visited England, and the people everywhere testified pride and pleasure at seeing the powerful Czar in their midst. Among the establishments in London that he wished to inspect was the famous foundry of James Nasmyth, where at that time new cannon were being tested under the direction of a celebrated military engineer.

One Sunday morning an aid-de-camp of the Czar, dressed in gorgeous uniform, presented himself at the residence of Mr. Nasmyth, and, with much ceremony, informed him that his Majesty would be pleased to visit his "magnificent establishment" that same afternoon.

"The proposed visit of Nicholas I. does me great honor," replied Nasmyth, bowing low; "but as it is Sunday it will be impossible for me to show his Majesty the forge in operation."

The aid-de-camp was greatly surprised, but smilingly rejoined:

"But would it not be very easy for you to have the engines set in motion for an hour or two? Give your orders, and you will see that my sovereign is not ungrateful. This is the only day—I am exceedingly sorry—that he can make time to visit your foundry."

"Sir, the grace of God is far dearer to me than the favor of your sovereign,"

answered Nasmyth. "Besides, if I were so forgetful of my duty as to wish my men to work to-day, they would not obey me: they rest from servile work on Sunday, like other Christians."

The courtier, not accustomed to deal with persons who cared so little for the risk of displeasing the potentate of all the Russias, was silent for a moment; then he asked in surprise:

"Do you never work for your Queen on Sunday?"

"Our gracious Queen, sir, would never think of making such a request; and if she did, it would not be obeyed,—not at least by me."

Kindness Rewarded.

The son of a poor widow was on his way to the University of Oxford. His mother, by a great effort, had raised sufficient money to enable him to finish his studies. When he was within two miles of Oxford, the young man found that he had lost the banknote which his mother had given him. He remembered that he had taken out his purse some time before; and, thinking that the note might have been blown out, he got down from the coach in which he was travelling and went back along the road to look for it.

After walking some distance he met a beggar; and, though he felt it important not to lose time in searching for his note, his heart was so touched by the pitiable condition of the poor fellow that he stopped to speak to him. Finding that he was going to Oxford, he offered to give him a note to a kind person he knew there. He put his hand into his pocket, but not a scrap of paper could he find; when the beggar suddenly stooped, picked up a piece of paper from the road, and asked him if he could not write on that. *It was the lost banknote*, given into his own hand by the very man in whose behalf he was performing an act of kindness and charity.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Unemployment and Education: A Lesson from Switzerland," by Mrs. Virginia Crawford, forms No. 31 of Educational Briefs, the excellent series of reprints published by Philadelphia's Superintendent of Parish Schools. The article appeared originally in the *Dublin Review*, and deserves wide reading.

—The *Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament* issues a handsome calendar, consisting of a cardboard background artistically designed and colored, to which is attached a pad containing as many leaflets as there are days in the year; each leaflet indicating day, date, and festival occurring, and presenting a short sentence referring to the Blessed Sacrament. Hence the name, Calendar of the Blessed Sacrament.

—Gen. Morris Schaff's new book, "The Battle of the Wilderness," is full of good things, and is likely to prove as popular as his other charming volume, "The Spirit of Old West Point." At a time when both faith and patriotism have become sadly attenuated, one almost marvels at the words Gen. Lee wrote to his son to comfort him after his wife's death: "We can not indulge in grief. Our country demands our strength and all our energies. My whole trust is in God, and I am ready for whatever He may ordain."

—B. Herder, St. Louis, has brought out a second edition of "The Young Christian Teacher Encouraged; or, Objections to Teaching Answered," by Brother Constantius, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. No material changes either in subject-matter or treatment distinguish the book from the first edition published eight years ago; and the best characterization of the volume is found in Archbishop Spalding's introduction to that first edition: "It is not a pedagogical treatise,—a collection of rules, formulas, and precepts. It is the utterance of piety, fervor, and love. . . . It is unlike any other book in English." As excellent as it is unique.

—The Duke of Wellington is a perennially interesting subject, and one never wearies of hearing stories about him. Parents particularly will be interested in the way he protected his boys from one form of temptation. In the course of some interesting reminiscences never before published, Sergeant Ballentine writes in an English magazine: "I may here mention that I once met him [the Duke] at dinner. He was then much aged, talked gravely and with great distinctness, ate but little, drank no wine, and left early. He was a member of the U. C.

when I joined it; and I have heard a story that he became a member of Crockford's, the famous gambling resort, that he might blackball his sons if they became candidates."

—From the office of the *Propagateur des Trois "Ave Maria"* (Blois, France), we have received several interesting pamphlets,—almanacs, reports of Marian congresses, etc. The devotion of the "Three Hail Marys" is apparently gaining ground in France, and France incontestably needs it.

—"Eric; or, The Black Finger," by Mary T. Waggaman (H. L. Kilner & Co.), is a reprint from the *Messenger*; and, like all the author's stories, is well worth reprinting. Our readers do not need telling that Mrs. Waggaman's juvenile fiction is of the quality that delights not only the young folks but their elders.

—The title of "Our Catholic Heritage in English Literature," by Miss Emily Hickey (B. Herder), is considerably broader than the scope of the work itself. Indeed, in the first chapter the author narrows her task down to a study of "a small portion of that part of our Catholic heritage which consists of our early literature." Within the limits set, the work is admirably done. The subject is considered intensively, the method is scholarly, and there is throughout a freshness and genuineness of enthusiasm that betoken "the divine amateur." These talks to Catholic teachers will furnish in many of our schools just the right point of view for the study of pre-Conquest literature.

—In "The Key of Heaven," by the Rev. Lawrence Moeslein, C. P., we have a sweet, simple melody woven about a legend of the early days of monkish tradition. The convent tailor, when dying, asked for his "key of heaven." Everything that might answer to that name was brought to his bedside, only to be rejected. At last his needle was produced. This proved to be the object desired. By his humble work all day long, every stitch offered to the Lord, he had won perseverance and peace at the last. If we are not mistaken, the poem "The Key of Heaven" is by Eleanor C. Donnelly the music only being the work of Father Lawrence. The piece, is published by the J. Fischer Music House.

—"Little Blossoms," by Sister Mary Agnes McCann, is a collection of verses published by the Sisters of Charity, at Mount St. Joseph-on-the-Ohio, Cincinnati, Ohio. The modesty of the

title-page, "Little Blossoms of Love, Kindness, and Obedience, Scattered During a Lifetime in Honor of our Immaculate Mother," is calculated to disarm the austere criticism that insists on "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" even in the most unassuming of minor poets, and has scant charity for limping feet, halting metres, and defective rhymes. The scope of the volume is explained in the appreciative foreword contributed by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Richter, of the diocese of Grand Rapids: "The poems cover a large range of subject. Many are in honor of the great mysteries of our holy religion or in praise of saints; others were written to former pupils, to members of her community or of her family; or to be read at graduating exercises, silver or golden jubilees of prelates, pastors, and religious; or to console friends bereft by death of dear ones; some were sung in a lighter and playful strain. Whatever their theme, they are melodious and deeply religious." We have only to add that the friends whose pressure induced Sister Mary Agnes to allow her verses to appear in book-form have no reason to cavil at the external dress that has been given to them. The volume is a handsome and well-printed one of 265 pages.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Our Catholic Heritage in English Literature." Emily Hickey. 50 cts.
- "Eric; or, The Black Finger." Mary T. Waggonman. 75 cts.
- "Joseph Haydn: The Story of His Life." Franz von Seeburg. Rev. J. M. Toohey, C. S. C. \$1.25.
- "The Son of Man: His Preparation, His Life, His Work." Rev. Placid Huault, S. M. \$1.25.
- "The Diary of an Exiled Nun." Preface by François Coppée. \$1.
- "Héroic Spain." E. Boyle O'Reilly. \$2.50.
- "Mary Aloysia Hardey, Religious of the Sacred Heart. 1809-1886." \$2.20.
- "Voices from Erin." Denis A. McCarthy. \$1.

- "Sermons of St. Bernard in Advent and Christmas." 75 cts.
- "The Truth of Christianity." Lt.-Col. W. H. Turton. \$1.25
- "Watchwords from Dr. Brownson." 50 cts.
- "Jacquetta." Louise M. Stackpoole-Kenny. \$1.50.
- "The Charity of Christ." Rev. Henry C. Schuyler, S. T. L. 50 cts.
- "Modernism." Cardinal Mercier. 56 cts.
- "The Cost of a Crown." Rev. R. H. Benson. \$1, net.
- "The Spaniard at Home." Mary F. Nixon-Roulet. \$1.75.
- "St. Thomas à Becket." Mgr. Demimuid. \$1.
- "Round the World." Vol. VIII. \$1.
- "The Attributes of God, Mirrored in the Perfections of Mary." 90 cts.
- "Mere Hints, Moral and Social." Rev. John E. Graham. \$1.
- "Donal Kenny." Rev. Joseph Guinan. \$1.10.
- "Later Poems." Father Tabb. \$1.
- "The Iona Series." 35 cts., each.
- "Biographies of English Catholics in the Eighteenth Century." Rev. John Kirk, D. D. \$2.75.
- "A Spiritual Canticle of the Soul." St. John of the Cross. \$1.95.
- "St. Clare of Assisi." Very Rev. Léopold de Chérancé, O. S. F. C. \$1.10.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Charles Damer, of the archdiocese of Baltimore; Rt. Rev. Augustus McNeal, diocese of Charleston; and Rev. John F. Kinney, diocese of Grand Rapids.

Brother Joseph Octave, C. S. C.

Sister M. Agnes (Ewing), of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister Patricia and Sister M. Collette (Barry), Sisters of Mercy; Sister M. Presentation, Sisters of the Good Shepherd; and Sister M. Alphonsus, Order of the Presentation.

Mr. James H. Douglas, Mr. Charles Roper, Mr. David Barry, Mrs. Teresa Bauer, Mrs. Hanora Coughlin, Mr. William Becker, Jr.; Mr. Francis J. Kelly, Mr. Willard Campbell, Mr. James Tobin, Mr. John Growe, Mrs. Finton Gleason, Mr. J. B. Hall, Mr. Thomas Doherty, Mr. Joseph Jobst, Mrs. Mary Phelan, Mr. Henry Lucas, Mrs. Mary Dowd, Mr. John Raleigh, Miss H. I. Mooney, Mr. William Yorger, Mrs. Bridget O'Brien, Mr. Caspar Todt, Mrs. Catherine Irwin, and Mr. C. A. Petschel.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXXI. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 17, 1910.

NO. 25

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

King Cophetua.

(An Allegory.)

BY A. D. SCOTT.

CAME the king at evening,
Came to seek his bride;
For he missed her singing,
Missed her from his side.

Found her in her chamber
Weeping silently;
No caress she gave him,
Fell she on her knee:

"O my lord, my master,
Seems I never knew
Until now my vileness,
Nor what is thy due!

"Seems I had forgotten
What thy dignity;
How were beggar-maiden
Fitting bride for thee?

"Low-born natures ever
Grow too bold when one
Stoops to them in kindness.
How shall I atone?"

Bowed the king and kissed her:
"Fear becomes not thee;
Love makes lovers equal;
Come and sing to me."

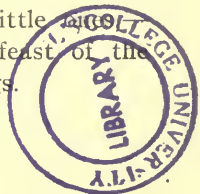
LIFE is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindnesses and small obligations, discharged habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure happiness.—*Sir Humphrey Davy.*

A Plea in Season.

BY T. G. D.

ONE does not like to grumble or to play the critic at Christmas-tide. There is the strong traditional feeling—on the whole, a sound and healthy one—that it is a time for looking at the best side of everything. So it is with much hesitation that I suggest doubts as to the wisdom and fitness of certain aspects of our Christmas celebrations in English-speaking lands. I am not referring to things that everyone who reads these pages regrets and condemns. One has no doubt as to the view to be taken of that travesty of Christmas to be seen in many non-Catholic homes, where all the holier aspects of the day are forgotten, and it becomes a time of mere eating, drinking, and merrymaking. Such a feast is surely little better than the old pagan Yule, living on in the midst of Christendom, and shorn only of some of its more barbaric features.

I am not going to discuss such pitiful ways of keeping Christmas. What I want to call attention to—at the risk perhaps of being considered hypercritical—is the fact that even in homes where the Christian feast is kept, and where religious observance goes hand in hand with social pleasure, there is often a strange introduction of ideas that must be rather perplexing to some of the little the children to whom this feast of the Christ-Child peculiarly belongs.



For instance, I am afraid that both in America and in England we are beginning to hear too much of "Santa Claus" at Christmas time. I have seen, on Christmas cards, and in Christmas numbers of newspapers and magazines, and in children's books, pictures of what one would suppose to be the Holy Child described as Santa Claus. He is seen descending from the sky amid a circle of light, bringing gifts for expectant little ones; or is heaping up toys before delighted youngsters, or slipping them into the stockings hung at the foot of the bed where they sleep. More commonly, of course, Santa Claus is a bewhiskered old fellow, with a pack on his back as big as himself. It is always Santa Claus in some form or other; and it would be easy to multiply examples of the confusion of ideas produced by mixing up the old traditions of the children's patron saint with those of Christmas, with which in reality Santa Claus has nothing to do.

For Santa Claus is no other than St. Nicholas of Bari, who lived about sixteen hundred years ago. He was Bishop of Myra, in Lycia, imprisoned for the Faith under Diocletian, and released under Constantine. In Crusading days, his relics were brought from the East to Bari, in Southern Italy, where they are still honored. The feast of this translation is kept even in schismatic Russia on the 9th of May; for St. Nicholas is a patron saint of the Russian Empire. Hence the frequent occurrence of his name in the family of the Czars. In old Catholic times, he was chosen as the patron saint of children and scholars, and of sailors, merchants and travellers. In many European seaports, a church of St. Nicholas stands near the docks and quays. The Dutch settlers of New York, in the days when it was still New Amsterdam—Protestants though they were,—kept holiday on his feast, December 6; and, using the Dutch (which is also the German) abbreviation of his name, called it the Day of San Claus. "Santa Claus" is a modern corruption

of this old Dutch name, and has no linguistic reason to justify it,—“Santa” suggesting, if anything, a woman saint.

In Catholic England of pre-Reformation times, St. Nicholas' Day was the school-boys' special anniversary, kept with high festival in "Our Lady's College" of Eton and in the cathedral and monastic schools. In Germany and the Netherlands it is still the children's feast. On the eve of his day, St. Nicholas pays a visit to the home or the school. The visitor who enacts the part wears a paper mitre, a long cloak, a white beard, and carries a wooden crosier, with which he knocks at the door after dark. The younger children are a little anxious; for the Bishop has a rod hanging at his girdle, and asks in an alarmingly solemn tone if there are any naughty children in the place. But he never goes beyond a threat; and he soon opens a wallet of gingerbread, sweets and toys, which he distributes, after exacting a promise that all will be good children till he comes again next year.

In schools and colleges, he sometimes appears as the leading character in a kind of mystery play, reproducing one of the legends of St. Nicholas as the children's protector. The scene shows a woodman's hut. It soon comes out that the woodman is very poor and also very wicked, with the ogre-like wickedness that seems a matter of course in legends and folk tales. A large tub in the background contains (we are allowed to hear) the bodies of two children he has kidnapped, killed, and salted down for a cannibal feast. But the entry of St. Nicholas, in full pontificals and escorted by angels, startles him into confessing his crime and begging for mercy. The children are miraculously restored to life by their patron; and, to save the woodman from further temptations, the saint bestows on him great sackfuls of provisions. One of the bags is opened, and is found to contain cakes and sweets, which St. Nicholas, the woodman, the angels, and the rescued children proceed to distribute to the juvenile audience.

A German or Flemish schoolboy looks for his cakes and bonbons on St. Nicholas' Eve, and for a further distribution of good things from the taper-lighted fir-tree at Christmas. America has not only turned St. Nicholas, or "San Claus," into the vaguely defined figure of Santa Claus, but has further defrauded the young folk by carrying forward their patron's distribution of presents to Christmas,—making one payment in kind take the place of two. And Santa Claus has crossed the ocean to England; and so on both sides of the Atlantic the children's Bishop is forgotten.

England, is responsible, I believe, for another interloper on Christmastide,—a thoroughly mythical personage—"Old Father Christmas." He is a favorite with the producers of Christmas cards and Christmas numbers, and plays his part in the buffooneries of pantomime. He is a burly, grey-bearded figure, sometimes Falstaffian, and, alas! even red-nosed and bibulous-looking. Children are told that he slips down the chimney at night to put toys and sweets into their stockings; or they are even allowed to see him. He arrives before bedtime on Christmas Eve, with his bag of presents; or he comes on a later day during the holidays, and presides at the distribution of gifts from the Christmas Tree. The younger children, half-alarmed, half-pleased at his coming, believe he is a stranger from some vague realm of fairyland and toyland; the elder ones penetrate the disguise of flowing robe, tow beard, holly crown, and altered voice, and recognize some friend of the family playing the part more or less successfully.

I wonder if it is worth while thus to mix up stories of unreality with the truths of Christmas, and to practise a playful deception, that is so soon transparent even to many children who still pretend to believe in it?

I have heard of little folks being advised to write letters to Santa Claus or Father Christmas, asking for presents;

or being encouraged to contribute their pocket money to funds to help "dear old Santa Claus" or "good old Father Christmas" to provide Christmas fare for poor children. At the risk of being set down as a prosaic old foggy, I must say that I do not like these fictions. They seem to me to be a kind of infringement on the Christmas realm of the children's King. There is surely scope enough for childish fancy among the realities of the holy time.

Looking back to my own childhood, I am glad that I never heard of Santa Claus in those young days, or had to puzzle my brains as to how Father Christmas could possibly come down the chimney. I was not asked to believe for a moment in either of those mythical personages. Presents direct from a loved mother's hand were good enough, without their supposed intervention; and, instead of looking forward to a visit from a tow-bearded Father Christmas, there was the delight of seeing on Christmas Eve, in some corner of one of the old rooms, a tiny cave built up of wood and paper, tinted to look like rocks; and inside, shown by the light of hidden tapers, the figure of the Child in the manger, of Blessed Mary kneeling in the straw beside it, and of St. Joseph looking on. It was the Crib, contrived by an artist friend to help the children of the house to realize the story of Bethlehem.

Perhaps it is on account of such memories that I resent the intrusion of Santa Claus and Father Christmas into the great festival of the closing year; and feel sorry for children who are first made to accept or half-accept these figments, and then gradually find out that they are only a poor kind of "make-believe." I imagine that a good many others think as I do, and this is why I plead for the banishment of such confusing fictions from the children's festival; clearing the ground for the better way of making all their associations with Christmas centre round the beautiful realities of the time, unalloyed by even the shadow of untruth.

Nameless and from Nowhere.

BY A. DEASE AND M. LACHESE.

XIX.

SIR CUTHBERT always cared more for his scientific pursuits than for the occupations and duties of a country gentleman; and, as soon as he became his own master, he had let his country place and taken up his abode in his London house, which in time he changed into a kind of geological museum. It was only when he was past middle age that he thought of marrying; and, though his wife was young and very beautiful, he chose a place in which to spend his honeymoon that was rich in geological interest. This was characteristic of the whole of his short married life. He was a wealthy man and denied his wife nothing; but his interest was centred, as of old, in his museum. Although Lady Tennant's death came to him as a great shock and a lasting grief, it brought no loss of companionship with it; and the little girl that she left behind her formed no part of her father's daily life.

The child was provided with the best of nurses and of governesses; and, when the time came, her father secured a chaperon who took her out, so that even when she was grown up the girl felt that, while her father was very fond and very proud of her, he did not need her as a companion. It was only when Sir Cuthbert found that his daughter wanted to marry a man whom he had never even seen that he began to realize that there is more in a father's duty than merely providing for the material wants of his children.

Carlos Mordaunt had lost both of his parents when a mere boy. His mother, who was a Spaniard, had owned large tracts of land in Old Mexico, where her son had been born. When Madeline Tennant met him, he had been so long in England that, except for his name and his dark Spanish eyes, no one would have

known of his foreign connections. It was this, however, and the fact that when he married he meant to take his wife back to Mexico, that made Sir Cuthbert set his face against the match. He would listen to nothing in favor of his daughter's suitor, and peremptorily forbade her to have anything more to say to him. The girl was only nineteen, and for the moment she had to submit; but she gently assured her father that, as soon as she came of age, she would marry Carlos Mordaunt. Even when, a year later, she repeated her determination her father remained obdurate, and the wedding took place without his consent.

The day before her marriage was the last time Mrs. Mordaunt had seen her father until he came to her, after all those long years of silence, in the old garden at Drinagh. She had written to him from her new home in Mexico; and, though she had received no answer, she continued writing from time to time. When Baby Rosamond had come to them, Mrs. Mordaunt began to look back with changing feelings to her own share in the making of the breach that now yawned between her and her father; and when even the letter telling of the baby's birth, and another, in which she begged her father to send her one line to say that he forgave her, remained unanswered, she asked her husband to take her home, so that, with her child in her arms, she might beg for the forgiveness that had been refused her for so long.

Mr. Mordaunt, coming back after all the years he had spent in England, found that the old life, which had been so delightful in his boyish days, was no longer to his taste; and, on learning that his land would find ready sale, he decided to return for good to England. This caused some delay in their departure, and Baby Rosamond was nearly eighteen months old when she and her mother left Mexico and embarked for Europe.

It had been arranged that Mr. Mordaunt should follow them a week later, and join

them in Cork, where they were to rest after the journey, whilst waiting for him. As it turned out, Mr. Mordaunt was delayed for nearly a month; and this accounted for the difficulty there had been in ascertaining the date of the arrival of the little party at Queenstown. They had practically cut all ties with the New World when they sold their Mexican estates; and although the purchase money had been invested in English securities, it was no one's business to trace their owners, and they had not had time to make any personal ties in Europe. Thus was explained the absence of all inquiries about them, as well as the failure of the efforts that had been made on their behalf by their protectors at Drinagh.

Sir Cuthbert Tennant had felt his daughter's marriage very deeply at the time, and the first letters that had come from her he had laid aside, unread. Then an expedition extending over several years, that he engaged upon, took up all his thoughts; and whilst travelling from place to place, hundreds of miles from post or from civilization of any kind, he missed the letters she had written at the time of the baby's birth,—letters in which she begged so piteously for forgiveness. It was only after two years had passed that these letters eventually reached him; and, though he wrote then to the address that was on them, he waited in vain to hear if his tardy forgiveness was accepted. At last his own letter came back to him, with no explanation beyond what was given in the pencilled words, "Gone away."

He had made careful inquiries, but they resulted only in the information that the Mordaunts had sold their estates and left Mexico. It never occurred to the old man that any misfortune had come to those for whom he sought. He read his daughter's letters over again; and made up his mind that, when she had received no answer to them, she had decided it was useless to continue trying to gain forgiveness from one who showed himself

so obdurate. He began to realize that, though his daughter had disobeyed him, all the blame did not rest upon her. From all that he learned, he saw that his objections to her marriage had been groundless, and he owned that he had neglected his duty in his absorption in the studies which were now all that was left to him.

Sir Cuthbert was too old and broken to take part any longer in the foreign expeditions that had formerly been his delight; and for years he had shut himself up with his books and his specimens, till, had it not been for the portrait on the wall of his study, he might have forgotten that he had ever had a wife or child. Thus it was that Anthony had found him; and the effort he had made in breaking through the habits of years and setting off to try to discover the secret of the water supply at Drinagh—an effort that, as he told Anthony, he made because, on hearing all that Mr. Dillon had done for others, he was ashamed to think how little he had ever done for any one—had brought him the richest of rewards. Through it he had found his daughter, and his unknown grandchild who had been until his coming a nameless girl.

XX.

The water had been found. That was Anthony's first thought when Sir Cuthbert, on the morning following the discovery of his daughter, sent a telegram to London, summoning the young man, who had sent him on this mission, to return to Ireland at once. But, on reaching Drinagh, Anthony found that his conclusion, though not wrong, did not explain the summons he had received. Miss O'Malley, in relating her story to the old scientist, had left one thing for Querida herself to tell, and that was her engagement to Anthony.

Just as her mother had gone to him years ago and announced her intention of marrying Carlos Mordaunt, so now did Querida tell him that she had promised

to marry Anthony O'Malley. But, instead of the refusal that had once cost them all so dear, Sir Cuthbert had a willing consent to give. From what he himself had seen of Anthony, and from what Mr. Dillon told him now, he was satisfied that his grandchild had chosen wisely, and he was all anxiety that the marriage should take place without delay.

He was by this time practically certain that his experiments on the mountain were being successful; and, as this was the case, Mr. Dillon also was anxious for Anthony's return. The scheme that they had made out together, whereby the young couple were to take his little house from him, was no longer practicable; for, besides what would eventually come to her from her grandfather, Querida was now the owner of all that had been accumulating for her father during the past twenty years.

Mrs. O'Malley, on hearing of all this, had written to her son, giving her consent to the marriage which she had before so bitterly opposed. And she had gone on to suggest that they should live at Ballyadden, to keep Mr. O'Malley company; as her health would never allow her to spend any length of time in Ireland again. The unfortunate woman had, indeed, wrecked her own life. Away from those who might possibly know what she had done, she was able to control the fears of being found out that continually assailed her; but at Drinagh, where she had made the plot, her life was unbearable. Another reason in favor of Mrs. O'Malley's suggestion was that, whilst they were discussing the advisability of it, Fanchea had come to her father to ask his consent to her engagement to Dick Burke; and this it was that finally decided the matter.

Ballyadden was to be Querida's home. But she warned Anthony that, although no longer living on the spot, her interest in the people of Drinagh would never diminish. The arrangements could not be exactly what Mr. Dillon had planned; nevertheless, Anthony would still be at

hand to help the people carry on all that had been started for them. The business manager could live in Mr. Dillon's house. That was the next suggestion. But when Dick's engagement made it advisable for Lady Burke to look out for a new home, she begged of Mr. Dillon to let her have the house that he was leaving. It was easy to have some extra rooms added to the quaint little place.

It was not altogether because she wished to be near her boy and his wife, whom she now willingly welcomed as a daughter, that Lady Burke decided to remain at Drinagh. She, too, had learned to love the mountains, and she was glad to think that at least for a part of each year her home would still be near them. Besides, she had not learned to admire Mr. Dillon's work without wishing to help it forward as much as lay in her power. She knew that, if she was living close to the village, it would make it easier for Dick, and for Fanchea as well, to take their part in those works in which the former was already interested, and which needed all the help they could get to keep them going, now that they were about to lose their author and leading spirit.

For their own sakes as well as for Mr. Dillon's and the people's, Lady Burke was anxious that the young people should have some more serious object in life than merely their own amusement. And it was not long before she saw how wisely Mr. Dillon had spoken when he said that Dick needed some one to fight with him, instead of having his battles fought for him, as his mother had done, and as she had hoped Querida would do after her.

With Fanchea, all Dick's best qualities were developed and utilized; and she, gay and thoughtless as she appeared to be, realized that in a truly happy life there is always room to think and work for others. In the village, her help was invaluable. When things went wrong, it was always to her that the others turned for encouragement, and her brightness and good sense never failed. Had it not been

for the thought of her mother, ill and lonely, yet firmly determined to live out her life away from them all, Fanchea often thought she would have been too happy.

And Querida, too, was very happy,—more quietly so, perhaps, than her little sister-in-law, but not less truly. She and Anthony were suited to each other every bit as well as were Dick and Fanchea. And, then, she had the happiness of having her mother near her even in her new home. Mrs. Mordaunt could not bear to leave the friend who had been so much to her for all the long years of her affliction. And so it happened that Sir Cuthbert's words concerning his wish to settle in the neighborhood of Drinagh, came true.

Once he had made the journey from London to Ireland, he no longer thought of it as such a dreadful undertaking. When he found that, in the house they wanted him to rent close to Ballyadden, there was a room that would make a perfect library and museum for his treasures, he agreed to take it without even looking at the rest of the place. It was fortunate, perhaps, for his comfort that he now had others to think of him; and so, while he went back to superintend the packing of his books, Anthony and Querida saw to the furnishing and arranging of the house.

By that time Sir Cuthbert's presence was no longer needed at Drinagh, at least so far as his experiments were concerned; for he had done his work well, and a steady and seemingly unending supply of water had been secured. The new looms, of which Mr. Dillon had dreamed, were set up; and the committee in whose hands the fortunes of the village now lay were kept busy seeing to the building of new houses for the laborers, and in selecting, from the numbers who applied for employment, those who were the most likely to prove good and useful members of the little community that was working to make Drinagh a model village.

While this work was going on, the founder of it all was far away; yet there

was not a man or woman in the place who did not believe that it was his prayers that were keeping God's blessing on the spot and on the people whom he had loved and worked for all his life. Some of his friends have seen him since he left them; for they have visited Mount Melleray. None of them, however, have spoken to him; for he has taken the Trappist's vow of perpetual silence. On one occasion Anthony saw him kneeling in the chapel, absorbed in prayer. He watched him long and thoughtfully; and, on returning to where Querida was waiting for him (for women are not permitted to enter the enclosure), he assured her that their friend had found a peace and happiness that even the most favored votary of this world could not enjoy.

A year later, the entire party—Querida and her husband, Miss O'Malley and Lady Burke, Dr. Keily and his wife, Dick and Fanchea—went again to the monastery to be present at the profession of the new Trappist. This time he was able with his own voice to make Querida understand the fullness of his happiness. Benediction had been given, and the psalm *Laudate Dominum* was being sung, when the one voice that she knew, and had reason to love so well, rang clearly above the others in her ears: *Et veritas Domini manet in æternum*,—"And the truth of the Lord endureth forever."

Querida did not know at first why it should have been those words that brought her his message. Then of a sudden she realized as she had never done before that God, who had called him to this life, was already giving him a foretaste of the celestial joys that were preparing for him forever. And, going back to her own happy life, she was satisfied to feel that the prayerful, toiling, silent monk was her true friend still; and that his life was, in some unseen way, helping her and hers to climb the paths that God had ordained should enable them one day to meet in heaven.

Sing Me a Song.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

SING me a song with a lilting tune,
 Piercingly sweet as a wild bird's croon;
 Sing of the meadows, of flashing wings;
 Sing of the beauty of hidden things.
 For, though the rivers are hushed and still,
 Laughter still lurks in each silent rill.
 Let us forget that the ground is bare,
 Let not our hearts be bowed with care.
 Sing of the promise of leafy June,
 Sing of the dusk and the fair young moon.
 After the Winter then comes the Spring,—
 Lift up your voices and sing and sing!

A Pupil in Saintliness.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF ST. PHILIP NERI.

PAOLO was a luggage porter in the days when the state of the Roman streets made it necessary for men and mules to carry the burdens that nowadays are disposed of by wagon and by car. He was a good worker and quite as honest as his fellows, and that perhaps was the best that could be said of him. As a Christian and a Catholic, he left much to be desired. For this, too, he was more to be blamed than many; for he had had a good home and a holy mother.

Whilst she lived, Paolo had never grieved her by going far astray; but afterward he had gradually drifted, doing as his companions did, and Mass and the sacraments were neglected and forgotten. His comrades drank and gambled, and he joined in with them. He learned their oaths and curses and used them callously. But something—laziness he called it, though maybe it was his mother's prayers—kept him from joining in their worst dissipations; and, although he neglected every other form of devotion, he did not forget to pray faithfully for the souls of his departed parents. As time went on, even this good habit was less

often remembered; and when the anniversary of his mother's death came round, he thought with shame how long it was since even "May she rest in peace!" had crossed his lips.

Paolo was passing a church when this thought came to him, and for the moment he was his own master; so, with a sudden impulse, he joined the string of people who were going into the building. Passing under the heavy leather curtain that hung over the door, he found himself for the first time for years in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament. It all seemed so familiar, in spite of his long neglect. He felt like a naughty child who has run away from home, and then, returning, finds that during all the time of his absence his father has been waiting patiently for him, and greets him, not with anger and reproaches, but with tender and silent welcome.

Paolo was ashamed now of his long neglect; and, slipping behind a pillar, he tried to recall the prayers he had well-nigh forgotten. In his boyhood he had often and often served Mass at the foot of the altar before which he now knelt; and the Latin words he had there repeated day after day came back to him when the "Our Father" and the "Hail Mary" taught him by his mother, in his own tongue, would not form themselves as they used to do.

Confiteor Dei,—"I confess that I have sinned!" So he prayed over and over again; and then, gaining confidence, he tried to say the other prayers which, word by word and by degrees, came back to him. He did not notice that a service had begun. Only when a priest came down to the pulpit, near to which he was now on his knees, did he realize that he was about to hear a sermon from one whom everyone in Rome, even the luggage porters, knew by sight and reputation.

It was "The Saint," as even in his lifetime St. Philip Neri was called. Paolo could see that, as he mounted the pulpit stairs, his lips were moving in prayer.

There was no thought of the throng which the rumor that he was about to preach had brought to the church; no thought of oratory or of personal effect. Like the Son of God in the Gospels, he was about his Father's business; and, until his hand was raised invoking that Father's name as he began his sermon, he was praying for a blessing on himself and on his words, that they might touch some heart and make it love God better.

It was so simple, all that he said, that even the luggage porter in his corner understood every word. "As a man lives, so shall he die. To go to heaven, one must die well, — one must die the death of a saint. And to die the death of a saint, one must try to live the life of a saint." He spoke for some time, but what he said was always the same: "As a man lives, so shall he die. And everlasting happiness is for the saints." Paolo heard these words with a feeling akin to dismay. "To die the death of a saint, one must try to live the life of a saint." He thought of his own life and of eternity. And still the preacher's words echoed on and on in his ears. He was one of the last to leave the church, but even going out he seemed to hear St. Philip's voice ringing in his ears.

Out on the piazza one of his comrades greeted him with an oath,—"And to die a saint, one must try to live the life of a saint!" He turned into the low drinking bar where he was wont, if not to get drunk, at least to drink more than he needed. He ordered his glass of wine, and sat down at his habitual table. The conversation usual in such a place was going on around him,—"And to die the death of a saint, one must try to live the life of a saint!" He put down his glass of wine untasted, and went out. There was no use in trying to ignore this new thing that had come into his life. It must be faced, and fought out.

"As a man lives, so shall he die." Well, why not? Paolo had no rooted objection to living the life of a saint, only he had not the least idea how to set about it.

The preacher himself was a saint,—all Rome knew that; so Paolo decided, after making a good confession, to go and learn the business from him. That was how he expressed it to himself; and, once his mind was made up, it did not take long to put his plan into execution.

He knew his way to the Oratory; and, ringing at the door, he waited patiently until a Brother came. So many people came to ask for Father Philip, from rich Roman nobles to men and women just like Paolo, that the Brother was not surprised at his request, only no one had ever before expressed himself as the luggage porter did.

"I want to see the Saint," he said. "I want to learn the business from him."

"What saint do you want?" asked the Brother. "And what business do you expect him to teach you?"

"Why, the Saint of this place, of course!" replied Paolo. "He'll know how to see to things for me."

The Brother shrugged his shoulders, and bade the porter follow him. Father Philip would understand, — he always understood.

Paolo was fortunate, as for once Father Philip was not engaged.

"Good-morning, Saint!" said Paolo. "I've come to be a saint, too."

"A saint!" repeated Father Philip, smiling. "That is a good idea. But you are quite wrong in calling *me* a saint. I am only a poor sinner."

The porter was taken aback.

"What! Are you not Father Philip Neri?"

"Now you are right," answered the priest; "I am poor old Philip Neri."

"Then you are saint enough to suit me," said Paolo. "And now for it! What am I to do to become a saint?"

For a moment St. Philip was silent, offering up a prayer for light how best to help this soul, so simple yet so ignorant, that was throwing itself onto his hands.

"My friend," he said after a moment's

silence, and he looked so holy and so kind that Paolo's heart was won, "do you know how to read?"

"To read!" exclaimed Paolo. "Why, yes! The Brothers taught me when I was a boy. I could read the Gospels and my mother's prayer-book too. Why, I still remember the pictures that were in it."

Going to his bookshelf, Father Philip took down a copy of the New Testament and marked some places in it.

"You see this book?" he said to Paolo. "Well, I have marked four verses in it. Read them over very carefully, and they will teach you how to be a saint better than I could if I were to talk to you for a lifetime."

"Only four verses! You're laughing at me, Father!" said Paolo, indignantly.

"Not at all. I am perfectly serious," replied St. Philip. "Read the four verses very, very carefully, and they will teach you at least how to *begin* to be a saint."

"And when I have read them I must do as they say, I suppose?" asked Paolo, only half satisfied.

"Certainly, if you want to be a saint," replied the priest.

"Very well. And I'll come back in a week to tell you how I am getting on."

It was characteristic of St. Philip that the would-be saint took his interest for granted; and, reassured at length, he went off quite happily, with his New Testament under his arm. A week later St. Philip found that in one thing at least his odd pupil had kept his word: he had returned to report himself, as he had promised.

"Well, my friend, so you have come back!" said Father Philip, in greeting. "That's right! And now tell me how you got on with those verses."

"Oh, the reading was easy enough!" answered Paolo. "But the doing them! That was quite another thing."

"How so?" questioned Father Philip, with a smile.

"Of course you remember what your verses were," replied Paolo. "Now, do you

really think all that they say is easy?"

"Not easy, perhaps," said Father Philip, gently. "But I thought you were able to do it."

"Able, yes! But it was pretty hard, I can tell you!"

"Still, it is the way to become a saint," persisted Father Philip. "If you want to become one, you've made the right beginning."

"Well, I *do* want to be a saint," said Paolo. "So I suppose I had better go on with it. But tell me what else I shall have to do?"

"There are only four or five verses more," replied Father Philip; and, taking the Testament, he marked the new passages as he had done the others.

He questioned Paolo, who answered readily enough in his own quaint way; and the priest was satisfied that, despite his simplicity, he understood what he was about, and was truly in earnest. When they parted, Paolo promised that he would come again in another week to report his progress, and in the meantime he was not forgotten in Father Philip's prayers.

But one week passed, and another, and yet a third; and, amongst all his duties, St. Philip found time to grieve over the weakness of a soul he had thought to be strong. He had quite given up hope of ever again seeing his pupil in sanctity, when one day, about a month after the due time, he was told that Paolo, the luggage-porter, was waiting to see him. He had not long to wait, for St. Philip hurried to him; but, on opening the door, he gave an exclamation of surprise at the change that had come over his visitor. He was leaning on a stick, as though he had not the strength to stand alone. His head was enveloped in bandages, and he had been cut across the face in several places, where the wounds as yet were scarcely healed.

"My poor fellow!" exclaimed St. Philip. "What ever has happened to you? Who has treated you so cruelly?"

"You have, Father!" answered poor Paolo, dismally; and then, seeing the priest's air of amazement, he explained himself more fully. "A few days after I was here last, I was engaged to carry a load to Albano; and, having packed it onto my back as well as I could, I was going along, thinking of you and your verses, when suddenly the horses of a carriage that was coming toward me took fright at my bundle and shied right into the ditch, upsetting the carriage, and kicking everything to pieces before they got themselves free. I threw down my bundle and ran over to see if I could be of any use. But do you think the gentleman who was in the carriage was grateful? Not a bit of it! He scrambled out as best he could, and, instead of trying to catch the horses or do some good, he fell upon me—as though it was my fault that his stupid beasts took fright!—and, before I knew well what he was about, he threw me over on my back in the mud. I could easily have made short work of him. Why, I could have lifted him up with one hand almost—he was no heavier than the bundle that had done the mischief—and pitched him into the ditch on top of the remains of his fine carriage.

"But I had just been going over those verses of yours in my head; and one of them was: 'Do good to those that persecute you,' and so forth. There was no need for me to turn one cheek or the other: he found them both out for himself; and my head, too, as you can see. It seemed to me long enough before he got tired of banging me about. But I just put up with it all; and at last he took himself off. It was all I could do by that time to crawl back to the city gate, and there they helped me to the hospital. No doubt you were wondering what had become of me all this time, but I got out only to-day; and as for my work, I won't be fit for it for another month at least."

"Which work do you mean?" asked Father Philip, laying his hand gently on

Paolo's shoulder, and looking with admiration at the honest, scarred face,—“carrying luggage or being a saint?”

Paolo undertood that he was not being questioned seriously.

"That's the worst of *your* business," he replied, with a rueful smile: "there is no stopping or resting in it. 'Tis hard. People talk of the heavy labor of a luggage-porter, but I can tell you it's child's play compared to being a saint."

"Paolo," said Father Philip, and now he was very serious, "do you think it would be less hard if you lived always in a community, as I do?"

Paolo looked at him a moment uncertainly. Then a great light broke over his face, but in a moment it was clouded again. "I!" he cried,—“I!” And he fell on his knees and buried his face in the rough serge of St. Philip's soutane. "I a religious! Oh, I am not worthy!"

But St. Philip drew him to his feet, and for a long time they talked together. At last Paolo's humble scruples were overcome, and he confessed to St. Philip how, during the long weeks he had spent in the hospital, he had been dreading the idea of going out amongst his rough companions and trying to put the maxims of the Gospel into practice. He had not dared to think of being admitted as a lay-Brother into Father Philip's Congregation; but, now that he was invited to join it, his joy knew no bounds, and he begged to be admitted at once.

There was no need for delay, and his request was granted. Under the same roof as "my Saint," as he lovingly called Father Philip, he was able to study from a living model what he wished to learn; and when, after twenty years of religious life, God called him to his reward, he died as he had lived—a model of humility, of obedience, and of prayer,—in very truth, a saint.

WHAT from the heart comes fresh and pure,
To other hearts finds entrance sure.

—Spalding.

Norry Donlan, Benefactress.

BY THE REV. MICHAEL EARLS, S. J.

"**T**HEN it's Norry Donlan that is the proud woman this day, Kate; and it's herself deserves the joy of the kind words," said Mrs. Doherty.

She was returning from the "late Mass" on a beautiful Sunday morning in October; and up the road with her walked Mrs. Holden, who was Kate Magrath in childhood days long ago in County Limerick. The women had been talking about affairs at home, and had reviewed all the topics of mutual interest by the time they reached the turn beyond the bridge. Here their pathways parted, Mrs. Holden's house being up the hill to the right. And here it was that Mrs. Doherty stood to have a bit of conversation about Nora Donlan.

"It's the words of the priest himself, I mean," she went on to say, as she noticed how inquiringly shone the eyes of her companion. "Sure it's himself, that same Father Dillon, that said the very words, and myself listening to every one of them." She looked down at the velvet-covered book which lay nested in her united hands; and then, lifting her eyes as if in holy admiration, she repeated her first pronouncement: "And it's reason Norry has to be the proud woman this day, thank God!"

-Impressiveness weighed every word of the utterance. Indeed, the comment of Father Dillon concerning any topic was always a sure matter of intense interest to every member of his congregation, and whetted the inquiring faculties of all his people. It is small wonder, then, that Mrs. Holden now stood spellbound, leaning her hand upon the wooden railing which ran up the hill, attentively waiting to hear all the details of the priest's eulogy of Mrs. Donlan. She bent forward to pluck away some furry seeds that her skirt had gathered along the roadside;

and, being back in the attitude of attention again, she asked:

"And what did the *soggarth* have to say, Ellen? Sure you mention it in such a solemn way, it kills me to be knowing it."

Mrs. Doherty drew a long breath, and was opening her lips for the recital, when, at a slight turn of her head, she caught sight of Mrs. Donlan coming along, with two of her children by her side.

"Then here is herself, Kate!" she whispered. "And maybe I couldn't tell you very well now, and she so near, and myself wanting to walk on a bit of the road with her, and my Dan at home waiting for his dinner with the children."

The two women moved on a few steps, as if to disguise the subject of their present conversation.

"Whisper, Kate!" said Mrs. Doherty, coming toward her companion. "Step over to-morrow night. (Sure it's fine weather we're having, thank God!) And I'll tell you the very words of the priest himself, and how I came to hear them."

Mrs. Donlan approached her friends and gave a kindly salutation. Her face shone with interior contentment; but the two women, with their trained and innate sense of respect, did not scrutinize it. As if in the presence of a superior being, they turned their eyes in other directions,—across the mill-pond or up the hill where the autumn colors glowed in the sunlight, or down at the children who leaned in loving silence on their mother's arm.

No long colloquy followed; for Mrs. Donlan was anxious to reach her home.

"Sure, John will kill me!" she said, with a kind smile. "I ought to be having the dinner ready by this time. John has a meeting this afternoon, and the children have the Sunday-school."

She bowed modestly to Mrs. Doherty, who, she knew, understood the allusion.

"Then I'll be walking along a bit of the way with you, Norry," said Mrs. Doherty. And, turning to Mrs. Holden, who was starting up the hill, she called: "Come over to-morrow night, Kate,—be sure now!"

Mrs. Holden walked slowly and thoughtfully up the hill, stopping now and then by the railing to breathe deeply the cool, clear autumn air, and to fill her eyes with that delight that comes to every Celtic soul at any vision of beautiful nature. And, being in no great hurry to reach her cottage—for her daughters were grown, and would have every household care attended to,—she took time to enjoy the splendor of the morning and the peace that was in her heart. Some strains of an old Irish tune came to her, and she began to hum the pathetic cadences. She had not the breath for singing, after the arduous ascent of the hill, neither was this the place nor the time to indulge her Irish heart in song. She put her elbows upon the railing and leaned forward to look long at the picture that lay before her vision.

The mill-pond had the spirit of the day upon it,—restful and bright, basking in the golden sun, reflecting the deep blue of the skies above and the occasional cloud that blew across like a white angel. There was no sound of whirring spindles and clattering looms from the great mill beyond the flume; and the white curtains showed in the windows like badges of rest upon the breast of Labor. Off in the distance, the steeple of the church arose among the pines; and through an opening in the trees could be seen the dark, gray house where the pastor and his curate lived.

"It was the fine sermon he gave us this morning," Mrs. Holden said to herself, when she stood there in the quiet of a reflective mood. "And I wonder what were the great words he had of Norry, that she can be so proud of them, as Ellen Doherty says?" She moved to get a better view of the priest's house, and then resumed her attitude of repose. "Anyway, it's the kind word that is easy for Father Dillon these last years. He's always ready with the good message and the helpful deed, may the Lord reward him! See what he said to myself,—that

he hoped my own Jimmie would yet go to college and do great things."

This was, indeed, the parish judgment now on Father Dillon; Mrs. Holden's words were the frequent comment of all the parishioners. Time was, in the younger days of the pastor, when he strove to drive only the fear of God into the hearts of his people, and waited not to inculcate other lessons. He had come to his little New England parish with all the seminary severity fast upon him. There was meagre tenderness in his voice at any speech then. But he was among a people who would sooner cut off a right hand than attempt to judge a priest even in his social dealings with them; and Father Dillon's sternness, which at times seemed the very essence of harshness, met with patience and respectful toleration. It probably lost to him and his work the full esteem and love of timid souls, but it helped to make religion sturdy and vigorous in the others. He had instilled into the depths of their hearts the beginning of wisdom, which is the fear of the Lord.

Then, as the years went past, and Father Dillon's shoulders began to stoop and the hair turn white upon his venerable head, he had the large experience of life to prompt his lips to another lesson—the sweet mercy and compassionate love of Christ, who will not crush the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax. This now was his constant doctrine—the mercy of God that is above all His works; this inspired his dealings with his loving and devoted flock. The very sermon which he had given to-day exemplified his present character; and even so simple a person among his auditors as Mrs. Holden had this thought among her reflections.

"Sure, when he preached on to-day's Gospel in his early years," she whispered to herself, "he used to make us shiver with the fear."

The Gospel she alluded to contained these verses: "Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more

that they can do. But I will show you whom you shall fear: fear ye Him who, after He hath killed, hath power to cast into hell. Yea, I say to you, fear Him."

"But now," continued the thoughts of Mrs. Holden, "he gives more time to the other verses and the way they show the mercy and care of God."

The next verse of this oft-preached Gospel was: "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God? . . . Fear not, therefore: you are of more value than many sparrows."

And because of this new spirit in the heart of Father Dillon, his influence among his people grew boundless; and his temporal reward, if he valued such a passing thing, increased manifold. Young and old came nearer to him, to make him partake of their little joys and sorrows. The constant demands that he had for parish expenses, especially the school, were met by ready hands; and the roads to spiritual perfection which he pointed out found willing feet to travel them. Beyond the counting now was the number of the girls who had gone to "take the veil" in the convent. And, though he knew that there was plenty of work at home in the diocese for new priests, he was overjoyed when two of his boys came to consult him about their vocations. One wished to go on a foreign mission and the other to a religious Order.

"You will have my best blessing," he said solemnly to them. "And I can tell you what I heard the Bishop himself say at the seminary last spring. We were there at the funeral of one of the old professors, and the Bishop gave a little talk to the young men. In the course of it he said that any of the candidates from his diocese had his permission at any time to join a religious Order. I ought to say no less to those that ask me. And as for myself," he smiled and put his hand on the head of the boy nearest to him,—"as for myself, I suppose I will end my days in a monastery."

With the passing of the years, Father Dillon's zeal for spiritual things in the work of the Church increased; and when he had regulated his parish as far as he could, a new plan came to his mind and won all the devotion and energy of his ambitious spirit. He had often noticed a large, unused hotel which stood among broad lawns on a hill at one end of the town. It was an imposing building, and to his eye suggested one thing: it would make an ideal home for orphan children, under the care of the Sisters. For a multiplicity of reasons, it had not succeeded as a hotel; it should, therefore, sell at an easy price; it would take very little to adapt it for new purposes; and the proprietor was anxious enough to let it go to any purchaser.

Father Dillon began an ardent campaign for his new project. He would put his last cent into it; some pastors in Worcester would assist him; the Bishop would give his blessing and approbation; the men of the parish would go over there on holidays and attend to the repairs and the remodelling; and many a good person in town would send out furniture and such things to help furnish the place. "And think of it," he said in one of his fervent utterances, his voice being eloquence itself,—"think of it, my dear brethren! A new chapel for Our Lord to be with us night and day, where the children may go to speak to Him; where you, too, may be nearer the daily Mass, and then have easier opportunities for daily Communion, as the Holy Father wishes."

These appeals of Father Dillon for the new convent came just at this moment into the thoughts of Mrs. Holden, and this is the reason for alluding to them here. They were the subject-matter now of the mood that held her at her station under the larch, looking out over the beautiful valley. In her curiosity to know the statement of the priest about her neighbor, she scanned all the tablets of her memory, dwelling on every item that might answer to her spirit of conjecture.

"That's the very thing, I'll warrant it," she said with assurance, as she moved homeward. "It's some plan Norry has to help the new Home. Maybe a bazaar or a festival or 'what not' that she has in mind to get money to bring the nuns and the poor orphans here. And as sure as not Father Dillon got word of Norry's intentions, and he made the great praise of her that Ellen Doherty thinks so grand."

Mrs. Holden's conclusions had guessed at part of the truth. On the following evening, with her son Jimmie at her side, she hastened across the fields to Mrs. Doherty's house; and her inquisitive spirit could not be satisfied till she was listening to the full history of Father Dillon's golden words.

"Sure, Kate," said Mrs. Doherty, as she drew a rocking-chair toward her visitor, "it was just like this that I came to overhear it; though it's not one of my blood to stand listening unbeknownst; and I know that Father Dillon left the doors open just so that I could hear what he said. Well, I was down at the priest's house with my Johnnie last Monday evening, and who came in and was shown into the parlor across the way but Norry and her little Eddie! And as soon as Father Dillon came down he noticed her first, the parlor being right foreinst the foot of the stairs; and he stepped in to see her. Then what has Norry to say but her heart of praise about the new convent, and the healthy place it will be for the nuns and the poor childer, God bless them—"

"Sure, didn't I guess that it was about the Home Norry had to do?" came Mrs. Holden's interruption of the narrative, and she smiled with satisfaction at her keen intuitions.

"But you didn't guess it all, Kate," was the answer. "It's beyond you to think of what Father Dillon replied. For Norry went on with her words of blessing on the new Home, the same as we all have to say of it; and she came then to her point. She asked his reverence if it would take much to be a benefactress of

the Home. She knew that some ladies from the city had made grand contributions of a thousand dollars. Norry said that she couldn't do that much, but she had a hundred dollars that she could spare, please God; 'for,' says Norry, 'the Lord is good, and we have our health. It's only a cup of cold water maybe in so big an undertaking, but we give it in His Name; and it would be a joy to be a benefactress of our little church.'"

"Praised be God!" ejaculated Mrs. Holden, as she brought her rocking-chair to a standstill, and lifted a corner of her white apron to her eyes.

Mrs. Doherty beckoned for silence to the children, who were disporting in a corner of the room. Then she turned and resumed her narrative.

"Father Dillon got up at that, and says he: 'What's all this, Nora Donlan?' He made out that he was not pleased; but sure he couldn't hide the heart of him that was touched by Norry's words. 'It's a benefactress of our little church you want to be! Let me tell you what's better, before I refuse your generosity. Nora Donlan, you have a boy that is a priest of God, and he's far away from you, and small is the chance he has to give you the little help and consolation that he might if he were here in the diocese. You educated him out of what Dan earns, the honest man he is; and you are doing the same by the other children. Now, when your boy was ready for the Bishop to ordain him, didn't he write and say that his heart was set on trying to do something for the poor people far away, that seldom see a priest? And he asked you and his father if you would let him go. You both knew what a consolation it would be to see him now and then offering up the Holy Mass in our little church; and well you knew that you could rightly hope to have him help the children at home. And what did you answer to him? You urged him to go, with God's holy blessing and the care of our Immaculate Mother in heav'n, to look after the poor

souls who had no priest to give them the sacraments. And he went, Nora Donlan, down to the Carolinas, where he has long miles to go and come, and not much to shelter him when he gets a bit of rest. But, sure, that was what happened to Our Lord. And if Father James was in the centre of Africa or in the wilds of the Rocky Mountains, he couldn't do more than he is doing."

Mrs. Doherty had to clear her voice before she could continue. There were tears in the kind, motherly eyes of the listener; and even the children had left their joyful play, and were leaning on the table and listening to the narrative.

"And what else did his reverence say, God bless him?" asked Mrs. Holden, when her apron came down from her eyes and was carefully set in its proper place.

"Then he gave his answer to her for wanting to be a benefactress of the Home. Says he: 'And it's now you have this other thought in your mind! Well, I am not gainsaying your kind offering, and Dan's at home. But this is what I have to tell you. I'll take any little help you give, so that you'll get the blessing of it; but I'll not let you think of adding that big sum of money. Keep it in store for your old age, or maybe for the children to be educated. But remember that you have the name of a benefactress, and a greater right to have the name than I can give you, or any donation of money. For this I'd have you know, and tell Dan when you go home, that when you gave up your son to go far away on the mission—gave him up with a generous heart, no matter how big the sacrifice, and told him to go on the blessed work,—then, Nora Donlan, it was not hundreds or thousands of dollars that you offered, but you gave up your own son, a mother's own darling son; and it's not a benefactress of a little parish you are—no, Nora Donlan,—you are a benefactress of the Church of God.'"

Up went the clasped hands of Mrs. Doherty in an attitude of devotion.

"Amen," she went on, after she had glanced at her auditors, "those were the very words of his reverence, the Lord bless him! And then I thought I heard Norry crying. And why shouldn't she, and myself like a child in tears in the room across from her! She stood up and I heard her say: 'The heavens bless you, Father Dillon, for those words! And will you give your blessing to Eddie here?' And his reverence says: 'I will gladly, and to yourself too.' Then I heard them kneeling; and didn't I drop down myself and bend my head for the blessed words?"

A knock at the front door startled the speaker and her listeners, and they rose up as one of the children hastened into the hallway.

"How queer enough?" exclaimed Mrs. Doherty, as she went forward to greet Mrs. Donlan and Eddie. "Why, then, talk of the angels and you'll see them is true enough. Sure, Norry, I was just telling Kate what Father Dillon had to say to you the other night, and those are the words to be proud of."

"Oh, it's the way his reverence has of speaking the kindness that's in him!" answered Mrs. Donlan, in her modest way. And, addressing Mrs. Holden, she said: "Look, Kate! Sure Ellen makes me bring all the news I get of Father James down there in the Carolinas, and I've come over with the letter we had from him this evening." She smiled as she brought forth the letter from its place near her heart.

It was not a long letter, but if it were ten times longer it would have had eager listeners that evening.

MY DEAR, LOVING MOTHER:—I have time for only a few words; for I am to start off, as soon as my horse is fed, for a twenty-mile ride into the mountains. I hope to say Mass and administer the sacraments there. No priest has been in that district for a number of years. Why I write now is to tell you that I had a few dollars which I expected to use as a little gift to you on your birthday next week. But a few days ago I met some poor

children—very poor children—in a lonely little cabin on a mountain-side. Their mother was sick, and the father can hardly earn enough to feed them. I will not call the few rags they wore clothes. So I gave the ten dollars to the children, that they might get some nourishment for the sick mother. It was small help, I know; but it will go a long way with them. And now you must offer up the birthday gift that I was to get you,—offer it to Our Lord's poor. Maybe if you had it you would want to give it to Father Dillon and the new Home. But you tell him that it went to the poor, after all, and God bless it!

I must be off now. Be sure to give my love to father and to all at home, especially to little Nora. Tell Father Dillon that I am well and happy, thank God! And be sure to ask the neighbors to remember me in their good prayers.

Your loving son,

JAMES.

"Then, it's the prayers we'll say for him this very minute!" exclaimed Mrs. Doherty with all her heart. "What fitter time to say them than when I have that letter under my own roof. Come, children," she gave the command to the entire room, "get your Beads! We'll pray for the mission Father away off in the high mountains."

As the children bustled about, hunting in their pockets for the Beads, Mrs. Doherty moved toward the stove and poked the fire.

"Let me set on the kettle to be boiling," she said, "while we are on our knees, and we'll have a cup of hot tea for ourselves."

As she returned to her place near the table, she beckoned to Mrs. Donlan, saying:

"You give out the mysteries, Norry. And who knows, if it's God's holy will, but we'll hear those same words of ourselves some day that his reverence said when he called Norry Donlan the benefactress?"

THE wise make of their mistakes a ladder; the foolish, a pitfall.—*Phillips*.

The Pledge of Heaven.

AMONG "useful books for the clergy" (Protestant) advertised in a recent catalogue, we noticed one entitled "Starting Points for Preachers, etc."; and we have been wondering ever since how a pulpit orator—nearly all preachers are pulpit orators—who needed instruction as to starting his discourse could be expected to know how to proceed with it and where to stop. The best advice ever given to a preacher was that of an old Scotch worthy to his son when about to begin his career in the Kirk: "Just have something worth to say, Andy, that you believe yourself, say it so as nobody will be doubting whether you do or no, and stop when you're done." No doubt much depends upon how a preacher begins because for the first few moments the hearers are unconsciously making up their minds as to the measure of attention that they will give him. Fortunate is the speaker who is able to interest his audience at the very outset.

Such was our distraction—the only one—in reading Bishop Hedley's Pastoral Letter for Advent, which opens with these impressive sentences: "The secret of a Christian and holy life is to hold fast to the great truth that Jesus Christ came upon this earth to guide and help us; and that He guides and helps us constantly and practically, from the beginning to the end. He has ascended into heaven; but He is still, to every human being, the way, the truth, and the life."

"We no longer hear His word or gaze upon His face, as did Peter and John, Mary and Martha," continues the Bishop; "but, even now, He has found out the means of speaking to us and making us feel His presence. We owe much to the record of His earthly life, as written in the Scriptures. But Jesus Christ is far more than a history, far more than a lesson: He is a presence that makes itself felt even in our physical nature as we

walk the earth. He is a living influence that enters our inmost being, that modifies and transforms our intelligence and our will, and that is the source of a life and a movement which is rightly called supernatural, but which, for all that, is our own life and the vital movement of our own being. This wondrous influence He exerts by what He Himself calls 'entering into' us,—in other words, by the infusion of His sanctifying and strengthening grace. For His grace is so special and intimate a communication of Himself, that where grace is, there is His own indwelling; where grace is, there is He Himself."

The Bishop goes on to say that, as sanctifying and strengthening grace is communicated by the sacraments, they may be said to stand for Christ's presence among us. "As men and women in Judea and Galilee, during the thirty-three years, sought Him out, followed Him, and pressed around Him that He might speak to them or touch them, so, in our Christian Dispensation, men and women frequent and use the sacraments, striving with attention and devotion to draw from Him the communication of His grace." The Blessed Eucharist being the main subject of the Pastoral, the Bishop then proceeds to show that, of all the sacraments, this is the one which most strikingly represents Christ on earth:

This is the sacrament which, beyond all others, consoles the Church for the absence of Christ. As St. Thomas of Aquin expresses it, the Blessed Sacrament is a marvellous and singular consolation to souls which long for the presence of their Saviour. In St. Bernard's phrase, the Blessed Sacrament is the *umbra Christi* (the shadow of Jesus Christ). He is referring to that passage in the Cantic of Canticles (ii, 3) where the spouse exclaims: "I sat in the shadow of Him whom I desired." For in the Holy Communion it is His purpose and intention to make up for His absence to the human senses by a Presence which, in its own way, impresses a believer even as if he saw and felt, and which carries with it a union which no contact of flesh and blood could ever effect. The Blessed Sacrament is by excellence the sacrament of union, "I in him, and he in Me,"

These are the words in which our Redeemer Himself describes the results of Holy Communion in the faithful soul. Other sacraments give this grace or that; but the Holy Eucharist intensifies the essential and primary grace of union with God,—union of mind, union of will, union of heart and of affection,—that union of love, or charity, by which the soul clings to God, as its Creator, its last end, its Father, and its Friend.

The Holy Communion does not remit mortal sin; that must be repented of in another sacrament, before a man presumes to communicate. But the heat of that charity which Holy Communion begets in the soul tends directly to the burning away of the guilt of the smaller sins of human life, and thus lessening the work of the cleansing fires of Purgatory. Moreover, it tends to safeguard the soul from mortal sin; for it calms sensual impulse, restrains pride and passion, weakens the temptation of the Evil One, supernaturally clears the reason and braces the will, and often has the effect of making God's service sweet and delightful, not only to the spirit but even to the flesh. Thus Holy Communion is the pledge of heaven; for it causes in us a union with the God of Heaven which only awaits the end of life and complete purification to change, as the bud changes into the blossom, into the face-to-face union which the Christian looks forward to in eternity.

After explaining in admirably clear terms the obligation which every Christian is under to make use of Holy Communion—an obligation arising from the fact that, as a rule, we can not save our souls without it,—and the inestimable advantages of frequent Communion for adults, and of early Communion for children, the Pastoral concludes with a passage no less impressive than the one with which it begins:

This is a time when the Church has loudly proclaimed the glories of the Blessed Sacrament, and solemnly calls upon all the faithful to make a more and more assiduous use of that great means of life everlasting. Let us all respond to that call; and whilst the little ones in their simplicity learn to cling to their Saviour even before they know how good and loving He is, and all ranks of the Church's followers press around the Sacred Table, we may day by day face with confidence the dangers and storms of the times in which we live, remembering the words that He spoke to those whom the raging waters threatened with wreck: "Be not afraid! It is I,"

Concerning an Old Controversy.

Notes and Remarks.

ORDINARY readers may, perhaps, be excused for holding the opinion that the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy is obsolete, or, at the very least, obsolescent. The interest revived in the matter, in 1887, by the publication of Ignatius Donnelly's "The Great Cryptogram" has practically died out, so far as the man in the street is concerned. Not so, however, among scholars. The *Month* for November contains a paper by the Rev. Herbert Thurston, S. J., dealing with this old controversy. As to the general merits of the discussion, he says:

So far as the present writer is aware, among all the professors of English Literature to be found in the colleges of England, Germany, and even America, there has not in thirty years been one, certainly not one of any reputation, who has committed himself to the opinion that Bacon wrote the plays usually known as Shakespeare's.

Following this statement is a declaration which is worth reproducing as an instance of the radical difference between superficial dilettanteism and genuine scholarship. It should be premised that, some five years ago, Mr. Edwin Reed, an American advocate of the Baconian hypothesis, published a volume in which were cited utterances by three men of distinction on the real authorship of the Shakespearean plays. Father Thurston writes:

To my surprise, I found, after taking some trouble, that not one of those named showed the faintest sympathy for the suggestion that the plays were the work of any other author than William Shakespeare the actor.

Mr. Reed did not, presumably, wilfully distort the opinions of the three authorities mentioned: he was merely in too great a hurry to find out what their opinions really were. Personally, we think that what may well be accepted as the last word in the controversy is the *mot* of Dr. Salmon, of Trinity College: "There is one more foolish than the man who believes that Bacon wrote Shakespeare—the man who argues with him."

A significant sign of the times in what used to be ultra-Protestant New England is mentioned in the *Boston Republic*. The society heretofore known as the Massachusetts Federation of Churches, the object of which is the civil and social betterment of Greater Boston, sent a delegation a few days ago to the Most Reverend Archbishop O'Connell to seek his co-operation in their work. The delegation, it appears, felt that their project offered common ground to all religious bodies; but that the Protestant 30 per cent of Boston's population could not accomplish much if the Catholic 65 per cent held aloof. "Archbishop O'Connell," says the *Republic*, "received the delegation most hospitably, and expressed his hearty approval of the project as outlined by them. He offered two suggestions, which, if acceptable, would broaden the scope of the movement, and enlist Catholic support: the substitution of 'association' for 'federation,' and of 'religious bodies' for 'churches'; promising further to draft a programme which would make Catholic co-operation possible, and which will be presented at the next meeting of the society."

The civil and social amelioration of one's city or town or village is, of course, a matter in which Christians of all categories may well work in common; but what would the Winthrops and Quincys of other days in Boston think of Protestants soliciting the co-operation of a Catholic Archbishop!

It has been abundantly shown by the late Father Lambert, Mark Twain, Father Benson, and numerous other publicists, Catholic and non-Catholic, that the cult founded by the late Mrs. Eddy is neither Christian nor scientific; indeed it is more pagan than Christian, and scientific only in the sense of being unknowable. Her book is jargon, and that it should have

been so widely read and in so short a time have won so many disciples for the nebulous religion to which it gave origin is a psychological problem likely to be discussed for a long time to come. One thing seems certain: the imposture could have arisen only in New England and spread only among Protestants whose Christianity had gone to seed. The great mass of Mother Eddy's followers were content to let her do their thinking for them; the accession to their ranks of many intelligent persons, likewise, for the most part, seceders from the various sects, is accounted for by the notion, widely propagated by Protestant preachers and writers, that Christian sentiment can be cultivated without regard to Christian dogma. By her more devoted dupes Mrs. Eddy was held to be divinely inspired; and many of them believed that her stay upon earth was destined to be permanent. What a commentary on human credulity! Signs of a split have already appeared in the Christian Science Church, and it is more than probable that within the next few decades it will have gone the way of all fads.

Some of the Italian papers, like a good many "Roman correspondents" of English and American secular journals, have contracted the habit of periodically announcing that Cardinal Merry del Val has fallen into disgrace with the Holy Father. If a tithe of such announcements bore the slightest resemblance to the truth, it is clear that the Cardinal must be a spoiled child and the Pope an over-indulgent parent; for the latter invariably forgives the former, no matter how deep may be the supposititious disgrace into which he is habitually falling. Of the latest canard concerning the Papal Secretary of State, *Rome* says:

This time, however, his offence is a more grievous and general one: nothing less than that of destroying the influence of the Church in France, Spain, and various other countries by his policy. It has been obvious to most per-

sons that the disasters to the Church in France and Portugal, and the menaces against the peace of the Church in Spain, have been due entirely to the anticlericals of these countries; and, it must be added, to some extent also to the apathy and want of organization of the Catholics. It is extremely difficult to see where the policy of the Cardinal comes in at all; but if it does, it surely involves the Holy Father himself, who is the real author of that policy,—and this is precisely what is meant by the Liberal organs when they speak of the alleged failure of the diplomacy of the Holy See during the last seven years. It is very odd, too, to see them contrasting the Pontificate of Pius X. with that of Leo XIII., to the great advantage of the latter; but with serene disregard of the fact that while Leo XIII. was alive they printed columns every week to prove that he and Cardinal Rampolla were acting in a manner fatal to the interests of religion.

Yes; and when, twenty-five or thirty years hence, Pius X.'s successor incurs the enmity of the anticlericals, these gentlemen will hark back to "the sane and enlightened policy of" — the present Sovereign Pontiff.

A pretty story of the great Napoleon—or the Corsican tyrant, as many prefer to call him—is recalled by Mrs. Hugh Fraser in her new work, "A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands." It concerns a very holy lady who was attended on her death-bed by a certain bishop. He was deeply impressed by her profound knowledge of religion, and much edified by the way in which she had made her life conform to its teachings. "Where did you learn your faith, my daughter?" he inquired. "Ah," she replied, "when I was a little child I lived at St. Helena. The Emperor spoke to me one day, and asked me what I knew of my catechism. He was not satisfied with my answers, and he said that he would instruct me himself. For years he made me come to him every day, and he patiently taught me—for hours at a time. I owe my knowledge of religion, all my faith and joy in it, to him."

Some years of Mrs. Fraser's young life were passed in this country; and the happiest of them, she tells us, were those

spent at Bordentown, N. J., the old home of the American Bonapartes. There, at first hand one might almost say, she learned many stories and traditions of Napoleon. His mother ("Madame Mère") was a sincerely religious woman, and her early lessons were remembered in those closing years of solitude and humiliation at St. Helena. "His efforts to make amends, so far as his rigorous captivity permitted, for the injuries he inflicted on the Church and the Vicar of Christ, were touching in their thoroughness."

Apropos of a matter that is rapidly nearing the domain of practical politics, the *Chicago Israelite* remarks:

Every attempt to find a common ground of what are called the "essentials" of religion, which might be taught in the public schools without offending denominational susceptibilities, appears vain as soon as advanced, because there is no such thing as a common ground. The essentials which appeal to one denomination are either not essential to another, or worse, may be abhorrent. To some denominations—as for instance the Catholics and Lutherans,—every dogma is absolutely essential; while to some, at the other end of the religious gamut, there is scarcely anything at all which can not be ignored or surrendered. In spite of the apparently insuperable obstacles to a solution of the problem, it nevertheless keeps to the front in discussion in important religious gatherings. Its interest seems to increase as its impossibility becomes more manifest.

It will, in the long run, probably be found that the solution of the difficulty proffered by a number of eminent Catholic educationists will be the only feasible one. Let the State pay denominational schools for the secular instruction given therein, and let the denominations give to the children whatever religious instruction they may deem proper. In a free country, such action ought to be regarded as a right instead of a privilege.

In an editorial on the same subject the *Detroit Free Press* some time ago declared that Catholics are increasing the

number of their parochial schools and unquestionably improving their efficiency in educational methods. "There is good reason to believe that before many years the Catholics will have facilities of their own to educate all their own children." Considering the possibility that in course of time, in the great cities at least, there may be as many children attending religious as public schools, the editor remarks:

In such a condition, or even in one approximating it, it would become a very serious question whether in some States, more completely provided with parochial schools than others, the majority might not be in the latter; and in such a case it would be an injustice to tax half of the people, who were providing education for their own children at their own private cost, to pay for the public education of the other half. It would at once cease to be a question for argument, and become a problem for solution by counting votes. This issue may not be at the front just yet, but it may as well be kept in mind while discussing the problem as it stands to-day.

Yes, and in discussing the problem as it now stands, let not the injustice already being done to Catholics be lost sight of. This will hasten the settlement of the question. That a large number of our fellow-citizens have come to regard it as one demanding settlement is in itself a decided advance.

The following extract from a letter, addressed to a friend in this country by a French nobleman who has made a study of religious conditions in Europe, will be of interest to our readers:

Let me tell you the truth in regard to the uprising in Portugal. I have known it for some time; but again, only yesterday, an old Jesuit Father who has been all over the world was explaining to me the wonderful, and in some respects admirable, web of Freemasonry. The brethren will soon own France; and in a few years our churches, which no one now has a right to repair, will have to be torn down for "public safety," and paganism will be (officially) the State religion of France. The people have lost all sense of God, and seem to be satisfied with this condition of religious apathy. To create a little diversion, the Freemasons con-

tinue to expel the priests and a few forgotten nuns, always for the sake of "public safety." The Masonic organization is nearly perfected in all Latin countries; and in Spain, as in Italy, it is leisurely working and watching its chance. It will soon come. In Italy there is still much work to be done, but Spain is ready. . . . Perhaps in six months — at any rate, in less than five years, — you will see in Spain a republic as anti-Catholic, as shameful, as is our own or that of Portugal. . . .

I know that Freemasons have somewhere drawn a plan for the organization and mutual *entente* of the four republics — French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. And what these people decide upon, usually happens. Twenty-five years ago, the Abbé Compagnon discovered their plan for the separation of Church and State, and it was executed exactly as he had foretold. I could write many pages on this subject, but this will explain the uprising in Portugal, and give you an idea of existing conditions in the other ill-fated countries.

There is truth in all this, but the writer seems to forget that God reigns, and that many things may take place within the next few years besides those of whose happening he feels assured.

An innovation in the Old-World custom of conferring the freedom of a city upon distinguished personages is recorded by the Dublin correspondent of the *Catholic Union and Times*. The widow of the Earl of Desart, described as having been one of the best landlords Kilkenny ever had, is a Jewess, and enjoys the reputation of being both a brilliant woman and a munificent benefactress of every good work for the benefit of Kilkenny and the uplifting of the people. Accordingly the freedom of the city was recently conferred upon the Countess of Desart. Says our contemporary's correspondent:

Kilkenny, the old city of the Federation, is one of the most intensely Catholic and Nationalist communities in Ireland, and it is for this reason I record this ceremony and the testimony of this Jewish lady, wife of a Protestant landlord. The Catholics of Ireland, where they have any power, are really more tolerant and generous to "the minority" than they are to those of their own faith. They are maligners who assert otherwise. When Lady Desart had inscribed her name on the roll, and received

from the mayor a certificate of the freedom of the city, she returned thanks in a neat little speech. She was elated, she said, at being singled out for an honor rarely bestowed on one of her sex, — an honor, she believed, never before offered by an Irish city to any woman, and certainly never before, anywhere in the world, to a woman of her faith. "As a Jewess," she continued, "I am, therefore, especially proud of the honor, since it so fully justifies me in the fight I have always waged against the assertion that Ireland is a country most intolerant of the creeds."

It is safe to assume that a still greater favor has been granted to this deserving lady than the civic honor just accorded her, — the fervent prayers of her many warm-hearted Irish friends that she may be blessed with the precious gift of faith, and so receive the freedom of the world-wide Church.

Among the institutions, in and around London, mentioned in the Catholic Directory for England is St. Augustine's House "for men in business desirous of studying for the priesthood." A very interesting account of this peculiar and, so far as we know, unique establishment is contributed by "Conans" to the London *Catholic Times*. The writer says that the institution provides a solution for the case of those who only after they have started their business career feel drawn to the priesthood. Often in such cases the vocation is quite imaginary, and the results are naturally serious if this fact is discovered only when a man (particularly if he be at all advanced in years) has thrown up his position and cut himself adrift from his former means of livelihood. Just here is the specific utility of the "House":

St. Augustine's disposes of this difficulty by receiving men until they are in a position to make up their minds with more certainty as to their vocation. During this period they attend to their business exactly as usual, — going to their offices each morning and returning each evening at such hours, early or late, as the exigencies of work demand. Outside business hours, however, they treat themselves as clerical students, applying themselves to the study of Latin and such other subjects as are

necessary to qualify them for entrance to one or other of the ecclesiastical seminaries.

Utter inability to grasp these subjects may fairly be taken as at least a very strong indication that the vocation is absent, and the student had best give up as soon as this is clearly established. But the opposite does not by any means follow; for a man with a keenly developed habit of study may be quite unfitted for a priest. The advice of an experienced director, it goes without saying, is essential; but if this were all, it would not be necessary to go to St. Augustine's. What is needful in addition is a clearer idea than usually prevails of the real life of a priest, and this St. Augustine's supplies; for attached to it is the presbytery—the home of the priests necessary for the adequate working of a large mission. Here the students are privileged to mix constantly with the clergy, and are thus enabled to appreciate many of their trials, difficulties, and sacrifices. . . .

Just as we in this country have imported from Europe the plan of Laymen's Retreats, so, in all probability, will the idea exemplified in St. Augustine's House be in time adopted on this side of the Atlantic. Priestly vocations we certainly need, and many a young business man may feel that he has a call which circumstances prevent his answering.

What strange subjects learned people write upon! We once heard of an eminent physician who was contemplating an essay on the psychology of scruples. The subject chosen by the Reader in Social Anthropology to the University of Oxford for his inaugural lecture was "The Birth of Humility," and it has just been issued as a book from the Clarendon Press. One scientific journal refers to it as "a lucid and brilliant exposition of the virtue of humility in the human mind"; and quotes four brief statements of the learned lecturer as supporting this judgment. We reproduce them:

The new method of Social Anthropology says in effect: "Realize the social conditions; for instance, take firm hold of the fact that the savage does not preach his religion, but dances it instead; then put yourself in his place as best you can."

Humility and religion are neither the dis-

covery nor the private possession of a few higher intelligences, but are bound up with the native tendencies and with the social development of ordinary humanity.

Three instincts are observable in the frightened animal: it runs away, or it cowers in its tracks, or it prostrates itself in abject self-surrender. Now it would, perhaps, be fanciful to say that man tends to run away from the sacred as uncanny, to cower before it as secret, and to prostrate himself before it as tabu.

Dancing to the sound of the sacred name is usually reckoned magical, yet they perform the ceremony in no masterful or arrogant way, but solemnly, earnestly, — in short, in a spirit of reverent humility which is surely akin to homage.

We suppose that Social Anthropology will soon be added to the curriculum of our public schools, and "cracked up" as an attractive and fruitful study.

All admirers of Mary Stuart will be interested in this extract from an article by Mr. Andrew Lang, contributed to the *London Morning Post*:

If I am told that I will deny that I have a prejudice — in favor of Queen Mary, for example, — Nature necessarily awakes in me a bias toward saying — what happens to be perfectly true — that I *am* violently prejudiced in her favor, and know it. This was Sir Walter Scott's position. Asked to write a biography of the Queen, he refused, saying that his sentiments were in opposition to his reason. He could have done the work admirably. Except when under Protestant prepossessions, or under the bias of revolt from the helpless partiality of the Queen's too strenuous partisans, everyone is naturally on the side of a beautiful girl of eighteen, launched into a frenzied world without one true friend; with nothing but her charm and her feminine craft, daily insulted in her religion by the preachers and mob, deserted by greedy and selfish nobles, the butt of the concentrated hatred and complicated intrigues of Elizabeth and her ministers.

Apropos of Sir Walter Scott's remark, quoted above, readers of the *Waverley Novels* — if they have any readers in these days of the best-sellers — will opine that Sir Walter allowed his sentiment fairly full sway in "The Abbot," where Mary Stuart's historical portrait is drawn with a clearly sympathetic hand.



The Snowbird.

BY LAWRENCE MINOT.

COME, my little snowbird,—
All the earth is white!
Come, my little darling!—
See, our fire is bright!
Its red glow shall warm you,
And you shall be fed
With a piece of seedcake
And some toasted bread.
Come, my little snowbird!—
But he flies away!
Why, O little snowbird,
On so cold a day?
There!—he's at the pane now,
Glancing merrily;
And he says: "No, thank you:
God takes care of me!"

Grandpa's Story.

BY E. M. HAMILTON.

GRANDPA, please tell us a story!" piped one childish voice.
"Yes, grandpa, please do!" came a chorus from the other children.

The old gentleman addressed looked smilingly at the group of expectant young faces before him; then he asked:

"Well, suppose I tell you a story of the Revolutionary War,—something that happened right here in this house and neighborhood?"

"Oh, that's it!"—"The very thing!"—"That's what we want!" were some of the exclamations that echoed round the room, as the children drew nearer, and grandpa settled himself comfortably in his armchair and began his story.

During the Revolutionary War this house was occupied by my father and

mother and their children. The children were my brother John, my sister Margie, and myself. I was the youngest, being only a small boy then. John and Margie were much older than I,—John being about fifteen, and Margie twelve years of age. At the time of which I speak the war had been going on for several years; but so far, in this quiet place, we had felt none of its more terrible effects. My father had early enlisted in the Continental Army, and was absent from us, of course; though he did come home occasionally. But most of the time we were alone. We heard but little news (there were no railroads then); and what little we did hear was from some passing neighbor, or when John rode over to the village, about five miles away.

Our great anxiety, however, was on account of father; and I remember well, when we heard that some battle had been fought, how pale and anxious mother would look, and how eagerly she would watch for news of his safety. For ourselves we felt no fear. Parties of armed men used to pass our house; but, as they all belonged to our army, we were not alarmed. To be sure we did hear of Tories and Hessians committing outrages here and there,—robbing, plundering, murdering. They never came into our immediate neighborhood, however; and we believed (very foolishly, as it proved afterward) that they would avoid us altogether.

And so time passed until the approach of winter, and I remember that winter well. Things here didn't look then just as they do now. The place lacked many comforts; for the war made hard times for the country. And we shared them with others, while my father's absence made us poorer still; so the falling snow, that told us winter was closing in, was even to my childish eyes no cheerful sight. We had

raised what we could on the place, and made all preparations in our power for cold weather; but they were scant enough, and I knew by my mother's face that she was worried. And just then other and worse fears came to trouble us. Brother John rode over to the village one day, and when he came back in the evening I noticed he looked unusually serious.

"What is it, John?" asked mother, as she watched him while he was eating his supper.

"A band of Tories are about here," answered John, briefly. "Yesterday they visited the Walton farm, plundered and burned the house, and drove the family into the woods. And last night they burned Harlan's mill, and caught old Mr. Harlan and hung him in front of his own door."

My mother did not reply; but I noticed that night that she and John went about fastening the windows and barring the doors carefully; and John took down a gun of my father's, which always hung over the fireplace, and picked the flint and placed fresh priming in the pan. But we were not disturbed that night.

Early next afternoon mother came to where John was sitting, and placed her hand on his shoulder.

"John," she said hesitatingly, "we are out of firewood."

"Are we? Well, I'll go right away and get some," answered John, springing to his feet.

"I do not like to have you go—*now*," mother said, with an emphasis on the last word, "because I think we had better remain together in the house as much as possible. You understand?"

John nodded.

"But we must have firewood; and you can take Margie with you. Don't be gone long."

She stood in the door and watched them as they disappeared in the wood; and it seemed to me that she began to look for their return long before she had reason to expect them. They had been gone an

hour, perhaps, when a horseman rode up to our door,—a short, heavy-set man, with as villainous a face as ever a man had, and with coarse, long, black hair falling down in a great mat over his shoulders. He was riding his horse bareback—that is, without saddle. My mother recognized him as one Ned Berril,—a man noted for his evil character and Tory principles, who had disappeared from the neighborhood a year before, and was supposed by everyone to be serving in the British Army or in one of the marauding bands prowling about the country. You may believe his presence then and there was not reassuring; and a sickening terror crept over my mother as she saw him, though she tried not to show it.

The man dismounted, fastened his horse, and, without knocking, walked in and seated himself composedly by the fire.

"How d'ye do, Mrs. Van Duysen?" he asked, his wicked black eyes roving about the room and taking in its contents.

"I am well, thank you!" replied my mother, coldly.

"Seem to be pretty comfortable here, don't ye? 'Twould be powerful bad if ye should get burned out now, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, it would be very unfortunate. But we try to be careful about fires," my mother answered, pleasantly.

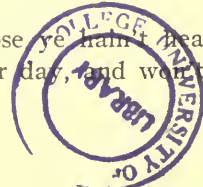
"S'pose so; but accidents will happen. There's Walton got burned out day afore yesterday, and Harlan's mill night afore last. But they was rebels to the king, ye see, and deserved it."

My mother did not reply, but I could see the blood flushing into her temples.

"Yes, rebels ought to lose their property—ought all to be 'fiscated, say I," pursued Berril, an ugly grin crossing his face. "Hello! there's a nice saddle hangin' on that rafter over there!"—pointing to a distant corner of the room. "Who does it b'long to?"

"It's my husband's property," replied my mother, briefly.

"'Tis, hey? S'pose ye hadn't heard he was killed the other day, and w'en I need



no more saddles, hev ye? Well, I reckon I'd better 'fiscate this one as my share of the spoils."

And as he spoke the Tory advanced toward the article in question and began taking it down.

"You must not take that saddle, Mr. Berril!" said my mother firmly, walking toward the fireplace.

"Mustn't, hey? I should like to see the one that'll hinder me!"

He pulled the saddle from the rafter; but as he did so my mother caught the gun from over the fireplace, cocked it and raised it to her shoulder.

"You will leave that saddle here, Mr. Berril!"

The man hesitated a moment.

"You wouldn't shoot?" he said.

"I most certainly shall," answered my mother, her eyes flashing. "My brave husband may be dead as you say, but no Tory traitor shall ever sit in any saddle belonging to him."

For a moment the Tory paused irresolutely; then he placed the saddle on the floor, and his face became fearful in its look of rage.

"I'll have that saddle yet, mind I tell you so!" he exclaimed, shaking his fist. "To-morrow night I'll come for it—and I'll come to get it!"

And, with a fierce imprecation, he rushed from the house, mounted his horse and rode away.

The moment he had gone, the color left my mother's face, and she sank back in a chair.

"O dear, what shall we do?" she cried, wringing her hands. "He said he would come to-morrow night, and that means the whole band of Tories with him. They may come sooner, and we must have help. Run to the door, Peter, and see if John and Margie are coming."

I watched at the door, but it was some time before I saw them; and when I did mother ran to meet them.

"John," she said, after telling of the Tory's visit, "Berril may come back

to-night, and you must go to the village for help. They will send men here."

"Yes, mother," answered John, hurrying into the house.

All that day the sky had been lowering, and threatening a storm; and when John started, the snowflakes had just begun to fall. It had been thought best that he should go on foot, and we expected that he could reach the village and return home by about nine o'clock. But he had hardly climbed the hill and disappeared behind the old fort, when it began to snow in good earnest; and when night closed in, dark and dreary, it was storming fearfully. The wind whistled and howled around the house; and the snow came in a blinding shower, whirling in under the doors and through crevices of windows, and forming great drifts against walls and fences outside.

Nine o'clock struck, but John did not return. The time passed slowly, and the old clock in the corner counted ten, then eleven, but still no sound of feet was heard at the door; and only the wails and moans of the wind, as it rose and fell, broke the silence. Mother sent Margie and me to bed, but my sleep was only fitful. Several times when I awoke in the night, I saw my mother still sitting by the fire, and I knew by her moving lips that she was praying.

And so the weary night passed; and daylight came, clear and cold, the storm all gone, and the sun shining brightly. The day wore slowly away, and night was upon us again. About nine o'clock, John came.

"It's all right, mother," he said, with a curious, happy look on his face. "I got lost in the storm last night, and stopped at a cabin till this morning. At the village I found a company of Rangers, who had been sent from our army after this very band of Tories. The men are hid up in the old fort now. All we have to do is to stay in the house and keep the doors fastened."

We had not long to wait. In about

half an hour a violent knock was heard at the door, and a gruff voice, which we all recognized as Berril's, demanded entrance.

"I can't let you in," my mother said, positively.

"We'll see about that," was the reply, accompanied by a coarse laugh. "I said I'd have that saddle, and I reckon I will. Come on, boys. Let's break into this rebel nest!"

A blow was struck upon the door, apparently with an ax; but before it could be repeated there came a crash of musketry, followed by shrieks and yells, showing that a hand-to-hand conflict was going on outside. John fairly leaped up and down in his excitement; and when everything became still he hurried to the door and listened eagerly. Another knock was now heard.

"In whose name?" asked John, still trembling with excitement.

"In the name of home and country!" came the firm reply, in a voice that seemed to be familiar.

John quickly threw the bars from the door and opened it; and as he did so a tall, stalwart figure, wearing a cocked-hat, rushed in; and as mother caught sight of him she fell fainting in his arms. It was my father! It was his company that had been sent, and he had charged John not to say anything of his presence until the conflict was over.

As for the Tories, they were nearly all captured and taken away, and we were not disturbed again. Before another winter came round, Cornwallis had surrendered, and the terrible war was at an end—"and that," said grandpa, smiling on his young listeners,—“and that's the end of my story.”

THE first workable steamboat was made by a Frenchman, the Marquis de Jouffroy, in 1783; the first one to cross the Atlantic was the *Conde de Patmella*, which sailed from Liverpool via Lisbon to the Brazils in 1820,

The "Punch and Judy" Children.

BY MARY E. MANNIX,

VII.

ABOUT noon that day the boys got a drink of milk at one of the farmhouses that now appeared not infrequently along the road. The woman who answered their appeal, after they had finished drinking, brought out a small tin can, which she filled with milk and handed to the older boy.

"I have no use for foreigners," she said. "They ought to stay in their own country. We've got enough poor children of our own without them. But I can't bear to see the little ones hungry or thirsty. Take that and be off. Master wouldn't thank me for giving his substance to tramps if he knew. But he rode off to London early this morning."

"Thank you, ma'am!" replied Froggy, as he took the can from her hand. "But we're not foreigners: we're English boys,—as English as you are."

"Well, now, who'd have thought it? You look so dark, like Italians! But why are you around this place?"

Froggy had grown cautious. He was not sure that it would be safe to let all the world know their fear of the Refuge. So he answered:

"We're going down to the place where our mother used to live. She's dead, and our father, too."

"Got any relatives there?"

"We hope so," said Froggy.

"God help you!" answered the compassionate woman. "I hope they'll be glad to see you when you get to them. Do they know you're coming?"

"No," said Froggy.

"Poor as yourselves, most likely," she replied; "else they'd have managed to get you down there by cart. Hope they won't put you both into the workhouse when you get to them."

"Are there workhouses in the country?"

asked Froggy, alarmed by this reappearance of the spectre from which they were running away.

"Plenty of them," was the rejoinder. "But they're not so cooped up and dark as those in London town."

She closed the door upon them; but, after they had gone a short distance, she called them back to give them a pork-pie of considerable size, which she wrapped in a coarse but clean muslin cloth, and bade Froggy fasten in his pack till they were hungry again.

"The crust is not so light as usual," she said by way of explanation of such generosity and disposition of her master's goods. "I can't see what got into me when I was making it, if it wasn't the awful story Betty Beans was telling of a man found with both of his legs cut off the night before last, not half a mile away. It happened he was drunk, and a heavy van ran over him while he was sleeping by the wayside. The roads are dreadful crooked and rambling hereabouts, and the nights are so dark. Master can't abide a heavy crust, so I'll give it to you. You'll not be so particular."

Thereupon she closed the door, without giving Froggy a chance to thank her; and the boys once more turned their faces toward the open country.

All that day they walked, with occasional pauses for a taste of the pork-pie, which seemed to them the most delicious food they had ever eaten; and indeed it was very good. As dusk fell, they found themselves on the outskirts of a small village, beyond which, on a declivity, they could see a large red brick house covered with ivy. The nearer they approached to the dwelling-places of men, the more timid they became. Avoiding the high street, with its rows of solid houses, they turned into a narrow, shady lane, on one side bordering the park of the big house on the hill; on the other, leading in and out through crooked ways, till it turned abruptly toward a stone house covered with ivy and morning-glories.

A sign creaked merrily upon rusty hinges. It was the "Inn of the Golden Cow," and a faint outline of a somewhat stunted animal of that genus could still be traced upon the ancient signboard. The kitchen door stood wide open; a great fire burned on the broad hearth, in front of which a little boy, about Froggy's age, but rosy and well-fed, sat turning a joint on a primitive spit. Delightful odors of roasting meat issued from this inviting kitchen. The children advanced nearer and nearer the threshold, till, suddenly realizing they had no business there, Froggy pulled his brother away, saying:

"Come on, Benny! They'll drive us off if they see us; maybe put us in the work-house, if they've got one here."

Obediently, Benny followed him. But their steps lagged; their tired feet would fain have rested then and there. In the stable-yard two or three men were working, singing at their tasks. Froggy avoided them. Turning back into the lane, they kept on their way till it ended on a broad common. In the middle of it stood a huge pump, around which some women and girls were gathered. They had buckets in their hands, each waiting her turn to fill the vessel from the clear, dripping stream that gushed from the broad spout.

"I am *so* thirsty!" said Benny. "Let's ask some one for a drink."

"Yes," replied Froggy, "we will. They look kind. Maybe they'll give us a drop of water. Please, missus, a drink of water!" he said, approaching the group and addressing a comely, middle-aged woman, who was about to leave the spot, holding a brimming pail in each hand.

"Bless your little hearts, yes!" she said. "There, Bess, give the children a drink; and hurry home afterward. You've been gossiping here since five."

She passed on; and "Bess," a younger counterpart of herself, obeying her mother's command, filled an iron cup that hung by a long chain to the pump, and handed it to Froggy, who, instead of drinking it himself, passed it to his brother.

"The Lord love him, but he's good!" said another girl, who stood beside Bess. "See how he helps the little one first!"

Attention thus being drawn to the two children, they were plied with questions, which Froggy answered rather guardedly. He was afraid of being "nabbed" if he acknowledged himself a pauper, and preferred giving the impression that they were going to relatives, who would care for them when found. Indeed, this plan had taken such shape since morning that he kept it before him as the real purpose of the journey.

"What's your name?" asked the girl.

"Bowie," answered Froggy.

"There's no people of that name hereabouts," observed one of the women.

"Never have been, neither," said a gray-haired dame with bent shoulders. "Are you sure this is the place your people lived?"

"No, I'm not sure; but it was certainly in the country; and there was a tavern and a big house, and pretty cottages like these all around; and a church of gray stone, with green all over it."

"This may be the very one," remarked an old woman who was seated on a box near the pump, a pair of crutches lying beside her. "Yet the same's true of many an English village. I've travelled far and they're as like as peas."

Her companions listened respectfully. Mary Trainer had in her youth been under nursemaid in the "great family" at the red house; and had sojourned with her young charges and their parents, not only in various parts of England, but also in France. This had given her an importance in the village, which increased as years went by. An accident in the service of the family having crippled her for life, she had been pensioned now for many years, and managed to live very comfortably. She was able to work a little in her garden, where she raised lettuce, onions, and other small vegetables, unequalled in the village.

"Tell me, young one," she continued,

stretching forth her hand and drawing Froggy toward her. "Where were you thinking of stopping for the night? Like as not you're without a penny."

The boy looked about him at the kindly faces. He felt they could be trusted. He had never seen such friendly faces in a group before. He did not want to tell a lie.

"We have a little money," he replied. "A good gentleman we knew gave me a half sovereign; but I'm saving it for fear of our getting sick, or not being able to find a job."

A murmur of sympathy ran through the crowd.

"God help the poor little orphans!" said Mary Trainer. "God lead you by the hand!"

Once more Froggy looked around him, and turned to Mary Trainer.

"You see, it's all because we are afraid of being parted, missus," he said. "Neither of us could bear to live if the other was taken away. We want to get off where they'll let us stay together. That's what we're after. We're running away from the Refuge,—that's what we are."

"Well, there's no danger here of your being taken to-night, or this week neither," said Mary Trainer. "Come along home with me, and we'll get a bite to eat and a good night's sleep,—but first a bath. That will help more than all."

Her companions seemed to find something amusing in Mary's last remark.

"You're always great on the bath, Mary!" said one of the women. "It's more than half your religion, I believe."

"It's the Scriptures that say cleanliness is next to godliness," replied Mary, with a somewhat disparaging glance at the speaker. "Come with me, little boys, and I'll give you a bed for the night."

The group of women fell apart to let the old nurse pass; and the two boys, shyly returning their kindly smiles, followed Mary Trainer to her home. Presently she came to a tiny house, almost hidden by ivy. It was built of stone, with latticed

windows, one of which, in the loft above the door, peeped like a shining eye from its dark-green leafy curtain. The sun was setting; and the polished diamond panes caught its last brilliant, declining rays.

"See, Froggy! It looks like a lamp!" cried Benny, pointing upward.

"It does," said Mary Trainer. "It looks more like it when the moon is at the full, late of a night. Often I've been coming from a sick bed, and it seemed as if it was welcoming me. Yonder is where you'll rest to-night, behind that casement. I keep that room for such as you,—travellers aweary, and the like."

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried Benny again, as she opened the gate of the garden.

And well might the child exclaim; for it was a perfect wilderness of bloom. At first there seemed to be nothing but flowers of every hue and fragrance; but, after a few moments, he saw that long, carefully kept rows of vegetables were behind, and mingling with the bright borders. The plot was in the shape of a triangle, at the apex of which the little house was set. The garden widened behind it; it was surrounded by low hedges completely covered with foliage.

Benny jumped up and down in the exuberance of his joy.

"Poor child, you're fond of flowers!" said Mary Trainer, with a kind smile.

"Yes, missus," he answered; "though I've never seen so many as this. I didn't know there was such different kinds, and all smelling so sweet."

"Where have you lived?" inquired the old woman.

"In London town," said Froggy. "I've seen lots of flowers, but Benny hasn't gone about much."

"Once I saw some," said the child,—
"once when the Duke was buried. Froggy took me to the parade, and there was wagon loads of them. But Sara Goods, a girl what lived in our building, she said they weren't real,—that they were made of paper and colored cloth."

"That couldn't have been so," remarked Mary Trainer. "They wouldn't have anything but *real* flowers, and them the most choice, for the Duke's burying,—God rest his soul!"

"That's what Froggy said," rejoined the child. "And once," he continued, "I had a carrot sprout in water in our room, on the windowsill, and I watched it till it died. Oh, it *was* so pretty!"

"God love your innocent heart!" exclaimed Mary Trainer. "To-morrow you must both rest, and you can gather all the flowers you like. Come in now, and have something to eat. We've a long twilight to spend in the garden."

Ah, what a room was that into which the good woman led them! It was small but scrupulously clean, with sanded floor and open fireplace, and a shining kettle singing on the hob; broad windowsills, on which lavender and mint grew in pots, with mignonette between; and a tiny dresser filled with quaint delf plates and cups and saucers. On the shelves above were bright tins; and highest of all, on a shelf of its own, a huge candlestick with a candle of yellow wax, ornamented with tiny blue flowers. There was a big easy-chair covered with chintz, and a deep wooden rocker with red cushions, and a table with a white cloth covering it. On the table, in a wooden trencher, was a crusty loaf, that made Benny's mouth water; for he was very hungry. There was also a settee, black with age and polish; and a cat, all gray but for her four white paws, was lying on the hearth.

The two boys sank on the floor beside her, Benny stroking her fur, and Froggy lifting one delicate paw. She rubbed against them in the most friendly manner.

"Glad Tabby likes you. 'Tis a good sign," said Mary, smiling down on them, with arms akimbo.

Froggy looked up at her. There were tears in his eyes.

"I think," he said, "this is the nicest place in the world."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"The First Duke and Duchess of Newcastle" is the title of a new book by the author of "The Life of a Prig," "How to Make a Saint," etc. Longmans, Green & Co., publishers.

—In a book of anecdotes of famous physicians lately published in Berlin, Prof. Langenbeck, apropos of the increase in surgical practice, is quoted as saying: "The human family may be divided into two parts: one operates and the other is operated upon."

—Such non-Catholic readers of THE AVE MARIA as are interested in the music and musicians of their respective denominations, will be glad to learn of the appearance of "Lloyd's Church Musicians' Directory." It is styled "the Blue Book of Church Musicians in America," and has been compiled by the Rev. Frederic E. J. Lloyd, D. D.

—"Speaking and Writing—Book Two," by Maxwell, Johnston, and Barnum (American Book Company) provides instruction in oral and written language for school-children in their fourth year. It is a 16mo of 128 pages, with illustrations; and for those who object to the old-fashioned methods of teaching spelling, grammar, and punctuation, it will doubtless prove of value.

—Catholic fathers or mothers who are selecting holiday gifts for their boys and girls will not make any mistake if they include in the list "Ned Rieder," by the Rev. John A. Wehs (Benziger Brothers). It is a parochial school story, and so good a one that the said parents will be well-advised if they purchase their copy ahead of time, so as to enable them to sit down and read it themselves (as we have done), from the opening word of the first chapter to the concluding one of the last. If, having done so, they do not endorse our verdict, we think it will be because they have lost that youthfulness of heart which ought to survive the arrival of gray hairs, crows' feet, and stiffened joints.

—"On Christmas Day in the Evening," by Grace S. Richmond (Doubleday, Page, and Co.), is a story of catholic, rather than Catholic, interest and grace and beauty. The "evening" of the title was spent in an old-fashioned country meeting-house, and the service was as simple as ever satisfied the original Baptists, or Methodists, or Presbyterians of American rural life; but the Christmas spirit awoke in the congregation, and readers of any faith, or of none, will be charmed with the book's concrete

exemplification of "peace on earth to men of good-will." We cordially recommend it as a daintily produced and thoroughly enjoyable Yule-tide narrative, as good in its way as the New York *Sun's* classic reply to little Virginia's question "Is there a Santa Claus?"

—"The American Catholic Who's Who," soon to be published by B. Herder, contains twenty-four hundred records. The book has been carefully compiled and edited, and will be found well worth while. It will be easy to enlarge and improve future editions, but the first has been at the cost of arduous efforts and against "fearful odds."

—Some of the best Catholic short stories for children and grown-ups that have come our way of late months are by Miriam Agatha (Sydney, N. S. W.), and appear as pamphlets of the Australian Catholic Truth Society. "For the Holy Souls, and Other Stories" (No. 108 of the pamphlets of the Melbourne C. T. S.) is worth a good deal more than its price—"one penny."

—"The Story of Our Lord's Life," told for children by a Carmelite nun (Cathedral Library Association) is a book that will hold the attention of the little ones more strongly than the oft-told fables of fairyland, because it is true, with a divine truth, and because the Life of the Redeemer of the world appeals tenderly and especially to the innocent child-mind unwarped by sin. One can not overpraise the wording of these sweet, true stories or the fine illustrations that occur so frequently through the volume; the good nun has indeed given of her best; and the earnest little prayers at the end of each story are sure to linger long in the child-heart. It would be well if every mother could procure a copy of this book, and gather the little ones together and read it aloud to them during Christmas time.

—The late Father Lambert's claim to greatness and gratitude, as a writer in the *Catholic World* points out, does not rest solely on his refutation of the errors of Ingersoll. Indeed, so far would such a notion be from the truth, that we might ignore the "Notes on Ingersoll," and there would still be left his "Thesaurus Biblicus," translated, adapted, and enlarged from the original of Philip Paul Merz (the first Catholic Biblical Concordance printed in English); "The Christian Father," "The Christian Mother," etc. Father Lambert also edited many other valuable works. The "Notes on Ingersoll," too, were followed by others in the same vein, and on

kindred topics; such as, "The Tactics of Infidels," "Ingersoll's Christmas Sermon," etc. There is also his keen analysis of the Christian Science cult; and last, but not least, his admirable editorial work continued for many years.

—A map which can not fail to be of great interest to Americans and Englishmen was lately discovered in the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris, by M. Charles de la Roncière. It represents, under date of 1584, the New World, both North and South America, as French colonies,—a dream of Transatlantic empire on the part of Catherine de' Medici. It seems that two viceroys had actually been named to occupy and govern the Americas. Of these, Troilus de Mesgones, the favorite of the Queen, was ordered to retake North America, abandoned since the days of Cartier. In regard to South America, Queen Catharine planned to seize Brazil in the confusion caused by the Portuguese troubles of the time; and appointed General Strozzi, with a fleet of seventy-five sail, to effect the conquest. He was defeated and killed off the Azores; and the expedition commanded by Mesgones was destroyed by a storm in mid-ocean.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Ned Rieder." Rev. John Wehs. 85 cts.
 "The Story of Our Lord's Life Told for Children." A Carmelite Nun \$1.
 "Joseph Haydn: The Story of His Life." Franz von Seeburg. Rev. J. M. Toohey, C. S. C. \$1.25.
 "The Son of Man: His Preparation, His Life, His Work." Rev. Placid Huault, S. M. \$1.25.
 "The Diary of an Exiled Nun." Preface by François Coppée. \$1.
 "Heroic Spain." E. Boyle O'Reilly. \$2.50.
 "Our Catholic Heritage in English Literature." Emily Hickey. 50 cts.
 "Eric; or, The Black Finger." Mary T. Waggonman. 75 cts.
 "Voices from Erin." Denis A. McCarthy. \$1.

- "Mary Aloysia Hardey, Religious of the Sacred Heart. 1809-1886." \$2.20.
 "Watchwords from Dr. Brownson." 50 cts.
 "Home Life in Ireland." Robert Lynd. \$2.50.
 "Sermons of St. Bernard in Advent and Christmas." 75 cts.
 "The Truth of Christianity." Lt.-Col. W. H. Turton. \$1.25
 "Jacquetta." Louise M. Stackpoole-Kenny. \$1.50.
 "The Charity of Christ." Rev. Henry C. Schuyler, S. T. L. 50 cts.
 "Modernism." Cardinal Mercier. 56 cts.
 "The Cost of a Crown." Rev. R. H. Benson. \$1, net.
 "The Spaniard at Home." Mary F. Nixon-Roulet. \$1.75.
 "St. Thomas à Becket." Mgr. Demimuid. \$1.
 "Round the World." Vol. VIII. \$1.
 "The Attributes of God, Mirrored in the Perfections of Mary." 90 cts.
 "Mere Hints, Moral and Social." Rev. John E. Graham. \$1.
 "Donal Kenny." Rev. Joseph Guinan. \$1.10.
 "Later Poems." Father Tabb. \$1.
 "The Iona Series." 35 cts., each.
 "Biographies of English Catholics in the Eighteenth Century." Rev. John Kirk, D.D. \$2.75.
 "A Spiritual Canticle of the Soul." St. John of the Cross. \$1.95.
 "St. Clare of Assisi." Very Rev. Léopold de Chérancé, O. S. F. C. \$1.10.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Anatole Oster, of the archdiocese of St. Paul; Rev. Andrew Lindenfield, diocese of Louisville; Rt. Rev. Monsignor Harkins, diocese of Springfield; Rev. Charles Prendergast, archdiocese of Philadelphia; and Rev. Francis Benoit, C. S. C.

Sister M. Winifred, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; and Sister M. Hilda, O. S. B.

Mr. F. C. Wilson, Mrs. Adelaide Beimford, Mrs. Mary Dinnen, Mr. John Stoppe, Mrs. John McHugh, Mr. Nicholas Bratton, Mrs. Mary O'Malley, Mr. Frank Caterson, Mrs. Mary Duffy, Mr. Charles De Grave, Kate Bordley, Mr. Frank Lindauer, Mr. John Meyers, Miss Florence Berry, Mrs. Lizzie Mullvoney, Mr. Albert Englert, Mrs. Mary Brown, Mr. Joseph Lee, Mr. Timothy O'Connor, Bridget McKenna, Mr. J. Henry Long, Mary O'Connor, and Mr. Frank Hoffman.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 24, 1910.

NO. 26

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

Yule.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

ALL heaven centred in one sacred spot—
 A spot of light on the cloud-darkened earth—
 When through the silence swelled the dulcet
 mirth
 Of spherul music sweeping to the grot
 In Bethlehem. Some saw the cave, but not
 The radiance; there was a selfish dearth
 Of faith within their hearts; the wondrous Birth
 Seemed common unto them; the Star, a dot.
 Some of good will know, through their clearer eyes,
 The guide of God; and follow to the place
 Where Christ still waits, His heart with love
 aflame.
 Ah, on this day there's wonder in the skies
 That we should look afar for joy or grace
 When childhood in His image weeps in shame.

The Feast of the Nativity in Olden Times.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

MUCH has been written about
 the holy feast of Christmas,
 with its many associations,—
 so much, indeed, that it seems
 superfluous to add even a
 word. Yet, on reading the history of
 past ages, when the Catholic Faith was
 so heartily embraced by the laity that,
 as one learned author has remarked, they
 not only zealously promoted it, but not
 unfrequently showed themselves foremost
 in their fervor, we find fresh aspects of
 devotion rewarding our search. To study

the pages of some old documents is, in
 very truth, like scanning the heavens on
 a cloudless night. We look up into a
 star-sown sky. Myriads of sparkling worlds
 meet our sight; but whilst we gaze
 another, and still another, springs into
 view. And so it is with the different
 commemorations of the Church's year:
 new beauties are always appearing.

Perhaps, however, in considering the
 festival of the Nativity—that day on
 which the God of Majesty became our
 Brother by taking human flesh and
 dwelling amongst us,—nothing strikes us
 more than the fact that Christmas was
 ever, as its very name implies, most closely
 bound up with the Blessed Eucharist.
 "Brethren," exclaimed St. Ælred to his
 monks one Christmas night, "we have no
 such great and evident sign of the birth
 of Christ as that we daily receive His
 body and blood at the holy altar, and
 that He who was once born for us of
 a virgin mother is daily immolated in
 our sight."

The universality of the sacramental
 presence was taught by the Church with
 a zeal and skill that neglected no means
 by which this great mystery should be
 brought home to the minds of the people,
 either by written or oral instruction,
 festal celebration, painting or sculpture.
 Thus it came about that, at a time when
 men's ignorance of ancient history was
 practically boundless, the Gospel story
 was both known and understood; whilst
 it is beyond question that the pageants
 and miracle-plays, which were closely
 connected with the celebration of festivals

from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century, contributed not a little to this end.

From short sequences of three or four plays, they developed rapidly in the hands of the English guilds; complete sets were soon produced; and they told, crudely it may be, but still with religious fervor and a certain amount of realism, the essential parts of Scripture history from the creation of man till the day of judgment. It will be remembered that during the period we are considering, the guilds stood for the rising middle classes of the people; and each guild was entrusted permanently with the due mounting and acting of one play in the set, having amongst its possessions the properties for its miracle-play, to be carefully kept in repair, and renewed when necessary. Indeed, an authority on this subject* tells us that "the stage furniture was as handsome in thrones and other properties as each company could make it. . . . In this country [England] the taste for miracle-plays was blended with the old desire to diffuse, as far as possible, a knowledge of religious truth; and therefore the sets of miracle-plays acted by our town guilds placed in the streets, as completely as might be, a living picture-Bible before the eyes of all the people."

It is interesting to note here that, in the "Chester Plays," St. Matthew says:

And I believe through God's grace,
Such beleefe as holye Church has,
That God's Body granted us was—
To use in form of Bredde [Bread].

The Holy Eucharist gave the note of joy to the glad festival of Christmas; it was, in fact, the reason for the holiday, when all assisted at the same Adorable Sacrifice and partook of the same Communion feast.

It need scarcely be added that from very early ages Communion at Christmas was urged upon the faithful, and would seem to have been received by them even during those periods when writers com-

plain of coldness and indifference in this respect. Venerable Bede, writing in the year 734, to his friend St. Egbert, Archbishop of York, speaks of the state of the Church in the north of England,—of its needs, and of the means of remedying certain laxities. He laments that "almost all the laity of our province, . . .—even those among them who appear most religious, venture to communicate in the holy mysteries only at Christmas, the Epiphany, and Easter."

The great consolation of religion, then as now, was the redeeming efficacy of the death of Christ; and the daily commemoration of that death in the Adorable Sacrifice of the Mass was the central feature of all worship. "The Mass," as Dr. Jessopp truly says, "was felt to be, and known to be, the one great and precious mystery, to which every devout Catholic clung with unspeakable awe and fervor."* And a glance into ancient records sufficiently proves how entirely this was the case on the great feast of Christmas.

It is interesting to find that an interdict was always suspended on this feast, and Holy Mass and the Divine Office were said and sung with the usual solemnity. For example, when during the reign of Henry III. the city of Norwich was laid under an interdict, owing to a long and violent feud between the citizens and the prior of the abbey church, William de Brunham, "the interdict was relaxed from the vigil of Christmas till the day after the Epiphany."

Curious, too, is the account in a Welsh charter, dated about 1070, of a local interdict, caused, it would seem, by unseemly rejoicings at this holy season. "The family of Cadwgan, son of Meurig, King of Glamorgan, had gone to Llandaff for the Christmas festivals," says the old document. They doubtless went with good intentions; but, to quote once more the quaint words of the charter, "as Aaron's rod had been transformed into a dragon, so excessive feasting had transformed

* "A First Sketch of English Literature," by H. Morley.

* "One Generation of a Norfolk House," p. 64.

these men from pious worshippers into brawlers and murderers." They slew Berthult, the nephew of the bishop, a saintly man and the physician of the whole country round. Bishop Herwald instantly summoned a synod of his clergy, and a solemn interdict was pronounced. The royal household was excommunicated. "The crosses and relics were taken from the altars and laid on the ground, the bells were reversed, the doors of the churches were blocked with thorns, and no service was permitted either day or night." We are not surprised to learn that the result of these measures was an earnest plea for pardon on the part of the King, who, "having received penance and absolution, laid his hand on the altar of St. Peter and the holy confessors, Dubricius, Telan and Oudoceus, and made a solemn offering of land to God, His saints, and the church of Llandaff."

Mention has already been made of those mystery-plays and miracle-plays of the Middle Ages, from which our modern drama originally sprang. These were performed not only in the church, under the superintendence of the priest, but also on fixed or movable stages in streets and church yards. If in the latter places, especially after eating and drinking—or, as one old writer says, *après manger*,—the actors were apt to become riotous. Hence the sharp strictures of preachers, writers, and satirists, on this subject; though, on reading their remarks, it must ever be borne in mind that men used, in those days, the strongest terms they could find. "In their panegyrics," it has been truly said, "they made reserves, but rarely in their censures." In this connection, an ancient rhymester describes how certain mysteries may be represented in the church by the priest, or rather under his direction. The rhyme runs thus:

And he may play withouten plight [guilt],
How God was born in Yole night.

Christmas is pre-eminently the feast of charity and Christian brotherhood; the season when not only our spiritual but our

material joys should be shared by those poorer than ourselves; and, in the records of the past, nothing strikes us more than the large-hearted generosity which prevailed during those pre-Reformation times, when the Catholic Church was the faithful custodian of the poor. The following episcopal canon of the See of York may be taken as a specimen of the common practice: "Let the priests receive the tithes of the people, and keep a written account of all that have been paid them; and divide the same in the presence of such as fear God, according to the canonical authority. Let them set apart the first share for the repairs and ornaments of the church; let them distribute the second to the poor and the stranger, with their own hands, in mercy and humility; and reserve the third for themselves."

Of the monasteries and other houses of kindly hospitality, there were in England and Wales, before the great Apostasy, about 1300, or on an average twenty-five to each of the fifty-two counties, without counting a host of the smaller *hospitia*. Such establishments maintained the poor on their own land in comfort; and they were, moreover, practically the unpaid innkeepers of the nation. The amount of bread, meat, etc., dispensed to the poor on a feast like Christmas was something enormous, and this quite apart from the princely hospitality accorded to pilgrims and strangers, as records of our great Benedictine and Cistercian abbeys abundantly prove.

A charming story of St. Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester, in the reign of King Edgar, relates how, during a great famine, he sold all the plate of his church to buy food for the poor; saying that if the church be reduced to poverty, it can be again replenished; but that if the poor are starved, it is not in the power of man to recall them to life. "Yet this same saint," we are told, "is renowned for his zeal for the splendor of the sanctuary." In fact, when a monk at Abingdon,

he made with his own hands, a wonderful candelabrum called the "golden wheel." It was covered with forty pounds weight of gold and silver; and had twelve lamps and innumerable bells hung round it. "He also made a table, or reredos, on which the Blessed Virgin and the twelve Apostles were sculptured, of gold and silver of immense value."

We read in the annals of the same See that Waldekin, another Bishop of Winchester, was saying Mass one Christmas Day, when King Rufus sent messengers to him, demanding that two hundred pounds (a very large sum in those days) should be instantly given him by the prelate. Waldekin knew well that, without robbing the poor and despoiling the church, he could not possibly collect the money. "This, and similar troubles," continues the chronicler, "made him so sad that he was weary of life, and he prayed that God would take him from its sorrows. And this happened ten days later."

We can find no words so touchingly beautiful, or which so fittingly describe the glad festival of Christmas, together with its inseparable connection with the Blessed Sacrament, as those of our old English writers. "What was the sign that the Shepherds received?" asks St. Ælred. "'You shall find the Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger.' And this was to be the sign that He was the Saviour, Christ the Lord. I could say many things about this 'sign,' but one must suffice. Bethlehem means the 'House of Bread.' It represents the Holy Church, in which the true bread, the body of Christ is ministered. The manger in Bethlehem is the altar in the church. . . . In this manger is Jesus wrapped in swaddling clothes. These clothes are the sacramental veils. In this manger, under the appearances of bread and wine, are the true body and blood of Christ. There Christ Himself is believed to be, but wrapped in swaddling clothes, — that is to say, invisible in the Sacrament. Therefore, brethren, let us hasten to the manger

of the Lord, first preparing ourselves by grace in a pure heart and a good conscience and an unfeigned faith; that, associated with the angels, we may sing: '*Gloria in excelsis Deo!*'"

A whole volume might be quoted concerning Our Lady's Christmas joys. Carols, too, are most quaint and touching. One begins thus:

Jesus was born of a May
Upon Cristemasse Day;
She was May before and aye.

While another runs:

Sing aye of Maiden Mary
Kneeling on the sod,
And pray that we may see her
Near the throne of God.

But perhaps no writer has more luminously expressed the teaching of the Church in respect both of the birth of Christ and His sacramental presence, than Peter of Blois, who died Archdeacon of London, in 1200. His words, so full of faith and piety, must close this brief sketch:

"In the hour when Christ was born there were many rich men asleep; and some, perhaps, were awake and solicitous for the wisdom of this world. But Christ, who has made foolish the wisdom of this world, . . . granted the vision of His angels, and the song of glory at His birth, not to the wise, not to philosophers, but to shepherds, to rustics, to the simple and humble. . . . And you, brethren, though you are not shepherds, yet you shall see that Little One, whom many kings and prophets desired to see, reposing to-day on the altar, — not in His glory, but wrapped in swaddling clothes. For as in the time of His nativity His strength was truly present, though hidden by those coverings, so is His majesty now hidden in the sacrament. But a day will come when He will appear, not clad in swaddling clothes, but clothed with light as with a vestment, as the only-begotten of the Father; as the King in His beauty; having His tabernacle in the sun, in the splendors of the saints, in the light that wanes not, in the glory that passes not away."

For Love of the Christ-Child.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY I. HERNAMAN.



CHRISTMAS Eve had come. A new moon struggling through clouds revealed an Alpine valley clothed in the soft whiteness of freshly-fallen snow. High above the frozen river and against the mountain-side stood Castle Arnheim, its grey walls and dark turrets making a black patch in the surrounding whiteness. The adjoining meadows and vineyards were all alike clothed in a white pall; and even the pine woods which ran up the hillside were transfigured by the snowy burthen they held in their dark branches.

Within the castle all was still. The servants had retired early, to sleep before the Midnight Mass; and no sound broke the silence save the clamping of horses' hoofs in the stables off the courtyard. In his sanctum off the lower court sat Count von Arnheim, still in the prime of life, but apparently a lonely man, and one whose lined and hardened face told a tale of bitter memories. In the great salon above, where the annual festival of the Christmas Tree had been held a few hours earlier, his wife and her companion were sitting by the huge earthenware stove, where the red embers were still glowing. This salon was a long, vaulted apartment, with polished floor and dark wainscoting, above which the walls were painted in rude frescoes representing religious subjects, curiously blended in allegory with the fate of bygone Von Arnheims. Colored lamps, hung at intervals, cast a dim light through the room, throwing into relief the finely carved old furniture, as well as the figures of the two women.

Countess von Arnheim had not lost the beauty for which in her youth she had been celebrated, — the dark, imperious

beauty of the South; but her eyes were dimmed as if by weeping, and her thin face and hands showed very white against her dark gown. Her companion, Helen Myer, blue-eyed and golden-haired, was fair and slim as a pre-Raphaelite angel; but she, too, looked pale and sad. After a long silence, the Countess spoke:

"I am sick at heart, Helen. I almost hate Christmas! What does it bring to the childless woman but bitter memories and useless regrets?"

"I am sick at heart, Helen. I hate Christmas! What does it bring to the childless woman but bitter memories and useless regrets?"

"But does it not also bring hopes of a better life? And your ladyship has her adopted children. They love you as a mother. Is it no comfort to you to have given those innocent ones so much happiness to-night?"

"You are too much of a saint, Helen, for my taste. Of course I am glad to help the poor and suffering, but that does not fill my life."

"Your ladyship has many interests?"

"Why do you call me 'ladyship'? You know I hate it. Can you not call me mother, sister,—what you will? Have I not been as a mother to you?"

"Madame la Contesse has been more than kind."

"Madame la Contesse! Why do you hurt me, child? Do you not know that I love you? O Helen, if my Conrad could have had such a wife as you, and if he and his children were here this blessed Christmas night!"

The girl's eyes flashed; but the light died in them as quickly as it had come.

"Madame looks too young to be a grandmother," she replied in her quiet, even voice.

"I am old, Helen, — forty years old; but it seems to me that I am a hundred since I lost my son. I do not think that I could have borne it, Helen, only that you came. Then something bade me live, and outlive my sorrow."

"Have you not God, Madame, and have you not your husband? And the Count is a great and good man."

"How you talk, Helen,—you who never had a child!" (The Countess did not notice the flush that spread over Helen's pale face.) "Yes, I have my husband; and in these days, when many wives are faithless, I love him and am faithful to him. But can I forget that it was his hardness which separated me from my only child, and which perhaps drove him to his doom? Would Conrad have espoused the cause of the people but for that fatal quarrel?"

"It was a just cause, and it has triumphed," said her companion, with glowing eyes.

"But it cost my son his life."

"He died a noble death, true to God and to his people."

"The Von Arnheims have never cast in their lot with the rabble," replied the Countess, scornfully; "and Conrad would never have done it but for the influence of the Holsteins. How it came to pass that my son linked his fate with that cursed family I do not know."

"Why do you call it cursed?"

"Have I not told you of the deadly feud which has existed for more than a century between our house and the house of Holstein?"

"Are we responsible for the quarrels of our ancestors?" asked the young girl, and there was a faint note of contempt in her voice.

"How can you understand? These quarrels are things which go down from father to son; they are in the blood,—wounds which never heal."

"Yet, Madame, your noble son strove to end the feud."

"By marrying the daughter of Baron Holstein? How can you dare to remind me of it! Was it not his marriage which separated him from me forever? Were he alive now, it is probable I could see him only by stealth; for his father would never forgive him."

"And his wife?" The girl's eyes glowed like dark sapphires.

"His wife? What do I know of her? Miserable girl, who led my son to his ruin,—a mere chit of a schoolgirl, too; and not even beautiful, as I have been told lately."

"But your son loved her."

"So it seems,—indeed, he loved her more than his mother." And the Countess sighed bitterly.

"And perhaps she loved him,—loved him even as much as you did, Madame. One must be reasonable."

"She was but a child; and if she loved him, why did she not keep him back from joining in that fatal attack? Oh, why did she not, Helen?"

"Perhaps she loved her country and her faith too well."

"Let me not think of her,—let me not hear of her! It cuts my heart in two. And yet if my Conrad had had a child, and I could find it, I would cherish it as my own. But Conrad is dead, and with him all my hopes."

"Perhaps, Madame, there are other mothers who suffer as much as yourself," continued the girl.

"Would it make my pain less to remember that of others? What do you know of pain?" The Countess raised her eyes to Helen's face. "And yet, child, it seems to me that some tragedy is written in those blue eyes of yours. Why do you never confide in me?"

"There are sorrows which seal the lips, Madame. Perhaps if you knew all, you would not suffer me to remain under your roof."

"Nonsense, girl! What harm could I hear of you? You are even too good for my taste, as I have often said; you could never do wrong. But do you think that, with your youth and beauty, you can go on forever leading the life of a nun in the world?"

"I am only an orphan girl, compelled to earn my bread," said Helen, evidently trying to waive the conversation.

"I do not believe it," answered the Countess. "I am sure that you are nobly born, and accustomed to wealth and luxury. Why do you never speak to me of your past life, — of your parents or your home?"

"I have no home. My father was killed in the late war, and my mother died when I was a child."

"But you have life before you, — life and love. Do you guess what love may one day mean to you?"

Helen's face was deadly pale, and strange lights were playing across it. The Countess looked at her for a moment, and started.

"Is it possible, Helen, that you have already known it, — that the mystery of life lies behind you?"

Helen rose, saying:

"Forgive me, Madame! I am worn out, and must rest."

She left the room. A few minutes later, accompanied by an old peasant, she was speeding through the snow toward the village.

The Countess remained in her low seat by the fire, her white hands clasped on her knees. She was thinking of her companion, — of Helen's striking beauty and strange, silent ways; of her vivid faith and childlike piety; of her strong character and personal influence. The Countess loved her as a daughter, and yet she knew nothing of the girl's heart: it was as a sealed book to her. And why? What mystery shrouded the life of this young girl, whom she had taken into her service as a dependant, but whom she had treated as a friend?

And then the Countess began thinking of her own lonely life and of the past. She glanced down the long room and toward the great Christmas Tree which adorned one end of it. It looked the same as when, twenty years earlier, her curly-headed baby son had danced in glee around it, and when she, a girl of twenty, had centred all her hopes in the beautiful child whom God had given her. Life had never

brought her such real joy as those early days of motherhood; and, though afterward she led a gay life and tasted all the intoxication of homage and admiration, her thoughts had ever been devoted to her child, and he had remained the one idol of her heart.

Brave and generous, Conrad von Arnheim had repayed his mother's devotion; but he had made the fatal mistake of concealing from her his love for the daughter of the hated house of Holstein. His political views had linked him with Baron Holstein, who, in the urgent need of the moment, was willing to forget the past, and even to consent to his child's marriage with Conrad.

The marriage was kept secret; and when at last the fact became known to his parents, Countess von Arnheim shared for a moment the anger which made her husband banish his son forever from his home. After that Conrad joined the cause of independence, and news had come that he had been struck down in the first skirmish. When his mother heard of his death, she was as one distracted; the fact of his body's not having been recovered only adding to her grief. From that time, a broken-hearted woman, she lived in complete seclusion from the world. In her loneliness, she sought a suitable companion; and it was then that Helen Myer came into her service. The girl's gentle ways succeeded in time in softening the elder woman's bitter grief. More than a year had now passed since Conrad von Arnheim's death.

The castle bells rang out, waking the Countess from her reverie. She rose, and, dashing the tears from her eyes, prepared to make her way to the chapel. It was nearly midnight. When the Countess entered the chapel, it was still empty, but lit up with colored lanterns. On one side there was a representation of the Crib, and the Countess went toward it. She looked at the familiar, rudely-carved figures of the Madonna and angels, and then her eyes rested on the manger filled

with straw. There they were arrested; for suddenly the sleeping infant in the Crib stretched out two chubby hands and opened wide two bright blue eyes.

The Countess almost fainted, but it did not strike her for a moment as a celestial apparition. No: she thought she was dreaming, and that she saw again her little golden-haired Conrad lying in the manger. But she soon recognized that she was not dreaming, for she heard steps coming toward the chapel. Turning, she saw Helen standing near the Crib, and a strange light shone in the girl's eyes.

"What is the meaning of this, Helen?" the Countess whispered.

But the girl did not answer, and at that moment Count von Arnheim entered the church. The child uttered a faint wail, and the Count looked toward the Crib. He saw the living child; and, turning to his wife, asked:

"What in the world does this mean?"

"I do not know, — I can not imagine," she answered, looking dazed. "I think it is Conrad come back."

"Conrad! What are you dreaming of? Are you mad?" he muttered fiercely.

"I am not mad. I believe God has sent this child to us. All things are possible to His goodness."

"Who put this child here?" the Count demanded. "Where did it come from?"

He did not see Helen, who was standing in the shadow of some evergreens. The infant's eyes were fixed on her, as hers were on him.

"Who has done this thing?" repeated the Count. "Who has dared to play this trick? Perhaps some wretched girl, hoping to find a home for her offspring. But she will pay dearly for trifling with me. Call the servants immediately,—before Mass begins. I must know who is responsible for this."

The servants were already trooping toward the chapel; the Count went to the door to wait for them. When they were assembled he spoke, and his voice was rough and hard:

"Which of you has done this? Who has put a living child into the Crib this blessed Christmas night?"

The servants, credulous and superstitious, believed at once in an apparition, and, half-scared, began to press toward the door.

"No, it is no apparition!" thundered the Count. "It is a human child, put there with human hands; and I must know which of you has dared to do this thing. Am I a fool, to take this child as a heaven-sent gift without knowing whence it came?"

"You might do worse, my Lord," said the old housekeeper, who had once been the Count's nurse. "God took your own child: perhaps He has sent you another in his place."

"Don't think to fool me!" answered her master. "I must know who this child is, and who brought it here. Some one of you thought, perhaps, to find a home for a nameless child; but I tell you that whoever has dared to play this trick will pay dearly for it, unless it is openly confessed—and at once."

Still, no one spoke, and some of the young girls began to cry. The Count only grew more angry. Turning to the old housekeeper, he said:

"Take that child and give it to the first beggar you meet; and you and every servant here present must leave my service before a week has passed."

"Herman, how can you be so hard? Perhaps they know nothing about it," said his wife, laying her hand on his arm.

He shook it off impatiently, exclaiming: "I will not be fooled!"

"But you are too just to make the innocent suffer," urged his wife.

"I must know the truth at all costs," he said more calmly, his sense of justice roused.

"Will you, then, know the truth, Count von Arnheim?" said a gentle voice behind him; and, turning, he saw Helen. She was ghastly pale and looked more like a spirit than a living woman. The

Count started as he saw her. "Will you know the truth?" she repeated. "Know, then, that this child, which you would cast out of your house to-night, is the offspring of your son Conrad!"

The Countess uttered a sharp cry.

"Tut, girl! How do you know this? My son died a few months after his marriage with that cursed woman whom he chose to call his wife. What do you know of him or his?"

"I know that this child is his, because it is also mine. I am that woman whom you call cursed."

Helen stood facing the angry man, her blue eyes ablaze; but she did not quail or flinch before his glance.

The Count took a stride toward the unhappy girl.

"What! Have *you* dared to do this thing?" he hissed. "Do you think that I will accept the child of a Holstein as one of my race? Begone, you and your child!"

He raised his hand as if to crush the life out of the frail form before him. The Countess fell back with a cry against the chapel door.

"Hold, Count von Arnheim!" And a hand was laid on his shoulder. "What words are these I hear in this night of peace and love?"

It was an old priest who spoke,—a priest already vested in the alb and stole.

"I have witnessed the scene," he said. "The girl has done well. What, Count von Arnheim, would you blacken your soul with sin this holy night? God has sent you this child to end the feud which has existed between your house and that of Holstein. Take the infant and bless God for having sent it to you. In this boy you have an heir to your honored name and the estates of the Arnheims."

"How can I know that what this woman says is true?" muttered the Count.

"I myself can vouch for its truth," replied the priest.

"For what purpose, then, did she employ this ruse?"

"It was but a mother's ruse to secure the rights of her child. She laid the child in the Crib, thinking that you might take it and care for it as your own. Remember, too, that the Holstein estates have been seized and that the Baroness is now reduced to penury. Would you have a child of your own race brought up in poverty? Is your heart so hardened that on this blessed night, when Christ, our Redeemer, came into the world as a little Child, you will refuse to receive this helpless infant for His sake?"

The priest's words smote hard, yet the Count remained silent.

Helen stole into the church, and came back with her babe in her arms. The Countess extended out her hands and tenderly clasped the young mother and her child.

"See!" said the priest. "Your wife has already accepted her as a daughter. Will you not do likewise? This is the moment when God calls upon you to forgive even as you hope to be forgiven. Welcome this child and its mother, then; and forever end this feud, which is a disgrace to Christians."

The Count looked at Helen, and his stern face relaxed. She made a picture to touch the hardest heart.

"But why have you lived as a dependant in my house?" he asked.

"I was friendless and almost penniless. It was the means of sustaining myself and my child. I hoped, too, to win your favor, and perhaps to make a home for my boy. When I laid him in the Crib to-night, I thought you might take him as a heaven-sent foundling, and that I might have the happiness of living under the same roof as my child."

The Count's eyes were moistened with tears; his face showed how much he was swayed by conflicting emotions.

"Bless your daughter," said the priest. "The hour of midnight is passed, and I must offer the Holy Sacrifice."

Grace, or something in Helen's aspect, at last touched the Count's heart. His

hard face changed; and, laying his hands on her shoulders, he said:

"I bid you and your child welcome to my house. May God bless you both!"

"You have done well," said the priest. "And, because you have done this thing, I bring you tidings of great joy. Your son Conrad is not dead."

The Countess uttered a cry and fell senseless to the ground. Helen's young heart bore better the tide of joy that swept over it; but she, too, swayed a moment under her access of happiness. Then, pressing her child to her heart, she stood as if transfixed with joy, radiant as an angel.

"One word of explanation now," said the priest, when the Countess had recovered her senses and was able to listen; "afterward I shall tell you all. Conrad von Arnheim was struck down, one of the very first, during the late war; but, he was not dead, as supposed. He was found by some monks, who carried him to their monastery, where he lay for months between life and death; but finally he recovered. When well enough to travel, his first care was to seek his wife. But he sought in vain; for she had left her home when, at her father's death, the Holstein estates were seized by the half-brother of the late Baron; and she had changed her name in order to gain a living for herself and her child. Broken-hearted, Conrad returned to the monastery where he had received so much kindness, with the intention of remaining there for the rest of his days. I alone knew the secret of his life, though I little thought his wife and child were in your house. God's providence has led me here to-night to bring you this happy news, — news which I was bound by secrecy not to reveal until his wife was found, and the feud with the Holsteins had ended. Let us go now and bless God, who has brought this about, and who unto you especially a child has given."

Merrily rang the bells of Castle Arnheim that Christmas night through the stillness of the snow-clad valley.

The Midnight Mass.

BY J. F. S.

SING to the King of Glory,
Sing to the Royal Child,
Tell out the wondrous story
This Christmas night so wild!
Lift up a carol gaily,
With hallowed Christmas mirth,
To greet the God who comes to night,
A Maiden's Child on earth.
The stars look down like sentries,
The angel hosts are there,
His kingly guard of honor
Around the Manger bare;
His spotless Mother holds Him
Fast in her pure embrace,
And God made Man looks up and smiles
Upon Our Lady's face.

Then haste we with the Shepherds
That wondrous sight to view,
Kneel we beside that cradle
In worship leal and true;
With Joseph, saint so valiant,
With Mary, priceless gem,
Fall down before the Child Divine
Who lies in Bethlehem.

For still He comes, as lowly
As on His Mother's breast;
All silently and sweetly
He pleads to be our guest:
His altar throne is gleaming
Fair through the incense mist,
And Mary's Child comes down to be
His people's Eucharist.

Then sing with Christmas gladness
To Him who comes to-night,
And let His birthday splendor
Fill Christian hearts with light.
Then hail Him on His altar
As in the manger throne,
Our God, our Brother, who is ours
That we may be His own.

"CHRIST was born in the flesh," says St. Chrysostom, "in order that we might be born in the spirit."

A Pilgrimage to Bethlehem.*

BY BARON GERAMB.

I.

CHRISTMAS approached. The Reverend Father Warden of the Holy Sepulchre had already gone to Bethlehem with the greater part of the community, for the purpose of celebrating so important a day on the very spot where the Son of God deigned to be born.

Being urged to share their happiness, I set out on the 23d, at three in the afternoon, accompanied by a dragoman and a janissary. I rode a superb Arab mare, full of spirit; and yet I only walked her, lest by a too rapid pace I should lose the pleasure of observing anything of interest which the country might present to my mind and my heart. Oh, how different were my feelings from those with which I approached Jerusalem!

But Bethlehem! All my life that name of itself had produced in me impressions of purest joy, of inexpressible charm. Never had I heard it uttered, never had I uttered it myself, without a sort of thrill. Judge, then, how much more vivid and delicious must have been the emotions of my soul as I approached it!

"In a few moments my eyes will behold that Bethlehem, the name of which is so dear to me! They will behold it! They will behold that stable in which was born the fairest of the sons of men, the Ruler of the universe, the Word of life, my Saviour! They will behold that manger in which He was laid, wrapped in swaddling clothes; that manger, the only cradle that His Mother had to give to such a Son! They will behold the place whither the shepherds of the neighboring country, apprised by the voices of the

angels, came to adore Him; and that upon which knelt the Kings of the East, led by the miraculous Star to pay homage to the King of kings, and to offer Him their presents; that place, in fine, where Mary, the incomparable Mother, suckled her Infant, warmed Him at her bosom, pressed Him to her heart."

Thus did I commune with myself; and with these thoughts which filled my soul were blended the fondest recollections of my childhood, — of that age when the reading of the Holy Scriptures constituted my chief delight; when the affecting histories of Abel, of Isaac, of Joseph, of the Child Jesus, especially of His having but a handful of straw for His bed, and a stable for His palace, moved me to the bottom of my heart and moistened my eyes with tears.

We pursued our route; and a few steps farther, on the slope of a hill, that Bethlehem so dear to my heart suddenly burst upon my view. In the transport of my joy, I saluted thee, land of Judea; and, borrowing the language of the prophets, I exclaimed: "Thou art not the least among the cities of Judah; for from thee shall go forth, and has actually gone forth, the Chief of Israel, Jesus, my Saviour!"

As we advanced, the view became more lovely and delightful. Bethlehem, seated amidst the hills, and the plains which surround it, presented a most picturesque prospect. The fields, irregularly divided, according to the extent of the different properties, and sometimes inclosed by walls, appeared to me better cultivated; trees, the fig and the olive especially, were much more frequent. On the one hand, I perceived the mountains of Judea; on the other, beyond the Dead Sea, those of Arabia Petrea.

In sight of that blessed land, of those plains, of those hills, I called to mind the rural manners of the patriarchs who dwelt there, their pastoral life, and the charming pictures of it left us in the Scripture. I thought of the ancestors of the Saviour, who had lived in these same

* This narrative of the famous abbot of La Trappe was written in 1832. Originally it was in the form of private letters, which are here abridged and adapted for general reading.

parts; of the boy David, tending his father's flocks; of Boaz, David's grandfather; of that admirable Moabite whose name was destined, by the dispensation of God, to be inscribed in the genealogy of his Son; of Ruth, gleaning the fields of him whom Heaven decreed for her husband,—that Ruth whose touching history was well worthy to become one of our Canonical Books, and for whom religious Poesy has thought that she could never choose colors sufficiently soft and vivid.

It was six o'clock when I reached the monastery where I was expected. I was informed that the Reverend Father Warden of the Holy Sepulchre had gone with part of the community as far as Rachel's tomb to meet me. As I had not taken the same road, and had gone first one way and then another, I had not fallen in with him.

I was at Bethlehem,—at Bethlehem! Amidst the attentions and the testimonies of tender charity lavished upon me by the monks, my mind was occupied exclusively with one idea: I thought of nothing save the happiness of beholding the Sacred Grotto. But, a stranger, unacquainted with the monastery, not knowing whether I must apply to the Turks for the keys, in spite of myself I appeared grave, absent, and my looks betrayed my fears and my preoccupations. And, besides, I wanted solitude, night, silence, as at the tomb of our Saviour and on Golgotha. A good Father, seeing me so pensive, guessed what was passing within me. "You wish, perhaps," said he, "to visit the holy places this evening?"—"Yes, this very evening," I replied, "if there be nothing indiscreet in that wish; but as late as possible and alone."—"Well, wait till the community has retired to rest, and I will come and fetch you." He then accompanied me to the cell which had been prepared for me.

The lights were extinguished one by one in the monastery. In the cloister where my cell was situated, nought was to be heard save the vibration of the

pendulum of the clock, and the faint murmur of some of the monks praying beside their beds. Presently the good Father Joseph came for me. I followed him, with a lantern in my hand. We descended the great staircase, passed through several vaulted rooms, and arrived at the church. Turning thence to the right, we proceeded by a narrow staircase cut out of the rock, to a winding way equally narrow, and still in the rock, where my guide pointed out to me an altar, and told me that beneath it is the tomb of the Holy Innocents. We ascended some steps; and, having gone a few paces farther, we found ourselves before a door, which he hastily opened. I beheld a deep grotto, lighted by a great number of lamps. My guide withdrew; and I, my soul moved by fear, respect, love,—I entered, I fell on my knees.

And those hours of night, during which I had watched near the manger of the Lamb without spot, reminded me of that night and that hour when the Angel of the Lord appeared to the Shepherds keeping watch over their flocks, when the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid. Methought an angel said to me as to them, "Fear not!" I had felt the great joy which had been promised to them, because I was in the City of David; and on that very spot whither I had come to pray was born for me a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord. Like them, I had found that sign given by the messenger of the Most High—the stable, the manger, and the Infant Jesus wrapped in swaddling clothes. I had felt in my heart His divine presence, which the lapse of time had not permitted me to behold there. I blessed the happy hour of my life when I said: "Let us go to Bethlehem and see." And I returned glorifying and praising God.

The clock struck two as I got back to my cell. Glory to God,—glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good-will!

II.

Bethlehem is situated in the centre of Judea, about two leagues from Jerusalem. It was called in Hebrew Beth-Lechem, a name given to it by Abraham, signifying "House of Bread." It was likewise called Ephrata (fruitful), after Caleb's wife. It was in allusion to the meaning of these two names that St. Paula, on reaching the place which bore them, exclaimed, full of joy: "I salute thee, Bethlehem, true house of bread, where was born the Bread that came down from heaven! I salute thee, Ephrata, fertile land, where God came into the world!"

Bethlehem was likewise called City of David, because it was the birthplace of that prince, one of the ancestors of Jesus Christ, and the most illustrious of the kings of Israel. Lastly, it is sometimes designated in Scripture as Bethlehem of Judah, to distinguish it from another Bethlehem, situated in Galilee, dependent on the tribe of Zebulon.

The first house in which I set foot on my arrival in Bethlehem, was, as I have said, the monastery. It is a very extensive structure, the walls of which, built of enormous stones, exhibit, in their height and thickness, the appearance of a fortress. The monastery is divided into three parts, occupied separately by the Greeks, the Armenians, and the Catholics.

On this spot, the first Christians had built a chapel, in which was enclosed the stable where our Saviour came into the world. They thronged thither from all parts, to adore on that very spot Him who, out of love for us, humbled Himself so low as to take the form of a little child. For the purpose of driving away the believers, and holding up their mysteries to the derision of the pagans, the Emperor Adrian caused a statue of Adonis to be erected there, and instituted in honor of him a particular worship which subsisted till the reign of Constantine. Helena, the mother of that prince, during her sojourn in the Holy Land, added to the immense benefits by which she had already sig-

nalized her piety that of causing the infamous idol to be demolished, and the worship of it to be forbidden; and, through her means, arose, on the same spot, the church which at this day bears the name of Mary.

Oh, that I could now transfuse, in some measure, my soul into yours, with the thoughts, the affections, the feelings where-with it is filled by the presence of all that I have the favor to behold! Collect yourself, prepare your heart: I am about to usher you into a grotto where the profane man perceives, it is true, objects which seem worthy of his contempt,—a stable, a manger, an Infant, poor, and almost deserving of pity. But for Christians—and Heaven has granted us the grace to be such—that stable is a temple, that manger a sanctuary, that Infant a Saviour, a God, before whom empires are scarcely what an atom of dust is to us; and those kings and those nations, that so fiercely dispute a title belonging by right to Him alone, who are bent on being sovereigns even without His grace,—make a little noise to-day, gather a little of what they term glory, merely to lose it to-morrow, and to die; and those men who call themselves learned, who cry aloud that their knowledge, their discoveries, their doctrines, their wisdom, their genius, are the only light capable of really enlightening the world, are nought but ignorance and darkness, understanding nothing of the things of heaven, and plunging, with their paltry science, like all the rest of mankind, into the night of the grave.

To go to the Sacred Grotto, we must turn back from the point where we now are. We pass the altar beneath which is the sepulchre of the Holy Innocents. This is the spot where, according to tradition, were interred those children of Bethlehem whom Herod doomed to die. "Then Herod," observes the Evangelist, "seeing that he was deluded by the Wise Men, was exceeding angry; and, sending, killed

all the male children that were in Bethlehem and in all the confines thereof, from two years old and under, according to the time which he had diligently inquired of the Wise Men. Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by Jeremias the prophet, saying: A voice in Rama was heard, lamentation and great mourning; Rachel bewailing her children, and would not be comforted because they are not."

On ascending a few steps, we come to a door that leads to the subterraneous chapel of the Holy Grotto, which is thirty-eight feet long, eleven wide, and nine high. Two flights of fifteen steps each, constructed on the sides, lead, one to the church of the Greeks, the other to that of the Armenians. The Grotto's rocks and the pavement are covered with marble given by St. Helena. Thirty-two lamps burn without interruption in this sacred place, to which the light of day never penetrates. At the farther end, toward the east, is the spot where the Blessed Virgin brought forth the Saviour of the world. This spot, lighted by sixteen lamps, is marked by a slab of white marble, fixed in the pavement, and lined with jasper, in the centre of which is a silver sun bearing this inscription:

HIC DE VIRGINE MARIA
JESUS CHRISTUS NATUS EST.

Over it is a marble table, serving for an altar, and supported by two pillars. Under this altar, and between the two pillars, we stoop to kiss the sacred spot designated by the inscription. A little lower down, toward the south, is the manger.

Facing the manger, and three paces from it, is the spot where Mary was sitting with the Infant Jesus in her arms, when the Wise Men came to worship Him, and to present their gifts to Him. "Now," says St. Matthew, "when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Juda, in the days of King Herod, behold there came Wise Men from the East to Jerusalem, saying, Where is He that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen His Star in the East, and

are come to adore Him. . . . And, behold, the Star which they had seen in the East went before them, until it came and stood over where the Child was. And, seeing the Star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. And, going into the house, they found the Child with Mary, His Mother; and, falling down, they adored Him; and, opening their treasures, they offered Him gifts — gold, frankincense, and myrrh."

The manger, is raised about a foot above the level of the Grotto, and lined with white marble. At the back, a tolerably good painting, in a silver frame, represents the Adoration of the Shepherds. It covers the bare rock. On Christmas Day the painting is left exposed for some time to the veneration of the faithful.

Christian princes have made it a pious duty to send presents for the embellishment of the manger. It is always hung with magnificent draperies; those for this week are of white silk, sprinkled with roses and embroidered with gold. On the spot where the Wise Men worshipped Jesus is an altar, with a fine painting representing the Adoration, and above it a large star. The sanctuary of the Nativity belongs to the Greeks; the manger and the place of the adoration of the Wise Men, to the Catholics.

When, kneeling before the spot where Our Lord was born, I cast my eyes on these words, *Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est* ("Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary"), there arises within me a feeling totally distinct and different from that produced by other acts of Christian piety. To the believer the word "here" has a charm, an attraction, a captivation, which can not be felt or comprehended except on the spot. The soul, the heart, all the faculties, are spellbound by that word. You repeat it a thousand times; and, when you have repeated it for the thousandth time, you pronounce it again. It is incessantly on the burning lips of gratitude and love.

There is, in fact, no place in the world

where the heart can be more deliciously moved than in this Grotto at Bethlehem. When, calling to mind the time, the season of the year at which the Infant Jesus was born, I add, while communing with myself: "*Here* is the spot!" Methinks I hear Him weeping with cold and want; methinks I see Mary, his fond Mother, bestowing upon Him all the cares of the most ingenious tenderness. St. Joseph, on hearing the cry of his adopted Son, hastens to take Him from the arms of His Mother, to clasp Him in his own, and to warm Him on his bosom.

You know, dear reader, with what pomp, with what joy, the festival of Christmas and the Midnight Mass are celebrated throughout the whole Catholic world. You have had occasion, like me, to remark the beauty of the decorations which adorn our temples at the time of this great solemnity; the immense concourse of the faithful, and their pious solicitude to go and worship the Infant Jesus; and that unanimous concert of praise and thanksgiving for the happy advent of the Divine Messiah, and those songs and hymns in which the general joy bursts forth. Conceive, then, what must be such a festival, such a service, held at midnight at Bethlehem, on the very spot where Jesus Christ deigned to be born.

I will not stop to describe the holy magnificence displayed at this solemnity. I will say nothing either of the rich tapestries with which the marbles are covered; or of the ravishing strains of a music in perfect harmony with the sublimity and the soothing nature of the mystery; or of the countless tapers which burn not only upon the altar, but in the whole of the interior; or of the pomp that surrounds the Reverend Father Warden in the exercise of his functions; or of the ornaments sparkling with gold which attest the munificence of the Catholic princes of other days, and are worn by the numerous priests who assist in the service. But I will say a few words to

you concerning one august and impressive ceremony which can not be performed anywhere but here.

At midnight—at that hour of salvation, when, in all the Catholic churches in the world, the Infant Jesus receives the homage of all faithful Christians, the Reverend Father Warden opens the procession, and advances with slow step, his head bowed, and reverentially carrying the Infant Jesus in effigy. On reaching the very spot of the Nativity, the deacon, with deep devotion, chants the Gospel. When he comes to the words, "And wrapped Him in swaddling clothes," he receives the Infant from the hands of the Father Warden, wraps Him in swaddling clothes, lays Him in the manger, falls on his knees and worships. . . . At that solemn moment there flashes into the soul something supernatural, I may venture to call it, judging from what I have witnessed, from what I myself have felt. Piety ceases to find a voice to express its gratitude, its love; it speaks only in the melting language of the eyes, in sighs, and in tears.

I lay down the pen, hoping that my letter may impart to others some little portion of my happiness at Bethlehem. They would be, at least for a moment, in a sort of paradise.

Christ is Born.

BY HENRY C. MCLEAN.

THIS blessed morn
 The Christ is born;
 With heart and voice
 Rejoice, rejoice!

From heaven's throne
 Unto His own
 Peace, peace He brings,
 The King of kings!

Loud rings the call,
 Good-will to all;
 Great joy He brings
 The King of kings!

A Breton Legend of Holy Night.

A saint, whose very name I have forgotten, had a vision, in which he saw Satan standing before the throne of God; and, listening, he heard the evil spirit say: "Why hast Thou condemned me, who have offended Thee but once, whilst Thou savest thousands of men who have offended Thee many times?" God answered him: "Hast thou once asked pardon of Me?"

Behold the Christian mythology! It is the dramatic truth, which has its worth and effect independently of the literal truth, and which even gains nothing by being fact. What matter whether the saint had or had not heard the sublime words which I have just quoted! The great point is to know that pardon is refused only to him who does not ask it.—*Count de Maistre.*

SOME two hundred years ago it was. Dark night had settled on the Breton Castle of Cornadouac; and the servants sat round a blazing fire, singing old carols or telling ghost stories to while away the time. They were waiting until the church bells should ring, calling them to Midnight Mass; for this was the holiest night in the year—Christmas Eve.

Next to the fire sat Nonna the nurse, a picturesque figure in a large white cap. She was extremely old, and had held on her knees three generations of little De Cornadouacs; but, what was more from the servants' point of view, her memory was still good, and stored with wondrous legends about all the country round.

"I mind me—" she said; and when she spoke a hush fell, while the farther ones drew up their seats. Only the oak logs crackled gaily on the hearth, and sparks flew hissing up the wide-mouthed chimney. "My great-grandmother told my grandmother," continued Nonna; "and thereby you know that my words are true. Once every year, on Christmas night, the devil splits open the Ghilda Rock, and a cavern lies exposed to view."

She paused; then, seeing their eager faces, went on in impressive tones:

"The cavern thus opened has three immense chambers, filled with treasure from floor to ceiling. The first contains copper; the second, silver; in the third lies the purest gold; and he who dares to risk body and soul may enter and take what he will—"

"Oh! oh!" interrupted the servants breathlessly, their eyes wide with astonishment at the vision thus evoked.

Then Luke, the Count's serving-man, spoke up from his corner:

"Good Nonna, pray tell us what risk there may be." And he waited impatiently for the old nurse's answer; indeed, the man loved money only too well.

Nonna's shrewd glance turned slowly toward him. Perhaps she guessed what was passing in his avaricious brain.

"The rock splits open at five minutes before midnight; but" (here she lifted a warning finger) "it closes again at the last stroke of the hour. And woe betide him who is caught inside! The devil shall keep him body and soul; he shall be lost for all eternity."

The nurse said no more. Over her hearers crept a chill, some hastily crossing themselves; and when, unexpectedly, the kitchen door opened, there was scarcely one among them who did not exclaim or look fearfully over his shoulder. But, after all, it was only a miserably-clad woman, who stood gazing piteously into the kitchen, amid the snow that the north wind whirled through the doorway onto the blue-tiled floor.

"For the love of Christ born this holy night, have pity on me and my child!"

The voice was pathetic; and the face, pinched with cold, might have excited the hardest heart to compassion. But when, lifting the corner of a tattered blue shawl, she revealed the features of a tiny babe, the group assembled round the fire broke up and scattered in various directions. Some drew the poor woman close to the hearth; others sped away to dairy and storeroom; while still others climbed upstairs to the attic and brought down a skirt, a cloak, and a pair of wooden shoes to replace her scanty apparel. Little Pauline alone, youngest and prettiest of the servants, looked on tearfully; for, alas! she had nothing to give away.

While bustle and excitement reigned in the kitchen, it might have been seen

posed that Nonna's legend was forgotten. Such was not altogether the case. A little before midnight three hooded and bemantled figures stole out at intervals by the postern gate. Luke the serving-man, Jehan the page, and Pauline the kitchen-maid, were starting forth resolutely for the Childa Rock. She had placed herself under the protection of the Blessed Virgin, whose faithful client she had ever been.

And what a night that was! Dark, with the snow falling thickly around them,—so dark, indeed, that each one of the three thought himself or herself alone on the deserted highway. The wind howled mournfully about the castle precincts; and, as they walked along the tops of the cliffs, there rose and fell weird and melancholy murmurs, appealing to the Breton folks' superstitious nature like the moans of departed spirits. Add to this the danger attached to the expedition, and it must be allowed that those motives were strong indeed which could prompt such an undertaking. Luke, however, drew strength from his avaricious spirit; little Pauline, from her ardent charity; while Jehan had determined, whatever the risk, to snatch from the devil's cavern sufficient treasure to enable him to marry pretty little Pauline, with whom he was deeply in love.

All three arrived just in time to see the great rock burst asunder, disclosing to their awe-struck view a lofty grotto, wherein copper gleamed ruddily,—copper hanging from the walls and vaulted roof, and piled in great heaps on the floor. The whole place was lit up by the fiery glow of some invisible furnace.

Pauline darted swiftly through the first of the three caverns, her good sense prompting her to press steadily on and enter the chamber of silver. Here she paused transfixed before the shining surface that everywhere met her gaze. The light was so brilliant that she hesitated, dazzled; but, remembering the charitable errand on which she had come, the young girl broke off one bright lump

of silver, then turned and fled with all haste from the unhallowed spot.

As she ran out she brushed by "my lady's page," who, more ambitious than Pauline, proceeded to fill his pockets with the tempting metal. Yet the moments were rapidly passing. Jehan left the cavern not an instant too soon; for a violent rush of wind, and walls closing overhead, filled his soul with terror. He made a frantic leap forward, and reached the turf outside; then he fell on his face in a swoon; while the Childa Rock, with an ominous sound, closed only a few paces behind him.

Less prudent than his companions, Luke, after entering the cavern, lost some time, fascinated by the glow of the copper, which it grieved him to abandon. The silver chamber next delayed him, and he filled his pockets with the precious metal. Finally, hope of gain overcoming his natural cowardice, he moved into the chamber of gold. Oh, the fascination of the sight that met his gaze in that cavern! How the glorious metal glittered and gleamed! How it invited his approach and made his long, crooked fingers itch to grasp it all! He emptied his pockets, and refilled them with gold, forgetting in his joy the imminent danger of the situation. Nor had he begun even to think of departure when the sound of the church bell falling on his ears made him lift his head in alarm. Midnight was striking! He rose to his feet, stumbling toward the opening. Alas, too late! Before his terrified gaze the sides of the huge rock closed, and a thousand bursts of fiendish laughter mocked his gesture of despair.

The snow had ceased falling and stars shone in the sky when, the midnight service over, seigneurs and peasants streamed out of the church. In the porch stood the beggar woman, with one hand clasping her sleeping babe, the other extended in humble supplication. Pauline was the last to leave her place. Her

hand, dipping eagerly into the depths of a capacious pocket, brought to light, under the rays of an overhanging lamp, the treasure she had risked so much to obtain—the ingot of silver. Admiringly she gazed at it; and, recalling her own poverty, might well have hesitated before parting with so much wealth. But charity won the day. Without another thought of self, she stepped into the porch, and, pressing into the beggar's extended palm her hard-won Christmas gift, went on her way rejoicing.

As for Jehan, he had arrived late for Mass, and had taken a seat in the rear of the church. His limbs were weak and tottering from the shock he had just sustained. Usually a careless though good-hearted youth, never had he prayed with greater fervor than during the Midnight Mass, when his soul was roused to acts of thanksgiving for his escape from worse than death. Nevertheless—so strong is human curiosity!—the sound of the organ had hardly died away when he was up from his knees and out of the sacred edifice; hurrying, in advance of the congregation, to reach the castle hill. Arrived there he went up to his room and locked the door behind him. But alas for his dreams of love! No hard substance met the touch of his fingers, no bright silver ingots came out of his well-filled pockets. To his extreme disappointment, only some dried autumn leaves rustled out and fell on the floor; and as he gazed at them in wonderment, they turned into ashes, from which arose an odor of sulphur stifling in its intensity. The cleansing fire of charity had been necessary to purify and preserve the treasures of hell.

As for Luke, though careful search was made far and wide, he was never again seen in the flesh. The good folks of Cornadouac, however, assert under their breath that his spirit may be seen once a year, on Christmas Eve, wailing and wringing ghostly hands on the summit of the Gilda Rock.

A Beautiful Christmas Custom.

THE weary wanderings of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph on Christmas Eve, before they found shelter in the stable where our Blessed Lord was born, are still commemorated in some Catholic countries, notably in Spain, where what are called *posada*, or hostelry processions, march on Christmas Eve from house to house. Children carrying images of Mary and Joseph lead the way, followed by servants, master and mistress, and a mixed crowd, all bearing tapers, who halt at door after door to knock and crave admission. No response is given to their appeals until at last they come to the church, where the first summons is immediately answered by a voice from within, inquiring who is there, to which a chosen spokesman replies: "It is Mary, the Queen of Heaven, who begs a place to lay her head; the night is dark and cold, and she is a wanderer from far Galilee." The doors of the church are then thrown open, and the procession enters in, to be led to a side altar prepared to represent a stable with a manger, dimly lighted by a single lantern. Here all kneel and recite the last prayers of a prescribed litany; and as the final petition dies away, a little boy with wings fastened to his shoulders, and in his arms an image representing the Holy Child, rushes in, and lays his burden in the Crib. The tapers are then lighted, and joyful carols of welcome to the world's Redeemer are sung by all present.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI, who loved all animals, and especially birds, used to say: "I would that on Christmas Day all men threw wheat and other grain outside their doors, so that the little birds may have plenty to eat on a day of such solemnity." It is still the custom in Norway and Sweden, on Christmas Eve, to tie a sheaf of wheat to a pole and set in the garden for the birds to feast upon next day,

A Crying Need.

Notes and Remarks.

ONE of the most timely and important papers in the current *American Catholic Quarterly Review* is Mr. Hilaire Belloc's on "The Need for Catholic History." The writer acknowledges that we have, even in English, a great mass of historical work dealing with particular points directly connected with quarrels attaching to the Catholic Faith. "But what we have not got," he says, "is a standard history, or a series of standard histories, which shall give the student and the general reader a true view of Europe and of its development."

Just what *is* the true view desiderated is thus outlined:

Europe and its development are a Catholic thing. The strongest unbeliever interested in historical truth—an Asiatic student, let us say, or any one remotely removed from the quarrels of Europeans—would at once recognize that whether its divine claims were true or false, the Catholic Faith was the formative soul of European civilization. He would see that wherever it was preserved, there the European tradition in art, law, marriage, property,—everything, was preserved also. . . .

He would grasp the significance of the fact that the reaction toward servile conditions which we term "Capitalism," or "the industrial system," arose in societies which had lost the Faith, first flourished there, was resisted in those which had kept the Faith, and will never be permitted in these to achieve its full purpose of human degradation. There is no aspect of the European story which can not be set in terms of our European religion,—the religion and the philosophy that have made us. Yet that minority of Catholics who speak the English language have not as yet in the English tongue a literature which can make them familiar with these general truths. It is the gravest possible lacuna in our general intellectual equipment. . . .

Mr. Belloc himself might well undertake to fill, partially at least, this lacuna whose gravity he does not overestimate. He is only forty years of age, has recently disembarassed himself of parliamentary duties, and has shown in not a few studies that he possesses both the analytic and the synthetic faculty so necessary to the judicious historian.

IF the late Count Tolstoi's sudden departure from home on a wintry night for the purpose, as he declared, of avoiding the distractions of family life, does not betoken a mind overburdened with brooding thoughts, there are many passages in his books which clearly indicate that his was a brain unstrung. Only a fanatic could inveigh as he does in his "Essays and Letters" against the most common practices of all nations—the killing of animals, the eating of meat, etc. The foibles of humanity he regarded as crimes, which he denounced in extravagant terms. "One may observe in the case of almost every smoker," he writes, "to what an extent smoking drowns the voice of conscience." In his plea for vegetarianism there are tirades like this: "If we could look into the hearts of the majority of people, what should we find they most desire? Appetite for breakfast and dinner." Again, in reference to love of country, Tolstoi declares: "Patriotism as a feeling is bad and harmful; and as a doctrine is stupid." The poor old philosopher was at his best in pleading for peace, and it is to be hoped that he found it in his last lonely hours. His strongest and sanest conviction was that "the doctrine of Christ is the one teaching that can guide mankind."

In these days when European dispatches are so frequently concerned with anti-clerical outbursts and victories, it is refreshing to discover one country—and a Latin one at that, even though it be American also,—in which the forces consecrated to the destruction of the Church are insignificant. Says the *Southern Cross*, of Buenos Aires:

The Anarchist-Socialist-Masonic meeting last Sunday was the measure of anti-clericalism in this country. The fact that the daily press gave such importance to it strikes us with the force of an ineffable charm. It was insipid, invertebrate, and in every way contemptible. After

blatant advertisement and blowing of trumpets, the Lodges, Anarchists, Freethinkers, University students (?), etc., could not muster a stronger force than 500 (an exaggerated estimate), and the greater part of these were curiosity-seekers and holiday idlers out for a *farra*. . . . Last Sunday's demonstration showed the weakness of anti-clericalism (as it is called) in Buenos Aires. There is no atmosphere in this country for sectarianism of any kind. The atheists and foreigners of the secret societies have failed utterly in their subversive efforts; and, unless some evil influence create a radical change in public opinion, we shall have no religious persecution here.

Yet it may be worth while for our Argentine friends not to underestimate the power of these same secret societies. Their work is traditionally insidious; and, even in so thoroughly Catholic a province as Quebec, Freemasonry has been enabled to secure a foothold. The Buenos Aires Anarchists, Socialists, etc., will bear watching.

In a very interesting article on what is coming to be known as "the Apostolate of Protest"—that is, the work of calling to account the publishers of anti-Catholic calumnies and slanders,—the *Missionary* pays a gracious tribute to a young Washington journalist, Francis de Sales Ryan, who, "in the midst of his severe toil for his living, finds time to do an immense amount of highly effective work for the Church in the neglected field now under discussion." A concrete instance is then afforded of the practical efficiency of both the apostolate in question and the young journalist mentioned:

Recently the Aloysius Club of the Jesuit parish in Washington, under the direction of the Rev. A. J. Duarte, S. J., has placed Mr. Ryan in charge of its press committee, which is pledged "to use every available means to refute such published articles as attack the true Faith or are subversive of Christian morality." Within the last few weeks the club has capitally demonstrated the value of organization. One of the Washington papers which had featured on its front page a series of vile attacks on the Church made by a local club of freethinkers, refused to accept a Catholic reply for publication, on the old, transparent plea of wishing to "avoid controversy." Where-

upon the Aloysius Club descended on the managing editor with such a showing of numbers and influence that his decision was reversed, and he published the Catholic side with almost as much space and as large display of headlines as he had given to the spoutings of an irresponsible handful of atheists.

There is no doubt that similar means would be effective in the case of a large number of offending papers whose editors cynically disregard the protests of an individual Catholic here and there, but would consider it a detrimental business policy to ignore the joint protest of a notable body of Catholics. 'Tis worth the while of all our societies to study the new system and to give it a fair trial.

This is an age when the religious sense is especially becoming to the holders of high positions in the State. With something of the gratification with which we annually read the Thanksgiving references of President and Governors to "the Giver of all good things," we accordingly note this sentence in the statement of the newly-appointed Chief Justice White:

With the sense of personal gratification at the honor which the selection implies comes the consciousness that new and increased administrative duties and executive responsibilities will follow; and I pray that Divine Providence will give me the strength not unworthily to perform them.

The Supreme Court of the United States is the most distinguished body in the civil life of the Republic, and its chief personage seems to have been selected with noteworthy judiciousness. It is gratifying to hear him spoken of as a practical Catholic.

While the Canadian Parliament has been having some warm debates over the Naval Act, its legislative sister, the Federal Parliament of Australia, has been discussing with equal animation a Bill for national defence, one of the provisions of which makes the students of ecclesiastical seminaries and priests under twenty-five years of age subject as military conscripts to

compulsory training in camp and at home. A member of the House sought to get an amendment passed exempting ecclesiastics from the operation of the measure brought forward; but it was successfully resisted by the Minister in charge of the Bill, who affirmed that there was no ground why special treatment in this matter should be meted out to ecclesiastics. The Minister's affirmation, however, has been shown to be incorrect. The Catholics of Australia have begun an agitation against the Bill; and the Most Rev. Dr. Kelly, coadjutor-archbishop of Sydney, and others have pointed out that, in being compelled to receive regular military training, priests are called to take part in occupations incompatible with the essential duties of their sacred vocation, and that if the Bill is adopted in its present form it will be a violation of religious liberty.

We admire the confidence with which so able a journal as the *Catholic Times*, of London, predicts the collapse of the proposed legislation. It says: "Seeing that the Australian Catholics are resolved not to accept the clause including ecclesiastics, it will be eliminated now, or at no very distant date. They enjoy the franchise, and know how to use their voting power with good effect."

A pastor in Ohio requests our aid in the apprehension of two swindlers, representing themselves as "fresco cleaners of churches," who have been operating at Marion, Kenton, and elsewhere in that State. Their plan is to secure advance payment on work to be done, to contract as many bills as possible, and then take a sudden departure—of course leaving the work undone and the bills unpaid. It is well betimes to sound a general warning against impostors, but we fear the description given of the pair in question will not lead to their arrest. No doubt they have already changed their appearance as well as their names, and *modus*

operandi. The one described as having black hair and wearing gold-rimmed glasses, a heavy overcoat, a derby hat, also a smile, has probably become middle-aged by this time, or assumed a still more youthful appearance by discarding his eyeglasses; and no doubt his hearing, which is said to be defective, is now much more so, or fully restored. It is very likely, too, that the other fellow, supposed to be a brother-in-law—a man with red hair and freckled face, and having the appearance of a laborer,—has meanwhile parted company with his relative and put on the eyeglasses, likewise the airs of a capitalist.

A reward of \$25 is offered by the prosecuting attorney of Hardin Co., Ohio, for the arrest and conviction of the alleged fresco cleaners. We hope they will soon be brought to justice. The clergy of rural districts should be more on their guard against strangers with fair promises and ready smiles, and make it a rule never to pay for work before it is done.

The announcement that there have been twenty thousand converts to the Church in Liverpool within the last twenty years was obviously not calculated to please the sectarian leaders of that English city; but the *Catholic Times* thinks that the fact of their feeling very unhappy is no justification for attempting to misrepresent and vilify neighbors. That they have done so is clear from this item:

Mr. Lee Jones has written to the Liverpool press exposing certain misrepresentations which have emanated from the Protestant Reformers' Church, Liverpool. It was stated that two-thirds of those receiving help from the League of Welldoers are Catholics, and suggested that the institution could not be kept going for a week on the assistance received from Catholics. Mr. Lee Jones, who has made up his mind not to allow misrepresentation wherever his name is involved, answers that both the statement and the suggestion are inaccurate; that not one-half of those who are helped are Catholics; that Catholics such as the Right Rev. Dr. Whiteside, Bishop of Liverpool, and Mr. J. P. Reynolds, are amongst the most generous supporters of the League; that none give

more willingly to the weekly "copper collection" than struggling Catholics in the humblest ranks; and that, finally, everything considered, Catholics support the League even more than Protestants.

A little thing like Mr. Jones' exposure, however, will scarcely deter the "Protestant Reformers" from repeating their misrepresentations. Mr. Jones will probably be denounced as a disguised Jesuit, in the first place; and, in the second, as an unmitigated liar on principle.

A Catholic preacher at a mission recently given in one of our large cities denounced those parents who give bad example to their children. An evil that is approximately as grievous is the failure of parents to see that their children, and more especially their daughters, are kept from associating with bad companions. There is food for thought on the part of many a Catholic mother in this remark of Boston's able Police Commissioner:

The transition from a virtuous life to a life devoted wholly or in part to mercenary immorality, the only kind with which the law and the police have much to do, is rarely sudden. Almost always there is a preliminary corruption process of the kind just described, with longings for luxuries, excitement, and "good times"; and the bad road is much more likely to be taken at last under the guidance of a girl or woman who has already travelled upon it than through the persuasions of men.

As a companion of one's daughter, a wayward girl is worse than even a wayward boy, although quite possibly the average mother may not think so.

From a Filipino contemporary, the *Little Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, Manila, we clip the following declaration of a former Governor of the Philippines:

If I had millions, I would not devote my fortune to the causes that seem to appeal to the millionaires of our day. I would devote enough of it to the rehabilitation of the Catholic Church in the Philippine Islands to secure her strength among the people. I would do this, not for the sake of the Catholic Church, of which I am not a member, nor for the sake of

any church, but I would do it for the sake of stability and good government in our colonial possessions.

For exactly similar reasons an increasing number of farsighted American non-Catholics are declaring that the growth of the Church here in the Republic is something for which to be thankful. The forces that make for the disruption of society have ever found their most consistent and most effective opponent in the Church. Socialists and Anarchists acknowledge that such is the case, and consequently have sworn eternal enmity to the Vatican.

We are reminded by the *Franciscan Review* that the Seraphic Saint used to keep the Nativity of the Child Jesus with more unspeakable joy than other feasts, asserting that Christmas was the feast of feasts. A characteristic story is told of St. Francis' part in a discussion about the advisability of availing oneself of the exemption from abstinence when Christmas falls on Friday. To Brother Maurice, who inclined to the rigoristic view, the saint said: "Brother, it is not right to call that day a day of abstinence on which this Child was born to us. I wish that the very walls would eat meat on that day; and if this is not possible, that, at all events, it should hang from them."

"A good murder town" is the flippant heading given by the New York *Sun* to the following dispatch from Dallas, Texas, dated Dec. 12:

Victor A. Cook, a saloon-keeper, this afternoon shot and killed Walter B. Cook, a furniture dealer. G. A. Metcalf, who worked for Walter Cook, said the men quarrelled over a beer bill. This makes fifty-two homicides in Dallas since January 1, 1910,—an average of more than one killing a week in a city of less than 100,000.

An appalling record, indeed; and it goes to substantiate the contention of a recent writer that ours is pre-eminently the homicidal nation.



The Christmas Rose.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

IT was the maiden sweet Madelon
Before the Crib knelt down:
"O I have naught but prayers and tears,
And never wreath or crown!
O little Christ, turn not from me,
Nor look on me with frown!"
It was the shepherd played his pipe
And woke the shadows gray;
It was his brother sang a song
That echoed far away;
It was their kinsman brought a fleece
To warm Christ where He lay.
It was the Angel Gabriel
Came down from heaven then,
And, touching spot upon the earth
That erst was icy fen,
Made bloom in white December snow
The rose of June again.
It was the maiden sweet Madelon
That saw the blossom fair,
Who, laughing, ran across the wold
And plucked it red and rare,
To bear it to the feet of Christ—
A gift beyond compare.

The Voyage of Araminta.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY K. O'KELLY.

NOW, darlings, be very good and play nicely until Miss Blake comes home!" observed Madame Terillon, stooping to kiss her little daughters, Annie and Madeleine, as she drew on her gloves. And the children, delighted to spend a whole afternoon by themselves, "like grown-up people," assured her with many fervent promises that they would be very, very good indeed.

"You know Nounou is in the next room if you want her," added Miss Blake the governess. "But, like dears, try to amuse yourselves quietly, and do not waken Baby Jacques."

And then the two ladies left the room.

The moment the little girls found themselves alone, they first ran to the window to watch their mother out of sight; then they turned from the wintry scene abroad and went into their day nursery, a charming room, with pretty furniture, and dainty studies of child life hanging against the walls. Two tiny armchairs were drawn up to an open fire burning brightly behind its protecting screen; and the dolls' house stood open, with some of its inmates grouped around a miniature table, where they sat and stared at a gaily-painted tea set placed invitingly before them.

"Annie," said little Madeleine, as they sat down near the fire, "why did mamma and Miss Blake take their prayer-books with them this afternoon? Is to-day Sunday?"

"No, but they are going to confession; for to-morrow is Christmas Day, the birthday of the dear little Infant Jesus. And mamma told me people tell their sins on the day before, so as to feel good enough to receive Him into their hearts on the feast. And, oh, I must tell you a great secret, Mamie! I am to make my first confession at Easter."

"Oh, won't that be nice!" cried Madeleine, whose ideas on the subject were vague. And I shall make mine too, Annie, with you."

"Ah, but you can't, darling!" said her sister, looking extremely serious and grown-up. "One has to be quite old to go to confession. I am nearly seven, and I have never been there yet."

"And am I not getting quite old?"

replied Madeleine, excitedly. "I am half-past five already, and then—"

"O Mamie, Mamie, you talk like a clock!" interrupted Annie, bursting into a merry laugh. "*Do* say 'five and a half,' and not 'half-past five.' Do you know what Miss Blake told me this morning?" she continued, with innate tact, as her little sister's face clouded over. "That I must be a perfect model when I begin to prepare for my first confession."

"Well, I can be a perfect model too," said Madeleine, "unless it's something very difficult, like taking horrid old med'cine, or staying alone in bed in the dark. But, oh, do let us play at some game, Annie! Suppose we give the dollies their tea?"

"Or suppose we put our shoes all ready in the fireplace for the *petit Jésus* to fill to-night? Mamma thinks He may come, as we have been pretty good for the past few months. And you know, Madeleine, when the *petit Jésus* comes to houses on Christmas night, He always brings children who have been good the very thing they have been most wishing for during the year."

"That will be *too* lovely!" said Madeleine in an awe-struck tone. "But please put your fingers in your ears a minute, Annie. I want to say a prayer that is quite a secret."

Annie obeyed; and, in her excessive honesty, closed her eyes as well, and screwed up her face so tightly that it resembled a rosy apple withered before its time; while her sister, having cast a wary glance back at her, lest she might be listening, knelt down before a beautiful statue of the Divine Infant, which stood upon a high bracket, and, joining her little hands, said:

"*Cher, cher petit Jésus*, please come to-night and bring me what I want. Mamma says you know what it is. But please let her have golden hair, not black, and I'll be gooder than ever."

Having finished her innocent prayer, she naïvely sent a kiss to the statue, which, in the flickering firelight, seemed to smile

down on her from above; and then she ran to release her sister from her state of voluntary punishment.

In a few minutes both children were busy carrying shoes, boots and slippers and arranging them in neat rows around the fireplace in their mother's room. First, there was papa's big boot,—poor papa, who was away with his ship in distant China; then mamma's pretty shining shoe; a slipper of Miss Blake's; Annie's and Madeleine's newest boots, with their names pinned on, so that there could be no possible mistake as to their contents; Baby Jacques' little white sock, and Nounou's stout cloth shoe. The butler said he would take his chance in his own pantry; and Marie and the cook said they had found lovely things in the kitchen last Christmas morning, and that they hoped to have the same good luck this year.

So the two little girls went back to the nursery and gave the dolls their tea. It was not real tea, you know, but just make-believe; because it is rather awkward giving dolls real tea. They are so helpless they ruin their pretty dresses, or fall with their heads in the cups, and so get their complexions mixed up in a most unpleasant manner. Annie and Madeleine had found this out long ago; and, as the most delicious imitation joints, fowls, puddings and fruits on china dishes, could be purchased in the Rue de Rivoli at a surprisingly low rate, these imaginary viands were served up again and again to the ladies of the dolls' house.

This evening the children just gave plain tea to the dolls,—Madeleine administering as many as fifteen cups of the harmless beverage rapidly one after another to the fashionably dressed guest who fell to her care. And when the frugal repast was over, they bundled the unfortunate ladies into their respective beds with the very scantest of ceremony. Then they sat on the floor and looked over books, which they had taken from the shelf reserved for them in the library.

Beautiful books some of them were, with lovely pictures. In one Annie found an engraving of the Stable at Bethlehem, with the Blessed Virgin holding the Infant Saviour on her knees, while the Wise Men presented Him with gifts.

This interested the children very much; and then they looked at other books, in which were all kinds of strange foreign men, fierce beasts, and curious birds. Annie read the names of the animals for Madeleine, and then they took their story-books and looked over other brightly-colored pictures. In one a village feast was represented, with a lady and gentleman comfortably seated in the golden car of a great balloon. It was floating high over the houses, while they waved flags to the people down below. This picture the children thought delightful. It even gave them an idea for another most interesting game. Why shouldn't they play at balloons? They had one of their own,—a lovely big red balloon, which Miss Blake had bought for them in the Champs Elysées the day before. There was a blue netting over it and five little tricolor flags floating from the netting; and it was so buoyant that they had been obliged to tie it to the back of a chair, when it had arrived the evening before, to prevent it from mounting straight up to the ceiling.

What fun it would be to fasten a box under it, to make a car, and send some of the dolls floating about in the air! Of course they would fasten to it a long piece of string, so that the dollies need not remain up too long; for "that might make the poor dears giddy," as Madeleine remarked. A pretty box-lid was soon found; and Annie, who was a clever little girl, fastened it neatly with narrow blue ribbons, so that it hung, like a real little car, straight from the balloon. Then the children roused the long-suffering dolls out of their first sleep, in order to make a selection for the balloon ascension.

Madli, a pretty little peasant doll from

the Limousin, was thought most suitable; but she, being made of china, was so very heavy that the balloon refused to leave the ground. Gretel, the Swiss maiden, took her turn next; but proved a most awkward traveller, as she was obliged to lean in a standing position in the car. When the balloon mounted a little, she toppled over and fell with a crash to the floor. Fortunately, she was not hurt; but the children, wise from experience, put her aside and looked amongst the smaller and lighter people in the dolls' house. At last, having tried several without success, Annie seized her sister's arm and cried out in triumph:

"O Madeleine, suppose we wake up old Araminta! She is the very one will do."

As Araminta is the heroine of this story, I must describe her appearance. She was a small, armless wooden doll, with clubby feet like a Chinese lady, a tiny spike for a nose, and no other features worth speaking of; two black dots served her eyes, and a red one formed her mouth. She had a round head with very false-looking hair painted on it; and glued solidly on the top of her head was a fuzzy greyish brown hen's feather.

Araminta was certainly of Eastern origin; but she had left her native country for Ireland at an early age, and had been bought for one halfpenny by Miss Blake in the general shop of a little village, many years ago. One day, when that lady was at home on her holidays, she had found the old doll amongst her childish treasures, and had brought it to her pupils as a kind of object-lesson, to impress on them the simplicity of the toys that amused little girls in her young days.

Annie, though a polite child, felt inclined at first to laugh at Araminta's floating feather and quaint attire; but when Madeleine discovered, in her stiff mohair skirt, a real pocket containing a tiny handkerchief, they both fell in love with her and adopted her into their family, where, as "Miss Blake's doll," she assumed an important position.

I am afraid that if the inhabitants of the dolls' house were like certain children I know, they would have become very jealous of the new favorite. I must say, however, that she remained a rather simple, rustic person, and never seemed to adapt herself to her new life, or presume on her privileges in any way. Even in the present excitement about balloon travelling, when all the other dolls had been disturbed relentlessly, she had been left in her pretty white bed. But, instead of seeming comfortable there, and closing her eyes—as any well-bred French doll would have done the moment her head was on the pillow,—she lay staring blankly at the ceiling, her feather waving in a ridiculous manner over one end of the bed, and her feet thrust out stiffly through the bars at the other.

Madeleine lifted her up with all the precautions of a mother; and, having explained the treat in store for her, she was placed comfortably in the car, with a Japanese umbrella open over her head to protect her complexion. Then, to the children's great joy, the balloon rose steadily toward the ceiling; and when, drawn by the draught from the open door, it floated into the next room, their enthusiasm knew no bounds.

After the trial trip was over, and Araminta safe on the ground once more, Madeleine made a wonderful discovery. She found that by blowing at the balloon through a piece of paper rolled into the shape of a funnel, she could send it in any direction she wished; so the children had a delightful time playing at tempests. Annie, armed with the little red-covered bellows belonging to the nursery, and Madeleine with her funnel, sent the light, elastic sphere flying around the room in a very amusing manner. When they were tired of this game, they thought they would send Araminta on another voyage in the air,—this time to the North Pole, which they decided was to be in the library very far away. One had to go the

whole length of the corridor through the dining-room and two drawing-rooms to get there.

Madeleine did not half care to send the precious favorite on this perilous undertaking; so, to prepare her for emergencies, she slipped a real gold piece of twenty francs (Annie's property) into the traveller's pocket; and, having wrapped her in a red flannel comforter, seated her in the car, in the company of a small furry bear, warranted to defend the dauntless explorer against any of his wild relations she might encounter in the polar regions.

This time the balloon, being more heavily laden, did not rise quite to the ceiling, but sailed across the room, lowering itself accurately to the height of the doorway, and floating out into the corridor. It was a delightful sight, the children thought, as it rode along, all flags flying, and Araminta, her feather more majestic than ever, sitting perfectly erect in the car. The little girls, very proud of their success, followed its progress,—Annie from time to time giving it a fresh impulsion with a puff from the red-covered bellows.

But just at this moment of triumph something dreadful happened. Jean, the footman, who was closing the outer shutters of the house, left a door open; and the balloon, like a thing endowed with life, sped rapidly down the corridor; then, turning sharply to the right, disappeared into the dining-room. Annie and Madeleine, greatly amused, followed it with cries of delighted laughter; but their joy was turned to dismay when they saw it drawn, as though by an invisible hand, to the open balcony on which the servant was standing. Madeleine shrieked, and Annie made a desperate rush for the pendant cord. But, alas! too late; for just as they reached the window, the balloon, Araminta, and the furry bear, passed through it; and soon, rising above the tops of the trees in the avenue, they floated off into the gathering night.

The "Punch and Judy" Children.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

VIII.

ENNY and Froggy woke to the song of birds and the fragrance of flowers. Late in the autumn though it was, the honeysuckle that curtained the two little windows of their bedroom still bloomed luxuriantly, — in its second growth of the summer, which had been remarkably warm. Leaning from the casement, Benny clasped the green foliage in his arms, exclaiming:

"O Froggy, isn't it sweet? And see,—over there hundreds of miles of grass! And there's a lot of poultry yonder behind a little fence; the lady is feeding them with corn. *They* don't keep fowl in cellars, Froggy! *Don't* I wish we could stay here always! Can't we, Froggy?"

Mary Trainer, from the poultry yard below, heard the rapturous exclamations of the child, and her kind heart was deeply touched.

"God bless him!" she said to herself. "He's an innocent baby, though born and bred in the London slums. I never saw a sweeter pair of children. Pity they should have to keep going on and on, poor darlings! I wonder now if something couldn't be done?"

Many a time in her long and useful life Mary Trainer had wondered in the same fashion, and often with results most satisfactory to herself and others concerned. She could not hear Froggy's reply; but when, a moment later, the two boys joined her in the garden his first words were,

"This is like mother used to tell me about. She loved to talk of the country; and I don't wonder, now that I've seen it. She was always longing to come back to it. How can any one live in the town if they can have this?"

"'Tis the truth," rejoined Mary. "I'm

never done wondering how the people can endure the grimy, filthy city. Of course it's all very well for those that have plenty; but for the poor, the country is the place, my lambs! Come on now, and we'll have our breakfast."

There were griddle-cakes and fresh eggs; also two large slices of bread and butter, with milk in shining pewter mugs.

When the meal was finished Mary made the Sign of the Cross, as she had done at the beginning.

"Why do you do that,—if I'm not too bold, ma'am?" said Froggy.

"In thanksgiving for what God has sent us to eat," she replied. "It's a little prayer, you know. Many people ask a blessing at meals, but only Catholics make the holy sign."

"I saw my mother do it once," said Froggy. "It was when we had an awful thunderstorm, with terrible lightning."

"Ah, she was a Catholic, then—or should have been!"

"I don't know," said Froggy.

"Did she never go to church?"

"No: she had no good clothes. But she used to sit at the window Sundays, and listen to the church bells; and sometimes she said they made her think of old times."

"Did she ever teach you any prayers?"

"No, except 'O God, take care of us this day and night!'"

"That was better than none, boy. Do you say it still?"

"Every day we say it," replied Benny. "Don't we, Froggy?"

The elder brother nodded. Mary thought there were tears in his eyes. Suddenly he turned from the window.

"We'll have to be getting on," he said, with a sigh that seemed to come from the depths of his soul.

"O Froggy," cried Benny, "can't we stay here? Won't it be just as well as anywhere? And it's *such* a pretty place!"

Froggy shook his head.

"We must be getting away from poor-houses," he said.

"You never can — in England," said Mary. "And, when all is told, it's better than dying of starvation on the roadside."

"I don't know," said Froggy. "I think they're *dreadful* places. I'd rather be dead than made to live in one."

"You'd soon be taken out, and maybe by a good master," said Mary. "The farmers hereabout are mostly kind people."

"But they'd never let us stay together," Froggy answered. "No man wants two boys at once. And Benny's too little to do hard work, if anybody did want him."

"I'll tell you," said Mary. "You seem to be two promising boys. I don't know why, but I've a great leaning toward both of you. Stay on here with me a few days till I see if something can't be done. Where there's a will there's a way, you know. After a bit we'll go up to the Hall, and on our road we will call at Father Butterfield's. Between the squire and the priest, something ought to be contrived. But don't be too hopeful, children. It may be you'll have to take to the road again. In any case, a few days' rest here will be good for you."

The boys joyfully acquiesced in this suggestion. About nine o'clock, the chores all done and the house tidied up for the day, Mary set out for the Hall, accompanied by her protégés. Froggy was silent, trying to remember where he had heard the name of the priest.

"Yonder it is,—that great brick house covered with ivy," Mary said. "The squire is there now; he came from London yesterday. He seldom goes up, but he went for the opening of Victoria Park. His daughter lives there most of the time with her family, but they all came down with him. Let us turn off this way, to Father Butterfield's. It isn't everywhere in this part of the country you'll find so many Catholics as right here. But the family at the Hall never renegaded from the Faith; their people and tenants around were loyal to the old Church through thick and thin."

For all the boys understood of this

information, Mary Trainer might as well have been talking in a foreign language; religion and everything that pertained to it were unknown quantities to the lonely, forsaken children.

The door of the moss-covered, grey-stone church was open, and Mary went in to say a prayer. The boys stood wonderingly beside her till she bade them kneel and bow their heads before the Blessed Sacrament, which they did, impressed not a little by the solemnity of her silence, the oaken walls, the time-worn Stations of the Cross, and the ruby light before the Tabernacle.

Father Butterfield was standing on the porch of his house, moss-grown with age, like the church. Hardy ivy covered it almost entirely. He was a very old man, with snow-white hair; but his eyes were bright and kind.

"Good-morning, Mary Trainer! Whom have we here?" he said, as the boys came up behind their newly-found friend.

After a few words of explanation, during which the priest regarded the boys with keen but kindly scrutiny, Mary turned to the brothers.

"Run around to the orchard, children," she said. "You'll find some apples lying under the trees. Father Butterfield never begrudges windfalls to children; do you, Father?"

"No, indeed!" the priest answered.

The boys needed no second bidding. Hand in hand, they ran away to partake of the tempting feast. When they were out of hearing Mary said:

"Father, they're not the common run of children, especially the London kind. They're worth saving. They have a dread of the workhouse, because they might be separated. They're very fond of each other. I've been thinking we might be able to keep them here."

"How, Mary?" asked the priest. "You could not support them, for instance?"

"No, Father; but the elder little fellow could do many a thing. He could easily earn sixpence a day, and the little

fellow threepence. I'd keep them both for a shilling a week. I've an abundance of garden truck I can't use. And I'm sure the squire would do something. Will you give me leave to try?"

"Certainly. But I am afraid you're undertaking too much. It is your usual way, Mary."

"No, Father," was the prompt reply. "I've never yet got beyond my depth. I'm sure I'm not mistaken in those little ones. Let us give them a chance. And they ought to be Catholics, moreover, from what I hear."

"Poor children!" said the priest, when Mary had told him about the Sign of the Cross. "Here they are, with only an apple apiece! They're not greedy, Mary."

When Froggy came to where Mary and the priest were talking, he looked up at Father Butterfield and said:

"I've been remembering something, sir. Once when I was a little bit of a kid we were coming home one evening with the 'Punch and Judy' show. We were leaving the big house where the little girl used to throw the pennies, and some one went up to ring the bell. He looked like you, sir, and mother said to father: 'If Father Butterfield is alive, Harry, that is he.' I am sure now that was the name, but I had almost forgotten it."

"Who was Harry?" asked the priest.

"That was my father."

"What was his other name?"

"Bowie, sir."

"And that is your name?"

"Yes, sir. Sometimes mother said he used to be called 'Harry the stroller.'"

"Ah!" said the priest. "Was your mother's first name Jenny?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy. "And that night she said to father: 'I'll have the boys christened Sunday, Harry.' But she got sick and died."

Father Butterfield turned to Mary.

"You haven't forgotten that pretty Jenny Miles who was under-housemaid at the Hall? She ran away with a sort of gypsy-man, who had a hurdy-gurdy

at the fairs hereabout. These are her children, Mary. We must do what we can for them."

"I do remember her,—a pretty creature, Father. Poor soul, poor soul!"

"Yes, they have a claim on us, Mary," the priest went on. "And the squire will acknowledge it also. His wife was very fond of little Jenny. Go on with your boys, Mary, and come back this way to tell me the result of your visit. Have courage, children. I don't think you need fear the workhouse."

Mary Trainer found the squire just returned with his granddaughter from an early ride. They were dismounting as the visitors approached.

"O Benny," whispered Froggy, "it's the old gentleman who gave me the half 'soy,' and the little girl they call Ethel,—the one that used to throw us pennies from the windows!"

The recognition was mutual.

"Grandpapa!" cried the young horse-woman. "Look who is coming with Mary Trainer! The little boy that had the 'Punch and Judy' show,—the one the policeman wanted to arrest the other day. I wonder, grandpapa, how he came here?"

Without waiting for a reply, little Miss Ethel ran to meet the approaching trio.

"This is Froggy, isn't it?" she cried. "How glad I am the policeman didn't get you! I've been dreadfully afraid he would. Mary, *where* did you find these boys?"

"They wandered down from London, Miss Ethel dear!" replied Mary. "I kept them for the night, and now I've found they rightly belong to these parts,—or their mother did. But first tell the young lady, Froggy, what she wants to know."

"The policeman got the other boys, Miss," said Froggy. "I ran away. They wanted me to steal, but I didn't know it at first. The next day the policeman came to where we lived, looking for the 'swag.' But he and the other 'bobby' found we didn't have any of it. Then I was afraid they'd have us put in a Refuge—Benny and me,—and part us;

so we got up very early and tramped it till we came here—"

"And we just found, Squire," interrupted Mary Trainer, addressing the old gentleman who had joined the group, "that these little boys are the children of poor Jenny who ran off with 'Harry the stroller,' and was never heard of more. You'll remember, sir, how fond your dear lady was of little Jenny."

"I remember it all very well," answered the squire. "And I remember also how I used to pity that poor 'Punch and Judy' woman and her children, as they stood time after time under our windows in town. Little I thought then that she was the pretty, blithe girl who used to wait upon my dear wife so cheerfully and so well. Tell me all you know, Mary Trainer, and what you propose to do."

They drew a little apart from the children and conversed together, while Ethel plied the boys with eager questions, and expressed wonder and satisfaction at the events which had brought them to the neighborhood. Presently the squire and Mary came toward them.

"Boys," said the old gentleman, "you need no longer fear you will be parted, or placed in a Home or Refuge,—though the other day I thought that course would be the best that could be taken for you. This good woman will house and board you. Morning and evening you will do light chores around the park here,—gathering leaves, picking up little branches,—work for which our Stephen is growing too old. You will go to school while it lasts, and in the vacation there will be plenty to do. You will earn eight shillings a week between you,—half for Mary, the other half to clothe you. She will take care of all that. As you grow older you can earn more. Are you satisfied?"

"Satisfied!" cried Froggy. "O sir, it's almost too good to be true!"

Benny, clinging close to his brother, was trembling with joy, but he could not speak.

"Please, sir," said Froggy, "I'd like to ask you something."

"Very well," rejoined the squire.

"Did you mean to give me a half 'sov' that day?"

"Yes, boy, I did."

"Benny thought you made a mistake, but I was sure you knew what you were doing. I've got it safe, sir."

"Keep it, then, for a nest-egg," said the squire. "Some day you may be able to add to it. And now what is the next thing to be done, Mary?"

"The next thing, sir," rejoined Mary Trainer, "is to have the boys christened, and, by your leave, you and Miss Ethel to stand for the big one, and Father Butterfield and myself for the little fellow, if the priest is willing. And soon we'll have them learning their Catechism and making their First Communion, so they'll be good Catholics now and till they die."

"Well said, Mary Trainer!" observed the squire. "All shall be, I hope, as you desire. And as for you, boys, as soon as you learn what it is to pray, never let a day pass without sending up a petition to Almighty God for this good woman,—a good woman, indeed; there is not a better one in the county of Sussex—nay, in the whole of Great Britain!"

(The End.)

A Lovely Legend.

Of all Christmas legends, the loveliest is that of the French honeysuckle, which won its rose color when the Blessed Virgin laid Our Lord in the manger. This little plant was growing there; and as soon as the Holy Infant rested upon it, the tiny flowers blushed; recognizing in Him the Creator of the world.

AN old legend states that on Christmas Eve bees awaken from their winter sleep, and hum carols in their hives in honor of the Birth of Christ and in praise of His Blessed Mother. St. Joseph, it is said, was the first to hear and understand these wondrous carols.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Four early poems by Francis Thompson are included in a book entitled "Eyes of Youth," which has just been issued by Burns & Oates. The other verses are by various authors; Mr. Chesterton contributes a foreword.

—According to a writer in the current issue of the *Library*, the probable number of books printed in the fifteenth century in the learned languages was 30,000 (of which 25,000 survive), and 10,000 in the vernacular (of which 5000 survive).

—"One Hundred Masterpieces," by the late John La Farge, to be published in a few months by Doubleday, Page & Co., analyzes the art of the greatest painters of the world. With "The Higher Life in Art" and "Great Masters," the forthcoming volume will form an important trilogy.

—Scholarly readers, and lovers of philosophy generally, will welcome a reprint in pamphlet form of the very interesting paper, "Philosophy and Sectarianism in Belfast University," contributed to the *Irish Theological Quarterly* by the Rev. P. Coffey, Ph. D., whose competence for the task he had set himself in this paper is sufficiently guaranteed by his holding the professorship of philosophy in that home of Irish scholarship, Maynooth. M. H. Gill & Son, publishers.

—"Footsteps in the Ward" is made up of three excellent Catholic stories by H. M. Capes. The shortest of them gives its title to the book; the other two are "The Course of the Branscombes" and "The Priest's Charge." While the supernatural enters into all the tales, there is nothing ultra-extravagant in the strangest of them,—nothing, indeed, that has not most probably been duplicated in well-authenticated chronicles from real life. In any case, they are very well told, exceptionally interesting, and calculated to leave a salutary impression upon the minds of their readers. Sands & Co.; B. Herder.

—The Report of the seventh annual meeting, at Detroit, Michigan, of the Catholic Educational Association forms a large brochure of 525 pages. A glance at its table of contents impresses one at once with the comprehensive scope of the proceedings at the July convention; and a cursory examination of several of the addresses and discussions brings the conviction that a goodly number of exceptionally able educators in Catholic schools, colleges, and seminaries are doing excellent work in solving all the

problems that confront Catholic education in this country. Of the papers read at the general meetings, we note as especially interesting Archbishop Glennon's "The Home and the School," and Judge Anglin's "Catholic Education in Canada."

—Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. publish a new book by the Rev. Robert Kane, S. J., treating of marriage and such subjects as are connected with marriage. It is entitled "The Plain Gold Ring: Lectures on Home." Father Kane will be remembered as the author of "The Sermon of the Sea, and Other Studies," a book which has had many delighted readers.

—"The Dominicans: Letters to a Young Man on the Dominican Order," by the Very Rev. John Procter, O. P. (Benziger Brothers), is intended to meet a long-felt want in the Dominican literature of the English-speaking Provinces, by answering certain questions that are often put to members of the Order. The answers are clear and concise—in every way satisfying. The mission of this little book is unique,—may it be an ever-widening one!

—Dr. George Bull, born in Canada of Protestant parents, brought up in bitter hatred of Catholicism, bereft of his religious faith in a Montreal medical school, a co-worker of Felix Adler's in New York in 1883, a practising physician in Paris in 1886, finally entered the Church and wrote a pamphlet, "Why I became a Catholic." A translation of the pamphlet into Japanese has been published by the foreign missionary association, Tokio, that brings out the "Work of Tracts."

—After an excursion or two into the territory of grown-up fiction, Father Copus, S. J., has returned to his original—and shall we say more congenial?—field of boys' stories. "As Gold in the Furnace" (Benziger Brothers) takes us back to St. Cuthbert's, and furnishes the sequel to "Shadows Lifted." Hunter, Claude Winters, Clavering, and other upper classmen of that narrative, have disappeared; and Roy Henning, the hero of the present tale, is a forthcoming graduate, with Bracebridge, Shealey, and Beecham as his special chums. It is a story of and for big college boys, and for such of their elders as can forgive a few melodramatic touches that will appeal to youth more than to maturity.

—One of the gratifying signs of the times is the frequency with which of late years the Catholic book-reviewer is called upon to notice either new Lives, or new editions of old Lives,

of the saints. The publication of these works points to at least some measure of genuine demand therefor; and it is good to know that, in an age largely utilitarian and materialistic, Catholic minds are reverting to the avowed principles and overt actions, to the discourse and conduct of the world's truest heroes—the saints of God. The latest Life to reach our table is "St. Bridget of Sweden," by Francesca M. Steele ("Darley Dale"), published by Benziger Brothers. Serving as preface to the work is a dissertation by the Rev. G. Browne, D. D., on "The Breviary of the Order of St. Saviour," otherwise known as the Brigittine Breviary. The work itself will be found, even by the reader not especially enamored of pious books, to be as full of interest as the best of the novels in which he generally delights. St. Bridget's childhood, her career as wife and mother, her life at court, her revelations and prophecies, her preaching of repentance, her troubles and trials in Rome, her pilgrimages in Italy and the Holy Land,—all combine to form a narrative as charming and as symmetric as if its author drew her materials from the realms of fancy instead of the records of history. A good Life of a great saint.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

- "Footsteps in the Ward." H. M. Capes. 50 cts.
 "The Dominicans: Letters to a Young Man on the Dominican Order." Very Rev. John Procter, O. P. 20 cts.
 "As Gold in the Furnace." Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J. 85 cts.
 "St. Bridget of Sweden." Francesca M. Steele. 75 cts.
 "Ned Rieder." Rev. John Wehs. 85 cts.
 "The Story of Our Lord's Life Told for Children." A Carmelite Nun. \$1.
 "Joseph Haydn: The Story of His Life." Franz von Seeburg. Rev. J. M. Toohey, C. S. C. \$1.25.
 "The Son of Man: His Preparation, His Life, His Work." Rev. Placid Huault, S. M. \$1.25.
 "The Diary of an Exiled Nun." Preface by François Coppée. \$1.
 "Heroic Spain." E. Boyle O'Reilly. \$2.50.
 "Our Catholic Heritage in English Literature." Emily Hickey. 50 cts.
 "Eric; or, The Black Finger." Mary T. Waggoner. 75 cts.
 "Voices from Erin." Denis A. McCarthy. \$1.
 "Mary Aloysia Hardey, Religious of the Sacred Heart. 1809-1886." \$2.20.

- "Watchwords from Dr. Brownson." 50 cts.
 "Home Life in Ireland." Robert Lynd. \$2.50.
 "Sermons of St. Bernard in Advent and Christmas." 75 cts.
 "The Truth of Christianity." Lt.-Col. W. H. Turton. \$1.25.
 "Jacquetta." Louise M. Stackpoole-Kenny. \$1.50.
 "The Charity of Christ." Rev. Henry C. Schuyler, S. T. L. 50 cts.
 "Modernism." Cardinal Mercier. 56 cts.
 "The Cost of a Crown." Rev. R. H. Benson. \$1, net.
 "The Spaniard at Home." Mary F. Nixon-Roulet. \$1.75.
 "St. Thomas à Becket." Mgr. Demimuid. \$1.
 "Round the World." Vol. VIII. \$1.
 "The Attributes of God, Mirrored in the Perfections of Mary." 90 cts.
 "Mere Hints, Moral and Social." Rev. John E. Graham. \$1.
 "Donal Kenny." Rev. Joseph Guinan. \$1.10.
 "Later Poems." Father Tabb. \$1.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Henry Lessard, of the diocese of Manchester; Rev. Ambrose McNulty, archdiocese of St. Paul; Rt. Rev. Monsignor Griffin, diocese of Springfield; Rev. Francis Foy, diocese of Newark; Very Rev. Patrick McCarthy, diocese of Omaha; Rev. George Fleisch, C. P. S.; Rev. Thomas Fitzgerald and Rev. Frederick Garesché, S. J.

Sister Marcelline, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister M. Crescentia, Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister M. Dominic (Lawson), Order of the Visitation; and Sister M. Annunciation, Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. Robert Derries, Mr. James Hudson, Mr. John Quin, Mrs. Elizabeth Adams, Mr. Patrick O'Connor, Mrs. Esther Brainard, Miss Bridget Murray, Charles and Frederic Nikodem, Miss Ellen McGevney, Mr. Henry Ellis, Mr. William Murray, Mr. T. P. Hade, Mr. Edward Kelly, Mr. Edward Hummel, Miss Margaret O'Connell, Mr. Louis Krentz, Mr. Michael Russell, Mr. and Mrs. John Shepperd, Mrs. J. J. McGinnis, Mr. Thomas Maxwell, Mrs. Elizabeth Keogh, Mr. John Sonntag, Mr. Patrick Burke, Mr. L. Wismann, Mrs. Bridget Parks, Mr. John Bradley, Miss Ellen Lavin, Mr. Hugh Jennings, Mrs. Michael Maguire, Mrs. Henry Raleigh, Mrs. Margaret Tormey, Mr. Lawrence Hannaford, and Mrs. James Somers.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXXI. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 31, 1910. NO. 27

[Published every Saturday. Copyright: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

God's Little Child.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

O UR baby, our darling, he came on that night
When Bêthlehem's Star rested, tremulous,
bright,
O'er the cradle of Jesus, so lovely and mild.
Oh, glad was the welcome of God's little child!
We wrapped him around with the fulness of love,
But the Saviour looked earthward, and called
him above;
For the blossoms, too pure for this dark world
of ours,
Transplanted, are Mary's most beautiful flowers.
When he lifted his hands to the heavenly call,
The Angel of Sorrow drooped over us all;
For we fain would have kept him; but softly
he smiled,
And left us for Paradise—God's little child!

A Business Opportunity.

BY ANDREW PROUT.



HE "American business man" prides himself on being a practical person who knows a good thing when he sees it, neither deceives himself nor allows himself to be imposed upon; and, to use a phrase of his own, "is *business* first, last, and all the time." It is peculiarly for his benefit that I shall try to set down some impressions of a "week-end retreat" at Keyser Island; for prominent among the sure and certain conclusions reached thereat is the conclusion that in

these retreats Mother Church has particularly provided exactly what the "American business man" wants, and it is only right that he should know it.

A difficulty confronts me which I can illustrate best by analogy. Suppose that I go to hear some music—a Beethoven symphony, for example, played by the Philharmonic Orchestra. I am for a time rapt out of myself into that strange region, neither earth nor heaven, set apart for music, where sense and spirit are intermingled in union more close, and intercourse more intimate, than are otherwise possible to living man. I can not represent that union in words, nor can I render into words the secrets of that intercourse. I can but feebly tell you that I have heard mighty harmonies, and that for a season my whole being has vibrated in accord with them.

Long ago, in his cave at Manresa, St. Ignatius of Loyola built up that mighty symphony wherein he drew from the deepest depths—

those great cathedral harmonies
That through the vaulted cloisters of the soul,
Unfailing still, adown the ages roll;
and since his day man has found in his "Spiritual Exercises" abundant expression for what the soul has to say to its God. For a little while we have dwelt amid these harmonies, and have given our souls to be swept by them. How am I to put them into words? The thing is, of course, impossible. Even could I give you word for word the meditations and conferences of Father Shealy, it would not suffice. You might thus—shall we

say?—read the score, but you would not hear it. Nevertheless, something may be said—must, in fact, be said,—that you may know what can be done with the three days of a “week-end” calling for the sacrifice only of the half-working day, Saturday.

Keyser Island is washed on three sides by the unpolluted tide waters of the Sound, which at times cover, on the shore side, the causeway connecting the Island with the low-lying suburbs of South Norwalk, thus warranting the name. It is secluded, yet not inaccessible; remote, yet not far (barely ninety minutes, all told) from New York; self-contained and self-sufficing—with its farm, its orchard, its corn patch, its dormitories, its chapel, in several acres of ground,—it serves in the summer time for villa, and during the rest of the year as a House of Retreats. When villa time is gone, most of the buildings are closed, and the small permanent garrison retires upon the old Keyser mansion, now known as Loyola, where the “week-end” bands are most comfortably lodged (and handsomely fed!) in these winter days. The old house looks to the south, across the Sound to the Long Island shores, a few miles away; and one may comfortably bask in the sunshine in its sheltered porch, even though the keen northwest wind blows across the salt marshes behind.

No better spot could well be imagined for our affair. One needs but little imagination to divine the secret of its charm. Here, in the years gone by, how many have come to deal sternly and as men with the great business of life! Not an inch of these island paths but has been trodden deep by the feet of those who have come to engage in commerce with God for the pearl of great price, shutting out the buying and selling, the plowing and reaping, the building, the planning, the noise and confusion of what so many curiously call *life*; holding them as a trifle, a dream, a nothing,—a shadow of nothing. Upon the very air around us

seem to linger the whispering echoes of their prayers. How rich and wonderful must these few poor acres of shoreland be in the sight of Heaven!

At the east end of the house is the little chapel used in winter; the sanctuary lamp burns there night and day. There we gather so many times at the appointed hour for the work of our retreat. Banker, lawyer, clerk, mechanic, doctor,—of all professions, all trades, all ranks we are; some rich, some poor; some learned, some unlearned; all equal in what Chesterton has described as “a democracy of eternal danger,” and all friends. Indeed, if there be any one more welcome than another at these retreats, it is he who works with his hands. As we are inexperienced in the matter of private meditation, Father Shealy takes upon himself the burden of the work we have come to do. Work it is, too,—men’s work, as he tells us at the outset; and such we realize it to be as his sentences fall, linked in relentless logic, shot with the fire of enthusiastic sincerity, and clothed with infinite persuasion. And thus we settle down on Friday afternoon to tackle as “business men” the “science of life.”

It is under this general aspect that Father Shealy draws out for us the tremendous thoughts contained in the “Foundation” of the “Spiritual Exercises.” The old truths! How old they are, yet how new to us as we look them squarely in the face again! Some of us can with difficulty recall the catechism days of childhood, when we learned by rote the words that now take on for us so rich and so fresh a meaning. What a change it makes in our perspective when we fit into our scheme of life the mature conception of the “four last things” so deftly woven for us by Father Shealy! We realize (some of us for the first time, perhaps) what Thomas à Kempis meant by the words: “That which is of little or no profit takes up our thoughts, and that which is above all things necessary is negligently passed over. For the whole

man sinks downward into outward things; and, unless he quickly recover himself, he willingly continues immersed in them." But the peculiar virtue of a retreat is in this: never again will the world be the same to those who have made one; for they have seen things for once as they truly are, and they can never wholly forget what they have seen.

By Saturday night the spirit of our work has entered into us; we are attuned and in accord. Confessions have been made (this is the only part of the work from which Father Shealy excludes himself, leaving it to a Father resident in the house), and we are ready for the best that is yet to come. On Sunday Father Shealy takes up the study of "Character and Character-Building." He sets before us the figure of our Captain and King, and he contrives to kindle within us something of the fire that blazed up in the chivalrous Ages of Faith when men knew what "king" and "captain" meant. So much he does for us, plain, practical men that we are; and he does it by no mere passion of rhetoric, by no mere appeal to the emotion of a moment,—far from it. Logic clear, calm, inevitable; occasionally a rhythmic passage from the Royal Psalmist, occasionally a burning sentence or two from St. Paul, but always the appeal through the mind. Adroitly he weaves together for us the "Kingdom," the "Two Standards," the "Three Degrees of Humility," into a new synthesis adapted to our modern "business" habits of thought, and packed with a wealth of practical suggestion and encouragement. And the supreme common-sense of it all he drives home upon us; so that it seems to us as if, after all, it is not so hard to be a saint.

Thus goes Sunday, all too fast for us; for we have now come to realize how easy and delightful is the work that some of us—perhaps—approached with preliminary misgivings, not to say fears. And on Monday morning we assemble in the little chapel for the last time, to hear

Mass, receive the Papal Benediction and plenary indulgence, and listen to a parting word from Father Shealy. Then we scatter, and back we go to the day's tasks,—the same tasks as before, but not the same men. For now we understand the words of Jeremias: "With desolation is the land made desolate because there is none that considereth in his heart." And, one and all, we determine that henceforth every year shall see us back again for what we have come to know as a season of refreshment for body and soul.

What potency may there not be in this work of wonderful things yet to come in the life of American Catholic laymen! What a force we might be, could we but train our eyes to see, our ears to hear, and our tongues to speak!

The Winter of Discontent.

BY PATRICIA MANLEY.

QUAINTLY beautiful was the spot, in the heart of a tiny cup-shaped valley; yet its chief charm for its owner lay in the fact that it was miles away from any one but Bob. They had been schoolmates in Kentucky, and together had followed the lure of gold in the early Fifties, locating adjoining claims amidst the lofty hills of the Sierras. They were mere boys then, and Henry was with them,—Henry who went away to end his days in the gilded misery of a palace on Fifth Avenue.

As the years passed, Jim Baxter's claim took on the appearance of a farm; though he still clambered laboriously about on ladders, bringing up "pay dirt" and rock from numerous small shafts about the place. A narrow, rocky road diverged from the valley above Renown, ascending the rugged hillside at a dangerous angle, and winding in and out between pines and underbrush, through gates and across streams in a zigzag fashion, as though following in the footsteps of some agile mountain goat. Up

and up it wended its way, through scenes of primitive beauty bearing no trace of habitation, until from the top of a wild peak one looked down on the little white-washed cabin in its pastoral setting of gardens and orchards.

True to his Southern traditions, Jim had built the cabin with a wide dining hall extending its entire length, and separating the kitchen and storeroom on the one side from the bedrooms on the other. This hall, lighted by half windows set into the doors at either end, and warmed by a huge fireplace constructed of broken rock and clay, realized Jim's ideal of comfort. On either side of the fire sat a large armchair, occupied on every winter evening for fifty years by Jim Baxter and his crony, Bob Montgomery. The walls were colored like a rare meerschaum by the smoke from their black pipes.

Many tales those walls could tell, could one but pierce their inscrutable silence,—tales of friendship strengthened by the flight of years; tales of plans discussed by two homesick boys for a visit to the dear old Southland; of longing lulled but not banished by the vicissitudes of a prospector's life; of transplanted hearts tenaciously rooted in alien soil; of hopes and fears, of dreams and disappointments, and of fierce political arguments springing from Bob's recently developed Republican tendencies. Perhaps Jim loved Bob the better for this defection—after the manner of a mother with a wayward child,—and sought to correct his "erroneous views." Be that as it may, the arguments in nowise affected their friendship; although a stranger, listening, would fear violence on the part of both.

Jim was the more practical of the two, as his home bore witness; yet a vein of sentiment ran through his character, like the coveted gold through the quartz of his claim. Every tree and vine and vegetable about the place had its history, and all had originally come from the old home. The fruits of these he shared with

Bob, who was a bookworm and a dreamer in the intervals between his prospecting ventures. Bob's cabin was perched at an uncertain angle on the bank of a tiny stream. Its pine-clad hillside in front and towering ledge of rocks at the rear were guiltless alike of fences and improvements.

As spring came on, Jim removed the armchairs to the broad side-porch at his kitchen door, with its bench laden with a heterogeneous collection of gold pans, iron mortar and pestle for crushing specimens, bits of promising rock awaiting that process, and the inevitable smoking paraphernalia. A water barrel, half sunken through an opening in the floor, caught the crystal stream that dripped monotonously from the pipe which led to a spring close by. Porches encircled the cabin; these, like the gardens, were enclosed with poultry netting, to exclude the fowl that roamed at will over valley and hillside.

The kitchen porch, however, held first place in its owner's heart; for over its pillars clambered a cutting of the identical grapevine on which he and Bob and Henry had crossed the brook which wound its devious course through his father's plantation. A wild vine it was, which had thrown its streamers from the branches of one persimmon tree to those of another on the opposite bank of the stream, forming a natural bridge for coons and possums; and, later, for the venturesome youngster who, not to be outdone, swung hand over hand along the vine, high above the water.

Over this porch, too, arched the green branches of a scion of the apple tree up which they had often shinned, concealing themselves in its dense foliage until the ire of sorely-tried fathers, aroused by some boyish prank, had cooled to a safe point. Perhaps in punishment for this evasion of paternal justice, the tree was barren, although its parent had annually borne an immense crop of delicious "bell-flowers."

The interstices between roof and rafters

of Jim's favorite resort contained a rare assortment of hammers, files, wrenches, nails, straps, scraps of old iron, bits of rope and bailing wire, and still more specimens of rock collected from the tunnels and shafts that honeycombed the hillsides above the valley; while along the wall were draped, in careless abandon, garlands of red peppers, onions, and herbs, interspersed with old coats and discarded overalls. On the floor lay an empty grain sack which served as a couch for Coon, the little black dog that made his home with Jim, going every morning, rain or shine, to visit Bob with a note fastened to his collar. For an hour he would frisk about the claim, chasing quail, and squirrel and rabbits; then, with an answering note in his collar strap, he would wend his way decorously homeward, looking neither to right nor left of the narrow trail along the rocky side of the cañon above the little stream. The furred and feathered denizens of the forest might perch with impunity on either side: Coon was oblivious to their presence until the note was safely deposited in his master's hand. This had been the daily program of his life since puppyhood, and might have continued so until the end had not the art of journalism intervened.

It was a radiant morning in early summer when the journalist made his appearance,—a dapper young man, of pleasing address, who was writing an article on "The Pioneers of California" for an Eastern magazine, and had come to Renown for local color. He waxed enthusiastic over the scenery, and some wag at the village hotel advised him to "stroll out to Jim Baxter's. Good walkin', fine scenery all the way, and the old man can spin ye no end of yarns about the early days." Acting on this bit of friendly counsel, he started forth as the sun was rising; and, although the stroll lengthened into a seven-mile walk over steep, rough roads, his grit was equal to it, and he arrived in very good time at Jim's.

With hospitality both Southern and Western, Jim welcomed him, entertaining him with reminiscences of characters and events once famous on the Mother Lode.

"Are you not lonely here without wife or family?" queried the guest, gazing thoughtfully about at the blackened walls, untidy floors, and cobweb-draped windows.

"Wife, indeed!" said Jim, half angrily. "What would I do with a wife? She'd only be in the way. I've my friend Bob Montgomery down the trail, and my pipe and my dog; that is company enough for any man, suh. I want no woman around upsetting the place, by thundah! It was a woman that spoiled Henry Dickerson's life, and dragged him away from his home and friends to satisfy her cursed ambition; and I've no use for 'em since, suh,—that I haven't."

"What! Not Henry Dickerson, the New York millionaire! Is that so? A chum of yours? You don't say! So he was a miner! How cleverly they concealed it! 'Son of a wealthy Southern family, descendant of an English Earl,' so the daughter said."

And then he listened with avidity to a story that would prove a veritable "scoop" for his magazine,—the story of Dickerson's early poverty; of his marriage, and of aid often bestowed by Baxter and Montgomery in times of need; of investments in Virginia City mining property, and of wealth beyond his dreams; of the ambition of wife and daughter to shine in New York society; of his reluctance to leave old friends and familiar places; the final severing of those hallowed ties; the transplanting of a tired old heart from a land of lofty hills and azure skies, bird song and sunshine, rippling streams and growing things, to a land of dust and smoke, noise and mechanism, stone and mortar; and of final rest in a massive marble mausoleum, far from the row of little grass-grown mounds where his brightest hopes were buried.

Then Jim brought out a faded tintype of Henry in mining costume (which, in

truth, was the extent of his wardrobe at the time it was taken), and allowed the young man to copy it. Next they visited the ruined cabin at the foot of the orchard, once the home of the deceased millionaire, now the haunt of bats and owls. It was in this lowly cabin that the eyes of Mrs. Alfred Montclairst-Allyn had first beheld the light,—the ancestral castle of which that lady boasted.

"Wouldn't this article make a stir in the smart set?" soliloquized the journalist, as, well satisfied with the result of his stroll, he started for town just before the hour for Bob's evening call. His visit was a great event in their quiet lives, and the two cronies discussed it over their evening pipes. While Bob did not approve of Jim's conduct in relating what Henry had allowed his wife and daughter to conceal from the public, he refrained from commenting on that phase of the affair, and together they eagerly awaited the August number of *Nobody's Magazine*. In due time it arrived, but it failed to contain the anticipated article.

In late September the journalist reappeared, and explained to Jim that Mrs. Montclairst-Allyn had gotten wind of the article which *Nobody's* was preparing to issue, and had purchased both the story and photo from the publishers. Now the *Riffraff Magazine* had negotiated with him for a similar article. Would Mr. Baxter allow him to copy the tintype once more? Jim hesitated this time.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Baxter," urged the young man. "I'll give you fifty dollars for the privilege of copying it. It will injure no one, and will be a wonderful help to us; for there is money in these 'human interest' stories. The public wants them, and sooner or later this story is bound to leak out. Is it not better that the true story be published than some garbled account that may do an injustice to your friend? Yes, I know that the picture is not necessary; but it enhances the interest of the article as well as its value. And since the story will be pub-

lished in any case, why not the photo as well?"

It scarcely seemed the right thing to do, to drag poor Henry into the lime-light to satisfy the vulgar curiosity of the public. Still, the story would be published, with or without the picture. He had no authority to forbid that, though he bitterly regretted having related it. Why not profit by it, since he could not suppress it? Above all, why not punish the pride of the unnatural daughter who was ashamed of the memory of an honest father? Yes, "by thundah," he'd do it; though he didn't know what Bob would say. He would use the money to buy the "raster" he had so long coveted to grind his rock. He felt the need of it increasingly. To be sure he was not old—a man is not old at seventy-two,—yet he found that each day required a greater effort to grind his specimens in the old iron mortar. Perhaps the rock was growing harder. So the transaction was completed; and Bob said nothing, for the very good reason that he was not informed of what had taken place.

Jim's new-found wealth did not bring unalloyed bliss in its wake. Conscience refused to slumber; or if by any chance he lulled it to rest, Bob's speculations as to what had happened the young journalist and his story reawakened it. He vacillated between buying the "raster" and returning the money; becoming silent and moody as he sought to solve the problem that confronted him. He had reached no decision when the journalist sent a letter containing a check for an additional hundred, and saying that Mrs. Montclairst-Allyn had again purchased the article. She had paid him five hundred dollars for the copy of the picture, which he had retained when turning in the article to his magazine, and for his promise that he would write no more on the subject of her father's early life. Having given that promise, he had decided, as a reward for her generosity, to insure silence on Mr. Baxter's part; and he hoped the check

enclosed would be sufficient inducement for him to let the matter drop.

If Jim had sinned in betraying his friend's secret, the bitterness of that moment was sufficient punishment for this first dishonorable act of a life fast drawing to a close. It was gall and wormwood to his sensitive spirit to feel that he, who loved Henry, should be bribed by a stranger to shield his memory. Jim had never heard of tainted money, yet he regarded that check as a thing accursed, and not for all the gold of the Sierras would he have spent one penny of it. He felt that it could not be returned too quickly; and, as the morrow was Bob's appointed day for his weekly visit to Renown, he decided to make a clean breast of the affair and ask Bob to return the check for him.

Accordingly, when they were seated on the porch, smoking their evening pipes, amidst a shower of brilliant autumn leaves which floated down on every passing breeze, Jim told his miserable story in a guilty, disconnected fashion. The aid he had expected was not forthcoming. Instead, Bob turned upon him angrily, a world of strange contempt in his fine old eyes.

"So this is how you have been deceiving me!" he said. "This is why you were so willing to tell the details of Henry's private life to a stranger! I never dreamed that you would so far forget Southern honor as to trade on the memory of a dead friend, still less that you would disgrace yourself by blackmailing (I call it so) his daughter. No, I shall not touch your accursed check. I refuse to be dragged down to your level. From this day forth, suh, I'll have nothing to do with you."

And, though the trembling, high-pitched voice died away into something pathetically akin to a sob, he turned with head erect, and stalked down the path, the old manzanita cane thumping a ferocious accompaniment to every step; while Jim strode inside the cabin, slamming the door with such violence that Coon gave an involuntary yelp of fright; then, with one

ear erect, the other drooping, he wistfully eyed the retreating form of Bob, and the blank surface of the door through which Jim had vanished.

"Disgrace indeed! Blackmail!" snorted Jim. "A Southerner who forgets his principles so far as to admire a Republican President that eats with niggahs hasn't any call to be so 'uppish.'"

Both Jim and Bob were too angry at first to realize the desolation that this estrangement would bring into their lives; and later, when that knowledge was brought home with appalling force by a thousand trivial incidents of daily existence, neither would seek a reconciliation; for in their poor human hearts the flower of Southern honor was overtopped by the weed of Southern pride.

Coon still made his daily visits to Bob, but his joy was dimmed by the aimlessness of his mission. The tiny strap about his neck no longer held a note; and now, instead of chasing birds' and rabbits, he sat dolefully at Bob's feet, with head aslant and eyes riveted on the hand that had been wont to fasten the missives to his collar. All through that desolate winter he was the only link between the one-time comrades; and their dull eyes surreptitiously searched Coon's collar with an eagerness greater than his own, but they looked in vain.

Those were bitter days for both, and anxiety for the other weighed heavily on the heart of each. Life held no zest for these two, who had made no other intimates. For fifty years each had found the other's companionship sufficient; and now—their pipes were flavorless; the spiciest bit of political news was insipid since there was no one with whom to discuss it. Night after night Jim sat alone by the hearth, not trusting himself to glance at the vacant chair beside him; while through his brain throbbed the words that he and Bob had sung together in those boyish days of homesickness:

The days go by like a shadow on the heart,
In sorrow where all was delight.

The sorrow had not been so poignant, the shadow so dark, when as friends they had shared the burden of grief; but now, when, an alien, each bore it alone, Jim realized the truth of the familiar words.

Ages long that winter seemed to both; yet spring came at last, and the balmy air tempted Jim to transfer the armchairs to the favorite porch, where he watched the buds swelling on the apple trees. In Jim's throat a lump was swelling, too, at every thought of Bob; and just as his misery seemed unbearable Father Carroll came upon the scene. He was returning on foot from a sick-call, having refused the offer of the poor Mexican who wished to drive him home again. His duties ended, he promised to return the following week, and set out on his homeward way by the trail that led through Jim's claim, arriving there shortly before noon. He paused to ask for a drink of water, but Jim insisted that he should remain for dinner.

As he had welcomed the journalist who brought discord into his Eden, he welcomed the priest who banished it. This was the first priest he had ever met, and he had heard many stories derogatory to the cloth; yet he could not believe that Father Carroll's genial manner was a mask which concealed smug hypocrisy and Jesuitical cunning,—phrases which in the vocabulary of the sect in which he had been reared were ever associated with the priesthood. The narrowness and bigotry of his early years had been blotted out by contact with men of every creed and of no creed. And so it was that, won by Father Carroll's unaffected friendliness, Jim made his first confession,—not sacramental to be sure, yet efficacious in removing the weight from heart and conscience.

Jim's wildest flights of fancy had never pictured anything like this man's sympathy and tenderness with sinners. Still, he made the culprit understand in no uncertain manner that there was no hope that matters would right themselves.

Nothing short of the wrongdoer's best efforts at restitution would satisfy the law of justice. And, sad to say, the checks had never been returned; for since the unhappy day of his quarrel with Bob they had served only to open the wound afresh, and they still lay on the mantel where Jim in his anger had tossed them.

Jim passed the night in a fever of anticipation; and early the following morning his feet were set upon the once familiar trail, now half obliterated by weeds. Restoration of his ill-gotten gains, and reconciliation with his old friend, were the price of peace, so the priest had said; and, while he trembled at the thought of Bob's possible anger, he rejoiced at the prospect of seeing his old comrade again.

He had no cause for fear on the score of his welcome. That lonely winter had taught its lessons to Bob as well as to himself, and chief among them was the lesson of tolerance. When he repeated his request that Bob would return the money for him—a proof of his humility, a test of Bob's forgiveness,—the hand extended for letter and checks over-reached the bounds and caught his withered fingers in a warm clasp. Then each went his way,—Bob toward Renown, and Jim on the homeward trail. His spirits rose buoyantly, now that Bob understood; and he wondered at the transformation that an hour had wrought in the land.

Everything had seemed gray and barren when he passed this way so short a time before; and now in every tree and bush wild birds were singing; starry moss clung to the wayside ledges; the hills were clothed with a mantle of tender green; the little brook was rippling over its bed of snowy pebbles; while on either hand waxen Shasta lilies, in creamy rank and file, were flooding the air with fragrance. Truly, spring had come with astonishing swiftness.

Was it telepathy or intuition that warned Jim to warm an extra ration of beans that evening, to bake a larger pan

of cornbread, and fry an extra rasher of bacon, with fresh eggs, golden brown and tempting? These preparations were not in vain, as a joyful bark from Coon attested. "Never barks that way for any one but Bob," Jim informed himself, exultantly; and, sure enough, Bob it was, striding up the trail. Coon frisked joyously about, almost tripping the object of his solicitude, the while visions of a renewal of his mission as postman danced through his canine brain.

The old men met quite as though nothing had interrupted their intercourse; and the meal which followed was a merry one, although each marked with a pang the traces of age and sadness which that desolate winter had left on the other. Jim related the story of the priest's visit; and, while Bob made no comment, a gleam of pleasure lighted his face. That evening the chair beside Jim's was no longer vacant; the smoke from two old black pipes perfumed the balmy air; two silvered heads nodded ecstatically; while two pairs of dim old eyes gleamed with peace.

It was thus that Father Carroll found them as he passed down the trail after his second visit to the dying Mexican in the cabin above. All day his mind had dwelt upon the pathetic estrangement of these old comrades, and now he scarcely dared hope for the sight which met his gaze. The old men arose at his approach. Pressing his hand in a warm clasp, Jim turned to his companion and announced in a voice trembling with pride and happiness:

"Bob, this is my friend, Father Carroll."

And Bob, with courtly Southern grace, clasped the disengaged hand of the priest, as he replied:

"May I also claim the privilege of your friendship? Jim's friends have always been mine."

And so began a triple alliance which lasted through life, and led the old men into that Fold where divine love strengthens and glorifies the bonds of human affection.

O Babe of Bethlehem!

BY BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

☉ BLESSED Babe of Bethlehem,
Who left Thy place on high,
Who humbly took the form of man,
For the sins of man to die!

O Babe forlorn of Bethlehem!
Pity full sure had fled,
When men would not offer the Son of God
A rest for His sacred head.

O gracious Babe of Bethlehem!
Take from our hearts to-day
The love which the world denied to Thee
On Thy toilsome, thorny way.

Oh, guide us safe o'er the darksome paths
Till the sorrows we bear shall cease,
And our eyes shall seek for Thy loving smile
In the land of unending peace!

Solesmes the Beautiful.

BY JOHN HANNON.

AMID 'so much heartrending news from France and Portugal, all lovers of the glory of God's house—of "splendor for God's sake," in M. Huysmans' rather unlovely phrase,*—must rejoice that St. Peter's Abbey of Solesmes has found a safe purchaser at last. Widespread rumor has it that the devout nobleman who has found the money intends not only to secure the Abbey from profane uses, but to hold it till the monks can return and resume possession. The exiled sons of St. Benedict can breathe more freely, and perhaps find presage of "peace after strife," if not as yet of "port after stormy seas."

The Abbey of Solesmes is new and very beautiful. Robert Burns and Lord Byron have enshrined in memorable verse the Protestant notion, on the one hand, that bareness and poverty best beseeem the house of God; and, on the other, the

* "Le luxe pour Dieu."

deistic fancy about the open aisles of the forest being the only perfect cathedral.

A journey through rheumatic woodlands on a wet winter's day puts Childe Harold's rhapsody out of court along the plane of common-sense; while the leal Scot who admires "The Cottar's Saturday Night" and also reads his Bible may be safely questioned concerning the magnificence of Solomon's Temple. Was that wrong? No, he will answer: God ordained it; the Holy of Holies was no mere meeting-house, but a shrine of God's protecting presence; finally, sacrifices being at the heart of Jewish ritual, external pomp and splendor, with ceremonial acts such as the lighting of lamps and the burning of much incense, were in the nature of things needful. Naturally, he will proceed from this to the familiar defence of four bare walls and a roof as things significantly "spiritual"; but he has already given in germ, and unknowingly, the Catholic reply.

The Most Holy Eucharist is the fulfilment of types and prophecies. Loving zeal for the beauty of Its house and the place where Its glory dwelleth is a duty and a high privilege under the New Dispensation. Whether viewed as Sacrifice or as Sacrament, It is "the centre of immutable truth," so that only fervent faith in the Real Presence can with power and finality expel from the minds of the weak certain infiltrations of a false, parsimonious, unlovely "spirituality." Yet the mendacious Collectivist doctrine called Socialism is in the air; and some are too prone to ask, with the recreant Apostle, "Why this waste?" if not to expect, with Mark Twain at Naples, that silver sanctuary lamps should be given as largess to lazzaroni.

Few Catholics should need reminding that there is a season for all things; that Our Lord commended the widow who gave her last farthings to the Temple; and that popes and saints have again and again converted the more precious of their sacred vessels into alms during

seasons of public calamity. However, the sentimental and apparently insincere Collectivism of such books as "The Tramp Abroad" need not detain us. The pity is that writers and compilers of travel-books to whom Catholic cathedrals are no more than vast assembly rooms should have power to awaken the least responsive echo among unreflecting children of the Church.

"There are certain extremely simple religious ideas which it is almost impossible to make people understand," remarked J. K. Huysmans about eight years ago, in a rugged lay-sermon, with the Abbey of Solesmes for text. "It is perhaps inevitable that infidels should fail to grasp devotional principles. It is less in the nature of things that believers should find them puzzling. How many practising Catholics there are who stare open-eyed when the contemplative life is mentioned, and end up by repeating the same, inevitable sentence, 'I understand very well the good work of the St. Vincent of Paul nuns and the Little Sisters of the Poor, but I do not see the use of Orders like the Carmelites or the Trappists!' The least cross-questioning evokes the explanation: 'Because they *do* nothing you see.'

"For such people, the expiation of the sins of others by prayer and fasting, and the praise of God by the due recitation of the Divine Office, are as idle tasks and labor lost. It is doubtless for this reason that communities not leading the active life—such as the Poor Clares, for instance,—are for the most part poor indeed. No money is given them, as to others, because it would be money the employment of which could not be superintended,—money which would bring in no visible, no tangible benefit or result this side of the tomb."

In what follows, concerning the unspiritual outlook of *la majorité des ouailles*, it is to be remembered that M. Huysmans is speaking of his compatriots only. In the English-speaking lands, many candid

and cultured Protestants have at least a romantic feeling for abbeys and their secluded life; imbibed, it may be, from the pages of Sir Walter Scott and the Lake poets. Even this would seem to be lacking to many of the Mass-going French bourgeois encountered by M. Huysmans after his conversion:

"But among these mystic concepts, so meaningless to most of the flock (*à la majorité des ouailles*), there is one yet darker and, if possible, more completely locked away out of sight. It is the idea of splendor for God's sake. Consequently the Order of St. Benedict, whose *raison d'être* in the Church is precisely that—to surround our Redeemer with all the splendor and (as it were) all the ease and comfort possible,—is bound to be the Order of Orders to give rise to the surest misunderstandings and the falsest notions."

Here the writer quotes with effect a passage from his own strong book, "*La Cathédrale*":

"The veritable end of a son of St. Benedict is psalmody and song in praise of God; is apprenticeship on earth to eternal employment on high; is the celebration of the glory of God according to God's inspiration, in words He Himself once spoke by the mouth of David and the Prophets. It is a task of joy and peace; an earnest-penny here of a jubilant inheritance hereafter; a toil most nearly approaching the service of the blessed spirits; in a word, it is the loftiest labor upon earth."

Of course the Canonical Hours—the "psalmody and song in praise of God"—here eloquently singled out for praise, are to be considered as forming an integrant part of one great whole—the Church's Liturgy, culminating in the Holy Mass. Huysmans himself is careful to point this out, after making the citation. But the passage, perhaps, is hardly open to serious misconstruction.

We may omit some strictures on the "gabbling" of the Office in French cath-

dral chapters by singing-men, and a characteristic word on that explosive topic, "What constitutes true Plain Chant?" The great work of the Solesmes school in this direction is well and widely known. What follows is less polemical. No person of taste can reasonably resent Benedictine efforts to improve, for instance, the "fiddleback" French chasuble:

"At the same time that they were restoring church music, they were retrieving by research the designs of sacred objects used in worship, which the bad taste of generations had spoiled. They resumed the disused pattern of medieval chasubles, doubtless deeming that very little true sense of the beautiful is disclosed in the modern [French] cardboard vestment, gold-braided and cross-quartered, which hangs straight and stiff, leaving plaits on the priest's shoulders like the drooped ears of some listening animal. As with the patterns, so with the colors of the sacred vestments. In place of the raw reds and greens, the dead whites, the *vin du Midi* violets and rough golds, which make the celebrant's back at Mass a torture-target to the eyesight (*une cible de souffrances pour la vue*), they substituted delicate melting hues, the caressing liturgical tints of yesteryear.

"They would have us pay court to the Supreme Beauty with whatsoever of the noble in human nature survives the fall of Adam; with the inspirations of that art St. Hildegarde defined as 'a half-effaced memory of the primal state, from which we are fallen since the days of Eden.'"

At the time of writing, the German Emperor has just gladdened the Catholics of the world, and infuriated anti-clerical scribes in the Fatherland, by his state visit to the Abbey of Beuron. The opening words of his Imperial Majesty's speech to the archabbot and community may here be interpolated, so aptly does their blunt prose fit in with M. Huysmans' pleadings:

"Esteemed Lord Archabbot, I give you hearty thanks for the friendly words with which you have received me; and

I rejoice in having had the opportunity of paying a visit to the Congregation, and being able to convey to you my sincere good-will. From the beginning of my reign it has been a special pleasure to me to support the Benedictines in their efforts; for I have remarked that, wherever they have been at work, they have not only striven to maintain and strengthen religion, but have also distinguished themselves in the province of church music, of art and science, and otherwise,—work which is not to be underrated. . . .”

In his book called “Le Moine Benedictin,” Dom Besse (sometime of the Abbey of Ligugé), speaks with naturally greater enthusiasm of the work which, in the Kaiser’s measured words, “is not to be underrated.” “The construction and adornment of monastic churches,” he says, “and the artistic character of all objects used in worship, are as important for the social regeneration of a country as the erection of schools or hospitals and the foundation of missionary centres”! Dom Besse has at least the courage of convictions in which most will find more to marvel at than to accept. His æstheticism is on safer ground when he explains how “the ugly is an abomination to Benedictines.” “They behold in it,” he says, “a disorder, a species of indefinable sinfulness, whose presence within or shadow without the sanctuary offends angelic eyes; while art, on the other hand, is as it were a reflex of Our Lord’s ineffable beauty.”

Ideas such as these undoubtedly underly the richness and pomp of Benedictine ceremonial, from the glorious chant of the monks in choir to the sumptuous vestments worn by the abbot, “whose crosier is sometimes of carven ivory, whose mitre is often inlaid with gems.” Assuredly the central Catholic idea of offering only of one’s best to the Beloved should find among us no objectors. Yet the France of a decade since provided M. Huysmans with so many that he said he was “tired

of tussling with those who, after a visit to Solesmes, reproached the monastery for the grandeur of its new buildings, the sumptuousness of its ceremonies, and the splendor of its copes and mitres. . . .

“A worthy curé whispered one day, as he came out of the sacristy at Solesmes: ‘There is something of everything here—except poverty.’ This is so, and why not? The Benedictine is not called upon, like the religious of other institutes, to practise severe macerations and to live on alms. We can not fix too firmly in our minds the fact that the good works of the Catholic Church are varied and most dissimilar. There are communities to nurse and to teach, to preach and to extend, to make reparation and do penance, to offer praise in holy cheerfulness. All have their *raison d’être*, and all render service; but is it not inevitable that the aspect of each should be distinct? The poverty of Trappist and Poor Clare chapels, with their wooden candlesticks and uncolored window panes, the mournful chant of the Carmelites,—these things are as natural among paragons of austerity and sacrifice as is the Church’s splendor among black-robed monks more particularly vowed to a life of sacred studies and liturgical functions.

“And now again for this good curé who is pained by a mitre (a gift to the Abbey, by the way) because it is overlaid with gems whose mystic significance seems to escape him,—does he think the abbot wears it for his personal pleasure? Surely he knows that in a monastery the abbot represents Our Lord, and that the servant is arrayed to figure forth the Master. This outward glory is for Christ, and not for His minister. Let me give a yet clearer illustration of the point at issue. I know a convent where the hangings *inside* the Tabernacle are starred with clusters of diamonds. Now, these are seen by none, save momentarily by a priest removing or replacing the ciborium. It can not be doubted that the gems are set where they are to magnify the Lord, and Him alone.”

With all the pertinacity of a great advocate like the pile-driving Sir Charles Russell, of Parnell Commission days, M. Huysmans is determined to send his point home. And he never shrinks from telling unpalatable truths:

"It may be remarked, by the by, that if these jewels were counterfeit, like those now adorning most altars and monstrances, they would be blamed of no man. We would not dare to offer glass crystals or paste to a friend, but when it comes to Our Lord, we act otherwise. Pinchbeck is quite good enough—for Him!"

Leaving this side of the subject, the writer turns to consideration of the then new buildings at Solesmes, remarking parenthetically that their "breadth and strength" (*l'ampleur et la force*) receive scant justice in current photographs and illustrations:

"One fact is certain. Almost every cloister put up nowadays is, from the artist's standpoint, an absolute nullity. The galleries seem to be cut in cardboard; the vaulting is of papier-mâché; the pillars are like whitewashed poles; while as to ornament, it is better for one's peace of mind's sake not to look that way at all. Everything smells of modern building,—so showy, so scamped, so flimsy, so dishonest."

M. Huysmans would have been a serviceable architectural reviewer for *Catholic Book Notes*, the Truth Society's vivacious periodical. Elsewhere in his writings, if not here, he seems to show more than traces of the curious time-blindness affecting ultra-Ruskinians, who would call Westminster Abbey "glaring" when it was new. None the less, it remains the fact that no mellowing light of the centuries can ever infuse into a lay architect's work what his mind did not bring to the task,—viz., the fulness of the monastic ideal. We are not to expect too much from professional laymen, living and working in the world:

"It is hard for a man who has not lived in a monastery to build one. He is bound

to lack a special sense, the peculiar product of an enclosed life spent in the service of that liturgy, and contemplation of those symbols without which no work of mystic architecture is possible. Only a real artist who is also a holy and learned monk can rediscover the Middle Age outlook and the expert knowledge indispensable in abbey-construction."

The trouble is to find such a man. M. Huysmans claims that Solesmes succeeded. Among the Fathers was an architect of merit, Dom Mellet, who had given up his profession to enter the cloister. The abbot entrusted him with the task of rebuilding the convent where he had so long lived. It had grown inadequate for community needs, and was fast falling into bad repair. Dom Mellet set to work and produced what Huysmans terms, in a curiously loopholed exaggeration, "the only modern work of monastic architecture extant in our century,—in France, at any rate." His Trappist associations should have given the great æsthete pause. There is Mount Melleray in Ireland, built by the skill of monks and the free labor of the poor when the nineteenth century was young. But to continue:

"Viewed from the banks of the Sarthe below, Solesmes Abbey is a redoubtable erection, of hewn granite blocks throughout. Flanked by massive towers, it soars to dizzy heights, till one gasps at the power of the mighty mass in its skyward rush, from amid gigantic buttresses. The mind is fain to dwell on the cloistral-military style of medieval architecture, to recall Mont St.-Michel or some other of the fortress-monasteries put up in feudal days by the Order of St. Benedict. Indeed, the comparison is really justified by the dignified security, the calm power of this monument.

"After the first feeling of bewilderment has passed, one discovers that, for all its air of grand simplicity, the building has a wealth of interesting detail. The monotonous aspect these huge walls would present if they were regular and symmetrical

throughout, is broken by the alliance of the round with the pointed arch; and by the tower-windows, which look as if they had leaped over one another's head before settling into position; while nothing is more captivating than the high pointed bays outlined by the flying buttresses, framing openings which seem to bestride each other, and no two of which are alike.

"The interior is not less diversified. The refectory is cathedral-like in its sweep, with enormous pillars upholding the spring of the arches. And here again, in this hall, there are enchantingly unexpected touches. A high fireplace and capacious Old-World chimney brighten up one side of it; and the capitals of the columns serve as quaint and delightful remembrancers of where you stand, being carved with dreamy owls encircled by the crows dear to St. Benedict; with poisoned goblets, shattered by the saint's blessing; and with other beasts and other things, all recalling episodes in the Patriarch's life, or having to do with the Order's lectionary.

"The rest of the Abbey is as yet in an unfinished state; still, one can not but marvel at the sense of a monastic stronghold, of a cloister prepared to stand siege, of a perfect Middle Age atmosphere, in the countless stairways, some of them winding upward like a St. Giles' screw, and others intersecting, and thus destroying the prim symmetry of which latter-day architects are so proud. Furthermore, as you reach the end of one long gallery after another, you have unexpected views of the interior, as the change from story to story narrows or widens the way you traverse; and then, at some sudden turn, there opens out a vista of the bright landscape watered by the Sarthe.

"Finally—and here is the point which people who talk so much at random ought really to endeavor to grasp,—the splendor, or rather the beauty, of these new buildings of St. Peter of Solesmes, serves to increase the glory of God and of the saint in whose honor they have been erected. And then, from another point of

view, this Abbey, as I have said before, is the only effort of art in our time which is really monastic. A true 'good work' then, this, brought into being by the abbot who willed it, and by the monk who thought it out."

It has been carefully computed that the small turnover of 50,000 votes at the last French General Elections would have defeated the Bloc and its bottle-holders, the Jews and the Freemasons. Is it too much to expect that ere the electoral urns are opened again, a solid phalanx of 100,000 French Catholics may be induced to think as kindly of the Catholic cause as the Protestant Kaiser Wilhelm does of the Monks of the West? "My lord Arch-abbot," he said at the significant close of his Beuron speech, "I will always accord you and your Order my favor and protection." May the Fathers of Solesmes soon hear like words from an awakened democracy in France!

A Black Sheep.

SISTER MARY, tall and stately in her grey gown and white cornette, stood at the table of a packing room of a large laundry in one of England's manufacturing towns, holding in her hand an empty picture frame.

"Where is the picture belonging to this frame?" she asked, in a clear, cold voice.

No reply came from the group of rough-looking women who paused in their occupation of sorting the clothes to listen to her question.

"Girls, I am speaking to you all, and I expect an answer. I ask again, where is the picture?"

A voice, half muffled, yet with a defiant ring in it, came from amongst the workers:

"In the fire."

There was no surprise apparent in the even tones of the Sister of Charity.

"Who threw it there?"

Again in the same voice came the reply: "I did."

Sister Mary let her glance wander slowly from face to face before, she looked directly at the culprit. Strangely enough, there was more shame to be seen on the other countenances than on that.

"Mary Henly, you may wait for me at the cloakroom door after time bell this evening."

No more was said, and in silence work was resumed. The mistress had shown no curiosity, no anger when speaking; but in her heart she was greatly puzzled over the occurrence.

The "girls," though their faults were legion, had never shown any disrespect to the statues or pictures that were to be found in each room; and this outbreak was apparently quite unaccountable. The girl, Mary Henly, was Irish born, but had lived all her life in England, and had drifted away from the practice of her religion, — from the practice, indeed, of anything that was good; though it was at her own request that, a few weeks previously, she had been taken into the laundry. She was a good worker, and appeared to be fairly happy in her new surroundings. But so far the nuns had made no impression on her; and her strong, wilful temperament was chafing under the unaccustomed discipline.

The other girls filed out of the work-room when the time bell rang; but Mary, in obedience to the Sister's command, waited under the big clock in the passage, to explain her conduct.

"Well, Mary," said the nun, seriously and gently, "I want you to tell me why you threw the holy picture into the fire."

Shamefaced now, the girl stood silent, with drooping head.

"We asked no questions when you came to us," the Sister went on; "but I can guess that in your life there has been some one whom you loved dearly,—your mother perhaps, or your father, or a little brother or sister, or some one who was kind to you when you yourself were a child. I

think by your face it was your mother that you loved the best. Well, what would you say if a person came and threw your mother's picture, perhaps with words of mockery, into the fire, or tore it to bits and scattered it through the mud of the streets? That is what you have done to my Mother; and she is your Mother too, my poor child, though you know her and her Divine Son so little! Now, Mary, what am I to say to you? You see, I know something about it already."

"They've split then," said Mary, sullenly; "and it's more than likely they've told lies to you. I'm bad — real bad, — but not so bad as they are; for they sham and I don't. I'd beat the lot of them at language in the streets, but what they say when you're gone is not fit for her" (nodding toward a picture of the Blessed Virgin that hung on the corridor wall) "and her little Son to hear. They're better in the fire than listening to such talk; and when the others wouldn't quit, I took and threw the picture in."

The next day Mary Henly's place in the laundry was empty. She had stolen away, no one knew where, from the life whose restrictions were too irksome to her; and her companions soon forgot her. Not so the nuns. For long after they remembered in their prayers the wilful, wandering soul who had taken so curious a way of shielding the Infant Jesus and His Mother from shame and sorrow.

There was no Prisoners' Aid Society in the city; but since the Franciscan friar had been appointed as chaplain he had obtained leave for one or two ladies to visit the female side. On Christmas Day his other duties did not permit the chaplain to do more in the prison than on any other festival; but leave was given for one of the visiting ladies to take with her, on the afternoon of our Saviour's birthday, a friend who had promised to sing the season's hymns to the prisoners.

Monica Heaton made a sacrifice in

giving up a part of her Christmas Day to sing for the unfortunate women in the jail, for she had not many holidays in the year; but her face was as bright and as smiling, when Mrs. Kendal called for her at the appointed time, as though it was entirely to please herself that she was going.

On reaching the prison, they found the Catholic women inmates, under the charge of two warders, gathered together in the room where Mass had been said in the morning. With one exception, all brightened at the sight of the visitors: the face of No. 149 never changed. It was a curiously powerful face, with a strong mouth, and deep grey eyes that had once had great possibilities in their depths, but that were now clouded by the memory of the past. There was a fascination about the woman to Monica, and whilst Mrs. Kendal was busy with the others she spoke to her shyly.

"Do you care for music?" she asked. "We thought perhaps you would like to hear some Christmas hymns and carols to-day."

A gleam crept into the heavy eyes.

"I love it!" came the reply, with unexpected force. "I'll listen all night if you'll sing."

"Then I am glad I came," said Monica, who had been contrasting her own cheerful home with this. "Perhaps you know some of the hymns; and, if you'd help me by joining in the refrains, I could go on longer and sing all the more."

"I'm not fit to sing those words with the like of you. I am bad." And a regretful note sounded in the voice usually so hard.

Monica paused in turning over the leaves, and looked up, uncertain what to answer.

"They are beautiful hymns," she said softly, after a moment's pause. "I wish you would sing them, too. Christmas would not seem to me real without them."

"It's ten years since I heard them," said No. 149, half scornfully, half ashamed.

"I was in a convent laundry for a few weeks, and the nuns sang them there."

"I've sung them every year of my life since I could sing at all, and before that my mother sang them for me," said Monica, wondering inwardly where her companion had spent the intervening Christmases.

At that moment Mrs. Kendal appeared, and Monica did not notice the contraction of pain that her words brought to the prisoner's face. Her voice, though not very powerful, was clear and true, and very tenderly she sang of the sufferings of Jesus as an Infant on earth. "Once in David's royal city," was followed by "See amid the winter snow," and by "Angels we have heard on high"; and then after a little pause she began the more solemn strains of the *Adeste Fideles*. She had forgotten her surroundings,—forgotten the prison and the cold, wet streets,—forgotten even the welcome that was awaiting her at home; all her heart was in her music, and to her it was in very truth a prayer: "Come, let us adore Christ the Lord!"

Even the most ignorant there knew the meaning of the almost passionate entreaty that finished up the sweet old hymn; and as the last note died away not a sound was heard to break the solemn stillness. The darkness was deepening. The bare room was dim and filled with shadows. The music had waked memories in the minds of all, and they hushed even their thanks almost to a whisper.

Silently the two visitors moved to go away, but at the door Monica felt a hand upon her dress. A figure was kneeling in the gloom, shame, despair, repentance showing in the bowed and humble attitude.

"For God's sake," whispered a voice she recognized, "ask the priest to come to me,—for God's sake and for the sake of His Holy Mother!"

Monica hesitated for a moment.

"To-night," moaned the woman; "for maybe to-morrow I wouldn't have the courage."

"I will," cried the girl, — "I promise I will!" And then she passed out of the room.

She told Mrs. Kendal what had happened, and together they went to Father Cuthbert and explained all that had taken place. Then, almost before the repentant sinner had realized what she had done in sending for the priest, she was summoned to him; and, with kindly encouragement, he was helping her in the difficult telling of the long, sad past,—a story that went back to those far-off days when, herself an innocent child, the poor outcast had sung the hymns that had so touched her to-night, and had invited others to lay their heart's love at the feet of the Christ-Child, who had come on earth at this season to save us from sin and hell.

The next time Mrs. Kendal wrote to Monica Heaton she had joyful news to tell. No. 149's time in prison was over, but her resolutions for the future were firm and decided. She could never again face the temptations of the world, and she had sought admission to a penitents' home. Not many in those peaceful walls had such battles to fight as she, but none were stronger or more determined to redeem the past. And as every Christmas comes round, Mary Henly wonders anew who and what it was that secured for her the double grace of sincere repentance and perseverance.

Her only answer is that all was owing to her mother's prayers—but, then, she has never thought of what she herself once did in order to save from irreverence the picture of Mary Immaculate and her Infant Son.

A Message.

HE stretched His baby arms to her,
And what did Mary see?
The radiance of Bethlehem,
Eclipsed by Calvary.
So 'tis the Infant King's embrace
That seems a cross to thee!

A Forgotten Shrine.

BY M. BARRY O'DELANY.

FAMOUS as the quaint little church of Saint-Julien-le-Pauvre once was, and notwithstanding its beauty (for it is a veritable architectural gem), it is comparatively unknown in our day, even to the Parisians themselves. The reason therefor is that it is situated in one of the oldest parts of Paris, and is almost completely hidden, till one is quite close to it, by a surrounding cluster of grimy and dilapidated houses. These gloomy old buildings are fast falling into ruin; and, for the most part, are silent and deserted now. In bygone centuries, however, they were the centre of much life and animation, and were seldom if ever empty; for they then gave lodging to the crowds of poor pilgrims who came to invoke the intercession of the good Saint Julien, patron of the poor. A thirteenth-century author says, in allusion to this pious custom:

Saint Juliens
Qui héberge les chrétiens.

Saint Julien, from whom the old church takes its name, was a ferryman who, as an act of penance, devoted himself to ferrying poor persons across a river free of charge; in which charitable work he was assisted by his wife. One day, the legend relates, a miserable leper requested to be rowed to the opposite bank, and the kind-hearted Julien at once did as he was asked. In spite of his apparent poverty, the grateful leper offered to remunerate the ferryman for his services; and when, with his usual self-denial, the latter refused to accept anything, the supposed leper revealed himself as our Blessed Lord and suddenly disappeared.

The principal streets of the district in which the old church stands are: the Rue Saint-Julien-le-Pauvre, the Rue de la Bûcherie, the Rue Galvée, and the Rue du Fouarre, in which the poet Dante

lived when in Paris; indeed, it was in the church of Saint Julien that he used to hear Mass. A stranger would probably have some difficulty in finding the entrance to the church; for the principal door is now closed to the public, and serves for the admission of the sick to the neighboring hospital known as the Hôtel-Dieu. After many twistings and turnings, the visitor will find himself before Rue No. 11 Saint-Julien-le-Pauvre, at which point the straggling old street becomes so narrow that two cabs could hardly pass in it. The first object that will then strike the gaze is a seeming loft, surmounted by something that looks like a dovecot, standing at the far end of a little courtyard, and covered with the dust and dirt of years. But the stained-glass windows, which also can be seen from there, reveal the true nature of the crumbling building that is coming slowly into view, and show that the apparent dovecot is really the belfry of the church.

Passing under the arched entrance, and following a well-worn path that runs through the desolate courtyard, one comes to a plain little door. It has, in recent years, been pierced where there was formerly a solid wall, and is now the only entrance to the church. Within a few feet of it stands the Holy Well of Saint Julien, by bathing in the waters of which the blind were frequently restored to sight. From here, too, a very old house, with a circular *peron* of six steps, can be seen. It has a pious attraction for all visitors to the district; for it was there that, in the sixth century, George Florence Gregory, better known as Saint Gregory of Tours, stayed when he lived in Paris. Close by is another historic house, equally old, which was reserved for the accommodation of the various pilgrim bishops who came to pray in the church of Saint-Julien-le-Pauvre. Over its tottering doorway is an ancient figure of Themis, daughter of Cœlus and Terra, holding a sword in one hand and in the other a pair of scales.

The architecture of Saint-Julien-le-Pauvre has been compared to that of the oldest parts of Notre Dame; but it would be more correct to say that it is peculiar to itself, being a mixture of the Romanesque, the Sarrazin and the Bizarre. The church was once a dependency of the famous Abbey of Longchamp. Later on it became the chapel of the Hôtel-Dieu Hospital; and, indeed, in periods of epidemic, was itself often used as a hospital,—the sick being laid down in the nave and in the aisles, on beds of straw that were changed every morning. Despite its present poverty-stricken air, the old church awakened the greed of the Normans in the eighth century, and was sacked by them; as a breach in the wall, to the left on entering, bears witness even to the present day.

The church of Saint-Julien-le-Pauvre is now assigned to the Greek Catholics, and is served by Syrian priests, who say Mass in Arabic. The interior differs from the average Catholic church in having a *cloison*, or kind of screen, with three curtained doors, separating the altar and choir from the assistants. At certain parts of the service, these curtains, which are of Oriental design, are thrown wide open, and at others are drawn closely together.

The nave is of a more recent date than the choir, and ends in a triple apse. It is divided from the aisles by massive round pillars, no two of which exactly resemble each other. All are ornamented with richly carved capitals, and are supported by finely proportioned Romanesque arches. The general impression, however, is one of desolation and decay. The walls are crumbling where they stand; and the traces, here and there, of attempts at restoration or at preservation are full of melancholy for the thoughtful spectator; for they show that, beautiful as the church of Saint-Julien-le-Pauvre once was, and indeed still is even in its ever-increasing decay, it is but a perishing relic of the past.

The celebrated philanthropist, Montyon, is buried in Saint-Julien-le-Pauvre, where,

in the south aisle, his tomb and his statue may be seen. He left his vast wealth to the Académie des Sciences, the Académie Française, and the hospitals of Paris. He also instituted, amongst other Academic prizes, the famous Prix Montyon, which is awarded annually to the person, or persons, specially distinguished during the preceding twelve months for good works and self-sacrificing deeds.

A Treasured Word.

THERE is a lesson for parents and all who have the charge of children—a lesson which should be taken to heart—in a story related by the late Bishop McIntyre, of Charlottetown, P. E. I. It has been told in *THE AVE MARIA* before, but will bear retelling—yes, many times.

Before being appointed bishop, Father McIntyre was parish priest of Tignish, an Acadian settlement in the western part of Prince Edward Island. His mission comprised a very large district, which is now divided into many parishes. One of these—the Indian reserve known as Lennox Island—was often visited by Father McIntyre, who offered Mass in the little chapel of St. Anne; and, in default of a presbytery, lodged in the home of the Mic-Mac chief, Peter Francis.

Mrs. Francis, who, like Martha of old, was much engrossed in housewifely duties, and careful for the good Father's comfort, had occasion during one of his visits to punish her little boy Peter, then not much more than a baby. She was very angry, and in keen pursuit of the little fellow, who, terribly afraid of the coming chastisement, fled to the priest for protection. Father McIntyre opened his arms and threw them around the trembling child, while he gently reproofed the mother for her extreme severity, saying that she really must forgive her son, who would surely be good henceforth.

"And how do I know he'll be good, Father?" asked the woman.

"I'll go security that he will be good," said the priest.

And so the little boy was reprieved, and Father McIntyre thought no more of the matter.

Many years after, when, as Bishop of the diocese, he was paying his first pastoral visit to Lennox Island, a procession in his honor came to meet him at the shore. From the ranks stepped a tall, handsome young man, who, doing homage to his chief pastor, said smilingly that he had come to relieve his Lordship of his bond; and, upon the Bishop wonderingly asking what he meant, recalled the incident of the threatened whipping, and said that he was the little boy for whom his Lordship had gone security so many years before, naïvely remarking that he had been good ever since.

Anglican Appreciation.

TRIBUTES to the Church from those outside her fold are rendered all the more gratifying in these days from the well-founded hope, born of reading them, that their writers will eventually receive the grace—granted, it is said, once at least to every honest sectarian—of seeing the light, and appreciating the Church's beauty not from without but from within her pale. The most unswerving actual loyalty to Anglicanism, Presbyterianism, or any other of the numerous denominations, is no guarantee that a change may not come over the spirit of him who professes such loyalty; and there is not wanting superabundant evidence nowadays that the change is most imminent in those who, condemning the vulgar abuse which was for decades, not to say centuries, the customary attitude of sectarians toward Catholicism, openly avow their admiration for some portion at least of the Church's creed and work. We have been led into this strain of thought by reading the following article from the *Canadian Churchman* (Anglican):

It is doubtful if there is any country in the world where the Roman Catholic Church wields so much power for good as in the Dominion of Canada, and especially in the Province of Quebec. Here we see it at its best. A recent writer in the *London Times*, after speaking a little severely of the connection of the Church with politics, concludes with this panegyric on the Quebec priesthood: "Notwithstanding these frequent political conflicts, the pastoral relation between the *curés* and the French people is ideal. The priests are unfailing springs of wholesome influences. They teach thrift, sobriety, and industry. They are the patient, self-sacrificing pastors of a people happy in their social and faithful in their domestic relations,—courteous to a fault, and hospitable to a degree. They are of a younger world, perhaps; but any one will find in rural Quebec as much virtue, as much charm, as much of the joy of life, as anywhere else on earth." This is high praise, and it is written by a man on the spot.

On the broad grounds, therefore, of general social well-being, we can honestly and heartily congratulate the Roman Catholic Church on its magnificent work in the Province of Quebec, and we have many valuable lessons to learn from them. It is a matter for devout thankfulness that this great Church stands uncompromisingly for the sacredness of the marriage tie, and the consequent stability of the home and family. The whole future of our Christian civilization is bound up, and will stand or fall, with this. Again, they have borne unflinching witness to the principle of religious education, for which they have made, and are making all over the continent, tremendous sacrifices. And, again, they stand for the supernatural in religion,—for the truth that Christianity is a divinely instituted system, and has its origin from above and not from below. These three principles of prime importance are now being everywhere questioned and imperilled; and the Roman Catholic Church, in upholding and vigorously defending them, deserves well of the whole of Christendom, and mankind generally....

With a full consciousness of the points at issue between us, and with the profoundest loyalty to our own beloved Church, whose work and influence we would not belittle by one iota, we have unalloyed pleasure in bearing our testimony to the great work now being accomplished by the Roman Catholic Church in Canada, and to her loyalty to those fundamental principles inexpressibly dear to myriads outside her own communion.

This is pleasant reading, and we congratulate the *Canadian Churchman* on its notable fair-mindedness.

Notes and Remarks.

Many reflections about peace and not a few about benevolence have been inspired by Mr. Carnegie's latest great benevolence—the giving of ten million dollars to establish a peace foundation. The editor of *Harper's Weekly* thinks the gift might also serve as a text for observations on the "power of wealth," and remarks:

"Unhappily, when that phrase is used, it seems natural to think first of wrong and cruel things that the mere possession of money has enabled men to do. Somehow, an evil significance at once suggests itself. But can not this be changed? May not the chief service to humanity of men like Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Rockefeller eventually turn out to be, not the specific good things they have done with their money, but rather the general example they have given of the possibilities of great wealth as a distinctly beneficent force and agency? Certain it is that there are a lot of extremely desirable things, extremely good things, that can not be done in this world by any other agency than a great deal of money. Rich men, of public spirit and intelligent foresight and princely generosity, can help civilization along as no other class of men can.... As the world and human nature stand at present, the right kind of rich people seem to be hardly less than essential. To get rich merely for riches' sake, merely for one's own sake, may be rather poor business; but to get rich, honestly, for the sake of the good one can do with a heap of money,—that is a different matter. We are optimists enough to believe," concludes Col. Harvey, "that there are a good many men in the world who really have precisely this ambition."

We commented some time ago on the truly Catholic and manly attitude of M. Marc Sangnier when the Sillon was taken to task by the Sovereign Pontiff. As a

by-product of M. Sangnier's act of submission to divinely constituted authority, we quote a brief paragraph from a letter sent to him by Dr. Amieux, one of his foremost associates:

I have become a Catholic, and write to ask your prayers. I can not do without the sacraments. You did well when you bowed to the authority of our Holy Father the Pope. Had you acted otherwise, I should certainly not have become a Catholic to-day; for I had confidence in you, and you would have ruined that confidence, and put off my conversion. I have waited four years before taking this irrevocable step. I shall never go back upon it, in spite of all the reverses which may await me in my life as a Catholic.

The incident may serve to remind those who occupy responsible positions in civil or industrial life that they exercise for good or evil an influence which is far wider than most of them suspect. How many non-Catholics have been turned aside from the path to the Church by the bad example of Catholic associates!

A word-painting by Canon Sheehan that is worth reproducing at this season is quoted in the *Dublin Leader*:

To-day a child in its mother's arms came into my garden. I looked at it, and saw at the same time the necessity of the Incarnation. God could not resist taking that loveliest form, the highest to which material things have reached. The yellow curls, thick and close, and fine as silk floss, falling down upon his neck; the clear, limpid eyes, beaming with pure delight; the white teeth, and his ineffable joy as he played at hide-and-seek behind his mother's neck; and then, becoming suddenly serious, stroked his mother's cheek and stared at her with eyes of wonder.

Such a sight inspired one of Raphael's most admired masterpieces; and that, again, has moved myriad hearts to adoration and prayer.

Apropos of the "American dollars" cry injected into the recent British elections, there is a striking commentary on the phrase and its significance contained in an incident related in the *New York*

Sun. The manager of a Fifth Avenue hotel the other day received from one of his doormen — "a steady young fellow with a wife and two children" — a beautiful diamond and pearl chain with a watch pendant, found by the employee on a rug at the door. The following morning the jewelry was inquired about by its owner, who, on receiving it, placed a bill in an envelope and asked that it be given to the doorman. "When the latter came on duty," says the manager, "the chief clerk handed him the envelope with a joking, 'I suppose there is a couple dollars in this for you.' — 'Thank you, sir!' said the doorman, going back to his post. Several hours afterward, convinced that there was more than \$2 in the envelope, I asked the doorman how much it had contained. 'I haven't opened it yet, sir,' he replied taking it from his pocket. He tore off one end, and out tumbled a \$50 bill. The man's eyes bulged. Then he recovered himself. 'This will come in handy, sir,' he said, quietly. 'Twas only yesterday that my wife and I decided that \$25 we had scraped together should be sent to the old mother in Ireland. We did not know if we could spare it, but she needed it worse, and we sent it.'"

Most of the "American dollars" that have gone to Ireland in the past six or seven decades, though harder earned than the foregoing fifty, represented similar generous love and its invariable accompaniment—genuine self-sacrifice.

That Tom Moore, whatever else he may have been, was not a Protestant is proved by a letter addressed to the late Dr. Ambrose, M. P., by the Anglican rector of Bromham, England, in which it is positively asserted that the poet "never changed his religious belief: that he died as he lived — a Roman Catholic." The letter is published in the *London Tablet*, of Dec. 10. Moore's residence was in the Bromham parish, and he lies buried in

its churchyard, doubtless at the instance of his wife, a fashionable beauty of the period, and also a stanch Protestant, whom he married at the height of his popularity. Moore, it seems, often accompanied her to the door of the Anglican church, but would never go in. She "got even" by preventing a priest from visiting him during his last illness (which was of two years' duration), and by having him buried in a Protestant graveyard.

The wife of a prominent fallen-away Catholic — an apostate rather — in this country, who died some years ago, did the same. She afterward became a spiritist and a medium. Extraordinary things are reported to have occurred at her "sittings." The priest, who made great efforts to get near her renegade husband during his last illness had meantime been transferred to another city, and became vicar-general of the diocese. Though disposed to ridicule the spiritistic phenomena of which he had heard, he assured us that invisible fingers were once snapped loudly in his face. Very strange things really do happen in this world.

The late Dr. Hodge, of the Presbyterian College at Princeton, deserves to be remembered as an opponent of the irreligious tendencies of our public schools, from which religious instruction is so rigidly excluded. In the last paper written by him before his death, Dr. Hodge expressly commended Catholics for having maintained the sound position on education, and rendered thanks to God "that He has preserved the Roman Catholic Church in America to-day true to that theory of education, . . . from which the public schools of the nation have been so madly perverted."

Discussing the spirit of Christmas charity, the *Republic* sounds this pathetic note: "Everyone who is brought into actual contact with suffering humanity, and even those who simply read their

daily papers carefully, must be struck by the numerous tragedies at holiday seasons. Last Thanksgiving the number of suicides of poor and lonely men and women was so appalling that we had no heart to touch on the dismal record. We have noticed the same sorrowful coincidence at many Christmastides." Having said this much, our contemporary proceeds in a strain of broad and tolerant charity:

It is true that men and women should keep their faith in God through the severest trials, and be resigned to every ill that can befall them, more especially if their hearts tell them that they are the architects of their own misfortunes. It is very easy for the rich, and even for the wage-earner assured of constant employment and frugal comfort, to preach at the victims of their own or others' sins and blunders. But put yourself in the place of one who, as Christmas comes around again, is alone, unsheltered and unfed, or has to behold his little children in this plight! He may, indeed, summon courage enough to put forth his hand for bread, and get the stone of a scanty and grudging alms, or the serpent of a reminder of his own shortcomings; and then reason totters, and the soldier deserts his post. For we believe that no person with any knowledge of the law of God lays violent hands on himself except in a moment of desperation, a crisis of the nerves that precludes full responsibility.

In any case, those who have are under an obligation binding in charity, if not in strict justice, to give reasonable aid to those who have not; and during the Christmastide especially we may be sure that God loves a cheerful giver.

A surprising thing about the appointment of Edward D. White, of Louisiana (a Democrat, an ex-Confederate, and a Catholic), as Chief Justice of the United States is that so little opposition has been roused by it. The only protest that has come under our notice is from an anti-Catholic sheet in Boston. Instead of being censured, as would unquestionably have been the case as late as a decade ago, President Taft is praised on all sides for his discrimination and independence; in fact, it may be questioned whether any

act of his administration has done more to raise him in the estimation of the general public. Verily times have changed in the United States. Says the *New York Evening Mail*:

President Taft has shown his independence, his single-mindedness, and his determination to be swayed by no considerations beyond his duty, to choose the man he deemed, on the whole, best qualified to preside over the Supreme Court. His choice falls on an ex-Confederate, a Democrat, and a Catholic. Many persons, not yet old, can recall the time when a President, in contemplating the appointment of a man who was any one of the three, would have had to weigh the probability of opposition or prejudice in some quarter. It will be accepted everywhere that the Supreme Court has a chief who measures up to its high traditions,—a man possessed of the true judicial quality, in that neither Radical nor Conservative can find in his record that which stamps him conclusively as of his faction.

Pagans as well as Christians in India are mourning the death of Father Augustine Müller, S. J., who for thirty years had devoted himself to the welfare of the lepers in Madras and elsewhere. The number of these unfortunates for whom he provided shelter and treatment as well as the consolations of religion will never be known. Father Müller has been called the Damien of India. It is interesting to learn that, before entering upon his fruitful apostolate in the Indies, he was for some time a professor at Fordham College, New York.

We chronicled recently the conferring of the freedom of an Irish city upon a Jewess, a rather significant object-lesson to the stock declaimers against Hibernian intolerance. Now we read of a Protestant Dean, the Rev. Mr. Geddes, who has just taken part in a presentation to a Catholic priest, Canon Macken, of Tuam, and has spoken thereat to this effect:

We have worked together in harmony—you, indeed, having by far the larger share of the work,—for the good of the people. The address speaks truly of your labors for the welfare

of those around you. Urbanity, firmness, the desire to do right, respect for the poor man and the earnest wish to do him justice, respect also for the rights of the well-to-do, have all been marked characteristics of your dealings. And, besides this, you have been unfailingly kind, courteous, and sympathetic toward all.

The obvious comment upon the incident is supplied by the *London Catholic Times*: "When a Protestant clergyman adopts this attitude toward a Catholic priest in an Irish town in which they have frequently come into contact, it is manifest, notwithstanding all the attempts of interested politicians to arouse bigotry, that under Home Rule the Irish Catholic and the Irish Protestant will be able to live amicably together."

A lesson badly needed by not a few Protestant clergymen in this "home of the brave and the free" is read by the *Inter-Ocean* to the Rev. Charles Stelzle, who has been expatiating in the *Outlook* on Protestantism's failure to look after the spiritual interests of the "foreigners" in America. Mr. Stelzle asks, among other questions: "If the church believes its gospel adaptable to every nation, why does it flee when the foreigner comes in?" Our Chicago contemporary observes very pertinently:

The foreigner! Always the foreigner! We think Mr. Stelzle would better illustrate good manners and also be, we regret to say, more truthful if he would not use that word. He forgets that the overwhelming majority of these people come here intending to be Americans like the rest of us, and that what they are to-day is very much what were the fathers and mothers or grandfathers and grandmothers of very many of us, including, if we may judge by his name, Mr. Stelzle himself.

And what are most of these "foreigners," and whence do they come? . . . They come from lands where Christianity is just as prevalent as it is here, and where from their childhood they have had access to all the Christian ordinances. The exceptions to this statement are trivial.

But their Christianity is not the same form of Christianity as Mr. Stelzle's. It happens to be the form in which they were brought up, but it is not Mr. Stelzle's. It has produced saints

and martyrs, and men and women who have made the world better for their having lived in it,—produced them in abundance. But they have not been produced according to Mr. Stelzle's pattern. Hence, apparently, his anxiety about them, and his accusations of the Protestant church about them.

The force of this reply to the *Outlook's* writer is intensified rather than diminished by the *Inter-Ocean's* further statement: "The writer of these lines happens to be a Protestant of the attitude most extremely removed from the Roman Catholic attitude. But he can see neither sense nor fairness in Protestants accusing themselves because their church organizations naturally tend to retire from communities which are more accustomed to other forms of religious faith, and quite naturally prefer them."

While "a rose by any other name" might smell as sweet, there is this much in a name, that the fashion at Graymoor, N. Y. (the home of the *Lamp*), of calling the man on the road, footsore and hunting for work, "Brother Christopher" instead of "tramp" or "hobo" is both gracious and charity-provoking. Says our Graymoor contemporary:

Of course at Christmas we all think much of Bethlehem and how there was no room in the inn for Christ, His Blessed Mother, and St. Joseph. Now, for the love of Christ, there is upon the Mount of the Atonement a special hostel for the wayfarer who asks shelter in His name, and we have named it "Brother Christopher's Inn." The Brother Christophers themselves built it two years ago out of logs hewn upon the mountain.... One of their number declares that before he visited Graymoor in the summer of 1908 he had not drawn a sober breath in twenty-five years. Every breath has been a total-abstinence one since then, and the last time we saw him he was talking of a trip to Europe.

We trust that the modest appeal made in behalf of the transient occupants of Brother Christopher's Inn was heartily responded to at Christmas. As for the title bestowed on them, the *Lamp* says: "We have given to these 'Christ-bearers' a name that will always remind us that

any kindness or hospitality we may show to His little brothers of the road our Blessed Lord will accept as if done to Himself."

From the *Vancouver Western Catholic* we clip the following judicious reply to a very common fallacy:

There are people who say: "You church people place too much emphasis on the life to come and not enough on this present life; you thus lead people to neglect reforms which should be attended to here and now." We reply that the life to come is everlasting and the present life is intended to be a preparation for that eternity. When that truth is taken as the measure of due degree and emphasis, it does not at all follow that needed social reforms of the present life are likely to be overlooked. But, anyhow, most of the people who call themselves Socialists do sacrifice the present for the future in a disorderly way. They lead people to neglect individual effort and individual virtue as means of present happiness in view of social changes to come, which are at best as remote as the moon, which have never been seen in this world, and which are supposed capable of working magical changes in human nature.

So with the ethical culturists who imagine that men and women can be kept moral by the sole consideration that their morality will conduce to the perfection of humanity in centuries, or, it may be æons, to come. Altruistic sentiment for the mankind of a future day is the flimsiest possible obstacle to oppose to the hot blood of actual passion. Morality without religion, let it be repeated, is a mere sham.

Anticipating requests for detailed information regarding retreats for laymen, a movement described by a prominent business man of New York in our leading article this week—an article sure to have a large number of interested readers,—we give the address of the Rev. Father Shealy, S. J., who will be glad to answer any letters on the subject that may be addressed to him. The movement can not fail to spread, once its importance is recognized. The headquarters are 801 W. 181st Street, New York city.



A Christmas Carol.

SWEETLY did the angels sing—
Ring, bells! ring!
On the birthday of earth's King—
Ring, bells! ring!

Naught of wealth and naught of power
Showed itself in that still hour;
But Our Lord Himself was born
In a manger, Christmas morn.
Softly slept the Holy Child,
Watched by Mary, Mother mild.
Shepherds, by their flocks at night,
Angels heard with keen delight;
Hastened then away, to see
If on earth the Christ could be.
Wise Men, guided by a Star,
Came from countries distant far.
Thus it was, the calm, sweet morn
When the Prince of Peace was born.

'Tis the birthday of earth's King—
Ring, bells! ring!
Joy and peace the day doth bring—
Ring, bells! ring!

The Bell of Innisfar.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

WE ask our young readers to look back to one Christmas Eve a hundred years ago, and visit with us a small, remote fishing village on the coast of Scotland. The snow lay deep on the mountains, and the lakes and rivers were coated with ice. Not a soul was to be seen abroad. Yet in the cottage windows lights shone, and merry voices sounded, speaking of joyous preparation for the morrow's festival.

But in one cottage—or rather cabin—situated at the extreme end of the village, partly sheltered by a group of fir trees, the lamp burned low, and no blazing logs shed a cheerful glow on the walls of the

room, where a poor widow lay sick. Only a few weeks had passed since her husband was carried to his last resting-place; and now she herself was unable to rise from her bed, as she was suffering from a severe and painful malady. The room, despite its poverty-stricken aspect, was clean and tidy; and by the bedside of the sick woman sat her only child, a girl about ten years of age.

Poor child! Young as she was, she was already acquainted with sorrow and care and want, and none of the joys of childhood fell to her share. Her Rosary was in her hand and she was trying to say it; but her thoughts wandered, and her eyes strayed to the window, through which she could see the lights in the nearest house, where the room was being decked with evergreens, and Christmas gifts were being laid out. As the sounds of mirth were wafted across the wind-swept street, she sighed, and tears filled her eyes. But she hastily brushed them away, lest her mother should see them and be grieved.

The sick woman opened her eyes, and noticed the child's action. Taking her hand, she said:

"My poor Nellie, would that I could procure you some little Christmas pleasure! But, alas! You see I am helpless. I am only a burden and a grief to you."

"O mother dear," the child answered, with a smile, "do not talk so! You know the greatest pleasure I could have would be to see you well again. I have prayed hard to the Infant Jesus and His holy Mother to cure you. Perhaps they will hear my prayers."

Just then a familiar sound fell on their ears. The rough voices of the fisher folk were singing at a high pitch an old Scottish hymn,—one which in days of yore pilgrims were wont to sing on their way to the shrine of Our Lady of Innisfar,

invoking and extolling her as the help of the sick, the destitute, and the lonely.

Most of the inhabitants of the obscure village were staunch Catholics, and among them was firmly rooted an old tradition—namely, that if any one, a member of whose family was sick, visited the chapel at Innisfar on Christmas Eve, prayed devoutly for his sick relative, and exactly at midnight rang the bell that hung in the little turret in honor of the Infant Saviour, the sufferer would be restored to health.

The well-known tune, though the words of the hymn were indistinguishable, went to the heart of the unhappy woman. She sighed and murmured, half to herself:

“Ah, me, the Innisfar bell! If poor father were alive, he would certainly go there to-night and ring the bell, and implore the Mother of Mercy and her Divine Child to make me well. Alas! I must lie here until it may please God to take me hence; and my poor child will be left a lonely orphan. O Nellie, if poor father had only been spared to us a little while longer!”

She sank back exhausted, and presently fell into a light slumber.

No sooner did Nellie hear what her mother said than she formed a heroic resolution: she would go to Innisfar and ring the bell at midnight, whatever it cost her. The Mother of Christ would surely help her. Without hesitating a moment, she wrapped a shawl round her head and shoulders, provided herself with a stout stick and a lantern, cast a last glance at her mother, quietly opened the door and stepped out into the cold, dark night. As she passed up the street, the clock struck eleven. All was silent.

Nellie had not gone far before she was met by the watchman making his rounds. In astonishment, he asked her whither she was going, and warned her that the way was long, and the road dangerous. But the brave little girl would not be persuaded to turn back.

Nellie, hastening on, over hill and dale,

climbing rocks and plunging through snowdrifts, kept looking continually in the direction of Innisfar. Soon, however, she stumbled and fell; and, in falling, the lantern was broken and the light extinguished. For a moment she knew not what to do; then she picked herself up and hastened forward in the darkness.

Soon she became aware of some animal running behind her. Doubtless it was her father's dog, and she turned gladly to welcome the faithful friend. But—oh, horror!—it was a wolf, whose dark form was delineated on the background of snow, whose eyes gleamed like balls of fire, whose fierce growl struck terror to her heart. On she fled in breathless haste; in her agony of fear, not heeding whither she went or where she trod. She did not perceive that she had come to a mountain stream, frozen over indeed, but with so thin a sheet of ice (for the stream was deep and the current strong) that it cracked beneath her light tread. Yet she reached the opposite bank in safety. The wolf sprang after her, but the ice broke, the animal fell into the water, and the current carried him away to a watery grave. With a sigh of intense relief and heartfelt gratitude to God, Nellie kept on toward her goal.

But, alas! she soon found that she had lost her way. In her hasty flight from the wolf, she had left the road; and now, having no light to guide her, she knew not how to regain it. For a while she wandered to and fro, when, happily, the clouds broke, and in the pale light of the moon she descried at a short distance the chapel of Innisfar. She also saw that between her and the hill on which it stood was a frozen lake. Dare she venture to cross it? Would it bear her weight? As she stopped, hesitating what course to pursue, in the stillness the faint chimes of the village clock rang out on the night air. It was already a quarter to twelve. There was no time to be lost. Commending herself to Jesus and Mary, she ran swiftly over the lake and began to toil up the steep hill.

At last, with the perspiration trickling down her face, cold though it was, she entered the little chapel, the door of which stood open.

Nellie had reached her goal, but her troubles were not yet over. Eagerly she grasped about to find the rope by which to ring the bell; she passed her little hands along the cold, rough walls: nowhere could she find it. Then her foot caught in something and she fell to the ground. Before rising she felt about; and, to her consternation, there was the bell-rope lying broken on the stones. The steps by which the tiny turret was reached had long since fallen into decay: how could she possibly get at the bell? Was this to be the end of all her exertions, her toil, her sufferings? In despair, the child threw herself on her knees before the statue. Her misery was too great for words. Yet when she heard the distant clock begin to strike the hour of midnight, she clasped her hands, and, looking up to Heaven, prayed:

"O sweet Infant Jesus, hear my prayer! Mother says that at this time Thou dost come with gifts to those who love Thee. I shall ask no other gift of Thee if Thou wilt: only bid my Angel Guardian ring this bell, that all may hear and pray, and that my mother may get well. Infant Saviour, have mercy on us! Holy Mother of God, pray for us!"

While the last stroke of midnight quivered on the frosty air the rusty bell creaked in the turret, and one clear stroke rang out, then a second, then a third, then many more; and the sound of the bell of Innisfar, rung by an unseen hand, echoed far and wide over the snow-clad landscape.

How long Nellie remained at the foot of the statue in the little chapel she knew not. She would fain have returned home immediately, for she longed to know whether her mother was restored to health. But cold, weariness, and excitement overcame her, and she lay there in a kind of stupor. Before daylight again filled the sky, however, she started to her feet and set out on her homeward way.

And faster than she had come thither her little feet bore her back to her home, so eager was she to see her mother once more. Then—oh, joy and delight!—before she reached the cottage, her mother came to meet her, and clasped her in her arms, exclaiming:

"I am quite well, thanks to Our Lady of Innisfar! But, Nellie, my darling, I have been in such anxiety on your behalf! O you best and dearest of children!"

Then the good woman repaired to the village church, where the faithful were assembled for early Mass. Nellie went with her, forgetting all the fatigue and terrors of the past night in her present happiness. And mother and child, as they knelt by the door, offered to the Infant Saviour and His Virgin Mother humble and hearty thanks for the wondrous blessings vouchsafed to them on that hallowed Christmas Eve.

The Voyage of Araminta.

BY K. O'KELLY.

(CONCLUSION.)

CHRISTMAS morning dawned, cold and still. The stars glittered frostily, but in the east the paling sky announced the coming of a glorious day. In the wide low garret room of an old house in the Faubourg St. Jacques, a young woman was moving about busily, but with noiseless footsteps, by the dim light of a shaded candle. It was a very poor place, this garret room, but as clean as hands could make it. The tiled floor was spotless, the worn straw-covered chairs ranged neatly against the wall, and on an old woodbox the few earthen vessels indispensable for cooking purposes stood in tidy array. In the open fireplace lay a bundle of twigs and a few pieces of old boards,—the materials for a poor fire; and on a mattress in a corner a little girl was sleeping peacefully.

The woman was very pale; and, as she adjusted her quaint white cap before

the scrap of looking-glass, tears ran down her cheeks and her work-worn hands trembled; for thoughts of last Christmas Day in her far-away Breton village came back to her and wrung her heart.

"Ah, why did my dear Jean Marie listen to that Parisian workman, who told him of the pleasures of the great city and of the money that could be earned there! We know now only too well that when we left our little grey-thatched house, with its rustic garden and beautiful view of the Atlantic, we left happiness behind us. What a disappointment it has all been! And how I hate Paris, with its Godless, hopeless misery,—Paris, where my rosy little Alain withered and died, and where my husband met with that dreadful accident, which has kept him helpless in the hospital for the past six weeks!"

And now on this blessed Christmas morning everything in the poor household that could be sold was sold, and the few francs that remained would barely keep her two little ones and herself for one week more.

"What will become of us then?" she asked herself with a shudder, as she glanced at two little worn sabots which stood pathetically before the desolate hearth; and then, having wiped her tear-stained face, she wrapped herself in her cloak and set out for the Mass of the Aurora.

The winter sun rose slowly from a haze of red mist, and one of its pale beams shot through the garret window, stole across the floor, and played upon the face of little Pierre Caradoc, as he lay upon his pallet bed in the darkened alcove of the room. Pierre turned once or twice impatiently, to escape the roving sun ray. Then he awoke; and, having pushed the tangle of curly hair from his eyes, sat up and called loudly for his mother.

"Mother is away at Mass, Pierrot," said a child's voice; and the check curtain which shaded the bed was drawn aside by a slender little girl of eight, in the Old-World costume of her native Brittany. "But the Little Jesus *did* come last night,

though we were not sure yesterday that He would. He put a lovely round yellow orange in each of our sabots; and—would you believe?—there is a beautiful surprise fastened to the ivy plant on the window. I would not even touch it until you were awake, though I was longing to do so. Be quick now, dearie, and dress while I say my prayers and light the fire. Mother told me to have everything ready when she came back from Mass."

Pierre, a sturdy little boy of six, did not require to be told twice. He got into his poor clothes with lightning speed; and, he too having said his prayers, helped the busy little housewife to light the fire and place on it the earthen vessel, containing a few potatoes, to cook for their morning meal.

When this was done, the children flew to the window. Rosel opened the thin cotton curtains and revealed the surprise to Pierre's delighted eyes. It was a big red balloon caught in the intricacies of the plants on the windowsill. They undid the string with precaution, and drew the balloon with its passengers—a dignified doll and a funny little furry bear—slowly into the room.

When Yvonne Caradoc, cheered and fortified by the beautiful ceremony at which she had assisted, returned from Mass and climbed the garret staircase, she was astonished to hear sounds of joyous laughter issuing from her room. She hastily opened the door, and was met by the children, who ran to her, crying out:

"Mother, mother, the Little Jesus came! He put oranges in our sabots, and just see what He tied to the ivy from Brittany!"

"It *must* be for us, too," said little Pierre; "for there is a funny kind of woolly beast for me, and a doll for Rosel, and a big, lovely red balloon for both of us to play with."

"And see, mother, what my dolly had in her pocket,—for she has a real pocket in her dress! This shining, bright gold piece. That must be meant for you; for every day when I say my prayers I ask

the good God to send you money, since you told me you had none to pay the rent."

And little Rosel flung her arms lovingly around her mother's neck and pressed the money into her hand.

At the sight of this unhopèd-for gift, Madame Caradoc felt nearly as joyful as the children. When, however, they showed her how they had found the balloon entangled in the ivy, she concluded at once that it must have escaped from some child's hand in one of the parks, and had been blown over the roofs to their house during the night. But, all the same, was it not almost a miracle, this guiding of toys to her children and the much-needed money to her, on this Blessed Christmas morning? Those who had lost it must be rich, she thought; and if she explained her desperate circumstances to the good priest who had heard her confession the day before, perhaps he might authorize her to use it in her pressing need.

Her hope vanished when Pierre, who was playing with the new toy, said to her:

"O mother, see! There is something written on the balloon. Perhaps it is a message from the Little Jesus. Will you tell me what it means?"

She took from his hands the little cardboard box which formed the car, and saw that a name and address were written on it: "Madame Terillon, 99 Avenue Jeanne d'Arc, Paris." It was at this address the owner of the balloon and its contents was probably to be found; and for a moment she felt keenly disappointed, as the money would have been such a precious help to her. But she could not keep what belonged to another; and, though she knew that the children would be very unhappy at the idea of giving up their new toys, she called them to her and explained the manner in which the balloon must have come, and that the money and pretty things were in reality belonging to other little boys and girls, who were at that very moment, perhaps, regretting their loss.

Poor little Pierre cried bitterly when

he heard he would have to give back the balloon; but Rosel, who was a very good, patient little girl, kissed her mother and told her she did not mind so very much, as they could keep the pretty yellow oranges they had found in their sabots. Then they sat down to a hasty breakfast, for High Mass was to begin at ten o'clock. Alas! after the joyous excitement of the morning, it was but a sad repast; for at every second mouthful a big tear would splash down into Pierre's cup, as he thought of the furry bear; and even little Rosel, though she smiled bravely at her mother, could not help casting a glance from time to time at the fascinating Araminta. But that lady sat stiffly in her car, and kept the secret of her long and perilous voyage over the streets of Paris.

It was late on Christmas afternoon. Vespers were over, and Madame Terillon sat in her beautiful drawing-room, reading a letter which had come from her husband in China. The children were playing with some of the toys they had found in the chimney that morning. Annie's doll was a beauty, with long, black curls and a rose-colored dress; and Madeleine had just the blonde baby she had wished for. Jacques, a little man of three, had not been forgotten either; and, under the nurse's surveillance, he was arranging on the hearth-rug his pretty farm, with its little houses, trees, ducks, and chickens. Miss Blake was busy also, writing names on certain packets of toys and clothing, which the children were to distribute on Holy Innocents' Day.

At that moment the man-servant knocked at the door, and asked his mistress if she could receive a poor woman who wished particularly to speak to her. Madame Terillon, who was kindness itself, would refuse no one on Christmas Day; so she told the servant to show the woman in. But Jean, who seemed laboring under some strong excitement, burst out with:

"I beg Madame's pardon to address her, but it is the most extraordinary thing! This woman says she has brought back

the young ladies' balloon which was blown out through the window last evening."

"Oh, how delightful!" cried Annie, who had drawn near; and Madeleine gaily jumped around, a perfect whirlwind of joy, exclaiming:

"Our darling Araminta has come home! How happy I shall be to see her again!"

Peace having been restored, Yvonne Caradoc, with her children hanging shyly to her skirts, entered the room. Her neat, modest appearance and the quaint Old-World costumes of the boy and girl at once interested Madame Terillon, and Madeleine and Annie laid down their dolls and came forward to look at the little strangers.

"Why, they are like people in pictures!" whispered Madeleine; and Annie could not take her eyes off Rosel's spangled velvet cap and Pierre's broad-brimmed hat, with its flowing streamers,—relics the poor mother had saved from the wreck of their Breton life.

In a few minutes Yvonne told of the arrival of the balloon in their room, the joy of her children, and the finding of the gold piece. Having handed over the voluminous parcel in which the toys were contained, she was preparing to leave the room, when Madame Terillon asked her to be seated. Miss Blake then took her pupils and the strange children into the dining-room, where the little Bretons were served with such a meal as they had never tasted before.

During this time their mother opened her heart to the kind lady, who listened to her with tears in her eyes as she told the sad story of the past few months. A long conversation followed; and the two young women, one very wealthy and the other very poor, discovered that they had points of resemblance in their existence; for both were from Brittany, both were good Catholics, and both had a little child in heaven.

When Yvonne spoke of her husband, Jean Marie, Madame Terillon discovered that he was one of the Caradocs who had

been for generations employed on her uncle's estate in the Morbihan; and she promised that, when he was well again, she would use her influence to get him a place and cottage as near his native village as possible. A crisp banknote replaced the treasured gold piece,—thus rewarding the poor Breton woman's honesty, and assuring a comfortable existence to the little family until Jean Marie was able to leave the hospital.

When Yvonne was brought by her kind hostess to take some refreshment in the dining-room, she found all the children quite at their ease, playing merrily together. Little Jacques and Pierre had fraternized; and the latter was now the proud owner of a furry bear 'for his very own,'—a much larger and fiercer-looking animal than its travelling predecessor. Annie and Madeleine had presented Rosel with a pretty doll and a box of other toys; and I think five happier and brighter children could not have been found in all Paris on that joyous Christmas evening.

A little later, a cab, laden with provisions and warm clothing, bore away the Breton family to the Faubourg St. Jacques; and when the two little sisters kissed each other before they knelt to say their evening prayers, Annie said:

"O Madeleine, has not this been a happy Christmas? If dear papa had been here, it would have been just perfect."

"Yes, and we have two new friends now—Rosel and dear little Pierre. It will be such fun to see them when we go to Uncle Gaston's in the summer. And to think we should have never known them at all, Annie, but for the voyage of Araminta!"

The Mistletoe.

The mistletoe is never appropriately used in Christmas decorations, for the reason that it clings to the oak, a tree held sacred by the heathen Druids. An interesting fact about the mistletoe is that it is the only plant whose roots refuse to shoot in the ground.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Roses and Rosaries, and Other Stories," by Miriam Agatha; and "The Superior Excellence of the Catholic Religion: Mr. Mallock's Admissions," by the Rev. M. H. MacInerney, O. P., form Nos. 109 and 110 of the Australian Catholic Truth Society's excellent penny pamphlets.

—"The Oxford Book of Ballads," chosen and edited by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, has just been issued by the Oxford University Press. This volume, consisting of nearly 900 pages, includes 176 ballads,—a form of art which, as the editor points out, has been dead, or as good as dead, for more than two hundred years.

—"The London *Universe and Catholic Weekly* of Dec. 9 was a Golden Jubilee number,—the *Universe*, "the premier Catholic penny newspaper" of England, having been established in 1860. The paper has done excellent work throughout its long career, and its amalgamation a year or two ago with the *Catholic Weekly* has greatly increased its power for good. *Ad multos annos!*

—"The following sentence is quoted by an East Indian exchange to show the remarkable effects of misplacing commas:

Lord Palmerston then entered upon his head, a white hat upon his feet, large but well-polished boots upon his brow, a dark cloud in his hand, his faithful walkingstick in his eye, a dark menacing glare saying nothing.

Which recalls some verses in "Vapid Vapourings," by Justin Thyme (the late Prof. A. J. Stace, of the University of Notre Dame). Premising that "One morn a Peri at the gate of Eden failed to punctuate," the poet sings:

In his court King Charles was standing on his head a golden crown

And his royal brow was wrinkled in a most portentous frown

Fifty courtiers entered walking on their hands were jewels bright

Set in rings of gold and silver what a rare and splendid sight.

And so on through several more equally ambiguous couplets.

—Habitual readers of the *Irish Monthly* will recognize in "Priedieu Papers on Spiritual Subjects," which is the sub-title of Father Matthew Russell's new book, "At Home with God," a familiar phrase, and one that connotes in their memory pleasant and profitable reading. Of the nature of the twenty-five papers, of unequal length, which make up the volume's 245 pages, the author's own description is entirely adequate: "They are 'papers,' not sermons or prayers and hardly essays. They

are meant to be spiritual reading of a kind not always quite grave enough to be read before the altar; and even in your chamber you will read them (if at all) not kneeling at your priedieu, but seated on a chair beside it." Like good wine, any book by Father Russell "needs no bush"; certainly not this one, wherein the flavor of his charming humor blends so graciously with the genuineness of his healthy spirituality. Published by Longmans, Green & Co.

—"The death is announced from Turin (where he was professor at the University) of Prof. Angelo Mosso, the eminent physiologist. In addition to his other work, he invented several medical instruments, and founded the scientific institute on Monte Rosa, with a view to observing the effects of high altitudes on human beings. The results were described in his work "L'Uomo sulle Alpi." In 1899 the Accademia dei Lincei conferred on him the "Grand Prix" for his studies on the circulation of the blood in the brain.

—"The Old Mill on the Withrose," by the Rev. H. S. Spalding, S. J. (Benziger Brothers), is a boys' story of Kentucky, and deals with fishing and hunting, with "moonshiners" and "night-riders"; and, more particularly, with Hunter and Leo Bell, of Kentucky; their cousin Florian, of Wisconsin; and Bob Lindon, a colored person whose exact double we have never before met with either in real life or in fiction. Open-air life predominates in all the chapters, and books and study receive but scant attention, which circumstance will be not the least of the volume's attractions for the average boy.

—"We have received Vol. I. of "The Inner Life and the Writings of Dame Gertrude More," by Father Augustine Baker, revised and edited by Dom Benedict Weld-Blundell, O. S. B. (R. & T. Washbourne.) Dame Gertrude More, who was a Benedictine nun, daughter of Crisacre More, the great-grandson of Blessed Thomas More, was born in 1606 and died in 1633. This Life describes the whole method by which the Benedictine mystic and ascetic writer, Father Baker (1575-1641), guided his spiritual daughter. On the face of it, the work is one less fitted for the general reader than for those versed in the ways of the contemplative life. In his "advertisement to the reader," Father Baker says on this point: "Lastly, I am to admonish that the doctrine contained in this Life does not concern (as regards imitation) any but those who have in them an aptitude

and call to an internal life, which not all intelligent souls (nor even the greater part) have." Spiritual directors, however, will find the work exceedingly interesting, and eminently practical as well.

—We welcome two additions to the excellent Iona Series (Catholic Truth Society of Ireland), of which a brief mention will suffice. "The Isle of Columbcille: A Pilgrimage and a Sketch," by Shane Leslie, gives an account of a pilgrimage to Iona and a description of that storied island, the "second country of Columbcille," and the story of the saint, with several legends and poems. Some of the latter are written in Gaelic, thus rendering this little book especially interesting to students of Irish history. "The Golden Lad: A Story of Child Life," by Molly Malone, records the extremely romantic adventures of little Mattie O'Connor, who ran away from home in order to look for the "Golden Lad," who was lost, and to whose finding was attached a great sum of money. By the wonderful magic of the narrator's pen, she almost falls into the arms of the red-headed boy, Finbarr, who adopts her as his "chum," pretends to assist her in the search (he was the missing lad), and, after a series of marvellous happenings, is restored to his friends, while Mattie is taken back to her mother. The story is extremely entertaining, and there is much of human interest in both hero and heroine. Many grown people will enjoy "The Golden Lad" quite as much as the youngsters. The Iona Series is for sale in this country by B. Herder.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Inner Life and the Writings of Dame Gertrude More." Vol. I. Father Augustine Baker, O. S. B. \$1.25.

"The Isle of Columbcille," by Shane Leslie; "The Golden Lad," by Molly Malone. Iona Series. 35 cts. ea.

"The Old Mill on the Withrose." Rev. H. S. Spalding, S. J. 85 cts.

"Footsteps in the Ward." H. M. Capes. 50 cts.

"At Home with God." Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J. \$1.25, net.

"The Dominicans: Letters to a Young Man on the Dominican Order." Very Rev. John Procter, O. P. 20 cts.

"As Gold in the Furnace." Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J. 85 cts.

"St. Bridget of Sweden." Francesca M. Steele. 75 cts.

"The Story of Our Lord's Life Told for Children." A Carmelite Nun. \$1.

"Ned Rieder." Rev. John Wehs. 85 cts.

"Joseph Haydn: The Story of His Life." Franz von Seeburg. Rev. J. M. Toohey, C. S. C. \$1.25.

"The Son of Man: His Preparation, His Life, His Work." Rev. Placid Huault, S. M. \$1.25.

"The Diary of an Exiled Nun." Preface by François Coppée. \$1.

"Heroic Spain." E. Boyle O'Reilly. \$2.50.

"Our Catholic Heritage in English Literature." Emily Hickey. 50 cts.

"Eric; or, The Black Finger." Mary T. Waggonman. 75 cts.

"Voices from Erin." Denis A. McCarthy \$1.

"Mary Aloysia Hardey, Religious of the Sacred Heart. 1809-1886." \$2.20.

"Watchwords from Dr. Brownson." 50 cts.

"Home Life in Ireland." Robert Lynd \$2.50.

"Sermons of St. Bernard in Advent and Christmas." 75 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Thomas Keating, of the diocese of Peoria; and Rev. James Burke, diocese of Wichita.

Mr. Louis Ball, Mrs. Thomas Williams, Mr. Owen Sullivan, Mr. James Best, Miss Hanora Hyland, Mr. George J. May, Mr. John Curran, Mrs. J. A. Good, Mr. John Phelan, Mr. Thomas Flemming, Miss Cecilia McGarry, Mrs. Catherine Cosgrove, Mr. Francis A. Diamond, Mrs. Sarah McBride, Mr. George Cranwell, Mary F. Dowd, Mr. William Farquhar, Mrs. E. Dillon, Mr. William Heckert, Mr. Michael Gooley, Mr. James Hollingshead, Miss Agnes McDonald, Miss Helen McDonald, Mr. Rudolph Hohmann, Mr. Michael Leech, Mr. George Keller, Mr. Joseph Murphy, Mr. James Smith, Mr. Joseph Lemp, Mrs. Viola Kearney, Mr. John Wheeler, Mrs. Emily Grady, Mr. James Wilson, and Mrs. Joseph Staebler.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! Amen. (300 days' indul.)



BX 801 .A84 SMC

Ave Maria.

AIP-2242 (awab)

Does Not Circulate

